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# Motion Picture

AUGUST

25 CENTS



Are Screen Kisses Hot or Cold?

What Becomes of their Wedding Rings?

The Crown Jewels of Hollywood

Norma Shearer



# MILE-STONES

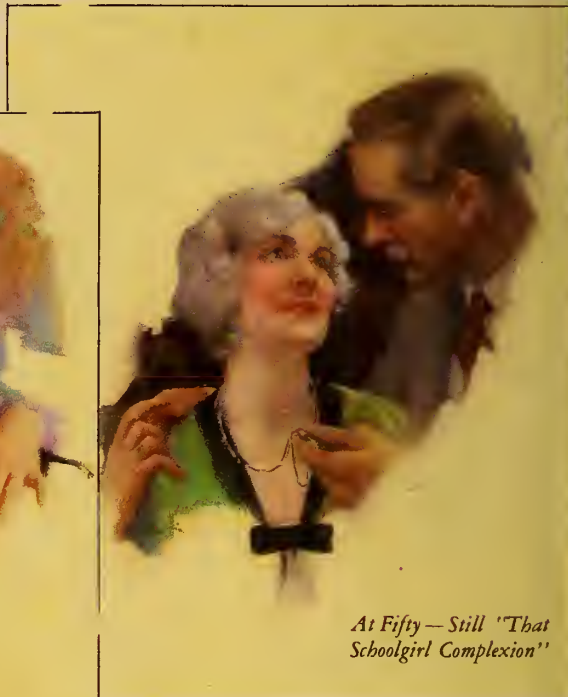
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in "The Wind".  **BUSTER KEATON** appears in "The Camera Man" and in  another comedy.  **DANE** and **ARTHUR'S** plans include "Camping Out" and three additional fun films.

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*Julia Swayne Gordon*





Volume XXXVI, No. 1

August, 19

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### Fifteen-Dollar Letter

Think No Evil—See No Evil

**F**ORDSON, MICH.—Why do the critics (or fans rather) find so much fault with our sex appeal plays?

They are presented to the public true to life in most cases and an air of understanding mingled with affection is always felt during love scenes, among the audience. I have witnessed many times an arm steal across a shoulder, a gentle squeeze, a knowing look—maybe a sweetheart, maybe a wife—still those tender gestures sometimes mean more than we realize.

No! Indeed they are not demoralizing. They are just what one makes them.

If we think clean, so will we see. Let the players use their own discretion. Let the fans use their better judgment, see things in the light for which they are intended. A movie is not much different from a story—without a little love permeating the scenes, it will leave us feeling blue and very much dissatisfied.

In last month's issue of a fan magazine, some girl said "she was tired of happy endings." Isn't that terrible? She must have a much warped view of life. It's really pitiful; such a heart must surely be heavy and sad.

I am thankful that I am one of the outstanding majority that prefers the inevitable happy ending—regardless.

On with the show, let love be unconfined.

Barbara Henderson.

### Ten-Dollar Letter

All for Glory of the Movies

**SPOKANE, WASH.**—I love the people

of the screen. I love their bright eyes and smiling faces. I regret that there should be such a keen struggle for a living among them, when it seems to me all the capable ones could be used to entertain us. I hate to think of the many good ones that must fail while the few survive. Too many people in the movies? No, not for the amount of entertainment that the world needs. It's like our apples and

wheat up here in the Northwest, sometimes we can't sell them, not because the world ever had too much of them, but simply because the world has not yet found the way.

The shadow people of the screen are truly international. I regret so many change their names. I should like to see them retain something of their own nationality, or that of their parents, in the screen names under which they act. Why should any one particular race or nation get most of the credit among the mass of the people (who seldom go below names), when the sons and daughters of so many races and nations are all contributing to the glory of the movies?

Theodora Smith.

### Five-Dollar Letter

Youth Predominates

**AKRON, OHIO.**—Emil Jannings is a great character actor, but, given the same opportunities as well as the same excellence in the choice of screen material, and George Bancroft would transplant that concession with a competition too potential for the good of the glamor that is at present attached to the adroit Teuton.

John Barrymore, Ronald Colman, etc., names as common as the clatter of culinary wares, but I am sure that Charles Farrell has a remarkable personality that greatly overshadows that of "these (with the emphasis on the these) great actors"—and I don't mean maybe.

Clara Bow, Billie Dove, Colleen Moore—all "old-timers" who still whirl with the divine gaiety of youth; but, alas, Time

undermines the false sincerity of favoritism. for there is Janet Gaynor... there is Dolores del Rio... there is... ah, and Time even chuckles grimly at these expressions of favoritism, for they are as insincere and fickle as New Year's resolutions.

You don't these well re g

### Prizes for Best Letters

Each month **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE** will award cash prizes for the three best letters published. Fifteen dollars will be paid for the best letter, ten dollars for the second best, and five dollars for the third. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 200 words or less, and let's know what's on your mind. Anonymous communications will not be considered and no letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use only initials if requested. Address: **Letters to the Editor, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City.**



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## Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 6)

the wayside," the quicker do we induce progress to gallop to the chosen heights, unchecked.  
John Poda.

### Pity the Poor Players

BLACKPOOL, ENGLAND—The public is too ready to overlook the hardships and exactions of movie acting. While admitting the pains and penalties of apprenticeship, we picture stars as floating languidly through an atmosphere of speechless admiration and muddled matrimony. We envy their (alleged) salaries and covet their possessions. Publicity matter has caused many fans to break the Tenth Commandment. We firmly believe that star: lead lives of unbridled license, extravagant luxury and self-indulgence. They sup on nectar and ambrosia with frequent recourse to the hip-flask. One of several dozen cars takes the actor to work (if he feels like it), otherwise, he stays in bed all day with a leopard-skin counterpane, sipping absinthe and reading smutty novels.

Seriously, though, can anyone suppose that stars are permitted to play fast and loose with their health and morals, not to speak of reputations? Of the minor players I say nothing, but the "brave men and fair women" of the movies must preserve their strength and beauty.

I have recently seen players of first rank submit to being thrown from horses, dragged by a rope or a limb, plunged into water fully clothed, smothered in mud, kicked, shaken and slapped.

Easy money? Not much!

Barbara Fletcher.

### Only One Valentino

MANILA, PHILIPPINE IS.—I would like to express my regret that so many people overuse and abuse the name of the late Rudolph Valentino. If a person happens to have his hair exceedingly well-combed, he is called a Valentino; if he happens to have some sort of romantic disposition, he is a Valentino; if he can register certain expressions with the eyes, awkward and ungainly though they may be, he is hailed as a Valentino; and to cap the climax, if an individual, who looks more like an ogre than a human being, happens to be in sight, for the sake of a laugh and of being called funny, someone, who thinks himself witty, dubs him a Valentino. In my opinion, this is wrong, because, since our gallant Rudolph is now dead, his memory should be held in respect and his name, instead of being used so foolishly and nonsensically, should be respected and revered.

G. B. Z.

### No Occasion for Mud-Slinging

OCEAN BEACH, CALIF.—I sometimes wonder if the person who throws a brickbat ever heard the saying that, "It is the differences in opinion that have made the world what it is today." This may be applied to the motion picture world as well. If we all liked the same kind of candy, what would be the use of making a different kind. The same with stars and pictures.

Not to cast any reflections on this star's wonderful career, by any means, but just as an illustration. If we all made a tin god of Mary Pickford and would not think of going to see any picture other than one in which she played, what would be the use of having any other stars at all?

So you see it's our differences in opinion

that lead some to like one star and others to like another. But that is not an occasion for "mud-slinging." There's always a little bit of good in a thing, no matter how bad the thing may be.

Margaret Allen.

### Life Monotonous Without Movies

MELROSE, MASS.—I sometimes wonder what would be the effect upon people if movies were suddenly entirely prohibited. It seems to me the everyday routine would be decidedly monotonous, while the number of amusements would be few and far between.

The wonder of being transposed to the inspiring "Ben-Hur" period, or of following the strange actions of the French Foreign Legion in "Beau Geste," or even of wistfully yearning to be in "Seventh Heaven," is what endears the movies and the stars to me.

To Griffith, DeMille, Ingram, Lasky, and hosts of other great directors, we fans owe our gratitude for the wonders of movieland which they have portrayed. While to Pickford, Del Rio, Gilbert, Novarro, and the thousands of other earnest stars, goes the glory of the splendid acting.

So here's my three cheers for the movies—and the best of good wishes and success to the stars and directors.

Ruth Anna Jepson.

### Movies Are a Blessing

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—So much has been said for and against the "movies" that to express oneself, in either way, seems trite. There are two factors of importance to be listed by every true patriot of the films.

One is, that they are a blessing, sent to cheer the lonely at heart. The other is, that they broaden the mind, give one an interest outside of himself, and set the mind in motion. That is—pictures like "The Last Laugh" and "Wings."

And there is one, and only one factor, to be expressed definitely concerning the below par picture of today. It seems to me that America is "growing up" to the realization that we need clean, fine films, that are not made for half-wits and unlettered people. That we should see truth above all things, and yet have the beauty of well-acted stories. Why not cater to the educated millions, who will condemn quickly and severely those pictures which are below notice in plot and acting?

The next World War may be with fire and guns, but the next revolution will be the rebellion of the advanced picture-goers, who want wholesome fun not unmixed with sophistication. Then will we arise, and acclaim the great nation of the Motion Picture—America!  
Virginia Crowell.

### For Sue and Nick

DALLAS, TEXAS—There is only one actress whom I consider perfect in every respect. The girl is Sue Carol, an actress who is so charming that adjectives can not even describe her. The best description that I can make of Sue is to say that she possesses the vivacity, individuality and sex appeal of Clara Bow plus the beauty, charm and sophistication that Clara lacks. I do not wish to talk against Clara Bow, as she is one of my favorite actresses, but I do wish to state that Sue Carol is the most perfect all-around actress on the screen and this seems to be the best de-

(Continued on page 10)



**SURPRISE!**  
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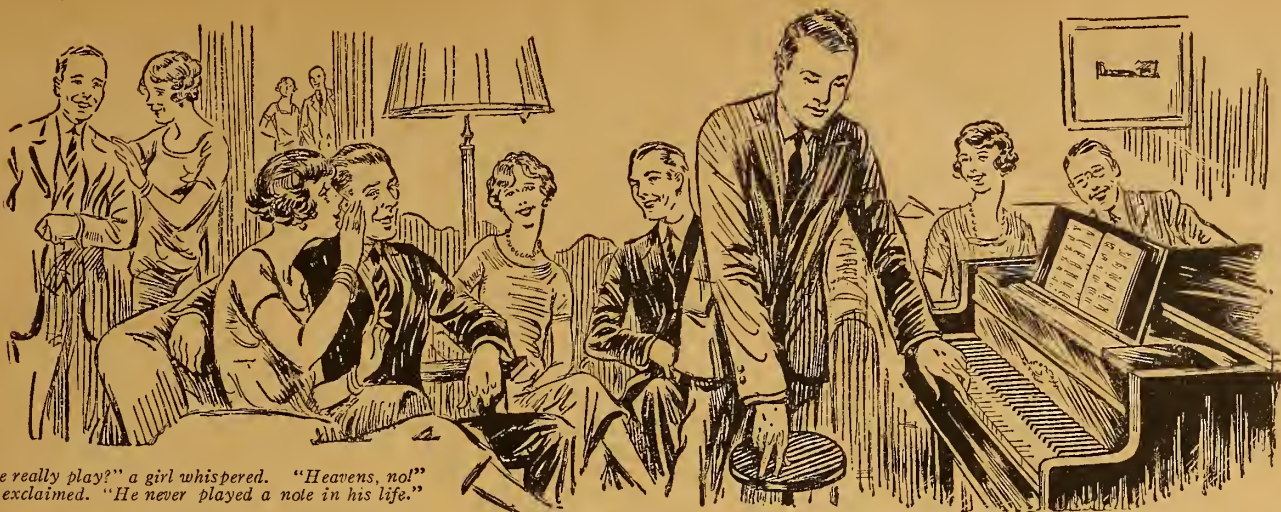
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**A First National Picture**

Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"







"Can he really play?" a girl whispered. "Heavens, no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in his life."

# They Laughed When I Sat Down At the Piano But When I Started to Play!—

ARTHUR had just played "The Rosary." The room rang with applause. I decided that this would be a dramatic moment for me to make my debut. To the amazement of all my friends I strode contently over to the piano and sat down. "Jack is up to his old tricks," somebody chuckled. The crowd laughed. They were certain that I couldn't play a single note. "Can he really play?" I heard a girl whisper to Arthur. "Heavens, no!" Arthur claimed. "He never played a note in all his life. . . But just you watch him. This is going to be good." I decided to make the most of the situation. With mock dignity I drew out a silk handkerchief and lightly dusted off the keys. Then I rose and gave the revolving piano stool a quarter of a turn, just as I had seen an imitator of Paderewski do in a vaudeville sketch. "What do you think of his execution?" called a voice from the rear. "We're in favor of it!" came back the answer, and the crowd rocked with laughter.

## Then I Started to Play

Instantly a tense silence fell on the guests. The laughter died on their lips as if by magic. I played through the first bars of Liszt's immortal Liebesträume. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat breathless—spellbound.

I played on and as I played I forgot the people around me. I forgot the hour, the place, the breathless listeners. The little world I lived in seemed to fade—seemed to grow dim—unreal. Only the music was real. Only the music and the visions it brought me. Visions as beautiful and as changing as the wind-blown clouds and drifting moonlight, that long ago inspired the master composer. It seemed as if the master musician himself were speaking to me—speaking through the medium of music—not in words but in chords. Not sentences but in exquisite melodies.

## A Complete Triumph!

As the last notes of the

Liebesträume died away, the room resounded with a sudden roar of applause. I found myself surrounded by excited faces. How my friends carried on! Men shook my hand—wildly congratulated me—pounded me on the back in their enthusiasm! Everybody was exclaiming with delight—plying me with rapid questions. . . "Jack! Why didn't you tell us you could play like that?"

"Where did you learn?"—"How long have you studied?"—"Who was your teacher?" "I have never even seen my teacher," I replied. "And just a short while ago I couldn't play a note."

"Quit your kidding," laughed Arthur, himself an accomplished pianist. "You've been studying for years, I can tell."

"I have been studying only a short while," I insisted. "I decided to keep it a secret so that I could surprise all you folks."

Then I told them the whole story. "Have you ever heard of the U. S. School of Music?" I asked. A few of my friends nodded. "That's a correspondence school, isn't it?" they exclaimed.

"Exactly," I replied. "They have a new simplified method that can teach you to play any instrument by note in just a few months."

## How I Learned to Play Without a Teacher

And then I explained how for years I had longed to play the piano.

"It seems just a short while ago," I continued, "that I saw an interesting ad of the U. S. School of Music mentioning a new method of learning to play which only cost a few cents a day! The ad told how a woman had mastered the piano in her spare time at home—and without a teacher! Best of all, the wonderful new method she used required no laborious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practicing. It sounded so convincing that I filled out the coupon requesting the Free Demonstration Lesson.

"The free book arrived promptly and I started in that very night to study the

Demonstration Lesson. I was amazed to see how easy it was to play this new way. Then I sent for the course.

"When the course arrived I found it was just as the ad said—as easy as A. B. C.! And as the lessons continued they got easier and easier. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best. I soon will be able to play ballads or classical numbers of jazz, all with equal ease. And I never did have any special talent for music."

## Play Any Instrument

You, too, can now teach yourself to be an accomplished musician—right at home—in half the usual time. You can't go wrong with this simple new method which has already shown almost half a million people how to play their favorite instruments by note. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will be the same—just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

## Send for Our Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

Thousands of successful students never dreamed they possessed musical ability until it was revealed to them by a remarkable "Musical Ability Test" which we send entirely without cost with our interesting free booklet.

If you are in earnest about wanting to play your favorite instrument—if you really want to gain happiness and increase your popularity—send at once for the free booklet and Demonstration Lesson. No cost—no obligation. Sign and send the convenient coupon now. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 605 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. School of Music,  
605 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Please send me your free book "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your offer. I am interested in the following course:

Have you above instrument .....

Name.....  
(Please write plainly)

Address .....

City.....State .....

## Pick Your Instrument

|                                     |                         |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Piano                               | Harmony and Composition |
| Organ                               | Sight Singing           |
| Violin                              | Ukulele                 |
| Drums and Traps                     | Guitar                  |
| Mandolin                            | Hawaiian                |
| Clarinet                            | Steel Guitar            |
| Flute                               | Harp                    |
| Saxophone                           | Cornet                  |
| Cello                               | Piccolo                 |
|                                     | Trombone                |
| Voice and Speech Culture            |                         |
| Automatic Finger Control            |                         |
| Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor) |                         |



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## which YOU can write!

How many times have you felt the urge to write a story for the screen only to despair in the realization that you were at a loss as how to proceed in putting your ideas into acceptable motion picture form? Many ideas—ideas that are worth real money—never get beyond the idea stage—are forgotten—all because you do not know how to go about it. Right now you may have an idea for a screen story which would put you on easy street, if only you could plan it properly and so gain the attention of a moving picture producer.

### Demand Greater Than Supply

Hollywood is literally hungry for ideas. Screen stories are in tremendous demand and there is no limit to what the producer will pay. And the most startling thing of all is that many of the biggest box office attractions in recent years were produced from ideas suggested by men and women—young and old—from all walks of life—who had absolutely no previous motion picture experience! This should convince you that you, too, can succeed in this fascinating, highly profitable, field.

### Determine to Act—Now

The Hollywood Academy, under the personal direction of a scenario writer of long experience and attainments, teaches motion picture play-writing from the ground up—in a practical way which you can easily understand—giving you instruction based entirely on fact, imparting knowledge which would ordinarily require years of actual studio experience to acquire! In your home, in your favorite easy chair, you can now equip yourself for success in scenario writing or for one of eleven other delightful big-salaried positions in the motion picture field.

### Get the Facts—Today!

Mail coupon now for illustrated book "The Key to Hollywood," giving complete information and money back guarantee offer. Small convenient payments—no contract to sign—plus the satisfaction of knowing that you are one of a family of students receiving the personal and individual instruction of the educational director of Hollywood Academy. Mail coupon now

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Address .....

**"The Key to Hollywood!"**

## Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 8)

scription that I can make of her. Nick Stuart, my favorite actor, seems to me a synonym for the word "youth," and I should sincerely like to see him play in a picture with Sue Carol.

Packard Sherrell.

### Directors, Attention!

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—War pictures are still with us, so I'd like to ask the directors of this type of picture to use a little discretion in their war-scenes. Many of these pictures lack a proper sense of proportion. This is true mostly of the epic and super-pictures.

Scenes of actual warfare are necessary, but are often allowed to continue endlessly, much to the boredom of the audience. The plot of the picture, and the leading characters, are far more important than the most artistically photographed war-scenes, so when these scenes are allowed to submerge the plot, and the leading characters, then the director should call a halt. We've had so many war pictures already, that scenes of warfare are nothing unusual, and only the most cleverly done scenes will hold the interest of the fans in the future. Will the directors take the hint?

Rose Palonsky.

### Movies Showing Great Improvement

VANCOUVER, B. C.—It is with much satisfaction that we notice a great improvement in the motion picture production of to-day. After the war they were with very few exceptions devoid of decency and morality. In their mad rush to make money, the producer forgot for awhile that they, like the novelist, have a mission to the public. The impressionable minds of the younger generation were filled with ideas of the marriage state and home life. They failed to remember that they were holding a mirror of false ideals and impure code of morals to minds eager to absorb.

Fortunately there is now a reaction and the Movie is steadily improving. We have suitable music in most of the theaters and as an educational agency it has few rivals. Let us hope that the producers will at last realize that they have a duty to the public, a duty not only to entertain but to educate and elevate. E. R. M. (A Well-Wisher)

### Their Private Affairs

BLACKPOOL, LANCS., ENG.—A lot has already been said and written about these "Hollywood Romances," and here is my contribution to this much discussed subject. I know there are happy families in the film city . . . but I don't think film actors should marry unless the woman gives up her work.

Somehow, I get such a sinking feeling when I read of a star's "private affairs" (which are always so public). Most of us like to think of our favorites as "nice people," but it puts the tin lid on everything when one reads of all these divorce-court proceedings. It is not that I don't agree with divorce . . . I do . . . but dash it all! they are getting fresh wives and husbands every minute.

I say with a deep sigh, "If only we were kept in the dark a little more."

Forgive me if I appear a little vague, but you tell me to confine myself to two hundred words, and that is a hard thing to ask any woman to do.

Winifride Butterworth.

### Nothing But Praise to Offer

CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.—I have nothing but praise to offer for the stars for the progress they have made. A few years ago Marion Davies was lifeless and mechanical. Today she is one of our most lively and amusing comedienne. Madge Bellamy, too, has emerged triumphant from "poke bonnet rôles" to the screen's best exponent of the modern girl.

I congratulate such old favorites Blanche Sweet and Francis X. Bushman on their successful returns. After seeing Mr. Bushman's performance in "The 13th Juror" I am convinced that he is still the screen's finest actor. J. E.

### To Buddy's Rescue

MONTGOMERY, ALA.—I just read something in the June MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE that made me "red hot." The very idea of saying Buddy Rogers has the technique. We don't want old men playing love scenes with Clara Bow. Besides, we have to begin young boys in the movies or what would we do if all the older men retired or died. There must be someone to take their places. Whoever heard of the fact that Buddy Rogers is liked or people don't care for him? I think Mrs. C. C. is just away off.

A Buddy Rogers admirer, M. Welch

### Herbert Brennon, Ideal Director

SEATTLE, WASH.—Consider this—I am not a fan. I am a self-confessed motion picture student. Wait, now—don't misunderstand. That doesn't mean "critic." (Perish the thought.) It's only that, from constant observation, I've engendered a certain proficiency which helps me distinguish sincere acting from hokum, spontaneity from imitation, good from bad direction.

Directing is a peculiar art. Surprising when you realize that a director must possess the aggregate knowledge of his actors and his crew, as well as of their work. He needs vision, imagination, subtlety, a sense of balance, rhythm, color, tempo and humor. A movie is as great as its director—no greater.

When I was a freshman in high school, I had an ideal—an actor—Wallace Reid. Now, a senior in college, I still have an ideal—a director—Herbert Brennon. Mr. Brennon has more finesse than any other man in his line whose work I have seen; more wisdom, more sense of the fitness of things. He is credited with unfailing successes. He knows people—he knows Life. He is rising toward true greatness. I recommend him to the future as the director of the

"GREAT AMERICAN FILM."

Sincerely,

A. M.

### Thank You! We Strive to Please

CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.—One of the finest words in the English language or any language, is the word "service." It is embodied all those qualities that go far toward drawing people closer in bonds of friendliness and understanding. Close observation of your magazine has made me come to the pleasing conclusion that it is built on the foundation stone of Service.

M. C. McCall.



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25 short stories—famous Andy Protheroe stories by the Montrosses, stories that have become campus legends—stories with a zip and sparkle by Katharine Brush, Cornell Woolrich, Lucian Cary, Elliot White Springs, Arnold Bennett, and others you already know.

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Personality*



By MARION MARTONE

**A dorée, Renée**—playing in *Tide of Empire*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Arlen, Richard**—playing in *Beggars of Life*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Armstrong, Robert**—playing in *Celebrity*—Pathé-De Mille Studio, Culver City, Cal.

**Arthur, George K.**—playing in *Brotherly Love*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Astor, Mary**—playing in *Heart to Heart*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Asther, Nils**—playing in *Her Cardboard Lover*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

\* \* \*

**Bancroft, George**—playing in *Docks of New York*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Banks, Monty**—recently completed *Flying Luck*—Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Banky, Vilma**—playing in *The Awakening*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Barrymore, John**—playing in *Tempest*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Barrymore, Lionel**—playing in *Road House*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Barthelmess, Richard**—playing in *Out of the Ruins*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Basquette, Lina**—playing in *Celebrity*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Baxter, Warner**—playing in *Craig's Wife*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Beery, Noah**—playing in *Noah's Ark*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Beery, Wallace**—playing in *Beggars of Life*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bellamy, Madge**—playing in *Mother Knows Best*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Boles, John**—recently completed *Give and Take*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Borden, Olive**—playing in *Gang War*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bosworth, Hobart**—playing in *The Sawdust Paradise*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bow, Clara**—playing in *Ladies of the Mob*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bowers, John**—recently completed *Soft Living*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Boyd, William**—playing in *Power*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Brent, Evelyn**—playing in *The Letter*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Brian, Mary**—playing in *The Perfumed Trap*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bronson, Betty**—playing in *The Bellamy Trial*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Brook, Clive**—playing in *The Perfumed Trap*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Brooks, Louise**—playing in *Beggars of Life*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Brown, Johnny Mack**—recently completed *Our Dancing Daughters*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Burns, Edmund**—playing in *Phyllis of the Follies*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

\* \* \*

**Carol, Sue**—playing in *The Air Circus*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Carr, Mary**—playing in *Love Over Night*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Chandler, Lane**—playing in *The First Kiss*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Chaney, Lon**—playing in *While the City Sleeps*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Chaplin, Charles**—recently completed *The Circus*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

**Cody, Lew**—playing in *Baby Cyclone*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Collier, Jr., William**—playing in *Tide of Empire*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Collyer, June**—playing in *Me, Gangster*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Colman, Ronald**—recently completed *Two Lovers*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Compson, Betty**—playing in *The Barker*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Conklin, Chester**—playing in *Taxi 13*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Cooper, Gary**—playing in *The First Kiss*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Costello, Dolores**—playing in *Noah's Ark*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Costello, Helene**—playing in *The Midnight Taxi*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Crawford, Joan**—playing in *Four Walls*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

\* \* \*

**Dana, Viola**—playing in *Lure of the Night Club*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Dane, Karl**—playing in *Brotherly Love*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Daniels, Bebe**—playing in *Hot News*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Davies, Marion**—playing in *Her Cardboard Lover*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Day, Alice**—playing in *Phyllis of the Follies*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Day, Marceline**—playing in *Brotherly Love*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Del Rio, Dolores**—playing in *Revenge*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Delaney, Charles**—playing in *After the Storm*—Columbia Picture Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Denny, Reginald**—playing in *His Lucky Day*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Dix, Richard**—playing in *Warming Up*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Dove, Billy**—playing in *The Night Watch*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Dunn, Josephine**—playing in *Excess Baggage*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Duryea, George**—playing in *Tide of Empire*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

\* \* \*

**Fairbanks, Douglas**—recently completed *The Gaucho*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

**Farrell, Charles**—playing in *Backwash*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Fawcett, George**—playing in *Tide of Empire*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Fazenda, Louise**—playing in *Noah's Ark*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Fields, W. C.**—recently completed *Fools For Luck*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Foxe, Earle**—playing in *None But the Brave*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

\* \* \*

**Gaynor, Janet**—recently completed *The 4 Devils*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Garbo, Greta**—playing in *War In the Dark*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Gibson, Hoot**—playing in *Riding for Fame*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Gilbert, John**—playing in *Four Walls*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Grant, Lawrence**—playing in *The Woman from Moscow*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Gray, Lawrence**—playing in *Oh Kay!*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Griffith, Corinne**—playing in *The Divine Lady*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

(Continued on page 14)



# Grow-Yes grow-Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By **LUCILLE YOUNG**

*America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.*



The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow*. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. Doubt all you want to. It does seem impossible, I know. Everything heretofore has failed. But my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

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## **Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt**

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works—proved it before this, my very first advertisement, appears. I have from these women some of the most startling voluntary testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a *notary public*. Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows. Every one of the women who have tried my discovery did so on my guarantee. *And not a single one has reported failure.* On the contrary all have been wildly enthusiastic.

## **What My Discovery Means to Beauty**

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. Merely darkening the eyelashes and eyebrows is a poor substitute. It helps. But what you really desire with all your heart, what every woman longs for is this marvelous beauty of naturally luxuriant eye-

lashes and eyebrows. Now you can have this beauty—impart to your loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

## **Results Noticeable in a Week!**

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time. *And there is instant beauty, too;* for my discovery combines with its own marvelous virtue the advantage of darkeners. But it does so without messiness and artificiality. It gives the effect, but itself, *cannot be detected.*

## **An Entirely New, Scientific Principle**

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made

*Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.*

a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely new way. There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know that I have given to women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded. And I have waited until I was *sure* before offering it to the world at large. The more than ten thousand women who have tested my discovery *have been my regular patrons.*

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Send no money... simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to Lucille Young, Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society women and professional beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

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Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.

Loretta Prinze,  
1952 Cudaback Ave.,  
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxuriant. Miss Flora J. Corriveau,  
8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.

Mlle. Heffelfinger,  
240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.

Pearl Provo,  
2954 Taylor St., N. E.,  
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearance tells the tale. Naomi Ostot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.

My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. The longer I continue to use it the better the results. People are asking me how I do it. All I say is, "I owe it all to 'Lucille Young'." Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeannette, Penn.



Lucille Young,  
817 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents postage. If not delighted I will return it within 30 days and you will at once refund my money without question.

Name.....

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City.....State.....

NOTE: If price of \$1.95 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.

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### HENN-O-KEMP

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## What's become of all the homely women?

WOMEN simply aren't homely any more. You meet plain women, yes . . . but their smart, trim air is the envy of many who are only beautiful.

In the old days, when a girl gave promise of becoming "hopelessly plain," she was frankly informed of the fact to save her from hurt pride in later years. She remained frumpy and tried to convince herself that she didn't care!

Not today!

Advertising has played a remarkable part in making every woman attractive.

It has taught her to use the beauty and charm that are her heritage, regardless of the shape of her features. Her teeth, her hair, her hands, her complexion, her clothes, and even her erect, athletic figure have been "brought out" by methods constantly before her in advertising.

The great beauty and style specialists of the country have been her consultants, as they are yours, if you are taking fullest advantage of the opportunities before you, in the advertising pages of this magazine.

Read the advertisements. They hold secrets of beauty and style that were denied the women of yesterday

## In the Starry Kingdom

(Continued from page 12)

**Haines, William**—playing in *Excess Baggage*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Hall, James**—playing in *Just Married*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Hamilton, Neil**—playing in *Hot News*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Harron, John**—playing in *Night Life*—Tiffany Productions, 933 No. Seward St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Hatton, Raymond**—recently completed *The Big Killing*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Haver, Phyllis**—playing in *The Battle of the Sexes*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Hersholt, Jean**—playing in *The Battle of the Sexes*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Hines, Johnny**—playing in *The Wright Idea*—Tec-Art Studios, 5350 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Holt, Jack**—playing in *The Vanishing Pioneer*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Hoxie, Jack**—playing in *Men of Daring*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Hughes, Lloyd**—playing in *Heart to Heart*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

\*\*\*

**Jannings, Emil**—playing in *Sins of the Fathers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Joy, Leatrice**—recently completed *The Bellamy Trial*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

\*\*\*

**Keaton, Buster**—playing in *Snapshots*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Kent, Larry**—playing in *The Head Man*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Kenyon, Doris**—playing in *The Hawk's Nest*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Kerry, Norman**—playing in *The Woman From Moscow*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

\*\*\*

**Langdon, Harry**—playing in *Here Comes the Band*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Lake, Arthur**—playing in *The Air Circus*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**La Plante, Laura**—playing in *The Last Warning*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**La Rocque, Rod**—playing in *Love Over Night*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Lewis, George**—playing in *Give and Take*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Lloyd, Harold**—recently completed *Speedy*—Harold Lloyd Productions, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Loff, Jeannette**—playing in *Love Over Night*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Logan, Jacqueline**—playing in *Power*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Lorraine, Louise**—playing in *The Wright Idea*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Love, Bessie**—playing in *The Matinee Idol*—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Loy, Myrna**—playing in *State Street Sadie*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Luden, Jack**—playing in *The Perfumed Trap*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

\*\*\*

**MacDonald, Farrell**—recently completed *The 4 Devils*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Mackaill, Dorothy**—playing in *Applesauce*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Marmont, Percy**—playing in *The Fruit of Divorce*—Gotham Productions, Fine Art Studios, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Maynard, Ken**—playing in *The Phantom City*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**McCoy, Tim**—recently completed *The Bush Ranger*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**McGregor, Malcolm**—playing in *The Girl on the Barge*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**McLaglen, Victor**—playing in *The River Pirate*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Meeker, George**—playing in *Chicken a la King*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Meighan, Thomas**—playing in *The Racket*—Caddo Productions, Hollywood, Cal.

**Menjou, Adolphe**—playing in *His Private Life*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Miller, Patsy Ruth**—playing in *Hot Heels*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Moore, Colleen**—playing in *Oh Kay!*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Moran, Lois**—playing in *The River Pirate*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Moreno, Antonio**—playing in *The Midnight Taxi*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Morton, Charles**—playing in *None But the Brave*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Mulhall, Jack**—playing in *Applesauce*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Murray, Charles**—playing in *Sport of Kings*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

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**Nagel, Conrad**—playing in *War in the Dark*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Negri, Pola**—playing in *The Woman From Moscow*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Nilsson, Anna O.**—playing in *The Whip*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Nissen, Greta**—playing in *The Butler and Egg Man*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Nixon, Marian**—playing in *Red Lips*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Norton, Barry**—playing in *Mother Knows Best*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Novarro, Ramon**—playing in *Gold Braid*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

\*\*\*

**O'Brien, George**—playing in *Noah's Ark*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**O'Day, Molly**—playing in *The Butler and Egg Man*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**O'Neil, Sally**—playing in *The Girl on the Barge*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Oland, Warner**—playing in *Stand and Deliver*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Olmstead, Gertrude**—playing in *The Hit of the Show*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

\*\*\*

**Pickford, Mary**—recently completed *My Best Girl*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

**Powell, William**—playing in *The Perfumed Trap*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Prevost, Marie**—recently completed *The Godless Girl*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Pringle, Aileen**—playing in *Baby Cyclone*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

\*\*\*

**Ralston, Esther**—playing in *The Sawdust Paradise*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Ralston, Jobyna**—playing in *The Night Flyer*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Ray, Charles**—recently completed *The Garden of Eden*—United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

**Reynolds, Vera**—playing in *Walking Back*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Rich, Irene**—playing in *Craig's Wife*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Rogers, Charles (Buddy)**—playing in *Red Lips*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Roland, Gilbert**—playing in *Craig's Wife*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

\*\*\*

**Schildkraut, Rudolph**—playing in *Tenth Avenue*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Sebastian, Dorothy**—recently completed *Our Dancing Daughters*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Shearer, Norma**—playing in *Ballyhoo*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Sills, Milton**—playing in *The Barker*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Steele, Bob**—playing in *Lightning Speed*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Stone, Lewis**—recently completed *The Patriot*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Swanson, Gloria**—playing in *The Last of Mrs. Cheney*—United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

\*\*\*

**Talmadge, Norma**—playing in *The Woman Disputed*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Taylor, Ruth**—playing in *Just Married*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Thomson, Fred**—playing in *Kit Carson*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Todd, Thelma**—playing in *Heart to Heart*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Tryon, Glenn**—recently completed *Lonesome*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Tyler, Tom**—playing in *Gun Law*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

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**Valli, Virginia**—playing in *The Escape*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Varconi, Victor**—playing in *The Divine Lady*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Veldt, Conrad**—recently completed *The Man Who Laughs*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Vidor, Florence**—recently completed *The Magnificent Flirt*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

\*\*\*

**Windsor, Claire**—playing in *The Clash*—Tiffany Productions, 933 No. Seward St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Wray, Fay**—playing in *The First Kiss*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.





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**W**HAT promises to be a wow of a picture will shortly go into production. It is "The Swamp," which Eric von Stroheim is directing for United Artists with Gloria Swanson playing the leading rôle. Tully Marshall is in the supporting cast.

**"S**ALVAGE," a story of the early days of the San Francisco water front, will be Mary Philbin's next. It will be filmed in San Francisco to insure an authentic film of the Golden Gate.

**"T**HE FLEET'S IN," a story which quite obviously deals with the personnel of the Navy while on shore leave, is Clara Bow's next starring picture.

**A**NN CHRISTY, Harold Lloyd's leading woman in "Speedy," will play an important part in Jack Conway's new film, "The Water Hole," which has Nancy Carroll in the leading feminine rôle.

**T**HE Paramount picture, "Kit Carson," which is now in production, will show many of the most spectacular exploits in the life of the famous explorer and fighter. Fred Thomson has the name part.

**R**ICARDO CORTEZ and Claire Windsor are making "The Grain of Dust" for Tiffany under the direction of George Archainbaud.

**T**HE rôle of Jule in "Show Boat," which Universal is making as a special production, will be played by Alma Rubens. Emily Fitzroy is also in the cast.

**P**AUL FEJOS will direct "The Charlatan," Conrad Veidt's next for Universal.

**W**HEN his contract with M-G-M expires in a few weeks, King Vidor may join James Cruze in his independent producing company.

**F**RANCIS X. BUSHMAN is planning to return to the screen in the film version of his vaudeville act, "The Man Higher Up."

**L**UPE VELEZ will make her first starring appearance for United Artists in "The Love Song," originally titled "La Paiva." William Boyd has been loaned by Pathé to play opposite her.

**L**AURA LA PLANTE will star in another mystery picture titled "The Last Warning." The success of "The Cat and the Canary" has influenced Universal to star her in a picture of the same type.

Loretta Young and Larry Kent are also in the cast.

**A**N epic of the North American, "Redskin," will be Richard Dix's next starring vehicle for Paramount.

**T**HE picture dealing with companionate marriage in a humorous vein which Universal is planning to film will be known as "You Can't Buy Love" instead of "Sex Appeal."

**G**EORGE HACKATHORNE, who has been absent from the screen for a long period, will be seen in "Phantom Finger" with Bill Cody and Duane Thompson.

**"F**OOLS IN THE FOG," which has May McAvoy and Conrad Nagel in the leading rôles, has been changed to "Caught in the Fog."

**L**INA BASQUETTE, Robert Armstrong and Clyde Cook have passed their screen test for "Celebrity." It is a story of a famous pugilist and, of course, the big scene of the picture is the world's championship battle.

**A**LBERTA VAUGHN, whom you will remember as the star of "The Telephone Girl" series, has been signed to play the lead in "Racing Blood," a series of twelve two-reel productions to be released by FBO.

**T**HE title of the next Charlie Chaplin picture will be "City Lights." Myrna Kennedy, who was his leading lady in "The Circus," will play opposite him.

**O**NCE again a blonde is preferred. Jeanette Loff will have the feminine lead opposite Johnny Mack Brown in DeMille's "Annapolis," instead of Lina Basquette.

**J**OHNNY HINES's picture, formerly called "Black Magic," will in the future be known as "The Wright Idea." Sounds like a bright idea.

**B**ILLIE DOVE is taking her orders from Alexander Korda for the third time. He is directing her in "The Night Watch," "The Yellow Lily" and "The Stolen Bride."

**B**EBE DANIELS will shortly begin work on her new picture, "Take Me Home." She will have Neil Hamilton opposite her.



P. & A.  
Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver were married in Paris recently. Here you see how happy the newlyweds looked after the ceremony. They are shown signing the fatal register which made them Mr. and Mrs.

**T**HE first film in which the Vitaphone will replace all titles will be "The Terror." It's a Warner picture with May McAvoy, Edward Everett Horton and John Miljan.

**T**HE screen version of the stage play "Kongo," which will be titled "West of Zanzibar," will be Lon Chaney's next picture for M-G-M. It is a mystery melodrama with an African setting.

**C**HESTER CONKLIN, the Paramount comedian, will play the rôle of Charles Rogers' father, a woe-begone college janitor, in Buddy's new picture, tentatively called "Varsity."

**"D**O YOUR DUTY," an original screen story by Julian Josephson, will be Charlie Murray's next. Doris Dawson,



# You'd Never Know Aunt Effie Now!

I DON'T mind telling you that it was pretty tough on Dick and me for a while. Dick's my husband, you know. And except for one thing about him, I'd have been perfectly happy.

That was that he was one of these men with a sense of duty. Strong, you know. But not silent. What he thought he spoke.

So when he felt sorry for Aunt Effie, he said so.

"She's all alone in the world, with nothing on her mind but her hair," he said. I was prompted to make the point that that wasn't hers, but I let it go.

"We ought to go and see her at least once every two weeks. I know it's tiresome. But it cheers her up so."

Maybe it did—if you could live through it. Boring wasn't the word. Aunt Effie was the human weevil. Her idea of excitement was to show you how much better the fruit in the bowl on the sideboard looked after she'd renewed its schoolgirl complexion with water colors. If nature abhors a vacuum, it would have shuddered at her mind.

After two years of this I broke down. "Dick," I said, "I can't go on. Something must be done. I can't listen again to the story about what Aunt Effie's boy friend said to her twenty years ago."

But Dick was firm. Succinct, but firm. "We must," he said.

I was desperate. Then, as happens once in a lifetime, came an idea. I spoke of it to Dick. "What that old girl needs," I said, "is a good dose of Classic."

So, at the next ordeal, I left a copy with her. When we called two weeks later, she was out. And again two weeks after that. We had finally to pin her down to a date.

"I won't be home tonight," she said, "but if you like, we can all go to see *Passionate Petting*. They say it's a hot number." We went and it was.

"I knew this was no flop," said Ef—I got to calling her that before the evening was over—"because Classic gave it a good send-off. And Classic said, too——"

We see Ef frequently now. We discuss the love-life of Chester Conklin, Jackie Coogan's latest divorce and Dolores Del Rio's most recent speech before the Epworth League.

You wouldn't know the old girl now. You wouldn't know she was old. In fact, at heart, she isn't. Just the other day she was saying: "This dress, of course, would be a bit youthful for Sally Blane, but I think on me——"

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I pass on this little slice of life to you. Have you any bad relations you want made good? Are any of your friends tired of life? Or are you?

To them or to yourself, administer Classic every month. The prescription is one copy every thirty days, before or after or during meals.

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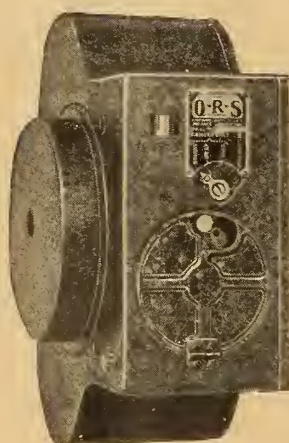




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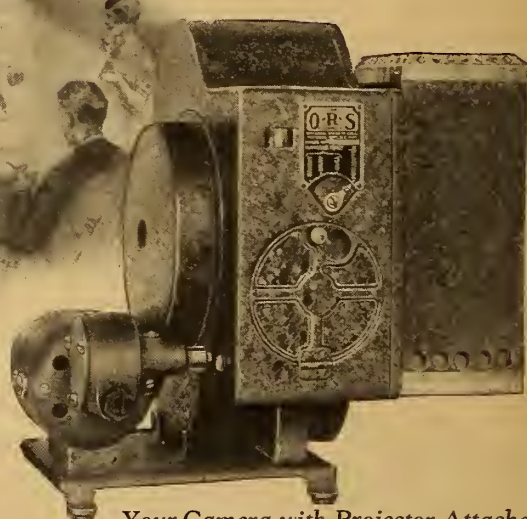
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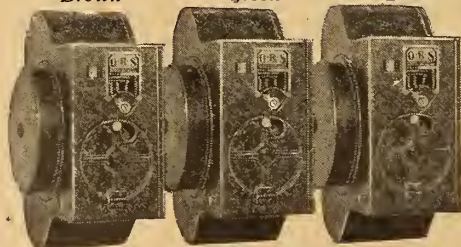
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Richee

Except for the fact that she is in it, one might jump to the conjecture that Esther Ralston's forthcoming picture, "The Sawdust Paradise," had been developed from "Ten Nights in a Barroom." But it cannot be. Esther's charm is of too celestial a sort; and if there is a brass rail in her photoplay, it must be the baluster for the golden stairs





A bird's-eye view, the view being one of Billie Dove, whose popularity seems to have set several new world's records both for altitude and sustained flight. She is to alight next on the screen in "The Yellow Lily." This, they tell us, was originally entitled "The Golden Lily," but the name was changed to cut down expense





Russell Ball

To interpret the meaning of Neil Hamilton's smile would call for something combining exclamations of both hot dog and good news. Which is natural enough. For he has just been assigned the part opposite Bebe Daniels in a new feature. And its title—well, isn't that a coincidence. now?—is "Hot News"



R. H. Louise

The incentive for anyone to turn over a new leaf is, of course, Anita Page. And here is Anita herself. Introduced to pictures through the graces of Harry K. Thaw, she has been chosen as the ideal type for the leading feminine rôle in "While the City Sleeps," the star of which is Lon Chaney





Autrey

Janet may be the richer for the movies. But that is only fair, for the screen is decidedly the Gaynor by her presence upon it. She has recently completed the portrayal of the one truly angelic member of "The Four Devils" and now undertakes to enact what must be the first half of the title rôle of "Blossom Time".



Russell Ball

Just from his pose, without even a hint of his name, you might guess him to be either one or a composite of all of "The Four Devils." But to confirm it definitely, this is Barry Norton. He is next to have an important and perhaps a more comfortable rôle in "Mother Knows Best"





There's likely to be a lot of trouble on account of May McAvoy's next picture. "Caught in the Fog" it's called, and there may be passed a special state law prohibiting its production within the confines of sunny California. They'll say it's impossible. And indeed, what with the bright radiance of May's personality through it all, perhaps it is



Harold Dean Carsey

In appearance and personality, as well as in his name, Donald Reed is reminiscent somewhat of Wally. He is comparatively a newcomer. But for all that, his is regarded as one of the most promising names in First National's ledger. And while this picture may prove him high-hatted, no one can say he is high-hat



# Motion Picture

*August, 1928*

MAJOR GEORGE K. SHULER, *Publisher*

DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR., *General Manager*

LAURENCE REID, *Managing Editor*

## Camera!

THE actuality of talking pictures, it is said, has thrown a good many people in Hollywood into a good measure of panic. They are regarding this device with much the same feelings as does a book-keeper the shiny new adding machine that has just been rolled into the office. They are afraid it is going to take away their jobs.

This apprehension, of course, probably has been present in a vague and faint form for some time, for there have been intimations these several years of the probability of the screen's breaking the silence it hitherto has been forced to maintain. But the misgivings really did not become acute until the concrete basis for them arrived. Fear did not set in seriously until producers began to produce talkies and, in consequence, demand of the players in them that they be effective audibly as well as visibly. Before that, actors were no more perturbed than were liverymen at the appearance first of the rumors and a little later of the initial few and imperfect examples of the horseless carriage.

### Stampede to Learn English

BUT now they are. There is no doubt of it. The desperation of the steps that some of them have undertaken makes it manifest beyond question. Certain stars have even gone so far as to take measures to learn to speak English; and certain scenario writers have been similarly enterprising in regard to the writing of it.

The situation to them must indeed seem serious.

As a matter of fact, except to the hopelessly incompetent, it should not be; and for several reasons.

In the first place, the advent of the audible movie may mean only a sharper classification of players according to their prime abilities. On the stage, for instance, it is not demanded of the musical comedy star that she be able to do Ibsen. It is enough that she be able to dance, say, and sing a little and look pretty a great deal. If she can do those things, she satisfies her audience entirely. So, too, with the dramatic actress. Her public does not expect of her a versatility including excellence in the Charleston.

Indeed, the element of sound is an assistant to everyone. Where a woman's voice is dramatically good, it is to her advantage; where it is not, then music and dancing are brought into play.

### Putting Them in Their Places

AND if this is so in the theater, it should be the case on the screen. The gay little flapper whose charm lies in the gaiety of her flapping will be entrusted with no more; and she will be surrounded with settings and music to enhance her appeal. And this, as a matter of fact, should present her in a far more favorable light than would her appearance in rôles not only too heavy for her to speak but, as is often the case now, too heavy for her to enact.

Again, it is to be remembered that many a motion picture star has a very excellent voice and the ability to use it. This, where it is the case, would make of the talkie a greater opportunity. And still again, many a player only moderately effective before the camera, will, by reason of her uncommon gift for speaking lines, be able to rise to heights now denied her. The favorites of the stage are, by and large, far from the magazine-cover prettiness of those of the screen. Yet their popularity, within the range of their appeal, is quite as strong; and it is far more enduring.

### Vocal Doubles Likely

MOREOVER, for valuable screen players who neither can sing nor speak presentably no matter how they may study and practise, it is well within possibility that provision will be made. The producers, having built up personalities through the expenditure of several millions of dollars for publicity, should be able to contrive vocal doubles, people unseen, to say or sing what the player seems to be uttering. Indeed, if the pictures are to be exported, this will be necessary; the action that is filmed and recorded in Hollywood will have to be spoken—by someone—in the language of its audience. In French for the French, and so on. And it can hardly be expected of Americans generally to speak French that will be understood in Paris.


In short, while talking pictures are here in fact and here for good, there would seem to be little reason for established players to feel like self-conscious children over their bad tonsils or adenoids. It may not be necessary to operate; and, indeed, where it is, the thing may not be nearly so bad as its anticipation.



# Are Screen

Do Film Lovers Put Their Heart—Or Merely Their Art—Into Their Work?

By HELEN CARLISLE



From left to right: Richard Barthelmess and Doris Dawson; Richard Dix and Jean Arthur; and Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill

THE handsome youth crossing the stage looked like Dick Barthelmess. In fact, he *was* Dick Barthelmess, so I made a flying leap toward him, as what right-minded woman under seventy would not?

"Mr. Barthelmess," I asked, "when you are enacting love scenes, before the camera, I mean, are they purely mechanical with you? When you embrace a lovely leading woman, are you thinking only of lights, camera angles, whether you are getting the proper amount of footage, whether the lady may be trying to take the scene from you, and so on? Or does the human element enter into these passionate scenes? Are you, for the time being, somewhat enamored of the lady herself?"

"In one sentence," I concluded—and it was about time—"is screen love-making just part of the day's job or is it a rather pleasant experience?"


Mr. Barthelmess regarded me sadly, which is not surprising. He always looks that way.

"Purely mechanical," he said briefly. "I never think of the girl in a personal sense."

"Well, that's a nice thing to say!" Dorothy Mackaill, on whose set we were standing, came up and slipped her arm through his. "I worked in two pictures with you, 'The Fighting Blade' and 'Shore Leave,' and I was madly in love with you all the time. Really I was. But you were married."

"And now *you* are," said Dick, which just shows how things go in this unsatisfactory world.

"I fall in love with my leading men," declared Dorothy.



"I couldn't work satisfactorily with one who had no personal attraction for me. During love scenes I forget the camera, the director, everybody but the man who is playing the scene with me. I'm in love with him, at the time, anyway."

Oddly enough, most of the men players to whom I put my very personal questions agreed with Dorothy—the women with Dick. Perhaps this is because Dorothy has a man's frankness, while Barthelmess is cautious.

"God bless us, yes!" exclaimed Jack Mulhall, the irresistible Irishman. "I adore attractive girls. Always have, always will. When I am playing a love scene with some pretty girl, she is the embodiment of all feminine charms to me, and of all the lovely girls I've ever known or hope to know in future."

"Let it never be said of me that I make love in a mechanical manner. I'm no Robot, I hope. It is generally agreed that girls throughout the country place themselves in the movie heroine's place. I'm glad if that is true. For when I make love to the girl on the screen, I'm making love to them all."



# Kisses Hot or Cold?



Beginning at the top: Lane Chandler and Clara Bow; George Bancroft and Evelyn Brent; and William Powell and Mary Brian

## "The Flaming Flapper" a Surprise

You'd expect something hot from Clara Bow, the Flaming Flapper, wouldn't you? When Clara goes after her man, she burns up the celluloid. Yet Clara fools us.

Sitting on the steps of her dressing-room in the pale sunshine of a spring day, Clara shook her head gravely and declared that she never thinks of her screen lovers in a personal way.

"I never know they're there," is the way she put it. "Screen love-making doesn't mean a thing to me. I am the character I portray, and that's all there is to it. I never know whether my leading man has gray, blue or brown eyes, and I'm never the least bit in love with him, no matter how intense our love scenes may appear on the screen."

Nor does the handsome screen leading man mean a thing to Corinne Griffith. While such a statement from Clara may surprise us, one rather expects it of the lovely, remote Corinne, and she fulfils our expectations when she says that she plays only for characterization. Victor Varconi, who is appearing opposite her in "The Divine Lady," wasn't on the set when we talked with Corinne, or we would have drawn him into the discussion. A mere outsider would assume that it might be quite

(Continued on page 90)

Richard Dix had a slightly different angle.

"You can't leave it all up to the man," he declared, crashing back and forth across his dressing-room in the manner which is Richard's own.

"Sometimes an actress is unresponsive. An amateur, perhaps, and camera-shy. When I'm working with such a girl, it's hard to lose myself in my part. Gee! In the middle of a clinch she may get her elbow in my eye, which is enough to take all the sentiment out of a love scene, real or on the screen.

"But if she is responsive, and a trained actress, I never think of the cameras nor the staring visitors from Yap Corner, Iowa. I'm making love just to her.

"An actor is called upon to portray different kinds of love, though. One characterization may demand snappy, up-to-date love-making. At such times I think only of the girl I'm working with. Another characterization requires a spiritual love. Then I think only of my mother all through the scenes. Don't even see the girl. But I can't remember a time when I thought of camera angles, footage and so forth, when I went into a love scene. Not Rich!"





Russell Ball

## Carewelty to Animals

Hardly, for even to her dumb friends Dolores del Rio is the soul of kindness; and the action of her next picture, "Revenge," as directed by Edwin Carewe, calls for no ill-treatment of the bear that sits like a man



# South Seasick

If Monte Was Blue When He  
Went There, He Came  
Back a Vivid Indigo

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

**I**F a certain author ever visits Hollywood, he is hereby advised to wear false whiskers and call himself "O'Donovan" instead of "O'Brien."

This author once wrote a book—such a glamorous book about the South Seas that aged millionaires and staid college professors and hardened movie producers dreamed, after reading it, of tropic moons and bare brown limbs whirling in the hula hula, and flowers as large as hogs-heads. He wrote about lovely—and loving—ladies with such charming names as Gaga (Love Talk) and Pepi (Some Kid), who offered bowls of *poi* while one reclined languidly on a mat in a thatched hut. He wrote of an earthly paradise where one has not a care in the world.

He neglected to mention that the tropic moonlight was malarial, the bare brown limbs were pudgy, and the thatched hut was inhabited by scorpions and centipedes. He knew, did Mr. Frederick O'Brien, that all civilized people are hungry for romance, and homesick for the jungle, and he gave them what they wanted. After all, the South Seas were a long distance off, and Cook didn't run a tour there.

The Metro-Goldwyn company that has been in Tahiti for five months filming "White Shadows in the South Seas" would like to meet Mr. O'Brien personally. They have read his book, and they want to talk it over with him, somewhere where the police won't interfere. Not, of course, you understand that Director W. S. Van Dyke or Monte Blue, or any member of their company of sixty went to Papeete to see hula dancers or to have native belles hang wreaths around their necks. Their purpose (you understand) was solely to produce some Art. But they can't help feeling that Mr. O'Brien had his tongue in his cheek while writing that book. Instead of being a place where one forgets his troubles, the South Seas, so far as they are concerned, is a place where one discovers a whole lot of new troubles he never even thought of before.

## Leprosy and Canned Salmon

**A**FTER five months of being rained on, scorched dry by a fierce sun, bitten by the entire collection of Tahitian insectivora, exposed to leprosy, elephantiasis and other interesting diseases, bored almost to the murder point by the unmitigated company of each other, fed on tinned salmon until the very sight of a can opener turns them pale, the exiles from Hollywood have returned with an interesting theory.



The South Seas of romance exist only in books like Mr. O'Brien's and in motion pictures such as they have brought back with them, which has inspired the Metro-Goldwyn publicity department to such lyric outbursts as these:

"The first true story of the South Seas, Southern skies, passionate women, and the coming of the white man to a strange land. The most beautiful scenery, the most interesting people ever filmed."

Yet—says Monte Blue feelingly, the South Seas are the bunk! The legend of their loveliness is a lie. The romantic beach-comber is in reality a shiftless tramp, the

(Continued on page 82)

Raquel Torres and Monte Blue and the South Seamen of the Island of Tahiti, where "White Shadows" was filmed





## *Shooting The Works*

The patriarchs at the Hague peace court are in for a jolt early this month. They're going to think a young world war has broken out unannounced. For Marceline Day has lumped all her fireworks together and is going to set 'em off that way. Marceline is all for making the Fourth of Julively



# Art for Ark's Sake

Bigger and Better Orgies Mark  
The Spectacle Whose Expenses Know *Noah* Limit

By Herbert Cruikshank

"CALL out the guard! The King's Guard!"

The command reverberated through the length of the ornate pagan temple. It seemed to come through the smoke that curled from the lascivious lips of the evil, hideous idol to which twenty virgins had just been sacrificed.

The priests in their turreted hats and long yellow robes looked toward the throne which faced the idol from far down at the other end of the temple. A bevy of courtezans, their soft, full mouths stained a shameless scarlet, clustered closer to their imperial master. Brown-bellied slaves fed incense burners taller than themselves. A thousand spears glistened with each slight movement of the ancient nation's fighting men. Nearly naked dancing girls paused in their abandoned steps, flower garlands poised high in air.

"Where in hell is the King's guard! Hey, you guys, get the hell up there by the King! And hold your positions! This ain't no holiday! We're makin' a pitcher here!"

Even so. The good looking young assistant director shouted instructions through a telephone-like instrument, and his words hurtled through a half-dozen loud speakers skilfully concealed in the frescoes of the temple. An assistant cameraman struck a match on the idol's eye. A priest removed his chin whisker to mop perspiration from his face. One of the King's courtezans languidly refreshed her cud of gum. And His Majesty parked the cigar against that time when he might again discard his kingly mien.

It was all Hollywood. Even the virgins.



Dolores Costello and George O'Brien as they appear in "Noah's Ark"

Or at least that portion of it that has to do with days beyond recall. There is a modern sequence, too. For the argument of the drama is that as the ancient world was cleansed

by the turbulent waters of the deluge, so the world we know was washed free of sin in the blood of thirty million lambs who were sacrificed in the World War.

The photoplay was "Noah's Ark." Before it is completed, Michael Curtiz, the director, will shoot three hundred thousand feet of film, while the valiant Warner Brothers' total production figures will exceed a million dollars. And this million, in the end, will be represented by the twelve thousand feet of film which will finally be shown to you.

## One Set, One Quarter Million

It is said there never were such crowds assembled, that there never were such gigantic sets in the history of filmdom. If the huge proportions have been ever exceeded, it is by a matter of feet—or inches. The temple set is three hundred feet long. Its width is over seventy-five feet, and the actual height sixty feet, although it will appear more lofty through miraculous photography from the camera genius, Hal Mohr. Even the picture people themselves are impressed. Bill Koenig, the boyish-faced studio executive, almost removed his hat in reverence as he whispered the cost of the set—a quarter million of dollars. Not drachma, or dinari—dollars—coin of the realm.

The chief electrician will tell you that it takes twenty-five thousand amperes of light to illuminate the scene. That there are over one hundred and fifty sun-arcs, beside the other lights. The sun-arcs are the largest, you

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# Souls In Plaster



If we could see our hearts as they really are, William Mortensen says, they'd look something like the pictures above

## William Mortensen, The Mask-Master, Brought to the Movies His Art and Fay Wray

BY ANN CUMMINGS

SIX years ago a young man rode out of Salt Lake City on a motor-cycle. The machine, battered and wheezing, forty-five dollars, and a headful of dreams—these were all that he owned in the world. In the high school where he had been teaching they had decided that dreams were dangerous. What they wanted of a teacher was dates and formulas and rules, so they had told the young man that he had better go before his dreams did any further damage. And here he was, riding out of town, with his face set toward California.

On the edge of town he passed a hay wagon, with a girl sitting on top of the load, swinging bare legs beneath a ragged skirt. Dark hair framed her face—a face that caught his artist's eye. He knew suddenly and with certainty that that little girl, perched on the hay, was one day going to be one of the world's great beauties!

In a humble settlement on the outskirts of town the hay wagon stopped. Sliding down from the load, the little girl disappeared into one of the cottages. With forty-five dollars in his pocket and a fortune in dreams in his head, the young man followed. "Your daughter is beautiful," he informed the astonished woman who answered his rap. "I'm going to Hollywood. Let her go with me."

Oh, it takes a dreamer to do improbable things! He stood there, shabby, jobless, a gaunt young man who had

just been unfrocked by the high school authorities because he preferred to teach beauty instead of weights and measures, and somehow he made them see what he saw, a glamorous future for a little shantytown girl with tangled hair and a faded dress.

### Rainbow Bound

LATER, with guardianship papers signed, the motor-cycle was off toward California, plop-plop, and this time it carried two, a young artist and a child going to find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. There have been strange fortune-seekers who have come to Hollywood, but none stranger than these two, William Mortensen and Fay Wray.

Of the fortune that Fay found, presently, everyone has heard. She trudged about the studios, played small parts, went to high school, grew up to be a young lady and became a movie star. And when the publicity department came to write her life story, there was nothing mentioned of a load of hay, or a journey on the back of a battered motor-cycle.

Fan magazines are filled with her strange, wistful type of beauty, but no one has seen the pictures Bill made of her once, when they were too poor to afford a photog-

(Continued on page 114)





Hesser Photos



After many moons, Mary Pickford has finally persuaded her *señor* partner, Douglas Fairbanks, to stand still long enough to have his portrait taken with her. Both Mr. Fairbanks, alias *The Gaucho*, and Miss Pickford are cinematograph players

# *The Gaucho's Best Girl*



# In and Out

## Gossip of the



P. & A.

Back to the German silver-sheet returns Camilla Horn, after appearing opposite John Barrymore in "Tempest" and so—as was fitting and expected—taking Hollywood by storm

**IT** doesn't pay to jump to conclusions. Recently a well-known newspaper woman sent her assistant over to First National to scout around and find out something that was supposed to be kept secret. Wandering about the lot, he came upon Dorothy Mackaill and pounced on her. "What is going to be the name of your next picture?" he inquired. Dorothy looked coy. "Dunt esk!" she answered. The next morning in flaunting headlines the newspaper woman's column announced a scoop! "DOROTHY MACKAILL TO CHANGE TYPE. WILL PLAY JEWISH GIRL IN NEW PICTURE, 'DUNT ESK!'"

**"WHAT,"** asked a magazine writer of Estelle Taylor, "was your most embarrassing moment?" Estelle considered. The worm will turn after a certain number of interviews! "My most embarrassing moment," said she deliberately, "was when your husband tried to pat my knee under the table-cloth at the last party we were on."

**IT** is said that when Joe Schenck called Gilbert Rowland into his private office not long ago, the new sheik of the United Artists' lot went with lagging feet, expecting bad news. Instead, the producer looked at him keenly over his newspaper. "I hear, young man," said he, briskly, "that you've been gambling."



R. H. Louise

Blossoming out, indeed, as one of the most magnetic attractions of the screen today: Dorothy Sebastian. That is apparent even without the floral suggestion

More chinned against than chinning are Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook in this one of them noble, silent-suffering scenes wherein love is cast aside for the principle of the thing



Hommel



# of Focus

## Stars and Studios

Gilbert nodded. He had lost four thousand dollars at bridge, he admitted.

"Too much for a young fellow just starting out," said Schenck. "Promise me you won't do it again."

And he wrote out a check for the full amount and, without another word, handed it to the astonished actor.

**BY** the way, here's a laugh I found in an old copy of the "Los Angeles Times," about 1916: "FINANCIAL NOTE," it ran, "Mr. Joseph Schenck and Miss Norma Talmadge, celebrated motion picture actress, were married yesterday."

**OPENINGS.** Lots of them. The new Warner Brothers' Theater starts off with Al Jolson officiating. Al matched his record for stories this time. His hottest was about a King of ancient Egypt whose valet was the great-great-grandfather of Jolson. One day, as he stepped out of his bath, the King was greatly incensed when his valet came into the room and smote him playfully on the behind. "How, O varlet," roared the King, "durst you slap me so, on the behind?"

Al's great-great-grandfather bowed humbly. "I beg your pardon, O King," he apologized earnestly, "I assure you my act was entirely unintentional. I mistook you for the Queen."

Striped for the bath: Agnes Franey, lately a dancer in "Rio Rita" and Ziegfeld's "Follies," and presently to be presented in pictures by Warner Brothers



Colleen Moore wants it clearly understood that her playmate is not—despite appearances—a wolf in sheep's clothing. He is a one-hour-old Shetland pony and his name is Sam

Something quite important on his chest, but in no great hurry to get it off: Clive Brook being hovered over by Billie Dove and unquestionably having a bird of a time



# All the Gossip of the

**SPEAKING** of his golf game, Jolson admitted ruefully that his might be better. "The only mistake I make," said he, "is standing too close to the ball after I've hit it."

**"COMPANIONATE** marriage may be ended," says Bill Haines, "but the baby lingers on—"

**BUT** to go back to our openings. "The Trail of '98" première was one of the most brilliant I have ever attended. All the diamonds were out of the moth balls. Joan Crawford, having just been named as correspondent in the afternoon's papers, was there, unperturbed, with Doug, Junior. No one has been able to find out whether they are really married, but she receives telegrams and letters addressed to Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, and signed (so they say) "your loving husband, Doug."

**THE** prologue announced as a unique attraction an "American tenor who can sing one full note higher than any other tenor on earth." Why not stage a contest for tenors?

**WHICH** reminds me that the art gallery at the New Roosevelt Hotel has long rows of paintings bearing the reassuring legend, "Best Art at Cheapest Prices."

**LOUISE FAZENDA** gives Dr. Frank Crane authority for the following little tale, which, of course, makes it respectable. An elderly minister attended a brilliant dinner party at which he was seated beside an attractive young woman in a very low-necked gown. The minister kept glancing at her curiously and finally leaned forward. "I beg your pardon, Madam," he asked, "but I would like to ask you a question. What keeps your grown up?"

Ball

In the top corner is Ethel Jackson, who would rather her name be prominent within the brown covers of the casting directory than—as it has been—between the blue bindings of the Los Angeles social register

If haircuts were our only guide, we'd wonder whether the gentleman before us were John Gilbert or Gilbert Roland. Only one thing tells us it's the latter: his unwaveringly Normal outlook

The three big noises in "The Racket" are Louis Wolheim, Marie Prevost and Thomas Meighan—whose name, in character, we suppose, will be *Two-Star Hennessy*



# Stars and Studios

The young thing shrugged her shoulders. "Only your advanced age!" she replied.

**I SEE** that Jack Dempsey has finally won his law-suit over his former manager, Kearns, and Lillian Gish has won hers over her former fiancé, Duell. Both of these suits have lingered along over two years and have cost fortunes to fight. They tell me that Lillian has spent all of her savings in defending hers.

**A NEW** beauty doctor has come to town. He guarantees to remove the scars of one's operations! "It's this way," he explains; "most women who have had operations get a good deal of pleasure describing their experience to their friends. But after a while there is nothing more to be said on that subject. If they can have their scars removed, that gives them another interesting thing to talk about." He knows his operations, that one!

**THYRA SAMPTER WINSLOW**, the writer, who came West to make a photoplay of her book, "The Show Business," for Famous Players, has a small, very fluffy Pomeranian, the color of a beige fox fur, which she is in the habit of carrying about with her under one arm. The dog has become so accustomed to it that he remains motionless and resigned under the confining elbow. The other day, as Thyra was walking along Hollywood Boulevard, a woman passing by stopped and stared closely at the Pom. Then she walked ahead, paused as if still doubtful about something, and came back again to scrutinize the funny little animal. Then she burst into delighted laughter. "Do excuse me," she begged, "but I made such an odd mistake. From a distance I thought that that was a dog."

(Continued on page 106)



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By this time Earle Foxe—at the top—should know the ropes of movie acting. After playing comedies for years, he's just been entrusted with the execution of a character rôle in "Hangman's House"

Don't pity the poor sailors on a day like this—the day of Ruth Hurst's visit to the battleship *California*. She proved a far better life-saver than the one she's holding

Women, so brave men say, are never so charming as when angry. It's an idea, anyway—for here is Thelma Todd at her loveliest and—for some reason or other—plainly on her ear



# the Crown

Willy and Gussie of  
*Danish Pastry* that Would

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY



business. He took the bee from bijou and put it in the producers' bonnets. Now they don't have to hock the Rolls-Royce to buy real diamond tiaras from Tiffany's when Esther Ralston plays a duchess. They have Willy make them in paste.

Willy now has a little two-acre ranch in San Fernando Valley, adjacent to Hollywood, and a car that's paid for. It pays to know your karats.

## Gems for Fems

HE supplies artificial jewelry to five major studios, Paramount, First National, Fox, Warner Brothers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. To Paramount he sells his product; to the others he rents each piece, at a price that ranges from two dollars to much higher, not per day, but for the length of a picture.

And when you have two hundred young ladies of the Empire period to jewel for a grand ballroom sequence, you can imagine the number of ear-

rings, bracelets, brooches, rings, chokers, dog-collars, pendants, buckles and what-not that must be supplied. There are revenues therefrom.

Maybe you thought those lovely bangles that Dolores del Rio wore in "The Loves of Carmen" were handed down from some ancestral doña. They weren't. They were fashioned on the slightly dusty work-table of Willy.

Brass he uses mostly in creating the larger, more massive pieces, coating it with silver paint and gold.



At the top, Willy Petersen-Fagerstam displays an array of his gems worth their weight in celluloid. Below, Dolores del Rio in a sparkling head-dress of no less value

"ALL that glitters is not gold." I should say not. Do you think I'd be sitting here hemming doilies, if it was? Me, with my gold-mine stock and my oil stock.

Do you think I'd be sitting here, knitting wash cloths, if it had been a real diamond ring that the hosiery drummer gave me?

It goes to prove that old adages, like old wine, are best.

"'All that glitters is not gold' . . . nor precious stones," said Willy Petersen-Fagerstam and tossed the Kohinoor back into a cardboard box with the Excelsior and the Cullinan. It clinked against a ruby the size of a pigeon's egg, knocked a couple of hundred-karat sapphires out of the way and came to a sparkling pause by the side of a jumbo-sized emerald.

Aladdin, you should lamp that collection.

From a table covered with dust and last night's *Herald*, he picked up a diamond-studded bracelet. Sapphires, bluer than melancholy, shimmered out from it. A wide band of splendor it was, fit for Queen Scherherazade's arm. Or that of Pola Negri.

In a corner of the room Noah's distaff, serpent entwined, jeweled, was being gilded. Some of the Russian crown jewels, double-eagled and all, were on the table.

Pinch me, Ali Baba, and see if I'm awake, but first put more glue on that scale.

Willy Petersen-Fagerstam is the paste gem artist of Hollywood. He is the mock-jeweler of the film



# Jewels of Hollywood

## Copenhagen Make—Overnight— Dazzle the Queen of Sheba

On the smaller, modern baubles, that can be rented over and over again, he uses sterling silver. And on every piece, great or small, he uses the utmost care and all the skill taught him in his years of apprenticeship in Copenhagen. He commenced to learn the craft when he was fourteen.

And those hammered silver and gold pieces that Bebe Daniels wore in "She's a Sheik." Did you think they were sent from Arabia by a desert admirer? Willy did those, too, working fourteen hours a day, Gussie by his side. Gussie is Willy's sole staff.

Gussie was Gussie Petersen. Willy was Willy Fagerstam. And when they married in Denmark, they became Mr. and Mrs. Willy Petersen-Fagerstam. It must be an old Danish custom.

Florence Vidor, the *Countess Auster-mann* of "The Patriot," the newest Jan-nings picture, wears a gorgeous array of Russian jewels, all made by Willy.

### Crown Jewels While You Wait

THERE is not a period in gem history that he does not know. An intense desire for that sort of knowledge led him to the museums of Scandinavia, those at Stockholm and Christiania. Ravag-ing them of their information, he descended upon the museums of Berlin, Paris, Vienna, and returned to Copenhagen freighted with gem data.

He can re-create the breastplates that Cleo-patra wore when she first shook hands with Mark Antony. The sapphires that Napo-leon favored are mounted in faithful reproduction by Willy. Russian crown jewels, the Kohinoor as it was when presented to Queen Victoria, the regal gems of Louis XIV, all come from his nimble fingers.

Pola Negri has not made a picture for four years that has not been jeweled by Willy.

Florence Vidor's brilliant neck-lace and earrings are copies of Imperial Russian jewels



Hommel



Vera Voronina, left, and Esther Ralston, above, bedecked in diamonds of the purest paste

The brilliant gems of Greta Garbo's "Love," née "Anna Karenina," were supplied by Willy. He picked up a brace of crystal earrings, delicately fashioned. A stray sunbeam turned them into iridescent raindrops. They looked like Cartier or Tiffany.

"It took me only an hour to make them. The materials cost about two dollars. And they look like the real thing."

Yeh, and so did that diamond ring the hosiery drummer gave me.

The imitation Kohinoors, Excelsiors and Cul-linans, along with paste rubies, emeralds and pseudo-precious stones he orders by the gross from Czecho-Slovakia. Perfect reproductions of famous stones, correct to minute defects, errors in cutting, tiny cracks, are supplied. Other materials he gets locally. But the talent, the ingenuity, is Willy's.

His interest now is in the cubes and angles of modernistic jewelry. But it cannot last, this bizarre craze. It is only a passing fancy. American women have too much money to spend on trinkets and this will meet the mood of the moment.

"In Europe they do not have so much money to spend on jewelry. One set of jewels lasts a lifetime. We take greater care in making them. Much carving and work we put into it. The settings are intricately done. But here it is the jewel that counts. The mounting means practically nothing.

"This is true of the more conservative European.  
(Continued on page 110)



# Better Than He Expected

Walter Byron Left England  
Prepared for Jolly Well Any-  
thing, So Even Hollywood  
Didn't Give Him Much of  
a Pain

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

Lansing  
Brown

"YOUR impressions of our great and progressive city?" I challenged Walter Byron. I had been old-fashioned enough to wait a decent interval after Mr. Byron's arrival in Hollywood before writing my interview. The more up-to-date magazines already had his first thoughts on America, the name of his favorite poet and his views on divorce humming through the printing-presses—when he was still on the Atlantic.

"Let me see," pondered Vilma Banky's newly imported movie swain. "Perhaps my most gratifying discovery here has been that I could continue to sing my favorite song in my bath every morning without fear of contradiction. The song, you know, is 'There is a Tavern in the Town.'"

He pondered further. There seemed to be a constriction of some sort in his "impressions-of-your-city" outlet.

"Ah, the motor horns," he said finally. "That is a point of interest, I think. I have just spent some weeks in Paris making a picture, and the 'toot-toot' and 'pip-pip' of those taxi horns still ring in my ears. Now they inform me that Los Angeles has more cars in it than the whole of France and Italy put together. Each one is equipped with a klaxon, but you never hear anybody use it."

"Mr. Byron," I put in, "don't tell me that on your first visit to America and Hollywood the only things that have struck you are the motor horns and the fact that there is a tavern in the town?"

"Well, not exactly," he replied, a little abashed. "There was, for example, the expression on the faces of the motorists who passed me when I took a fifteen-mile

morning stroll to Burbank and back yesterday. I gather that anybody who uses his two feet here is regarded as more or less potty. Am I right?"

"But, Mr. Byron," I cried in alarm, ignoring his question, "Hollywood? The stars? The parties? The studios? The climate? Miss Banky? The Montmartre? The Grove—the Beach Club—the Morgue? The palatial Beverly homes?" He boggled blankly at me as the questions came. "The whisky?" I added, clutching desperately at this last straw.

## Scotching Insubordination

HE brightened. "Oh, yes, I had some up at Louis Wolheim's place the other day—wonderful stuff, exactly the same as we get over the bar in Leicester Square." There was another pause. "Come to think of it, Sam Goldwyn gave me a snifter one time, too. It was the day I got temperamental and threatened to take the next train home."

Mr. Byron relapsed into musing melancholy. He did not appear to be having a particularly fruity time in Holly-  
(Continued on page 104)







Russell Ball

A cuff on the ear. But, we ask, what fur, what fur? What has little Laura La Plante done to deserve such treatment? Nothing, so far as can be made out, except to steal more and more of everyone's heart with her every appearance on the screen



# What Becomes of

The Merry—And Otherwise—  
Dispose of Them Variousl



Beginning at the top and from left to right are Marie Prevost, Pauline Garon, Virginia Brown Faire, Claire Windsor and Hedda Hopper

THEY send their old clothes home to relatives, or else turn them over to some good second-hand house. They trade their old cars in on new ones—if the finance company doesn't get 'em first. Their old contracts are torn up for new ones—if they're lucky. Their old ideas are replaced with new philosophies. Their old ambitions are filed away for fresher schemes, but—

Say, what do you suppose they do with their old wedding rings?

That little band of gold with which they once took vows to love, honor and obey?

That little gold circlet that at one time stood for so much happiness, or unhappiness, or alimony, as the case may have been?

That is a question.

Some of the Hollywood ladies refused to answer. Maybe it meant too much to discuss carelessly in print.

Or maybe it didn't mean enough.

Pauline Garon, cute and pert, had to think it over. Not that she didn't know what she had done with her wedding ring, but she wasn't quite sure whether or not she wanted to tell the world. Cute and pert as she is, Pauline took marriage rather seriously. Finally she said, "I still wear mine." She put out her hand and, yes, sir, there it was, that little band of platinum and diamonds on the same hand that Lowell Sherman had put it the day they were married. Not on the same finger. But the same hand. "I don't wear it on the same finger because it doesn't mean the same," Pauline explained. "But I'll never stop wearing it on the same hand. I have several rings that I have willed to relatives and friends if I should die. But I want to be buried in my wedding ring. I suppose if you print that, they'll say I'm still in love with Lowell. It isn't that. It's just a little sentiment."

(The curtain is lowered to denote a change in mood and outlook—on wedding rings.)

## Memory in Pawn

ENTER Priscilla Bonner, very gaily. Since Priscilla emerged from the moth-balls and cast aside her blighted butterfly complex, she's an entirely new girl. You wouldn't recognize the new Priscilla in her smart sport clothes as the downtrodden damsel of the movies who has always been cast out in the snow with a baby in her arms—for publicity purposes. Two or three years ago Priscilla might have become very sentimental about her wedding ring. But now she giggled: "I hocked it. You bet. I needed the money a lot more than I did that solid



# their Wedding Rings?

Widows of Hollywood

By DOROTHY MANNERS



gold reminder of a tinsel experience. Why shouldn't I have sold it? I paid for it in the first place. Not by any stretch of the imagination could my marriage be looked on as a sweet, romantic episode. It stood for everything miserable and unhappy in my life and nothing pleasant. If the marriage means nothing—why should the wedding ring?" That's one way of looking at it.

I don't mean to change the moods too violently, but Claire Windsor was the next person of discarded wedding rings I met, and Claire gets us back to the lavender and old lace motif. Like Pauline Garon, the lovely Windsor still wears her wedding ring, but her reason is less sentimental. "I still wear it," admitted Claire, flashing the little platinum band in the sunlight to catch the sparkle of the diamonds. "It's a pretty one, don't you think? I love all pretty things." It's nice that Bert Lytell gave Claire such a pretty ring. Else it might not have remained among her souvenirs.

Marian Nixon really didn't want to be quoted about what she did with the wedding ring Joe Benjamin gave her. Not that it has a lot of sentimental value, either. She looked very dainty and regretful when she said, "You know my marriage was so unsuccessful—the less said about it the better." She doesn't wear Joe's ring, that's a cinch. I looked on the right finger, and it wasn't there. I know Marian well enough, however, to have an idea that she has it put away. Maybe down in some bank vault along with her other legal difficulties is the platinum band given her by the boy who, for a while, was one of the country's most promising lightweight boxers.



Beginning at the top and from left to right are Constance Talmadge, Priscilla Bonner, Jacqueline Logan, Evelyn Brent and Marian Nixon

## Jackie Keeps No Reminders

JACQUELINE LOGAN, peppy and red-headed, didn't have much luck in her matrimonial flyer with Ralph Gillespie. Like Marian. But unlike Marian, she doesn't mind telling the world about it in all of its disappointing phases. Marriage, in her case, was twice as expensive as it was sacred. As a husband, Mr. Gillespie was a great luxury. The girl has a lot of sweet memories—all of bills. In time she got rid of both her husband and her wedding ring.

A young colored gentleman named Freddie is Jackie's chauffeur. Freddie was all set to get married, but he couldn't afford a pretty ring for his bride-to-be. That gave Jacqueline an idea. She said, "Here, Freddie, take this one," and handed him her own. "It's just as good as new and you can have the initials crossed out."

And so, now, Mrs. Freddie wears Mr. Gillespie's  
(Continued on page 98)



# A

## You Can Count Her Rights

The survival of the fittest seems to be a theory that Clara Bow holds true. For such rings as you find about her are never just under the eyes; she prefers the basketball to the highball, and to flex the knee rather than the merry elbow





# Tough Bowzo!

on Clara to Exercise  
and Lefts



Has there ever been any question of Clara's manhandling ability? If so, here's evidence that she has at least one gentleman completely up in the air. Above, a demonstration of how she straight-arms the over-ardent; and at the top, proof of her mental alertness—for it's clear nothing goes over her head but a basketball







# A Big Shot

Richard Arlen's recent performances establish him as that on the screen. And they indicate, too, that his popularity, like the rifle he is carrying, is a high-power repeater. Of Dick, in short, we are led to expect—and regularly—trigger and better things

Otto Dyar



*Editor's Note:* The highlight of the visit of the author of this article to Hollywood was his impression of an unknown extra girl whose first name he knows, whose last name he never found out, and whose telephone number he was too dazed to ask for. Can any fan supply the information?



# *Has Anybody Here Seen Connie?*

BY CARL LEWIS

What Is the Last Name of  
the Extra Girl Whose Charm  
Outshines the Stars

"JIM," I said over the telephone from the hotel room in Los Angeles fifteen minutes after we arrived, "We are here." And then to make our plight certain, we added, "And we must have an extra girl to complete our party."

Now Jim has lived in Los Angeles long enough to become a native son and he's absorbed so much of that misplaced, far-Western, go-getter spirit that you just can't stump him on any sort of problem. He has ordered his life that way and the very rocks and rills and the countless variety of flowers that bloom outside his bungalow door, all were brought from afar. And the bungalow itself—idyllic dream that it is—rests on the roof of his brand-new twelve-story building—right in the heart of busy Los Angeles. That's the kind of bachelor boy Jim turned out to be. So when Jim said he would see what he could do at the dawning eleventh hour, we felt confident

enough of the outcome to open wide the hotel room door so that there could be no possibility of our expected guest passing by without noting our eager faces and our unmistakable New York manner.

We must have bent too far over the cocktail mixer, or something else happened, but when we swung about to refill another round of outstretched glasses, here, right in our midst, was this child of twenty—maybe older, maybe younger—I never did think to ask her age.

## Smoke and Small Talk

"I'M Connie, I don't drink but I will have a cigarette if you will be so kind"—all one introductory sentence from the hazel eyes and black-haired young miss who was all engulfed in a fur-trimmed red coat and perfume.

*(Continued on page 93)*



# Act and Grow Young

Kathleen Clifford Does—And She's as Fresh as the Dewiest Flowers in Any of Her Own Six Shops

By OSCAR DUNNING

"I AM so pleased to have met you, Miss Clifford," I said, with an unwonted ring of genuineness in the words.

"Are you *really*?" said Kathleen Clifford.

It was the second time in a week I had practically swooned away Metro-Goldwyn-May studio after too sudden exposure to that rare symptom, a human-being complex in a star. The first time was when the beautiful Mrs. King Vidor had come up to me out of a clear sky, held out her hand, and said: "My name's Boardman." The editorial side of me takes this opportunity to view with alarm such remarks, striking as they do at the finest old aristocratic traditions of Hollywood. What can Mr. Metro and Mrs. Goldwyn be thinking of to allow a spirit like that to get around their Culver City joint? I mean, come now.

"Are you *really*?" The question is asked in equally surprised tones by all and sundry who visit the "Excess Baggage" set and are informed in a piping treble by a slip of a blonde that they are confronting the original Kathleen Clifford. And their minds work like much lightning . . . why, let me see . . . can it be ten years ago I saw her in serials . . . come to think of it, how many years before that was it she was playing the London music-halls . . . well, Auntie Grace died in '10, and she used to say . . . well, now, isn't that the darnedest thing?

You stand gaping before a fresh-looking young creature in pink-check rompers, her blonde curls tied with a big white bow. That is her costume in backstage sequences of "Excess Baggage." She looks—in the middle twenties with make-up hiding the clearness of her complexion; hardly out of the 'teens when you meet her on the street. That is all except for her eyes, which have lived in Hollywood and watched the tragicomic changing scene of the movies just



R. H.  
Louise  
Photos

long enough to have acquired a suspicion of a cynical glaze.

## She Is Young Inside

SHE is only to be described as "cute." It is not the forced skittishness of those conscious of approaching middle-age that is hers. She effervesces like a bottle of genuine Pol Roger. There are springs of youth and irresponsibility deep down in her which she could not check, even if she would. Her favorite expression, evidently, is "this, that and the other."

Her conversation is embroidered with up-to-the-minute slang which she pronounces as if she meant it. Her voice is alert and melodious.

"Speaking from your experience," I asked her, "would you prescribe a career in the movies for incipient crow's-feet, double chin, dizzy spells after lunch and other symptoms of Father Time's inroads?"

"Absolutely," she gurgled, "Positively, and how, and so forth. Now the theater, mind you, in which I spent my early days, is the most aging thing in the world. You're up half the night, rehearsing all day, traveling from place to place, without rest or peace. If you strike a success, you may get a few months' continuous work. Most of the time you're sick worrying about a new job.

"But the movies are different. Once you get started in Hollywood there couldn't be a profession more calculated to ward off the ravages of time. You have your own home, you have regular hours, you get to bed—at least, you can if you want to—at a reasonable time. Nowadays most of the successful people are on contract and haven't even got to worry about their job. God knows they haven't anything else to worry about. Acting for the movies probably requires less mental and physical effort than anything in the world. You stand up in front of the camera, the director tells you what to do

(Continued on page 88)





R. H. Louise

Don Joan, the last name being Crawford. When she doffs her skirt, must she carry a quirt? Or is it merely a part of the Mexican make-up? We think the latter, because, with eyes and a smile like Joan's, a girl carries already weapons aplenty



# Brass Will Tell

The Faster the Little Girls Work  
The Faster They Become Stars

BY ELIZABETH PETERSEN



**S**USIE GLUMPZ is a striking example of that old adage, "Ask and you shall receive," and she hasn't stopped asking. There are some meanies who go so far as to call her a gold-digger, but Susie hasn't accepted

anything under platinum yet. She left home at the age of sixteen with her mother's egg money tightly clasped in her hands and from then on she was known as April Morn, the name that has endeared her to her public. Poor April had a long, hard road of it. She hurried home from the notion counter every evening to her modest little apartment on Park Avenue, where she reluctantly changed from her simple little working dress to gold lamé and diamonds. No matter how tired she was from her arduous toil, she was never too tired to smile, to laugh and to dance; and if at these times she asked for little things, what gentleman could refuse such a deserving girl? April's brave struggle to make good was the talk of the town. Then one day she met Mr. Blankberg of Hollywood and he said, "You have such wonderful eyes." Susie smiled coyly up at him. "You flatterer," she said brightly.

A year later April Morn's name was up in electrics and her success is a beacon for other struggling girls.

## The Primrosie Path

**E**VER since she was just an itty bitsy girl, Roughhouse Rosie, as she was affectionately called by the gas house gang back home, was lucky. You never did see the beat of that girl's luck. It wasn't anything for her to bring home ten dollars a day before she was sixteen, and after that her findings increased proportionately.

So it wasn't any wonder that in a little while she began to find diamond bracelets, emerald necklaces, smart little Paris frocks and Rolls Royces in all sorts of crooks and crannies. "Look what I found today!" was invariably Rosie's exuberant greeting. And she'd clap her hands with delight as she showed off her little trinkets. "If she can find all this in Duluth, what wouldn't she find in New York?" her mother asked herself. So the whole family put together their savings and Rosie found a few hundred dollars or so in an ash can and they went to New York. Rosie's name was now Rose D'Amour and every morning she went out into the big city to find things to keep her little family snug and happy. One day she found Mr. Blankberg. "You have such wonderful eyes," he said. Rosie glanced up from lowered lids. "You flatterer!" she said brightly.

A year later Rosie's name was up in electrics and her luck stayed right with her.

## Gwen Dreams Come True

**G**WENDOLYN SCHMALTZ lived with her family over her father's pickle factory and every afternoon when she came home from school she used to curl up in a big chair eating dill pickles and reading fairy tales. One day, as she was reading all about Cinderella and Prince Charming and the glass slipper, one of the dill pickles suddenly stirred and she gasped with surprise as it changed into a funny little man in a green suit. "You can make three wishes and they will come true," he told her. Gwendolyn made three wishes so fast you couldn't see their dust. "I want a fairy godfather, I want a trip to Europe, I want to be a movie star." The little green man smiled and in a flash he was a pickle again. Gwenny picked it up and after examining it carefully, popped it in her mouth and ate it, vaguely surprised that it didn't taste any different from the others.







When Mr. Blankberg said to these little girls, "You have wonderful eyes!" they shyly failed to deny it. And everybody had the nicest time

Shortly afterwards she meet the nice old gentleman who became her fairy godfather, and she could never understand what such a fine gentleman saw in a poor girl like herself who had no other riches than a rose-leaf skin, pearl-like teeth and golden curls. The Cinderella man took her to Europe to finish her education, and Gwenny almost finished him. She was now known as Gwendolyn Darling, "Because Daddy calls me that," she explained prettily to anyone who would listen, which wasn't many. Well, Gwenny had a fine time in Europe. She visited all over, did marquises in France and belted earls in England, and she soon lost count of the gondolas she swam home from in Venice. And strangely enough, it was in a gondola that she met Mr. Blankberg. "You have such wonderful eyes," he exclaimed. "You flatterer!" She sallied brightly, making no move to swim home.

A year later Gwendolyn's name was up in electrics and she still believed in Santa Claus.

#### Mr. Blankberg, the Tireless Altruist

PRISCILLA KATZENSTEIN attributes her success to hard work. "I was always a hard worker," she said in a recent interview, "and a fast one. There was never a task too arduous for me to attempt in my struggle for success." Priscilla is also a firm believer in the old axiom, early to bed and early to rise, and she always went to bed early in the morning and rose early in the afternoon. She read all the success magazines and worked as hard as anyone could doing nothing. But fame still hid around the corner refusing to be coaxed out and Priscilla began to get desperate. Then at last, just as she was beginning to give up her last little speck of hope, she met Mr. Blankberg and he said "You have such wonderful eyes." She forgot all the success books she had ever read and put everything she had into her voice as she whispered coily, "You flatterer."

A year later her new name, Priscilla Alden, was up in electrics and she was telling interviewers she owed her success to hard work.

#### A Ladder of Bed-Clothes

LONG before May Day was a star, she was an innocent little girl in a convent. Day after day she sat at her window watching the world go by and sometimes she hid her face in her hands and wept. "Just think of the joy I could bring to others if I were a motion picture star," she used to tell herself over and over again. "Oh, dear, I must go out in the world and bring happiness to others." So you can see for yourself that May was a very unselfish soul who only thought of others. One evening she made a rope of her bedclothes and climbed down to freedom, taking along only a few evening gowns, her sapphire and platinum bar pin and her diamond rings. The long and short of it was that she went to Hollywood and got a job as an extra. Girls who have been brought up in convents get jobs just like that in Hollywood. Well, sir, she struggled and struggled and struggled, and after that she struggled and struggled and struggled some more and still she wasn't any nearer stardom. Day after day she appeared on the set with her make-up put on as carefully as though she were on her way to a close-up, only to be lost in a mob scene again. One day she couldn't bear disappointing the world any longer and falling to her knees gave way to long, bitter sobs. Mr. Blankberg heard it far away in his private office and unable to resist a lady in distress, or—in anything else for that matter—went to her assistance. As May raised her deep fringed violet orbs to his, he whispered hoarsely, "You have such wonderful eyes." Her answer was silvery with tears, "You flatterer!"

A year later May Day's name was up in electrics and she spoke tearfully of the days when she was an innocent little girl in a convent.

But she says that she does not regret having suffered the hardships of her long struggle, for she is now in a position to bring into the lives of Her Public an itsy bitsy ray of sunshine.

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# *Not to the Boardmanner Born*

For off-stage characterization, Eleanor Boardman chooses to be one of those girls just too advanced for words—at least, for nice words. Shocking you with stories and theories, you know. But it doesn't get over, somehow. Underneath all of Eleanor's sophisticated camaraderie is a vanilla ice cream soul



D.G. Shore.



# a Sack of One Trade

And After Fifteen Years  
of It the Buoyant Mr.  
Mulhall Likes Movie  
Acting Better Than Ever

By CAROLYN DAWSON

"I LIKE the movies. I like acting in 'em. It may seem funny for me to say a thing like that, for I've been in pictures fifteen years, and when you've been in this game so long you're supposed to pretend that you're bored with Hollywood and the studios; that you're fed up with everything; that success is hollow and money brings more unhappiness than pleasure.

"But I don't feel that way, so why should I say it? Why, in this business, you get a kick out of life every day. It's always changing, full of variety, colorful. *There's* a seventy-five cent word for you, colorful. As I was saying, you may be up one day and down the next—don't I know!—but just as likely, if you get any break at all, you'll be up again. It's a continuous change. You never know what's around the corner.

"And there's always something to hand you a laugh. I like to laugh, kid around and have a good time. I like people and enjoy amusing them, whether I'm being paid for it or not. I never could act the way a movie star is popularly supposed to.

"For instance, when strangers come on a set where I'm working. I don't need to tell you that there are a lot of stars in this business who refuse to meet visitors, on the set. Even have the set closed in if they see one of the studio boys coming along with a bunch of tourists in tow.

"Perhaps I'd be a grand success if I acted tempera-



June Estep

mental and mysterious like that. I don't know. But I can't do it.

"Now, I've found that most visitors on a set are a little bit nervous and embarrassed. Perhaps they've just been thrown off another set. You can't tell. So I go up to them and shake hands all around. I answer any questions they ask me, tell a joke or two, and in a few minutes we're all laughing, and friendly. Having a good time."

## Too Easy to Last

"HONESTLY, I don't do it to boost my stock with them, though it doesn't hurt an actor to have folks go away saying he's a regular person. But my real reason for being friendly with them is that I like people. I can

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# Family



Little Josie Keaton was as high-spirited as she was high-waisted. When the lads tried to spark with her, she had a way of putting her foot down. And when she did, something usually broke

Private Lemuel Keaton always felt that he would have been another Ulysses S. Grant if he could have afforded cigars. The thing which determined this pose of Lem's is that he is hiding behind his back a hen that unwisely flew the coop

Cousin Osmer Keaton, "The Centerville Flash," would have won the game for his team if he hadn't—with score tied at 87 to 87—tried to steal left field





# Albums

The bigger bustle movement, inspired by herself, first brought Aunt Minnie Keaton into prominence. Spiteful belles of her era used to refer to Minnie as the county seat, and think they were funny

Jethro Z. Keaton—called "Stovepipe Joe" behind his back—was a fur bearing fur baron and organized the Believers in Beaver campaign in the '80's. As an example to his followers, he grew his own hat fibre

"Racehorse" Ralph Keaton, pride of the county fair and the most dangerous man in buggy-riding, had quite a vivid career, but was finally locked up for wearing bad checks







Hornimel

A banner attraction, indeed: Florence Vidor. But misleadingly gowned. Attired as if about to retire, she actually is to appear soon in the titular rôle of "The Magnificent Flirt"



# Too Nice to Love

Florence Vidor Lives in a  
Manless World and Says  
She Likes It

By GLADYS HALL

**D**URING the making of "The Patriot" the great German actor used daily to rap on Florence Vidor's dressing-room door and hail her forth with "My good Florence!" intoned as only Jannings could intone it.

His good Florence would emerge and they would stroll on to the set, arm in arm, delighted with one another's company.

When, in two or three of the sequences, Jannings was required to make crude love to Florence Vidor, he felt constrained about it. He needn't have. He inferred that with some other woman he wouldn't mind. But with his good Florence! His sensitiveness rebelled at the vicarious insult. It took the combined forces of Lubitsch and his good Florence herself to break down his nice inhibition.

Also, for the love scenes he wanted to "dress up." Playing the part of a slobbering Czar, unkempt and uncouth, he shied away from handling his good Florence in so repugnant an attire. He *did* "dress up." They shot some scenes that way. The rushes were shown and Lubitsch foamed at the mouth, technically speaking. He said to Jannings, "You are no longer the Czar! You are out of character. We must re-take."

Jannings sorrowfully doffed his fastidious attire and slumped into dishabille. He had been wrong, and he admitted that he had been wrong. He went about saying of Lubitsch, "He iss right! He iss right!"

And he was consoled when his good Florence assured him that she only saw his soul and not the habiliments of the Rabelaisian Czar.

His good Florence has "a terrible crush" on him, by her own admission. He is, she says, the supremely great artist of the screen. And making this picture with him has been the supremely great epoch of her own career.

Jannings is a mighty channel, kept clear, through which the mighty currents of his art course to perfection. He is a child. He is a Gargantuan worker. When he has done a scene, he shakes with exhaustion, not simulated. There is a force in him akin to the force that ran through the men of whom they say "There were giants in those days!"

These are a few of the things his good Florence thinks of Jannings.



William Powell is just what experience has  
Hom.

She says that her work in "The Patriot" has changed her.

Probably it has. Every authentic experience re-molds every sensitized individual. But more than "The Patriot" and the co-working with Jannings has changed Florence Vidor. Life has had a hand. . . .

## When They Were Very Young

**S**OME years ago two youngsters, Florence and King Vidor, newly wed, rattled into Hollywood in a tin-pan car. They had "come West" from Texas to make their everlasting fortunes. They were young, courageous and in love. They worked hand in hand and their hearthstone was considered unassailable.

They progressed, Florence a bit the faster of the two. Then the small Suzanne was born. Florence Vidor says, today, that she was happier at that time than she has ever been before or since. She was fulfilling her destiny as a woman. And that is the basic commentary on Florence Vidor. Before she is anything else she is a woman, feminine species. The eager girl from small-town Texas, overlaid now with the light hand of sophistication and the heavier hand of experience, still reverts in her heart to an ideal of life wrenched from the flesh of the earth and the flesh of humanity. Other things—yes, there are other things. Important other things. Thrilling other things. But—they are substitutes.

After Suzanne was born, Florence Vidor "retired" from  
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# The PICTURE

By ELIZABETH



**A CERTAIN YOUNG MAN**

THE less said about this the better. It's a picture made two years ago in a moment of poor judgment, and it's been on the shelf all this time, waiting for someone to get up the courage to bring it to light. The pity is that anyone ever did. All who like Ramon Novarro are advised to stay away, to avoid feeling unduly indignant about the stories handed out to Ramon. He should be romantic and intense and sincere—but never the dashing, cynical *Beau Brummel*. The story is about a blasé young man who is pursued relentlessly by his cast-off ladies. On a fishing trip he meets another pretty girl. But this one is the wholesome type, and in a gesture of renunciation he



**THE COP**

IT'S the open season for crook plays, without a doubt. This one is better than most. It all comes about because William Boyd befriends a wounded crook, who promptly runs off with his money and overcoat. Bill can hardly wait to get on the police force after that, and how he finally gets his man is worked out in a way that can't fail to interest you. There's humor in this, and lots of atmosphere, and one of those carefully planned robberies that make you sick with nervousness for fear everything isn't going off as the master mind expected. This master mind is played exceptionally well by Robert Armstrong. And Bill Boyd is awfully cute as the new, and dumb, cop. Alan Hale, Dan Wolheim, and Jacqueline Logan are also in the cast, and they all looked pretty good to me. You can safely try this one.



**THE BIG KILLING**

ANOTHER comedy featuring those two incorrigibles, Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton. The best part of the picture is the mountaineer sequence, before the so-called laughs begin. The story is of a couple of families in the Ozark mountains who long to wipe each other out, chiefly because the daughter of one house and the son of the other are in love. The boy's family is hopelessly outnumbered, so they hire a couple of sharpshooters from the county fair, to come out and practise on the enemy. You can imagine what a help our comic boy-friends would be. Through no fault of theirs the war is finally ended and Love is triumphant. This has a very swell cast, including Lane Chandler, Gardner James, and Paul McAllister. Mary Brian is the girl, and she's improving. A ray of hope comes with the rumor that producers are beginning to think comedy teams are a mistake.



**LILAC TIME**

THE romance of a little French girl and one of the seven aviators billeted at her house during the war. It has a nice atmosphere, and a simple story. He goes off to battle and escapes death by a miracle, she is driven from her home, and finally, after much despair and suffering, they find each other again. Colleen Moore as a French peasant girl is not convincing, but she's cute. There is some excellent comedy, and this is what Colleen knows how to do. She falls down in the love scenes, which might have been very very romantic. But her fans won't mind. The picture is made interesting by some beautiful and exciting shots of an air battle, and other aeronautical feats. It is reminiscent of "The Legion of the Condemned," though not so well handled. Gary Cooper plays in his usual stern, unbending manner. I kept thinking what a lovely romance this might have been, in other hands.



# PARADISE

GOLDBECK



WARMING UP

**R**ICHARD DIX'S baseball film follows the formula for sporting pictures. A rube pitcher wanders in from the country and just naturally excels all the men in the Big Leagues. But one great big bully of a batter on the opposing team gets his number, and Richard can't do a thing with him. He finally works off this complex, during the last minutes of the Big Game. Anyone who is unable to palpitate over curves and strikes and innings will find the surrounding story rather slim. It's one of those pictures in which the aristocratic young heroine dresses up as the kitchen maid to make her beau feel at ease. This little snob is played nicely by Jean Arthur, who looks like an animated Mary Brian. Baseball and Richard Dix meaning what they do to the American people, this ought to be thoroughly satisfactory to most of you. It's clean.



THE DRAG NET

**E**VELYN BRENT and George Bancroft do their stuff in one more attempt to duplicate the success of "Underworld." This is the slowest moving crook drama on record. There's a very good story concealed here somewhere, but it gets so entangled in festoons of confetti and other strange forms of what we may as well call symbolism, that nothing much comes of it. The grouping and lighting are often beautiful and much more dramatic than the action. But there are some grand moments. It's about a policeman who goes all to pieces when he's tricked into thinking he has killed his pal. It would be more convincing if we were let in on some of the steps in his degeneration. Evelyn Brent hasn't much to do but look disgusted. And William Powell is just what experience has taught you to expect. So is George Bancroft.



DETECTIVES

**G**EORGE K. ARTHUR and Karl Dane are back again. Karl is house detective in a hotel, and George, a bell-boy, is one of those amateur sleuths who know so much more about crime than any mere professional can ever hope to. Marceline Day, as the girl they both hanker after, has nothing to do but look pretty and a bit terrified. They all get involved with a strange hypnotic thief who carries them away in caskets. Then it turns into one of those typical spooky comedies that take place in a deserted house, with the usual sheets, shadows, and banging doors to chill you while you laugh. It's reasonably amusing. And for the benefit of those who can't resist a female impersonation, George K. Arthur does a very funny one. He's just too dainty for words in his chambermaid costume. In fact, George is head man in this picture, but that shouldn't trouble Karl Dane, after his triumph in "The Trail of '98."



THE STREET OF SIN

**T**HIS picture is both sordid and arty—than which there is no more distressing combination. It is stark realism in a *Caligari* setting. And it is most unpalatable. The story is of the Big Boss of this squalid street—a tremendous, cruel, disreputable fellow—and his experiences with a Salvation Army lassie. The effect of Fay Wray's smile under the poke bonnet is almost instantaneous, and a few hours after they meet, the erstwhile criminal is seen bathing babies in the Army Shelter. The idea is that love and purity can redeem the worst of men, and he finds greatness in dying to save the now nicely scrubbed babies. There are many disappointments in this picture. But the greatest is Emil Jannings. He does not seem to have risen above its mediocrity. I don't know exactly how anyone could bring magnificence to such a part, but I thought Jannings would have some magic to invest it with.



# Current Pictures



**THE FIFTY-FIFTY GIRL**

**Y**OU will like Bebe Daniels' new picture. It is lively and funny, and particularly becoming to Bebe. As the title suggests, she is one of those independent gals, who contend that a man can't do anything she couldn't do. She even gets into a fierce argument about it with a strange young man on the train, and tells him she'll never have to depend on any man for protection. Imagine her embarrassment when she finds she's inherited one-half of a coal mine, and this same young man has inherited the other half. They go out to dig for coal together, and he does the woman's work and she does the man's—that is, until she gets too scared by various evil goings-on about the place to do much but try to stop her teeth from chattering. This should be very satisfactory to all gentlemen, as they win a complete moral victory in the end. Meanwhile, there are a lot of laughs, Bebe wears some nifty clothes, and the proceedings are helped on by the pleasant idiocies of William Austin. James Hall, he of the very blue eyes, is the boy who proves the supremacy of the male.



**NO QUESTIONS ASKED**

**I**T'S gotten so that yells of joy go up from the audience when Buster Collier appears, so Warner Brothers have put him in a fairly amusing comedy about some newlyweds. These children have been turtle doves for almost a year, and their granddad is going to give them a handsome sum of money if they complete a year of married life with no quarrels. Otherwise, it goes to an unwedded and very covetous cousin. This disagreeable fellow looks about for some experienced home-wrecker to tempt his cousin. And Margaret Livingston, with her years of practise, gets the job. Margaret gives an exhibition of non-stop vamping that would cause any man to haul off and give her a good sock. That's what she gets in the end, and the children get the cheque. Most of this is fairly entertaining, and to silence any complaints there are reels of Andre de Beranger swooning over various exotic and exquisite perfumes more ecstatically than he has ever swooned before. Audrey Ferris is most attractive, but they had better put a weight clause in her contract before things go too far.



**THE MAGNIFICENT FLIRT**

**T**HIS is a story of the Lavernes—mother and daughter—and the moral is, Don't let mother stay out all night, or you'll never get a husband. Men are still old-fashioned. Loretta Young, very delicate and sweet, plays a good little daughter who goes to bed when her mother is just getting up for the night. She loves the nephew of the man her mother has a more experienced eye on, but neither can make any headway until mama traps her man into matrimony, thus convincing him that she's not a notorious woman after all. Is that perfectly clear? This is supposed to be a smart, subtle, sophisticated, and Menjouian French comedy, but it doesn't quite come off. True, Albert Viano imitates Menjou conscientiously, though he hasn't Menjou's charm. And Florence Vidor is seen in the bath-tub. And there are lots of hints, plants, paradoxes, and other "touches" dear to the director's heart. But there is such a display of modern interior decorating and prismatic photography that you can hardly keep your mind on the story. I deplore all these kaleidoscopic shots, this dizzy, fading, trick photography, when there's no possible necessity for it. It distracts the mind and strains the eyes.



**HIS TIGER LADY**

**W**HOEVER thought of dressing Adolphe Menjou up in a Maharajah's turban and having him wear the same expression for five or six reels, must have had a grudge against our Adolphe. None of the genial little subtleties for which he is so justly famous have a chance against these odds. It is a slightly idiotic story anyway, about a feline sort of Duchess, very sinuously played by Miss Evelyn Brent.

Adolphe, who is just a poor super of the Gaiety, loves this unattainable lady. So he dons his stage costume and masquerades as a Hindu in order to get an introduction—since Hindus are accepted everywhere with nothing but their turbans as credentials. The Duchess' caprice is throwing her gloves into a tiger's cage and asking her current lover to go in and get them for her. For this rite Adolphe puts on a lion-tamer's costume, but that's not much more successful than the turban. With a face that depends so much on its expression, Adolphe really should not go in for these impassive rôles. They cramp his style and do him a genuine injustice. P. S.—He got the gloves—but the tiger had died during the night.



# In Review



**FORBIDDEN HOURS**

**T**HIS is a sort of reversal of "The Prisoner of Zenda," with the sacrifice ending omitted. Ramon Novarro is a young king—mythical, of course—who meets, woos, and loves (after a struggle with his baser self) a young girl from Paris. She is no less a person than the niece of Ramon's Prime Minister, but still not of the blood royal. Now that I think of it, this is exactly the same story as "The Yellow Lily," only instead of being put in jail, the girl is handed over to a group of drunken officers and humiliated in the back room. Renée Adorée plays this girl with her usual sincerity and charm. But even though it was a mythical kingdom, I don't see why she had to be garbed in clothes so utterly incredible, and so hopelessly unbecoming. Ramon is nearer his old self than he has been for some time. Harry Beaumont, the director, has great talent for making actors behave in a way you recognize as absolutely real. Even in its rather idiotic background, he made the big love scene seem so true and natural that for a moment it almost became a big romantic picture.



**THE YELLOW LILY**

**T**HIS is another of those archduke-and-commoner affairs, in which Billie Dove plays an innocent girl, and Clive Brook is a royal prince who means harm. Billie is the sister of the village doctor—a terrifying fellow with moustachios. She meets the prince—or is it the Duke—at a ball, and falls in love with him at once. But she knows dishonorable intentions when she sees them, and the Duke has to resort to very elaborate strategy to get into her bedroom. Then there's a struggle, and before Billie knows it, what with one thing and another, she has landed in jail. Of course, he doesn't leave her there. He gives up kingdom, uniform, everything, for her in the end. Billie looks lovely, especially in her nightie. Clive Brook is very intense, but he's hardly the mythical kingdom type. The photography and settings are handsome, and the story moves along fluently and pleasantly. But in spite of all these virtues there's nothing very intriguing about it. It simply won't cause you any pain. Taken all in all, it's about as natural and exciting as a picture as its title is as a flower.



**DON'T MARRY**

**I** NEVER expected to shriek with laughter over the antics of Lois Moran and Neil Hamilton—of all people!—but that's what happened when I saw "Don't Marry." Lois has developed an unexpected sense of comedy, and the picture is just a good old-fashioned yell. Nothing intricate or subtle about this. It's awfully silly—about a serious-minded young man who disapproves of all but serious-minded young ladies with ruffles and blushes. An ultra-modern flapper resents his attitude. She needs a temporary husband—just to help her escape from an unhappy home. So she decides to kill two birds with one stone and marry the poor fellow to teach him a lesson. From then on there are views of Lois getting in and out of the most excruciating rigs—old-fashioned nightgowns, bathing suits, and what not. You can imagine the results. One look at that bathing suit, and Neil realizes there is something to be said for the modern girl. Then there are more and more situations and louder and louder shrieks from the audience. It would be a sad mistake not to go to this. So loud and long were the guffaws that I feel safe in recommending it to everyone.



**TELLING THE WORLD**

**T**HEY have given Billy Haines a new story, thank goodness. That other one was good, but it was better the first time. Bill has kept his old personality, however, and that guarantees everybody a good time. He continues to defy all the rules for heroes and get away with it. He is incorrigibly selfish. He swipes his girl's lamb chops and gives her the bone. He sleeps sumptuously on the only sofa while she gets rheumatism on the floor. He hides behind people when there's any shooting. He does everything an upstanding young man ought not to do. And the women adore him. This picture has the usual wise-cracks and Billy's special brand of clowning, and a nice love story too. It's about a rich young newspaper reporter who falls in love, too late, with a girl who has taken her broken heart to China. He follows her, and from then on the story gets wildly melodramatic, with murders, executions, airplanes, and the U. S. Navy to the rescue. But it's a lot of fun. A young and amiable girl named Anita Page makes a very promising début, with pretty close-ups and some good acting. This is fine entertainment for those who like William Haines. And who doesn't?





# All the Fifth Avenue



When Marceline Day visited New York recently, she did quite a bit of shopping and agreed to pose for these photographs so that our readers could see some of the pretty things she bought. Above, she is showing you a negligée that is really a hostess gown of flesh-colored chiffon with cream lace and a striped flannel bathing suit ensemble with a plain jersey jumper. Note the smart flannel penguin bathing bag. Left, a chic futuristic satin pajama suit in black and white with blue checked effect





# Day Long

## Wraps Up Marceline

And here are a few more of the pretties Marceline brought back to Hollywood with her. Above, a swagger waistcoat, cut on mannish lines, tops this pajama suit of silvercloth worn with a three-quarters length white velvet coat. The little velvet house coat with the cape effect she is gathering around her is the "very last word" and is worn over a cream lace slip. To the right, fastened at the waist with a large bow of coral satin ribbon is another negligée of lacy ruffles and frills

Don Diego Photos



# Calories Don't Count With Camilla

The Only Thing About Her That's Not Slender  
IS HER APPETITE

## Menu

Fruit Cocktail  
Broiled Shad Roe  
and Bacon  
Green Peas  
Potatoes au Gratin  
Stuffed Celery  
Buttermilk  
Cookies—or  
Chocolate Cake



P. & A.

FAT ladies and movie stars had better not read this. It's too discouraging. There's not a diet hint in the whole essay. For when Camilla Horn, the German girl friend of United Artists, sits down to a meal she means it.

A couple of days after she landed in Hollywood I met Camilla. She knew two phrases in English. One of them was "I ham hungry"—and she didn't mean lamb chops and pineapple, either. This little girl has an old-fashioned appetite, and doesn't care who knows it. If you have one of those nice, thin, wiry fingers like Camilla's—she's got a couple of ideas about good things to eat. If you were lucky enough to lunch with Camilla, she might serve you:

Fruit Cocktail: Slice the fruit of pineapple, oranges, grapes, pears and apples into tiny dices. Sweeten with sugar and moisten with natural juices. Serve cold in glass compote.

Shad Roe: The safest way to cook shad roe is to parboil it first in acidulated water. Then boil it, bake it, or fry it, as preferred. If you cook it without this preliminary parboiling, it is liable to split, splutter and splash and there will be more shad roe out of the pan than in it.

By BETTY STANDISH

Add a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of vinegar to a quart of boiling water. Boil the roe for fifteen minutes. Remove from the fire and place on the broiling rack two inches from the flame, cover with strips of bacon and broil for ten minutes on each side. There is nothing particularly fattening about shad roe—except the bacon—but with au gratin potatoes it's different.

Au Gratin Potatoes: Peel, and cube or slice, uncooked potatoes. Fill baking dish with potatoes and moisten with sweet milk. Season with salt and pepper and sprinkle over with cheese. This should be served in baking dish—steaming hot.

Green Peas: Should be cooked rapidly, until done, in salted water. To preserve greenness and freshness of peas, drop them in water after it has come to a boil. Serve with butter.

Stuffed Celery: Mix roquefort cheese and Worcestershire sauce (or plain cream will do) until it forms a soft paste. Chopped nuts or pimento may be added if preferred. Stuff center of celery with this cheese paste and serve cold.



# She Knows Her Orchids

Jane Winton Scored on  
a Triple Play: *Philly to  
Follies to Films*

By NANCY PRYOR

JANE WINTON is the kind of girl who makes prosperous gentlemen wish they hadn't married so young in life. Even their wives would like her. So you can imagine what a slick sense of humor she has. Also, she has green eyes. And white skin. And an elegant and slightly voluptuous figure. Every week she draws a pleasant sum for lending the necessary touch of sophistication to the films made by Marion Davies, Jesse Lasky and William Fox. When they need some one smart and a little worldly, they let Jane do it. The little girl knows her orchids! All she needs to do is be herself. Nature did a neat job on Jane, but Fate and Experience really turned the trick and put her over.



You get the idea that she has lived largely and rather thoroughly. Jane's green eyes can widen with child-like amazement at the events of the world, but they can also narrow to an almost Oriental scrutiny if the occasion demands. Her mouth is pouting and full, but the words she speaks are Broadway. Venus herself had nothing on Jane for proportions, but she lets the French designers do her spring and fall silhouettes. In her off-stage moments she is happily and quite domestically married to Charles Kenyon, the playwright, but you can't lose the idea that Jane is perfectly capable of taking care of herself in the world and meeting any given situation with poise and gentle laughter.

One day, as she sat on top of a trunk, she told me she had had to laugh off quite a few situations. She admits she knows her corsages, but even so, her life hasn't been an entire bed of roses. It was just a couple of days before she left for New York on her way to Europe and she was perched up on her luggage trying to jam in a few extra bottles of French perfume and sheer, black lingerie things.



## A Fugitive From Philly

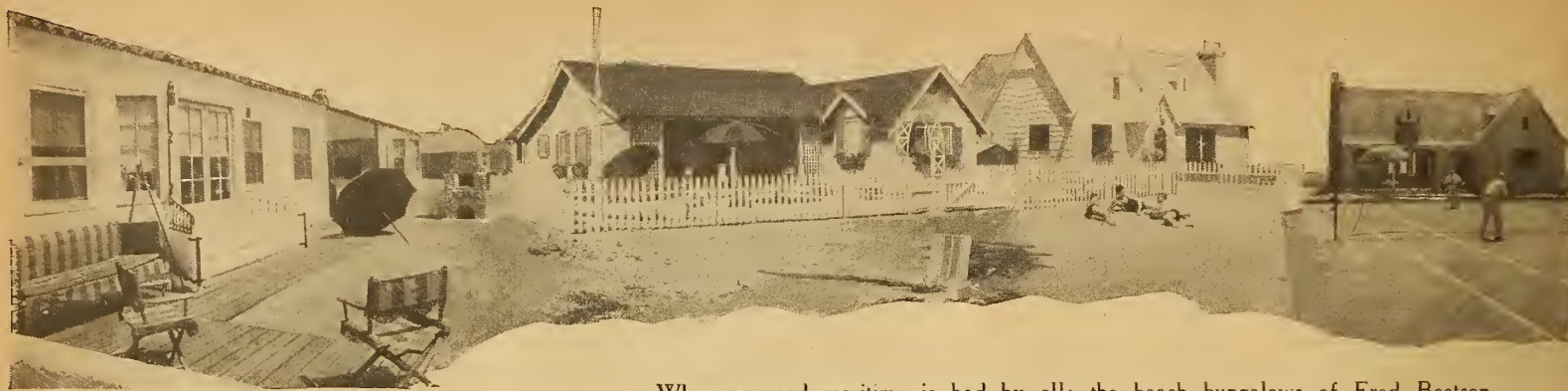
"ANOTHER girl and myself ran away from our homes in Philadelphia when I was sixteen," she began, brushing back a heavy wave of hair that had slipped over one eye. "She ran away because she thought it would be fun, and I went with her because I wanted to go on the stage."

She went on to say that her father and mother had died when she was a very little girl and her guardian had rather severe ideas of how a young lady should conduct herself. She was never allowed to attend the theater or read the new novels or patronize the tea dances. Now and then she was escorted to one of the more conservative hotels for Sunday dinner, and that about concluded her social activities for the week. When she was fifteen years old, a daring aunt of hers sneaked her to a performance of "Maytime," and that was the beginning and the end of lovely things so far as Jane was concerned. The dances and songs and pretty tunes made her almost drunk with happiness. She loved every bit of it. She figured that if she managed to get away she might bring this color and gaiety into her own life. And so she ran away.

"Maybe if we had known how many meals we were going to miss and how badly things were going to turn out for us, we would never have left," Jane mused, reach-

(Continued on page 105)





Where a good maritime is had by all: the beach bungalows of Fred Beetson (farthest left), Raoul Walsh, Herbert Brenon and Allan Dwan

# Fugitives

At Malibu Beach the Stars Entrench to

**M**ALIBU BEACH—the movie stars' paradise! Here the pampered darlings of the screen with money enough to indulge every whim, enjoy the greatest luxuries they can find, escape from their own fame, freedom from their marble villas and imported limousines and high-salaried servants, the privilege of wearing old clothes and going unshaven and unmarceled.

Along the California coast are scattered board shanties. Their squatter-inmates look out enviously on the stream of glittering automobiles that roll past their doors and mutter, "If I had their money I'd enjoy myself too."

And the movie stars, with money enough to do what they wish, find nothing more desirable to buy than a bare board shanty on a stretch of California beach where they can do their own housework!

Malibu Beach! "I simply had to have some place," the star with the famous eyes tells you tragically, "where I can get away from all this." Her gesture indicates the studio lot beyond the dressing-room door. "A place," she adds, "where I can forget my work."

On week-ends you will find the star with the famous eyes at Malibu, with exactly the same crowd she sees every day at the studio, sitting about on the sands talking of the pictures they have just made, or are making or are going to make!

A year ago this spot, where fifty motion picture players have built cottages, was a strip of desolate beach walled

off from the world by rugged California hills at the back, and rocky promontories on either end. Twelve months ago this sandy shore, fourteen miles north of Santa Monica, echoed to the stamp of great cattle-herds. Today the million-dollar feet of movie stars leave the print on the same golden sands. For it is on the old herding grounds of the Malibu Ranch that the film millionaires have established the most exclusive colony in the world.

## A Community of Communicants

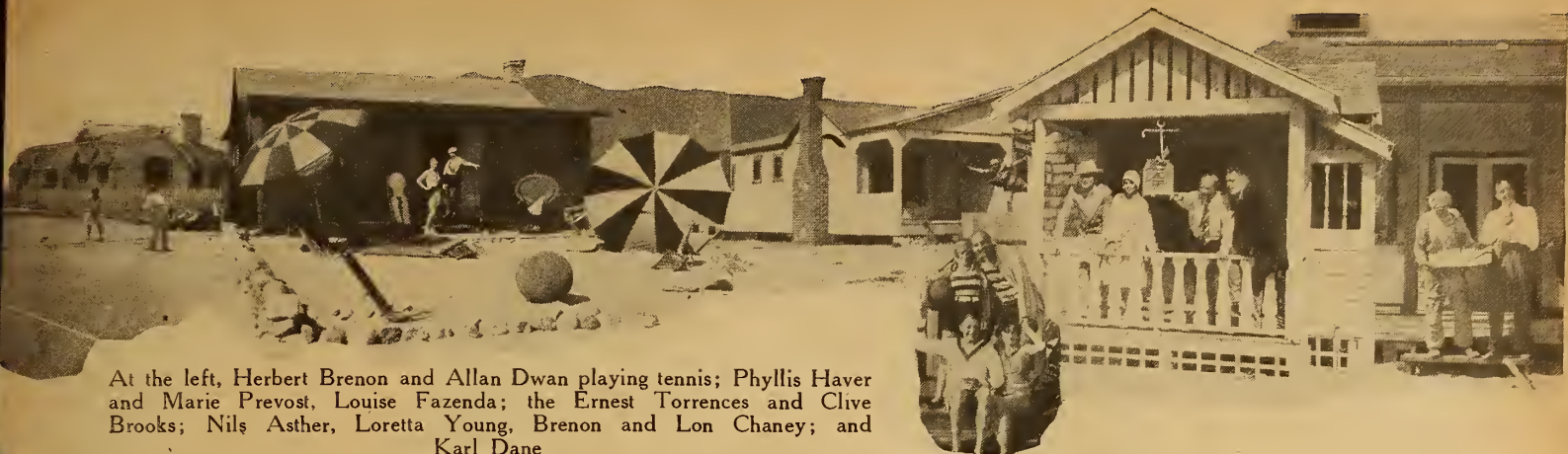
**ANNA Q. NILSSON** started it all off when she built a two-thousand-dollar cottage on the loneliest strip of shore she could find. It was Anna's idea that she would be able to slip away week-ends to this cottage and commune with nature. But, being the most hospitable soul in the world, Anna invited her friends out to commune with her, and since Anna's friends consist of the entire population of Hollywood, Malibu Beach was not lonesome any longer.

Simplicity and isolation do not come cheap. The enterprising owners of the beach refused to sell lots to the clamoring picture people. Instead they leased them for a period of ten years at a monthly rental which is nobody's business. By the time the public had awakened to the enterprise, every square foot of the beach was taken.

Seated is George O'Brien; then come Ronald Colman, Louise Fazenda, Pauline Starke, Anna Q. Nilsson, Jane Winton and Myrna Loy







At the left, Herbert Brenon and Allan Dwan playing tennis; Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost, Louise Fazenda; the Ernest Torrences and Clive Brooks; Nilş Asther, Loretta Young, Brenon and Lon Chaney; and Karl Dane

# from Fame

Protect Their Privacy — *By RILLA PAGE PALMBORG*

Today picture players who heard about Malibu too late, and outsiders anxious to rub elbows with the stars, are clamoring for lots. But there is none to be had. It is rumored that fabulous sums have been offered for transfers of leases. But if transfers are ever made, there is an unwritten law that they must go to someone in the profession.

With a private road running into this secluded domain and with a watchman patrolling both beach and road, the most persistent movie fan hasn't a chance for a look-in. At last the stars have found a spot where they can play without the world looking on.

The cottages with the ocean almost in the front yard are of all types, from simple little four-room shacks to elaborate two-story dwellings. Malibu Beach is one place in the world where the size and pretentiousness of a dwelling make not the slightest difference in the owner's popularity or social standing. Here money, pose and pretense are forgotten.

Any old kind of clothes is worn, one-piece bathing suits being the favorite. Lilyan Tashman, for instance, prefers rather dressy bright-red pajamas, while Ronald Colman chooses baggy duck trousers and an old pull-on sweater. Famous marceled bobs are allowed to lose their curl, while the screen's most romantic lovers forget to shave. And gentlemen of the movies celebrated for the immaculate correctness of their attire, dress for dinner in a bathing suit.

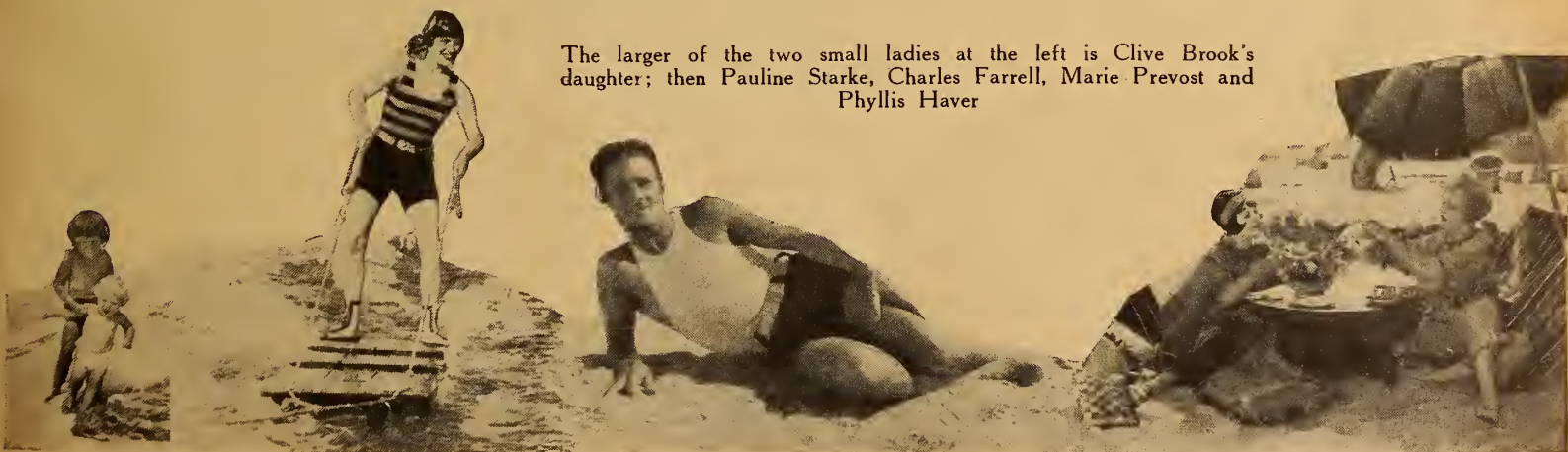
## Négligées Aplenty

HOSPITALITY and open house are in the air. "Come on in and have a sandwich and a glass of something cool to drink," shouts Marie Prevost as she espies you passing her door. Marie has a closet filled with bathing suits and negligées of all sizes ready for visiting friends. "Come over to my clam-bake tonight," invites Louise Fazenda as you stop to watch her taking her exercises on the sand.

The public, barred from this colorful spot, whispers all sorts of gossip about the goings-on of this new colony. But the movie players, used to all kinds of reports, pay not the slightest attention.

If Mr. and Mrs. Grundy from Podunk should break through the patrol and happen to see the fair Gilda Gray originating a new dance on the beach in front of her house, they would probably rush out to tell the world that half-naked girls were dancing on the sand. They couldn't be convinced that this was a part of Gilda's daily routine. No doubt the sight of Marie Prevost and Phyllis Haver playing leap-frog on the water's edge would give rise to many a whispered story. Is it any wonder that the picture folk want a secluded spot?

Neil Hamilton owns the only sailboat in the colony and there is real excitement when it comes rolling in on the crest of a big wave. One day when I was down there, (Continued on page 122)



The larger of the two small ladies at the left is Clive Brook's daughter; then Pauline Starke, Charles Farrell, Marie Prevost and Phyllis Haver





Within this, Mary Brian seems always to dwell, regardless of the part she plays. Whether she be gowned in the vestments of a nun, or togged out smartly for tennis, there is ever about her a bright radiance of youth, a gloriously eager tenderness

Richce

## *The Vale of Innocence*



# Bitter Bills to Swallow

Between Panhandlers and Panners  
James Hall Has Found Life in  
Hollywood Is No Story-Book

By GLADYS HALL

**Y**OU pay Hollywood for what it gives you.  
You pay—and you pay until it hurts.  
Make no mistake about that.

Sometimes Hollywood appears to single out a favorite son or a favorite daughter. To these rare ones she seems to give liberally, without stint. Like a painted, pampering old harridan of a mother, she bestows luxury-lollipops and lines the toboggan with velvet and oil of orchids.

Sometimes Hollywood is niggardly. She defers payment. She evades. She vouchsafes a little nibble, then pulls it away again. She starves and forces knees to bend and hands to supplicate.

But she always presents a bill. She has presented a bill to James Hall. And the coin he pays is bitter coin minted in heartache.

It was so easy in the beginning. It showed such a favoring face. He thought "Heck, there isn't any cloud, there is only the silver lining!"

Let's turn back the calendar. Jim was "born in the theater." When he was knee-high to Eve's grasshopper, he played in vaudeville with his folks. He was a bell-hop. When he grew too big to be a cunning bell-hop, he passed the rôle on to his sister, and he himself passed on to Broadway.

He has gentle gray eyes and a frank, laughing mouth. Broadway liked him a lot. He danced and sang in "The Matinée Girl," "Merry, Merry" and others. He fell in love. First love. It was sweet, and he believed in it and in people and in life and everything. It's anticipating my story, but he doesn't now—not any more.

One day an emissary from Flo Ziegfeld came to call. He suggested to young James Hamilton—for such was



Otto Dyar Photos



the name he used then—that he remain in New York for the summer in order to go into rehearsal for the Follies in July. Mr. Ziegfeld liked his face.

Jim had never summered in New York. The idea didn't appeal. He said so. The Ziegfeld emissary searched about for bait. He said, "What if I get you in the movies? You're just the type. Scads of money. If that could be arranged, would you stay over?"

Jim said tish or tosh or something. The Z. E. presented the unbeliever with a letter to Walter Wanger of Famous Players. Jim put it in his pocket along with the letters he had forgotten to mail for his girl and other innocents. And he forgot it, too. Movies—money—apple butter! These things never happen to a young man trying to get along on Broadway.

A few weeks or months later Jim and a pal were out strolling. They had nothing in particular to do. The  
(Continued on page 116)



# Paris: Cherbourg, 10:46

A Boat-Train Interview with Lili Damita,  
Samuel Goldwyn's Newest Gift to American Fans

By LARS MOEN

PARIS  
**M**ONDAY: Read today in *L'Intran* that Samuel Goldwyn has signed Lili Damita to go to America as Ronald Colman's new partner. What luck for Samuel Goldwyn! And what luck for the American public, even though it isn't yet aware of it! Must see her at once and get an interview off to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

TUESDAY: Went to United Artists today. She is in Paris. What luck for me! But the manager was out, and I couldn't learn her address. What to do? What to do?

WEDNESDAY: Went to United Artists again. Learned that she is sailing Saturday on the *Berengaria*. Will have to work fast. Manager out again. And here it is Wednesday!

THURSDAY: At last! I have an appointment for tomorrow with her!

FRIDAY: 3:15: Arrived for the appointment. She has not yet arrived. And she sails tomorrow! 3:30: Gloom hangs thick over the camp. She just telephoned that she can't come. Something about gowns. Again what to do? 3:45: We telephoned again, begging for an appointment later in the day. Not a chance! She'll be busy every minute until time to leave. Perhaps I can see her at the boat train tomorrow morning.

## Four O'Clock and All's Wet

Later: 4:00: Not much chance at the train tomorrow. There will be friends down to see her off, and the usual crowd and bustle at the station. We'll have to find a better idea—but what? 4:10: At last the old bean is working! Perhaps we can ride to Cherbourg in the boat train tomorrow. That would give us more than six hours to interview her, write the story; and post it by the same boat. 4:20: Mlle. Damita is out. And now what are we going to do? The boat train will be in two sections; which will she be in? 4:35: Just telephoned again. Still out. The gloom thickens by the minute.



Manuel Frères

Beauty and a proven ability to act brought Lili Damita her Goldwyn opportunity to accede to the throne of Vilma Banky

5:02: Success! She'll be in Car C, compartment 4. Now to race off and try to get a ticket for that train, in the same car if possible. Luckily, we know a man who has a friend whose cousin lives in the same house with a man who has some pull with the railroad. Now to see him. 5:47: What luck! The celluloid gods of fortune are with us. In our pocket is a slip of paper reading: "Monsieur Moen is authorized to take the Train Transatlantique connecting with the R. M. S. *Berengaria*." And our ticket reads Car C, compartment 4!

SATURDAY: And here we are, riding across Normandy toward Cherbourg. Just a few cars back is Will Hays, returning to America, now that some of the difficulties in the French situation are adjusted. Across from us sits Europe's loveliest screen star, soon to be American by adoption. She is avidly reading an *Arsene Lupin* novel which we brought to read on the trip back to Paris, while we sit, our portable on lap, tapping this out.

At 10:45; one minute before the train pulled out, we were the sole occupant of the compartment. No sign of Mlle. Damita. Had we misunderstood over the telephone the number of her compartment? Perhaps she was in the other train! Horrors! We surged out of the car and onto the quay, to take a last desperate look around—and nearly collided with Mlle. Damita, rushing into the car. No mistaking her . . . for once in a weary, disillusioning, interviewing life, a star as beautiful as she is on the screen.

As she sped past us, we gathered a vision of symphony in blue and gray that Whistler would have loved to paint—slim tailleur of gray shot with blue; gray felt hat with band of blue and gray ribbon; pale blue blouse; blue and gray tie; gray hose—not a note to mar the perfect harmony.

We dodged back into the car—and again nearly collided with Mlle. Damita, coming out. We flattened ourselves against the side of the narrow corridor and let her pass.

(Continued on page 101)



# Poised..

*That  
tell-tale moment  
before a dip*

Curious eyes are quick to detect the slightest flaw that modern bathing attire reveals. So, too, with sleeveless frocks, evening gowns, sheer hosiery, and knee-length skirts. Today, women are more careful than ever to remove the least suggestion of superfluous hair on arms, underarms, face, legs, or back of the neck.

## Feminine Daintiness

So much admired by everyone is preserved most easily with Del-a-tone Cream. In 3 brief minutes Del-a-tone Cream removes every trace of offending hairs. Leaves skin soft, white and velvety smooth.

Applied directly from its handy tube, Del-a-tone Cream has no equal for complete removal of hair. Snow-white and pleasantly fragrant, it is far superior to such growth encouraging methods as shaving or pulling the hair out by the roots.



Under-arm daintiness



Hair-free legs

Del-a-tone cream or powder has been the choice of fastidious women for twenty years. Try it and you, too, will be convinced that the Del-a-tone way is the modern way to remove hair.



*Charming!*  
Del-a-tone gives added daintiness

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*Removes Hair in 3 Minutes*

Sold by drug and department stores, or sent prepaid in U.S. in plain wrapper \$1.00. Money back if not satisfied. If you have never tried Del-a-tone, send coupon for 10c package free to Miss Mildred Hadley, Dept. 78 The Delatone Co., 721 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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☐ Del-a-tone Cream ☐ Del-a-tone (powder)

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# 96% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for by Lux Toilet Soap

ALL the beautiful stars in Hollywood know that exquisitely smooth skin is essential to a success on the screen.

Only genuinely lovely skin, say leading directors, can confidently face the all-revealing lights of the close-up. How wisely the stars care for their smooth skin!

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap. There are in Hollywood 433 important screen actresses, including all stars. 417 of these use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their lovely skin soft and smooth!



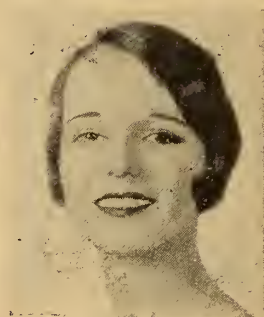
Clara Bow  
Paramount



Dorothy Mackaill  
First National



Esther Ralston  
Paramount



Louise Brooks  
Paramount



Doris Kenyon  
First National



Lois Moran  
Fox



Maria Corda  
Independent



Vera Reynolds  
Independent



Myrna Loy  
Warner Brothers



Lillian Rich  
Independent



Ruth Taylor  
Paramount



Fay Wray  
Paramount



Jobyna Ralston  
Independent



Patsy Ruth Miller  
Independent



Gilda Gray  
United Artists



Molly O'Day  
First National



Lois Wilson  
Columbia



Alberta Vaughn  
Independent



Estelle Taylor  
Independent



Virginia Valli  
Fox

Luxury hitherto found  
only in French soaps at 50¢  
or \$1.00 a cake—now just 10¢





Mary Philbin  
Universal



Agnes Ayres  
Independent



Bessie Love  
Independent



Anita Stewart  
Independent



Mary Brian  
Paramount



Betty Bronson  
Independent



Olive Borden  
Independent



Eve Southern  
Tiffany Stahl



Corinne Griffith  
First National



Lya de Putti  
Columbia



Blanche Sweet  
Independent



Irene Rich  
Warner Bros.



Anna Q. Nilsson  
F B O



Betty Compson  
Independent



Alyce Mills  
Independent



Dorothy Sebastian  
M. G. M.



Eleanor Boardman  
M. G. M.



Jacqueline Logan  
Pathé De Mille



Lupe Velez  
United Artists



Ann Christy  
Paramount—Harold Lloyd  
Production

10c

LUX TOILET SOAP cares for the skin the true French way for it is made by the famous method France developed and uses for her finest toilet soaps. Order some to-day—you, like the lovely screen stars, will enjoy the delicate fragrance of this firm white cake, the instant abundant lather which even hard water can't quell! It is so luxurious!

~ All the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms



# An Artist in Black and White

Stepping out before stepping out from American pictures: Pola Negri essays a Russian rôle in one of her final—for the time being, at least—appearances before her return to the Continent







Send for interesting free book  
"The Fountain of Youth"



# Now! Solray Offers You Beauty, Health and Happiness

There is nothing so attractive as a clear, healthy complexion, sparkling eyes and hair that is luxuriant and full of lustre. What is so irresistible as a personality that radiates the warm friendliness of good health.

In these days of the strenuous, active life, whether social, domestic, professional or business, we are in the pace that kills.

If we use up more vitality than we can put back then we are threatened with nervous exhaustion, a dull, tired, uninteresting and unattractive personality.

To be interesting and attractive, to feel good and be happy, you must keep fit.

Exercise, sleep, diet, all these things count, but there is no one thing that exerts such a direct influence on your life and vitality as sunlight.

Scientists have proven that the most beneficial, the most stimulating of the sun's rays are the invisible Ultra Violet Rays.

These rare but vital rays will not penetrate glass, clothing, or even the atmosphere in lower altitudes. Ultra Violet Rays are caused by the consumption of certain metals in the sun. By burning these same metals in an electric arc lamp, Ultra Violet Rays are emitted in the most intense concentrated form. This is the secret of the marvelous results you can obtain from using the Solray lamp, as only in Solray is the same formula utilized to produce artificial sunlight.

The instant you feel the gentle, warm, soothing sunshine from the Solray lamp, you sense its beneficial effects.

Solray is quick, concentrated sunlight—

the ultra violet sunlight that relaxes and soothes tired muscles and taut nerves, that smooths out the wrinkles of fatigue, that relieves congestion through stimulating a natural, healthy circulation, and increasing the oxygen absorbed by the blood.

You can learn now how Solray leads the way to true beauty and greater vitality through the health. How it increases elimination, stimulates circulation and greater nerve stability, increases both white corpuscles and iron in the blood. Produces vitamins, kills bacteria, enhances glandular activity and fixes necessary mineral salts in the tissues, such as calcium, iron, iodine and phosphorus.

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FOUNTAIN  
OF SUNLIGHT

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*Famous De Mille Picture Star*  
says—

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Wm. Mortensen



# His Clowning Glory

One of the few players celebrated equally in the speaking and the speechless drama is Arthur Lubin. A recruit from the stage and still an occasional visitor to its realms, his pantomimic ability has won him recently important screen rôles in "The Bush Ranger" and, yet more recently, in a new Tim McCoy Western.





## Step in *before* you step out

MAYBE a person can be a social success without the help of soap and water, but he is working against heavy odds.

Wise people do not rely entirely on interesting talk and pleasing manners.

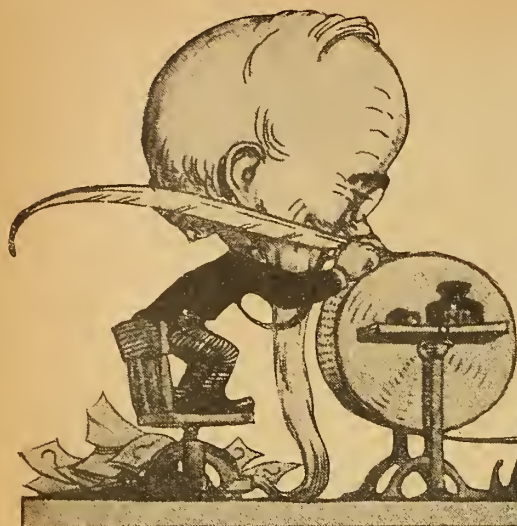
They also enlist soap and water—with clean linen as a matter of course.

They want to look right and feel right. They want to know they're *clean*, clean through.

# *There's Personality in SOAP & WATER*

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# The Answer Man

For eighteen years this old fellow has been answering questions about the movies. His wit is famous. He is a walking encyclopedia of information.



**LILY, ROSE AND VIOLET.**—How about pansies, orchids and what-not? I prefer daisies. Ramon Novarro can be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. "Across to Singapore" is his latest picture. You know, he's in Europe vacationing. Audrey Ferris is playing in "Noah's Ark." Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Barbara Kent and Helene Chadwick have the leads in "Modern Mothers." John Darrow's real name is Harry Simpson, brother of Alan Simpson, who also plays in pictures.

**BUSTER COLLIER FAN.**—This country is not going to ruin; it's going to the movies. Buster was born in New York City, February 22, 1902; has brown hair and eyes. His latest picture is "Tide of Empire." Write him at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal., as the stars do not give out their home addresses.

**MARION R.**—The three balls in front of a pawn-shop mean, two to one, you won't get it back. Write Reginald Denny at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Gary Cooper is not married. Ralph Forbes is playing opposite Dorothy Mackaill in "The Whip." Jackie Coogan is not doing anything in pictures right now, but your letter will reach him at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. James Murray was born in New York City. Write Malcolm MacGregor at the Tiffany-Stahl Productions, 933 N. Seward Street, Hollywood, Cal.

**B. E. S. A. LOVER OF BOATS.**—And all this means brown-eyed, semi-athletic lover of boats. How about an ocean liner? Louise Brooks was born in Kansas twenty-three years ago. Has black hair and brown eyes, and you may write her at Paramount-Famous Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal. Alice White is eighteen years old. Has reddish hair and you may write her at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Jeannette Loff at De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Vera Reynolds, Harrison Ford, Sally Rand and Kathleen Key are playing in "Golf Widows." Yes, Neil Hamilton really sings in the picture "Mother Machree"; he also played on the stage before entering pictures.

**S. R.**—How's Africa? You bet I'm glad to hear from you. Kent Meade is not playing in any picture at this writing. Clive Brook was born in London, England, June 1, 1891; he has dark brown hair and hazel eyes, is married and has two children. Write Carrol Nye at FBO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood,

I am at your service. Write to me and I'll promptly answer as many letters in **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE** as space permits and reply by mail to the others. If you wish a reply by mail, please be sure to write your name and address and enclose stamps or a stamped, addressed envelope. Address me: The Answer Man, Motion Picture Magazine, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Cal., where he's playing in "The Perfect Crime," starring Irene Rich and Clive Brook.

**RED HEAD**—There's a flock of 'em in the movies. Larry Kent is not related to Arnold Kent. Larry's real name is Henri Trumbell. Harold Lloyd's wife is Mildred Davis; surely you remember her—she was his leading lady for quite awhile, and played with him in "Safety Last," "Grandma's Boy," etc. Ralph Forbes's latest picture is "The Whip." Yes, I can supply you with photos of your favorites, twenty-five cents each, five for a dollar.

**SARA M. L.**—You forgot to give me your last name. You can reach Alice White at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Her latest picture is "Lingerie." Lupe Velez at DeMille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, Canada, August 10, 1904. She has returned to the Coast after her short vacation in Europe. Her latest picture will be "Ballyhoo." Address your letter to her at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**MISS NO-NAME**—Raymond McKee and Eleanor Boardman had the leads in "The Silent Accuser." Virginia Brown Faire was *Angelica* in "Recompense." Lillian Rich played opposite Douglas MacLeán in "Never Say Die." Marguerite Clark seems to have retired from the screen. Lillian Gish is in Europe right now.

**PAT.**—William Haines is playing in "Excess Baggage." Buddy Rogers in "Red Lips." That's their real names. Write Louise Brooks at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Betty Bronson was born in Trenton, N. J., November 17, 1906. She will make one or two pictures for Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Your letter will reach her there. Doris Dawson at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Lupe Velez at De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**B. B.**—Yes, I know the Hawk brothers. "Mo and Tommy," that is the real names

of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. Norma Talmadge was born May 2, 1895. Her latest picture is "A Woman Disputed" and Gilbert Roland plays opposite. Rin-Tin-Tin in "Land of the Silver Fox." Warner Baxter and Martha Sleeper are playing in "Danger Street." Write Mary Carr at De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Milton Sills's latest picture is "The Barker."

**DOLLY AND POLLY.**—How's Milwaukee? Billie Dove is married to Irvin Willat. Mary Pickford was born April 8, 1893. She and Doug are in Europe, where she is recovering from the shock of her mother's death. Clara Bow is single. Madge Bellamy is twenty-five years old; real name is Philpotts. Her latest picture is "Mother Knows Best," and you may write her at the Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. A Scotchman sent me his picture today. How does he look? I don't know; I haven't had it developed yet.

**WONDERING**—Cease right now. Billie Dove's real name is Lillian Bohny; Mary Astor, Lucille Langhanke. Sue Carol was born in Chicago, Ill., Oct. 3, 1907. Yes, Mary Pickford appeared in one or two scenes in "The Gaucho." Send me your name and address in regards to photos. Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro are playing in "The Texas Tornado." Write them at FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**A BIT NOSEY.**—I wouldn't say that. Charles Farrell played the rôle of *Timmy* in "Sandy." Alice White is eighteen years old, has reddish-gold hair, and you may write her at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. You bet Buddy's a wow. His latest picture is "Red Lips." Send your note to him at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Mae Busch will play in Lon Chaney's "While the City Sleeps." Lars Hanson was born in Gothenberg, Sweden, June 1, 1895. Is six feet tall, blond hair and blue eyes.

**F. GAYBILL**—You'll have peaches down your way soon. Rudolph Cameron played opposite Lois Wilson in "Coney Island." Alphons Fryland was *Vinicius*. Andree Habay *Petronius* and Lillian Hall Davis was *Lygia* in "Quo Vadis," starring Emil Jannings. Lane Chandler was born June 1, 1901. Write Arthur Lake at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Fred Thomson's latest picture is "Kit Carson." Lloyd Bacon, son of Frank Bacon, will direct Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool."

(Continued on page 99)



# S U M M E R !

*yet your*  
POWDER  
*clings,*  
*rouge stays on*  
*and you look*  
ALWAYS  
LOVELY



SUMMER . . . with old ocean beckoning down the white sands . . . limpid lakes mirroring forth joy . . . slim young bodies flashing into caressing waters. . . Summer calling you to a thousand activities . . . whispering of romance in night silence . . . thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.

Ah, yes! But there must be no pale cheeks after the swim . . . no over-flushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's ardors . . . no shiny nose. You must remain serenely, coolly beautiful under all conditions, to fully enjoy summer . . . and with Princess Pat beauty aids *you may*.

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Princess Pat beauty aids, if used together, give a *summer-proof* make-up. You can actually go in swimming and come out with color perfect—or dance through the evening secure in the knowledge that one application of make-up is sufficient for lasting beauty. For make-up that will last under trying conditions you first apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent—just as you would ordinary vanishing cream. Only, you see, Ice Astringent

gives the skin lasting coolness, contracts the pores and makes the skin of fine, beautiful texture. After Ice Astringent, apply Princess Pat rouge for color which moisture will not affect. Then use Princess Pat almond base powder—the softest, most clinging powder ever made—and one which gives beautiful, pearly lustre.

## Try the Seven Princess Pat Beauty Aids in Famous Week-End Set

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for thorough trial—enough for two weeks, if used with reasonable economy. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder, lip stick and lip rouge. The set contains generous

tubes of Ice Astringent, Skin Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, Almond Base Powder, Rouge, Lip Rouge and Perfume. The charge of 25c helps pay for the packing of set in beautiful box, and postage. Our only other recompense is the opportunity to have you try Princess Pat beauty aids and learn their special virtues. We desire to sell only one set to a customer. And we respectfully urge your promptness.

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# SOUTH SEASICK

(Continued from page 31)

natives who once fished with a spear for their living have degenerated since the coming of the white man. The white man's diseases are fast depopulating the islands. It was well that they had brought their "beautiful native girl" for the picture from Hollywood, for the author of "White Shadows" was either a poor judge of feminine beauties, or he fibbed!

Director Van Dyke has passed on the legend of the South Seas. He has given the public what it wants to believe; that somewhere on earth there is an enchanted island in an azure sea, where soft breezes blow and soft eyes shine and man need not toil for a living. He has brought back only South Seas he did not find himself. The picture is filled with lovely brown maidens and wreaths of hibiscus (or should one say hibiscuses?), with native feasts and tropic kisses, romantic beach-combers and intoxicating dances. It is enough to start a trek of Long Island commuters and inhibited spinsters toward the South Seas. It is guaranteed to trouble the dreams of fathers of large families.

No one who sees the picture they have made will believe that Tahiti is not what O'Brien calls it, "An earthly paradise." They will say, looking at the dreaming lagoons, the mountains and groves of banyan trees, "Those actor fellows must be crazy! That's the most beautiful spot I've ever seen. The camera can't lie, can it? Trouble with those Hollywood birds, they're too soft. They've got to have things easy—"

## Turkish-Bath Beds

"**M**ANY a time," says Director Van Dyke, "I said 'when I get back, I'm going to buy myself a corner lot in Death Valley, build a bungalow and settle down in comfort.' I've never felt such heat. Wet heat, steamy. I'd put on a fresh suit of white ducks in the morning and ten minutes later they'd be wringing wet. At night the bed sheets would be sodden a few moments after I got between them. I didn't even try to sleep. I'd get a few drinks just to cast a rosier light over the prospect of more months in Tahiti, and then I'd read or write all night. The next morning it would be raining. It rains every minute of the day, somewhere on the island, and between showers the sun would burn us up. We all had 'rain-tan.' It is much more painful than ordinary sunburn. Inside of a week we were all mahogany-colored."

Fresh from reading "White Shadows" the company came ashore with visions of living an idyllic life in a village of thatched

huts. But the French settlers who met them laughed at the suggestion. No, no! A white man could not live like a native, unless he had gone native himself, as some few had. They took them to the best



Up a tree? Up several, it would seem. Monte Blue and Raquel Torres seek refuge in what looks like a bad dream but is really a banyan tree in the South Sea jungle

hotel of the town. The open public sewer ran, gurgling prettily outside their windows. When Monte Blue drove a nail into the wall of his room to hang his coat on, an astonishing procession of insect life swarmed out. Scorpions scuttled out of their boots in the morning, cockroaches as big as mice ran across the dining room table.

## Eating Fish Eyes

"**I** GOT used to eating raw fish," Monte says. "All except their eyes. Tahitians consider fish eyes a great delicacy, but they look at one so reproachfully I honestly hadn't the heart! I even got so I could eat *poi*, and when I tell you that is a mess made out of decayed breadfruit, you can see we didn't have a lot of choice on the menu card. The fruit is gorgeous to look at but it all tastes alike—bananas, plantain, apples, melons—you can't tell the difference."

But the native feasts, described so rhapsodically by the lyric Mr. O'Brien? Those charming social affairs where all sorts of delicacies are served on leaves by native belles with flashing smiles?

The South Sea Islanders have inherited with other white man's vices, his addiction to tin cans. Canned salmon is their favorite fish now, the delicacy they serve their guests. And those native beauties promised faithfully by O'Brien, those innocent light hearted damsels who bathe in the shallow lagoons and dance in grass skirts, those *café au lait* ladies who win the hearts of white men away from their Helens and Gertrudes at home, what were they doing when Monte and his friends attended a feast?

Here is the saddest news of all, brought back by the "White Shadows" company. *There are no native beauties! There are no flashing smiles and long clouds of silken black tresses.* The in-

habitants of Tahiti lose their teeth early. The most coquettish smile lacks something in seduction when it discloses four front teeth missing. South Sea girls have taken to boyish bobs like the girls in the movies they see every week. The costume considered stylish by dusky flappers, a simple square of tapa cloth wrapped about the middle and tied carelessly behind, displays the figure remarkably, but—I have the word of all the men in the "White Shadows" company—there is entirely too much figure to display.

The publicity department of the Metro-Goldwyn company, working hard to earn their salaries, lists the hardships of the voyage in this lyric outburst. "To get this picture Metro sent an expedition of sixty men and women more than five thousand miles. They encountered terrific hardships, climbed mountains seven thousand feet high, braved tropical storms, lost themselves in the depths of jungles never before explored—"

## Stewed Cockroaches

**M**ONTE BLUE, Director Van Dyke and the rest of the company have a list of harder hardships than these. Smells, squeaky tin phonographs grinding out ten-year-old tunes, cockroaches in the stew, centipedes in the beds, poor champagne at a terrific price, daytime in the South Seas, night-time in the South Seas, a mail steamer once a month, lack of barber shops. A man may climb steep mountains and swim fierce torrents without complaining, but to go around with a week-old growth of whiskers and needing a haircut takes real heroism.

It should be some consolation to those who see the finished picture to remember this—after they have witnessed it. For thereby they may get a double thrill. The first will be one of delight in the beauty and romance of the setting as it appears on the screen, and a yearning some day to go there themselves, splash about in the baby-blue water of the lagoons and watch the native girls dance beneath the palms, black against the moonlight. And the second will be the consoling thought, when they reach home and have to remember about leaving a note for the milkman for only one bottle tomorrow morning, that they will not have to sleep between sodden sheets or have in the morning to make their breakfast of canned salmon, decayed breadfruit and fish eyes.





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  - 2 *Softer, fluffier*—thus ending chafing and similar irritation.
- & *All the qualities you have always known in Kotex are retained.*

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Remember, nothing else is remotely like the new Improved Kotex. Buy a box today to learn our latest and greatest contribution to woman's hygienic comfort.

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Directee and director directly after the last step in the production of "Walking Back." The directee is Sue Carol; the director is Rupert Julian. Success!

## Too Nice to Love

(Continued from page 59)

the screen. And she meant the retirement. King had made "The Jack Knife Man" and the bills were paid.

Tom Ince persuaded her to return. He convinced her that to throw away one's medium of self-expression is waste, and the world has no room for wasters.

More time passed, and the Vidor hearthstone was assailed. Disrupted. Broken. And Florence was left alone with her baby, her work and several smashed-up dreams.

She went through a period of very human readjustment. She acquired a transient superiority complex. She looked down on pictures and on the people who worked in pictures. She told everybody that she was working for the money there was in it and for no other reason. She buttered her bread and made mock of the butter. She drew her fastidious skirts aside and lived in a discriminating seclusion, emerging only when necessary.

She moved, and still moves among the "nice people" of Hollywood. The social set. "These Charming People" of movieland. The Antonio Morenos. The Oliver Moroscots. The Conrad Nagels.

She did a great deal of reading. A great deal of thinking. Some living. And the change began to ferment.

### You Just Know She Is a Lady

WE lunched together at the Ambassador the other day. I was in the corridor, and presently and imperceptibly Florence appeared, slender in a silk suit of dull reds and tans, a natural colored straw hat, a string of tiny, matched pearls. It is superfluous to say that she would wear neither artificial flowers, spurious jewelry nor a conspicuous make-up.

She looks like a lady. She speaks like a lady. She is gracious and quiet, and has

some sort of accent, and is completely self-possessed. But if you assume that ladies cannot live and love, you are grievously mistaken. One does not have to utter loud obscenities, wave adulterous banners and otherwise crash the conventions in order to have red blood and a beating heart.

Florence Vidor omits from her vocabulary the cheap clichés of the day. Any child could be in her presence uncontaminated by sewer persiflage. I know of three other persons of whom I could say the same. She neither indulges in profanity nor does she make sexual aberrations table talk.

We mentioned the freedom of speech of this day and age. "It seems to me to be a pity," Miss Vidor said. "It is not that I disapprove on any grounds called moral. I believe in the right to discuss any topic under the sun so long as it is done for a reason. But salaciousness—it seems to me that this ruthless and reckless banning of all reticence is destroying the charm of living, and I have found that to be the most important thing in the world.

"Out of my experience, personal and professional, if I have any philosophy, that is it—the charm of living.

"It embraces so many things. The little things of being a charming hostess. Of regulating a household. It involves simplicity of dress. Good books to read. Fine music to hear. Appreciations. The capacity for friendship and for love. The lyric tones of loneliness."

I crashed the charm of living by asking, "Are you ever lonely?"

"One night a week—" there was that quiet smile, "I am sometimes very lonely one night a week. For the rest of the time I think I rather enjoy it—a manless world.

"One never knows, of course, what one



will do. It is so foolish to make self-prophecies. To say 'I will *never* marry again!' or 'I will *never* fall in love again!' How does one *know*? Part of the charm of living is the unpredictability of living. I may fall in love again. I may marry again. I don't know. I only know that I will have to be very sure, that, for better or worse, I must know that it is for all time. I have won through to peace by a hardy route and I shall not sacrifice it lightly.

### Is There Such a Man?

"If I could meet a man stronger than I, my mental superior . . . a man who could rule by the very force of his superiority . . . such stuff as a Napoleon is made of, a Mussolini, a Bernard Shaw. Some being with whom I could spend my days perpetually looking up . . . then, perhaps . . .

"Failing that, or with that, I have found that the work I am doing and want to do, is worth while. To find a self-expression that matters is the most important thing for the woman who is doing it. I believe in pictures. Amusement—what better can we do for a world which, after all, has little enough of it. And by amusement I do not mean the obvious. I mean the more profound amusement that evokes tears and the pain that is sweeter than pleasure.

"I think we all bother too much about little things. Shopping. Social obligations. Going places. We never sit a day through contemplating a sunny patch of wall, leaving the channel open for greater things to come through . . . we attach too much importance to ourselves, who are so really unimportant in the mighty scheme of things."

From Texas came a lady . . .

This summer, at this writing, the lady is in Cannes . . . she is seeing Europe for the first time . . . It is certain that into the charming pattern of her life Florence Vidor will weave new threads from the old world. *What will they be?*



The Paramount comedian introduces his new invention, the combination golf trousers and golf bag. Judging from Chester Conklin's expression, something is apparently wrong



## THIS NEW BEAUTY BATH *instantly makes* Your Skin Feel Like Velvet

THE young girl or woman of today wants *immediate* results after the use of some beauty preparation. She doesn't want to wait weeks for some sign of improvement in her skin. This is one reason for the popularity of the new Linit Beauty Bath.

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sitive skin—and being a vegetable product, it contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. Dermatologists and doctors regard the purity of starch from corn so highly that they recommend it for the tender skin of young babies.

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Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall get along, Mr. Mulhall says, because Mrs. Mulhall doesn't take at all seriously Mr. Mulhall's interest in girls other than Mrs. Mulhall

## A Jack of One Trade

(Continued from page 55)

put myself in almost anybody's place, for believe me, I've been through enough experiences in my life to make it fairly easy for me to understand the other fellow's point of view.

"I've been just about down and out. Right here in Hollywood, too. You see, when I first started in pictures, things came too easy for me. The second picture I ever worked in, for Universal, they made a star of me. That's absolutely the worst thing that can happen to a young actor.

"Did I think I was good? Ask me! Why, I thought I had this movie business in the palm of my hand. That nobody could teach little Jack Mulhall anything. I was the curly-haired boy from Wappinger's Falls, and I took it big.

"I didn't know then, what a fight it is to keep your popularity, once you've got it. I'd been given an average amount of intelligence at birth, I guess, but I certainly wasn't using it in those days. If I had worked then, the way I work now, every minute when I'm in front of the camera, I'd be as rich as Harold Lloyd today. He was an extra man, working around the lot in those days. None of us dreamed what a talented actor and shrewd business man he'd turn out to be.

### No Other Suit and No Overcoat

"I REMEMBER one time—this may sound funny to you but it was a tragedy to me then—one time Hal Cooley borrowed my 'other suit' without bothering to ask me for it. I had had a swell overcoat and someone stole it from my dressing-room just a little while before the suit disappeared. I'll tell you, when I opened that closet door and found my entire wardrobe had disappeared, I thought it was the end of the world for me. An actor has to have some clothes, you know. He can't go along indefinitely with just one suit and no overcoat.

"And there were members of my family dependent on me. That's what made it so hard. It wasn't as though I had no re-

sponsibility except for myself. Gee, I was low.

"When Hal brought the suit back, I didn't know whether to kiss or kill him. But in the end we got a laugh out of it.

"I remember the first car I ever had. Who doesn't? I drove it up to the house as a surprise for my wife. That was my first wife. She died, later, and I was left alone with the responsibility of raising my little boy, as you know.

"But—oh, yes, about the car. I insisted on taking my wife for a ride. She didn't want to go, and no wonder. It was a second-hand car, the seats were 'way up high, and it snorted in all directions. Well, we chugged through Hollywood in a cloud of smoke, and then the darn thing stalled on that grade out by the Los Angeles Country Club. It was a case of a fellow making his wife walk home from an automobile ride.

"Serious things, and funny things—a lot of them have happened to me.

"After a while I got some pretty good engagements. The Talmadge girls were always awfully nice to me. I made several pictures with them.

"But for a long time I was just a leading man. Then First National co-starred me with Dorothy Mackaill. The fans liked those pictures, and when I've finished 'The Butter and Egg Man,' Dorothy and I are going to make another picture together.

### Being Himself

"You said a little while ago that I'm more like my real self in these recent comedy-dramas I've been doing, than I ever was before. I guess that's true. I am playing myself on the screen, now. Until I tried it, I didn't know that people wanted me that way.

"But it's the hardest work I ever did, and don't let anyone fool you. You see, you're more or less unconscious of your own personality. You do or say this and that because it's natural to you. But when you get in front of a camera, everything



is timed, every movement must be planned beforehand. To be yourself instinctively is one thing, but to be yourself deliberately is another, if you understand what I mean. But now I'm getting analytical and no Irishman has a right to be that.

"I'm glad you like our house out in Beverly Hills. Here's a laugh. When Evelyn and I built that house, we decided to make it large enough so that we could entertain on the grand scale, if we wanted to. And we haven't had a party since we moved in! Maybe we will have, one of these days. I'll say this, that party should be *good*, after planning a house around it!

### His Estimate of Evelyn

"AND about Evelyn. She's a wonderful wife, for a man like me. I'm moody. I kid around a lot, but I get awfully blue sometimes. It's the Irish in me, probably. When things go wrong at the studio all day, as they occasionally do, I come home lower than an eel's chin.

"When that happens, Evelyn just leaves me alone until I snap out of it. She understands me. Why she even understands that I can like other pretty girls without falling for them. Every now and then one of our well meaning friends, *you* know the kind, asks her if she doesn't get jealous of my leading women. Evelyn just laughs and says, 'If I worried about every pretty girl Jack works with, or meets in the studio, I'd go crazy.' She's wonderful. There aren't many like her.

"Help! It's one o'clock. Come back on the set, won't you? I like to have people around. Yes, I'm staking a lot on this picture, 'The Butter and Egg Man.' I'm being starred in it, you know, and maybe the Pride of Wappinger's Falls isn't giving it everything he's got, after fifteen up and down years in this movie business.

"I don't look old enough to have been in pictures fifteen years, and on the stage before that? Sure, it's the pure life I lead, and being Irish, that keeps me young."



Franz Slivicek, of the Vienna Opera Company, plays the title rôle in James A. FitzPatrick's Schubert Centennial Series of films, which he staged in Vienna. Slivicek bears a striking likeness to Franz Schubert and played his part without any make-up

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## Personal

### Old remedy relieves cramps peculiar to women

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If you are one of those who suffer from these cramps, get a bottle of this proven remedy at once. It insures you against the usual agony, discomfort and loss of poise. If you feel an attack approaching, just take a few drops in sweetened water and secure immediate relief.

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The moon is a lady, as everyone knows, and in this instance the lady's name is Frances Lee

## Act and Grow Young

(Continued from page 50)

and this, that and the other, and you do it. Then for the next hour you sit on the sidelines reading the fan magazines, or rather looking through them to see if there are any pictures of yourself in them."

"What about these here girls who get aged before they are thirty and find their movie careers over?" I questioned.

### Indulgence Spells Oblivion

"Just faulty technique," she explained with an odd, hearty, high-low laugh. "There's two mistakes they're liable to make. Either they eat like hogs, drink like fishes and generally indulge themselves, or else they exercise for what I believe is called the Body Beautiful with such remorseless vigor that in a short time they have muscles all over them that you could hang your hat on."

"And how about yourself?"

"I just let well enough alone," she said. "My friends are always coming up to me to ask what I put on my face, how I keep off lines under my eyes, and how my figure remains what you see for yourself. I have not any secrets at all. I don't put anything on my face. I don't fiddle about with

my hair, because it's naturally curly. Nature contributed them to me in a dark moment and I accepted them. There's really nothing to be done about it.

"I eat exactly what I like, but I am one of the lucky ones who are not affected by food and never get plump."

"What about these—er—jollifications which are said to take place in Hollywood under cover of night?" I asked. "Is that sort of thing another aging factor in the film fraternity?"

"Well, I suppose so. What with all we hear of this, that and the other being hit over the head with a champagne bottle and somebody being shot in the pants, there must still be plenty of wild life in these parts, but to tell you the truth I've always been too busy to make many investigations into it. Not in pictures, you understand, but principally with my flower business. I have five flower shops in town and believe me, they took an awful lot of work to start and make successful. Now they're going so merrily that we expect this year to do over half a million dollars' worth of business. But I keep on going around to see that everything's going as it should, and this, that and the other.



"Flowers! After dealing with them as if they were hunks of perishable cheese for years, I am still crazy about them. My house, you know, is called 'Mia Flora.' Flowers have always been a part of my life, and I could not get along without masses of them all around me. Talking of business, I've also dabbled pretty successfully in oil and real estate here. I've been one of the lucky ones.

#### She Has Six Telephones

"I'm not sufficiently important to have the studios galloping after me, but what do I care? Every now and again a part comes up for me, and to play it makes a nice change from the round of business. I shall go on working in pictures just as long as anybody wants me. You probably think I have been out of movie work for a long time, but actually I have done several pictures every year—recently, though, chiefly for smaller companies, so that nobody saw me. Of course, my flower business brings me in contact with all the picture crowd, and they don't have a chance to forget my existence as they do with so many old-timers. You won't find me looking for work in the studios, but I'm at the end of six telephones whenever the spirit moves the producers to give me a buzz."

This amazing young person was wanted by Mr. Cruze to interpret something or other—this or that—for the benefit of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer camera. She had sat still talking to me quite long enough, anyway; her diminutive feet wanted to dance her away. As I said before, her jaw dropped in stupefaction when I gracefully mentioned that I had been pleased to meet her. Let's have some more like Kathleen. She's the type that loves nice things—flowers, interviewers and this, that and the other.



The years and prosperity have affected the grace of Miss Clifford's figure not at all; she is still Kathleen and lanky

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You can begin now to do what these women do. At night before going to bed bathe your arms and hands with water and a good soap, using a wash cloth that is rough in texture. On your elbows and the ends of your fingers use a nail brush. Scrub these parts gently with the nail brush so as to get them thoroughly clean without irritating them. Now apply a thin coating of

Ingram's Milkweed Cream and leave it on all night. Your skin will absorb it while you sleep. Do this regularly and you should notice steady improvement.

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W.F. YOUNG, Inc., Springfield, Mass.



Prohibition suffers a severe setback in California: when Myrna Loy feels like celebrating, she simply takes things into her own hands

## Are Screen Kisses Hot or Cold?

(Continued from page 29)

thrilling to have this fiery Hungarian for a leading man, but it's all in the day's work to Corinne.

Eddie Lowe, now working with Colleen Moore, frankly cast his vote for her as the most enchanting girl he has ever worked with, but such admiration is entirely that of one good trouser for another.

"In the first pictures I ever made," he said, "the love sequences seemed very personal to me, but not now. The perfect love scene is that in which the two players blend their emotions, as the notes of a symphony are blended."

I told Eddie that was pretty good, whereat he came down to earth with a bang.

"Lil has a part in this picture," he referred to his wife, Lilyan Tashman, "and, Oh boy, what a break I get! In one sequence I grab her and hurl her out of my apartment. What a break for a husband! I'm just waiting to see if those scenes seem real."

Eddie has a perfectly grand sense of humor, so has Lilyan, so they'll probably have a swell time.

### The Villains Have a Say

WE had to have a couple of villains in this, just for variety, so I hunted up George Bancroft and Bill Powell. Two contrasting types, you'll agree. I'm afraid it would be impossible to write a story quite worthy of the unusual Mr. Bancroft, but here's an honest-to-goodness glimpse of him, anyway.

He considered my questions gravely for

several minutes and then said in a hushed voice, "Stand up."

I obliged.

Mr. Bancroft walked slowly toward me, something in the manner of a somnambulist, his hands stretched before him.

"Suppose I were in love with you," he suggested.

"All right, if it's all in fun," I replied obediently, wondering what this had to do with the story.

Mr. Bancroft stopped, a few paces off, and dropped his hands to his side.


"That's the way it would be," he sighed. "Women are so holy to me that I couldn't touch one I loved, even with my fingertips. In my screen career, I never kissed a girl until my last picture. During that scene I thought only of my mother. A man's love for his mother is his most sacred inspiration, so it was no discourtesy to the girl."

"Certainly not, Mr. Bancroft," I assured him and left him gazing dreamily into space while I followed Bill Powell's trail.

And it was Bill who threw the bombshell. I've never seen him in such a surprising mood.

"Hollywood," he exclaimed violently, "is the most immoral place in the world! And why? Because there are too many good-looking men and beautiful girls thrown into contact with one another here."

"Am I attracted to the girls I work with? Certainly. What man wouldn't be? Where will you find so much beauty as in Hollywood? Why should I or any man pretend to be indifferent to it, or to the girls we make love to, day after day?"



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# Has Anybody Here Seen Connie?

(Continued from page 49)

Being cautious, which comes of being a New Yorker, we launched a speculative query—"Are you the young lady we, ah, ahem, we're, now—that is, talking to Jim about—at least to—"

"Well, I don't know what you had in your mind, if anything, or what you think you ordered. But, I'm Connie, and probably we're going out to the Ambassador," she shot at me in a soft even tone of voice that put me to shame to think that I had for one moment doubted that she was Connie—the real genuine Connie.

A box-seat in Coconut Grove at the Ambassador—and on a crowded night at that—a renewing of acquaintance with Colonel Denham, who polices the countless miles of spacious corridor and keeps an ever watchful eye to prevent the wicked machinations of designing guests.

A few words then to Jimmie, the dark-haired head waiter whose suave smile brings much largess to his larder. Why, a friend of mine has been supplying Jimmie with twenty-dollar hats that are the most careful picking from among the best his big factory turns out. Another friend—well—Jimmie is important all right—but let's talk about Connie.

Of course, Connie is a good dancer—she would have to be good to dance with me. Paraphrasing, as I am, the remark of the pretty girl who worked a few weeks in Philadelphia, "you'd have to be good to get three thousand dollars in Philadelphia."

## Among Those Present

**B**UT Connie is good—good to look upon—as restful as the warm effulgent glow of a crimson tinted California sunset sky with patents pending. And good to talk to—about or simply at. She knows her Hollywood values far better than a Los Angeles realtor knows the historic background of Hacienda Los Cerritos, which is right at his front door.

"That girl at the very next table to us—the pretty girl with the light of titian red in her hair—is Jacqueline Logan. And there's Camilla Horn. And John Barrymore. The two knockout Irish girls are Molly O'Day and Sally O'Neil. There's Myrna Kennedy and Jimmy Hall. I don't know who the other well-dressed and successful looking older people are, but, judging from the pride that those two gray-haired men take in dancing with her and gathering from the smiles with which the mature women, who are evidently the wives, greet the happy husbands after the alternate dances—why I would assume," reasoned Connie, "that they simply must be relatives." That does sound reasonable at that, doesn't it?

You know Connie is only about five feet four inches or so tall, and if one were to confine one's guess to Connie's dancing weight, as she looks demurely up at you from chestnut eyes set deep in black outlines of rounded eyelashes—well—her soft, demure and prettily rounded little body, would weigh no more heavily on your arms than would a care-free memory rest upon your mind. But, of course, Connie must weigh something, and as Death Valley Scotty of fond memory, with his five-gallon hat and his brilliant red knitted necktie, appraised things in the hotel lobby, "One hundred and ten on the hoof" but certainly never an ounce on my hoof.

## Connie's Blighted Life

**C**ONNIE spoke from a sensitive mouth that foretold her immediate attitude even before words left her lips. Sort of

like clouds over a sunkist valley when her lips twitched downward, and bright fulsome sunshiny words when they turned ever so slightly upward.

Most everyone danced on that floor that night, and just a record of the names that the little dancing partner poured into my ears would read as ponderously and as imposingly as a list of the arrival of buyers on any August day in the "New York Times"—and sorry I am to say it—it would mean just about as much. Oh, there are just too many important people in the movies for words.

Yes, like so many of us, Connie has been married. It all turned out too badly—sort of a disillusion—he was much older—and it was hard to share him with other women. She had in her own words acquired "horse sense" in the process and marriage was to mean something wholly different the next time.

"Horse sense" was certainly no legitimate lead upon which to hang further conversation, but we did drift into talking about cowboys and Western stuff.

Of course, and I don't say this in any cruel or sarcastic way, I believed everything that Connie told me. I wanted to—she looks like a square shooter.

But, she did murmur something about doing something important in a Western picture or two—maybe she was with Universal, if my hazy memory focuses clearly on the event. She did speak of the younger Laemmle in pleasing manner, and the Fox Studios were close to her affections.

She flatly accused me of having a stock expression of using a long drawn out and rather ridiculously attenuated O-h-y-e-a-h, which calls for an ever rising inflection as you run the scale. Of course, that's quite New Yorkish, and while it sounds the way you would expect Jimmie Walker to say it from out the corner of his mouth, it nevertheless gives you the desired big-city manner.

## She Sighs for Footlights

**W**ELL, if I have a stock expression, Connie at least has had some stock experience. Yes, indeed, the legitimate stage is her ambition, and she repeated a dozen or more familiar names of movie nob who were finding complete expression across the footlights to their dear, dear audiences.

Somewhere, not too far from the Ambassador, stands a yellow apartment house at the top of a slight hill—slippery tile steps, wet with a spring fog, led up stairs to the cavernous doorway. Connie's lips smiled and I knew pleasant words were to be mine. "Good-night, and please, please, don't forget Connie." And then as though she would rid herself of all deception, she added as generous measure, "my real name is Consuello, and I believe," she hesitatingly added, "that it means consolation." A warm strong clasp from a well tapered hand, a pair of starry eyes, and like one of Houdini's masterpieces, she was gone. My lips almost kissed my own crude hand instead of the vanished one.

Like a shock it dawned on me. What was Connie's last name—how stupid of me—not even a phone number, and worst of all, when I called Jim in the morning, he had apology in his every word and haltingly explained that he just couldn't find a single solitary extra girl for our last night's party.

But we had an extra girl—an extraordinary little girl. And doesn't somebody know Connie—please think—who is she anyway?

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P. & A.  
If you can bear to turn your eyes from Dolores del Rio's face, you will notice that she is holding the Wampas achievement trophy which came to her by popular vote in letters from film fans

## Art for Ark's Sake

(Continued from page 33)

know. It takes eight or ten men—stalwart men—to move them from one place to another. And the men sweat while doing so. In all there are nearly two hundred electricians employed.

While the sets were being built, over a thousand carpenters drew pay checks, while three thousand other artisans labored at their trades. And in a few weeks the structures they have reared will be swept away by torrents released from the three huge tanks, while extra people scramble for the safety of a studio Ararat.

One day's payroll amounted to a hundred thousand dollars. Five thousand extras were employed. And so expeditiously were they handled, that when it came time to eat, the mob was fed in fifteen minutes. But it took fifty men six hours to prepare the lunch boxes.

### Sun-Proof Make-Up

**T**HE night before the call went forth for five thousand, sixty assistant directors were called in conference with Curtiz, Koenig and Zanuck, who wrote the story. The morrow's battle strategies had been mapped out on blue-prints. Each alarm and flourish, every sortie and retreat was planned with perfect precision. Every lieutenant had his group of players. On the lot huge signs marked "Priests and Fanatics," "Soldiers," "Slaves and Virgins," directed each group to the spot

where costumes were thrust through little windows. Thence to the dressing-rooms where their nudity was sprayed with stain, supplemented from time to time by dabs with sponges applied by ever-watchful make-up men. Then, led by the assistant in charge, on the set to await the signal. Incidentally, the make-up liquid contains properties to guard against the sun.

That morning all roads led to Warners. The streets for miles about were clogged with parked cars. A score of extras were carried from the lot exhausted by the heat. These were cared for in the emergency hospital on the set, as were those others who suffered minor bruises from spear pricks, or the jostling of the mob. Elephants, camels, and those odd-looking beasts called yaks, made the scene still more bizarre. Signals for the various pieces of action were given by the sirens. No lesser sound could have been heard.

Twenty-three cameras clicked when Curtiz called "Action!" And seven "still" cameras shot pictures to illustrate such yarns as this. The scene was massed brilliance, like a field of vari-colored poppies. Yet the photography is in black and white. But the picture is on panchromatic film, treated with a special sensitizing emulsion. Thus each color will register its own peculiar shade, lighter or darker than those surrounding it. Experiment proved that the film was especially sensitive to red. Hence red tones predominated.



Had green or blue been used through some inadvertence, more light would have been essential—more expense entailed.

The longest shot photographed is twelve hundred feet. This is in the square outside the temple. Several A number 1 orgies are staged in it to show Warner Brothers' ideas of a good wild racket thrown in the days of old man Noah. Those were the days! In the eyes of an extra man, only slightly younger than the patriarch himself, there shone the sad light of reminiscence as the ancient beard dipped deep in a wine bowl, filled—alas—with the juice of the grape—unfermented. Mike Curtiz spied that look.

"Hey, old man, you 'ave perhaps been dronk sometime in the life, is eet not?"

The toothless mumbler grinned widely.

"Then you shall h'act eet," announced the bronzed director. And the palsied gran'ther was moved to a spot before the camera, and surrounded by luscious ladies who mockingly caressed him, and pressed him with wine which dripped from his loose mouth to stain his beard and raiment. Perhaps—who can tell—it was indeed *Don Juan* returned feeble and impotent to an awful punishment. Anyway, he did well in his part. Watch for him.

### Twenty Certified Virgins

THE twenty virgins, vouched for by the Central Casting Office, were dragged screaming to an altar, stalwart soldiers tore their slight covering away and branded their breasts with irons that smoked most realistically. Then they were cast down the steps to be caught skilfully by other chaps as they fell on a pile of soft cushions.

"Make an adjustment with those girls," someone ordered. "Give them each two-and-a-half extra." And while they didn't refuse the money, none expected it. Each was happy to take the risk of the tumble for the sake of that instant of being before the camera's eye.



All toggged up for the jolly old Derby, just like the Prince of Wales. You must admit that Ralph Forbes is a *dead ringer* for the heir to the British throne



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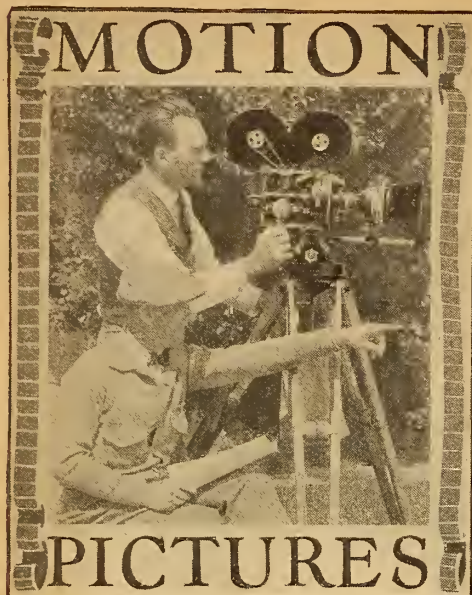
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"Bring on the eight drunken soldiers," shouted the director. And the eight, spitting cotton from the draught and the mere suggestion of a drink, simulated the care-free amorousness of wine-fuddled warriors from the beginning of time. Over in one corner an ox-like slave-driver sniped a cigarette. Another look. Yes, Joe Bonomo, the Coney Island strong-man who used to sell ice-cream sandwiches.

"Dor-o-theeeee, hand me my make-up box, dearie," sang a Christian martyr to a courtesan, and receiving it, gently powder-patted a charmingly upturned nose. Was it Dolores of the Irish eyes? Yes. No—her "stand-in" girl. A dead ringer for Costello, a trifle shorter, a bit more slender, but features almost identical. For, you see, the "stand-in" saves the star from the arduous labor of stalling around until it is actually time to shoot the scene.

Back to the orgy. Food as well as drink. Greedy creatures. A steer is being barbecued in the background. Only it's a horse. Cheaper. A property man brings on great joints of steaming meat. These are handed to the extras, who glance at the carcass on the great spit and seem to lose their appetites.

## Broiled Horse du Jour

"**E**T is gude beef frash from the restaurant," shouts Curtiz. "Look!" and seizing a huge bone from a nearby hand he

sinks his teeth deep without hesitation. "Come," he calls, "you are 'ongry! Eat—so—grrrr!" and he snarls over the meat like a ravenous dog, or a Babylonian beggar. It is enough. They are convinced. Watch how they go to that food in the picture. Ha! Wonder if it was beef? Ha!

On with the dance. Let joy be unrefined! No one can be offended. These are despised pagans. No Christians would enjoy such natural revelry. They'll be punished for all this fun. Just wait for the flood sequences. The worse they carry on, the more they must suffer. Hurrah for virtue! Old man Noah was a good old soul! But what a lot of fun he missed!

What daring, what imagination, these picture people have. There never was a Noah. Or if you're a fundamentalist, at least admit that he lived and died a thousand centuries before the first feeble light of history penetrated the world a brief three thousand years ago. Yet here he is. His life, his time, reproduced to make a movie holiday.

Stupendous! Graybeards would never attempt it. Age is cautious, and sometimes wise. But the cry of youth is the cry of the Cæsars—"Semper Avanti"—always forward. Thus, youthful Jack Warner, and youthful Darryl Zanuck, and youthful Michael Curtiz and youthful William Koenig shoot a million with a smile to make the most gigantic motion picture spectacle the world has ever known.



## Brass Will Tell

(Continued from page 53)

### From Store to Stardom

MINNIE SIMP was destined for big things since her babyhood. "That gal'll get along," her farmer father declared proudly, as Minnie snatched little Willy's lollypop away. "You just can't hold her back." The day came when Minnie left for the big city. She got a job slinging hash in a white tile lunchroom and she was such a go-getter they kept on promoting her until one day she stood in the window slinging wheat cakes up in the air and catching them on a griddle. Minnie put on such a good show they gave her the star place on the bill in their Fifth Avenue place. The gal was an artist. She lay awake nights thinking of new frills for her act and when she perfected a triple somersault, the folks back home couldn't restrain their pride. But Minnie wasn't entirely satisfied. "I ought to be throwing custard pies around in the movies, with a talent like mine," she said to herself. One day Mr. Blankberg joined the throng of admirers watching her. One look at Minnie and he was inside. "You have such wonderful eyes," he panted. Minnie gave him a shy look and saw he was wearing a diamond horseshoe scarf-pin. "You flatterer!" she cooed, her eyes still glued on the pin.

A year later Minnie's name was up in electrics and when anyone mentions her wheat-cake juggling she gives them a frozen stare.

### The Mystery of Mary

BUT for every Susie and Rosie and Gwendolyn and Priscilla and May and Minnie, there is a Mary Jones. Mary had a figure that would make Paris forget Helen and her hair was so fragrant and golden that the bees mistook it for honey. Her eyes were like turquoises and her skin was as soft and pink as apple blossoms, and when she spoke it sounded as though her voice had captured the song of the nightingale.

Mary came of a family that had for generations been on the stage. At the age of sixteen she could act any part you might throw at her, from *Little Eva* to *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. And she had come to Hollywood with a firm belief in Santa Claus and that the movies were looking for players with beauty and ability. It was just a matter, she knew, of finding the opportunity; and finding that was just a matter of keeping at things and her spirits up. So she did. And what should happen one day but the chance of chances: an interview with Mr. Blankberg.

As she sat in his private office she looked at the autographed pictures of Susie and Rosie and Gwendolyn and Priscilla and May and Minnie, all in ermine wraps and diamond bracelets, and she sighed a little as she twisted her feet around to hide the run in her stocking. Mr. Blankberg watched her for a minute or two with an oily smile; then, clearing his throat somewhat pompously, he said, "You have such wonderful eyes." Mary laughed. "Oh, be your age," she said tartly.

A year later, Mary Jones is still maneuvering her feet to hide the run in her stocking. There's the start of a run in her spirit now, though; and she's wondering what it is that she lacks in looks and talent that Susie and Rosie and Gwendolyn and May and Minnie have. For they must have it, she is sure. How else could they have arrived at where they are?

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Hendrickson Photo

Kansas is more noted for wheat fields than fishing-ponds, and Charles Rogers says he never in his life had a real opportunity to fish until he came to California

## What Becomes of Their Wedding Rings?

(Continued from page 45)

wedding ring. Or, maybe, Jackie went over all the bills very carefully and found out it was her ring after all.

Would Virginia Brown Faire part with her wedding ring? No, ma'am! Virginia is going to keep it forever. The separation of Virginia and Jack Daugherty is very recent. The imprint of the ring still shows on her finger.

“When Jack put that ring on my hand,” said Virginia, looking very pretty and rather wistful, “I said I would never take it off unless it meant the marriage was at an end. The day I left him and went home to my mother I slipped it off and packed it away with all the other sweet memories. I'll never wear it again. I think it is wrong to wear a token of your marriage vows when those vows no longer exist. But I wouldn't part with it for anything. It will always stand for a wonderful adventure in my life.”

With Marie Prevost, it is different. Marie's separation from Kenneth Harlan didn't interfere with her sense of humor. She takes life and matrimony with a grain of salt and a witty outlook. She's been married and divorced twice. But she saved both of her wedding rings. She has combined the two experiences—I mean, the two rings, and had them soldered together. It makes an attractive and unusual ornament. When people notice it and inquire, Marie laughs, “Oh, those are my wedding rings.”

### Leatrice Won't Tell

LEATRICE JOY has a sense of humor, too. But not where matrimony is concerned. Jack Gilbert may have been a frivolous

husband, but Leatrice refuses to take the experience lightly. She won't tell what she did with her wedding ring. “It's too personal and too intimate,” she said.

Florence Vidor felt the same way. Only more so.

Constance Talmadge was out of town. I called up two people who knew Connie to ask about her wedding rings. They seemed surprised. “Oh, yes. She had been married, hadn't she?” No, they couldn't recall anything about the rings. I would have wired Constance, but something told me she felt likewise.

The fascinating Hedda Hopper remembered hers slightly. Hedda was busy with a luncheon party up at the Montmartre and she had to stop and think. Finally she remembered that she had lost it. “I paid for mine anyway,” laughed Hedda. “I guess that's the reason I didn't feel so badly when it disappeared.”

One gets so vague on those points in Hollywood.

The same day at the same café I saw Louise Brooks. That morning, her separation from Eddie Sutherland had been announced. Louise looked wonderfully smart, as usual, but a little pensive, which wasn't so usual. As she passed my table I looked to see if the ring was there. Sure enough, it was! I'm going to look again in a couple of months.

Evelyn Brent was away on location, but she sent in word that she had lost hers. The wedding ring was stolen, along with other jewelry, in New York. No, she had never bothered to have it replaced. Girls in pictures can't wear wedding rings, anyway.



## The Answer Man

(Continued from page 80)

**BARRY AND BETTY.**—How's O. H. ten. Gary Cooper was born in Helena, Mont., May 7, 1901. Guess he has given up Western's for a while. You'll like him in "Lilac Time," starring Colleen Moore. Lane Chandler was born in Montana, June 1, 1901, six feet two, weighs 185 pounds, reddish-brown hair and dark gray eyes. He was the chap who played opposite Clara Bow in "Red Hair." Write him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**H. L. G.**—You bet I'd like to visit your town. Perhaps I will some day. Lawrence Gray was born July 27, 1900, and is not married. George Lewis is twenty-three and you can reach him at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Charles Rogers was born Aug. 3, 1904. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is about twenty-one. Marguerite Clayton is in Europe appearing in pictures. Write William Desmond at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**DOLORES COSTELLO FAN.**—Myrna Loy is twenty-two, has red hair and light eyes. She's Scotch and Welsh descent, write Myrna at the Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Dolores was born in 1906, is five feet tall and weighs 108 pounds. Her latest picture is "Noah's Ark," George O'Brien plays opposite her. Write them at Warner Brothers also. Edmund Cobb is playing in "The Forest Rangers," a serial, consisting of twelve two-reelers. You refer to Mary Nolan who played in "Sorrell and Son," and Anna Q. Nilsson was the wife.

**VIRGIE**—No, all the stars do not change their names on entering pictures. Richard Dix's real name is Ernest Brimmer, not married, and his latest picture is "Warming Up." That's Clara Bow's real name; write her at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Norma Shearer is married to Irving Thalberg and she stopped in to see us just before going to the Coast. Her latest picture is "Ballyhoo." Write Jola Mendez at FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**WINDBLOWN.**—All the way from Brooklyn too. Alice White was Claire O'Reilly in "The American Beauty." Marie Prevost has the lead in "The Godless Girl." Write her at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. You know Marie is the only woman in Thomas Meighan's latest picture, "The Racket," in production at the Caddo Production, United Artists Studios, 7200 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

**EAGER FANS**—Always glad to hear from you. Allene Ray is married to Larry Wheeler. Write Ken Maynard at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Wallace MacDonald is directing for First Division Prod., 1440 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Cullen Landis is married to Loca Hearne. Rex Lease is free-lancing. James Pierce played the part of Tarzan in "Tarzan and the Golden Lion." Ramon Novarro is single. Your watch is non-breakable? So was mine, till I broke it.

**MARGE.**—Rex Lease was Tim McCoy's brother in "The Law of the Range." You bet I can supply you with his photos. Write Gloria Gray at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Conrad Nagel

# FAMOUS FEET



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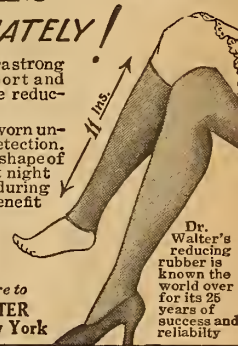
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Curtis Biltmore

If we had feet and ankles and legs like Julia Faye's, we would refuse to pose for a picture unless it showed our feet and ankles and legs

has finally been selected to play opposite Greta Garbo in "War in the Dark." Katharine MacDonald, who was very popular a few years ago and is still a favorite, was married a short time ago to Christian R. Holmes.

**A VERY REMARKABLE FELLOW—**That's Charles Farrell's nickname, all right, and he is still a bachelor. James Hall and Ruth Taylor are playing in "Just Married." Lionel Barrymore, Kenneth Thompson, Maria Alba and Gladys Brockwell in "The Joy Street," being directed by Irving Cummings for Fox. Write Gladys Brockwell at 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Lois Wilson has signed with FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Your letter will reach her there.

**M. M. S.—**William Bakewell was the chap in "West Point." Cullen Landis was born July 29, 1895. James Murray, February 9, 1901; he has light hair and green eyes. Address your letter to him at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. James Hall, October 22, 1900, brown hair and blue eyes. Jack Luden in 1902 and he's single. Joan Crawford and Dorothy Sebastian have the leads in "Dancing Daughters." Evelyn Brent, Adolphe Menjou and Nora Lane in "A Night of Mystery." Speaking of crime waves, Chicago seems to have got a permanent.

**JOANNE—**Send along the other questions, too. Eddie Tetherstone was *Somers* and Johnny Walker, *Decatur*, in "Old Ironsides." Nick Stuart's latest picture

is "The River Pirate." Sally Phipps's "The News Parade." You may write Jeanette Loff, Sonia Karlov and Hugh Allen at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Lane Chandler at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Josephine Bori at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. George Bancroft's latest picture is "The Drag Net."

**ROACH.**—Any relation to Hal Roach? You can reach Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal. Malcolm MacGregor played in "A Million Bid." Jason Robards in "Hills of Kentucky." Conrad Nagel was born March 16, 1897, and is married to Ruth Helm. Nancy Carroll has red hair. Write Jane Novak at First Division Pictures, 1440 N. Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

**THREE WISE FOOLS—**James Murray was born Feb. 9, 1891, has light hair and green eyes, and is five feet eleven and one-half inches tall. His latest picture is "The Crowd"; he has not done anything since. He receives his fan mail at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. John Gilbert and Joan Crawford in "Four Walls." Gary Cooper was born May 7, 1901, Antonio Moreno and House Peters in 1888. Philippe De Lacey is ten years old. Jackie Coogan, Oct. 26, 1914; James Hall, Oct. 22, 1900.

**DABA AND ECRA.**—The old custom of cutting notches in gunstocks has been applied to steering wheels now. Charles

(Continued on page 111)





P. & A.

Lili and her penguin smile: the Damita snapped aboard the *Berengaria* upon her arrival in New York, coastward bound

## Paris: Cherbourg, 10:46

(Continued from page 72)

At the platform, she was greeted by a crowd of friends, arrived at the last instant, their arms filled with flowers and candy. She gathered these in—the train began slowly to pull out of St. Lazare—last minute good-byes were waved and shouted—everything was confusion and excitement for an instant—then ensued that perfect calm which comes immediately after the departure of a train from a station.

Sudden agitation again! Mlle. Damita, desolated, turns to us: "Where is my mother?"

Instantly we would have sacrificed ten years of our life to have been able to produce her parent out of our upper left hand vest-pocket—but what could we do?

Into the compartment she raced—lowered the window—leaned far out, despite the sign on the sill, "It is dangerous to hang one's self on the outside." No mother in sight. She sat down, overwhelmed.

We introduced ourselves, and sat down also, as the train picked up speed.

Then she explained that her mother, who was to travel to America with her, had missed the train. Still a chance that she might have caught the second section, in which case she will reach Cherbourg before the boat leaves.

As we settled down for the six hour journey, we had time for a more leisurely analysis—even regular features; very light

brown hair; very dark brown eyes, sparkling and animated; full, expressive mouth. But her greatest charm is the fluent expressiveness of her face—going in an instant from poignant concern to radiant joy, from joy to pensive doubt, from doubt to coquetry, from coquetry to placid calm, from calm to bubbling animation—ever mobile, ever changing.

"And now," we said, mustering our best French (and what French!), "tell us something about yourself."

"Please," she begged, "do not write the interview which says; Lili Damita was born at so-and-so, she went to school at such-and-such, her first film was thus-and-so . . . Write something original, something bizarre."

### Originality by Command

So here we are, between the devil and the deep sea. Being original by request is like trying to be funny to order. What to write that will be different? We'll think of something dazzlingly clever tomorrow morning while shaving (we always do) *after* this has been sent off and it's too late.

But—it occurs to us, after piecing together, bit by bit, the story of Lili Damita's career, we know of nothing more original, more unusual, more bizarre, than the true account of her screen career.



COULD you retain your poise under these conditions? A smart bathing suit . . . bright sunlight . . . and the eyes of hundreds upon you . . . would you be calm? Or have you objectionable hair . . . even a light downy fuzz which would make you wince?

Do you realize that it is now possible for you to eliminate every vestige of those ugly growths? You can have a skin just as hair-free and adorable as this charming girl's if you will get at the cause. It is so simple . . . so safe . . . this one minute application of

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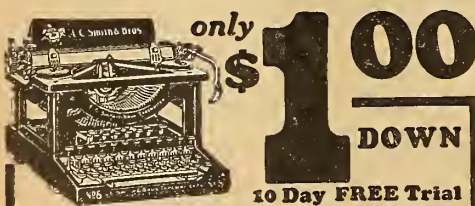
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Once upon a time (now, there's an original beginning for you!) a little girl was born in Paris—city of beautiful women, where feminine loveliness is valued above all else. When she was two, her family removed to Bordeaux, and there she grew up, her loveliness increasing day by day.

It was inevitable that she should go on the stage, and back to her beloved Paris she came, to dance for three years at the Opera. Then musical productions, and increasing prominence.

Then, at an age when most girls are still in school, this youngster tramped off to Vienna, to dance in a musical production.

The fairy godmother who so far had followed her faithfully was also in Vienna, for she was seen on the stage by the head of the Sascha film company, Austria's leading picture company. He offered her a small rôle in a picture being made. *She refused it.* (You asked for the original, Mlle. Damita—if that isn't original, we don't know what is!)

Back to Paris she came, to dance at the Theatre des Capucines. And here, one day, came the head of the Sascha company, to offer her the star rôle in a film. Still in her mid-teens, without screen experience, without dramatic stage experience—and offered the star part! What girl could refuse? So back to Vienna she went.

## Steps to Success in "Red Heels"

THE executive's associates protested. The thing was unheard of! But he was adamant, confident that the girl had the makings of a great star. "We will make one film," he said. "If it succeeds, well

and good; if it fails, I myself will underwrite the loss."

And so she made "The Plaything of Montmartre," released in England as "Red Heels." It was directed by Michael Kertesz, now in America, where he wisely spells his name Courtice. The picture had its good points and its bad—but concerning the overnight success of the star there could be no question.

She was signed to do four more pictures; then four more again.

And her fame began to go far and wide—and reached the ears of certain executives in New York, ever on the alert for new stars. One after another they visited her, in Paris, in Berlin, in London—wherever she happened to be at the moment. And one and all, they came away without her name on a contract. (You wanted something original? You have it—and how!)

They wanted long contracts—her own still had some time to run—and who knew what the future would bring! She liked Europe. There she would stay.

And on a day less than four years after that first offer in Vienna, Samuel Goldwyn came to Paris, determined to return to America with a contract bearing the magic signature.

Mr. Goldwyn (his luck is proverbial) arrived in Paris the very day that her German contract expired, and she was negotiating for another.

## No for an Answer

"WOULD you," he said, "like to come to America and star in Samuel Goldwyn productions?"

"No," she replied, thereby probably giving Mr. Goldwyn the shock of his career. "But why?"

She explained. She was satisfied where



she was; her position in Europe was assured; in America—who knew?

Then Mr. Goldwyn displayed that rare judgment that has been the secret of his success.

"Come to America for one picture," he proposed. "Then, if you are not happy, you can return to Europe. But if you like Hollywood, we can discuss further arrangements."

She capitulated—signed the contract—and thus it was, on a soft, gray day in May that we found ourselves riding across the lovely Brittany countryside with this same little girl—for there you have "the true and authentic" story of Lili Damita. Why seek further for originality, for the unusual, for the bizarre? You have it.

Cherbourg, Aboard the *Berengaria*.

P. S. While we were waiting in the customs room, Mlle. Damita's mother arrived, having just caught the second section of the train as it left the station—so all is again serene.

And Mlle. Damita, after reading over the foregoing, asks me to add that she is very, very happy to have Ronald Colman as her partner in her first American film.

Hardly had she given utterance to this opinion than she found herself involved in a struggle with Mr. Will Hays. The combat was of a floral nature, each seeking to outdo one another in a bouquet-casting contest. As for the outcome, that you must judge for yourself. We merely report the conversation round by round: Mr. Hays remarked to Mlle. Damita on the platform: "If you are as talented as you are beautiful, then America is very, very lucky." To which she gallantly replied: "Mr. Hays, the good fortune is all mine in traveling to America on the same boat with one of the great men in America."



Greta Granstedt, comparatively new to the screen, does her act as the younger Ford Sister in "Excess Baggage." William Haines is the star and James Cruze the director



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Which of the Pearl twins, Florence and Ethel, does George Bancroft have his eye on? There's a chance that George is using both eyes

## Better Than He Expected

(Continued from page 42)

wood, from the looks of the thing. Having been commended to him by mutual friends in England as one of the world's more convivial souls, I wondered what was behind this strange air of semi-boredom. He had been in Hollywood almost a month.

He made a supreme effort at an Impression of Our City. "To tell you the truth," he said, "I had been told so many queer things about Hollywood that on the whole I suppose you can put me down as pleasantly surprised. Before I left I made up my mind not to be astonished by anything, even if it was a naked black man walking down the boulevard with his body painted."

It occurred to me that Mr. Byron had better not get temperamental once too often in Sam Goldwyn's office or that is just the kind of thing he will see.

The almost complete uneventfulness of Walter Byron's first month in Hollywood is an illuminating commentary on motion picture "society."

One might, perhaps, have expected anybody coming to Hollywood under such conditions, let alone a charming fellow and good mixer like Byron, to be received with open arms and taken to the hearts of the movie crowd in an interminable series of parties. Colman and Banky had separated as a screen team, Sam Goldwyn had gone abroad in search of successors for them as leading woman and leading man, respectively. The news came that Walter Butler, one of the most prominent English screen juveniles, had been signed to play opposite Vilma Banky in "The Innocent," his name being changed by Goldwyn to the more "romantic" Byron.

### From Butler to Byron

THE manner of his signing was this: When Goldwyn was about to leave London, acknowledging his search a failure, he met Ronald Colman, who was also

in London at the time, and Ronald casually mentioned Butler as a possibility. Walter went to Goldwyn's suite at the Carlton Hotel and produced some photographs which did not impress Goldwyn. It was Mrs. Goldwyn, the former Frances Howard, who saw the possibilities in Walter, and Goldwyn was finally convinced by her and by Walter's brightness in having brought along a mustache in his pocket in order to show how he looked, both with it and without. Walter became Byron and was signed on a six-months' contract with options, at exactly the same salary he was then receiving in English pictures. He did not see Goldwyn again until he reached Hollywood. Colman he had only met once—for half an hour in a Piccadilly actors' club bar—just long enough for Ronald to carry away an impression of his screen qualities.

If Walter thought he was bound for an El Dorado when he left hurriedly for Hollywood, he was soon disillusioned. In New York he was told by the Goldwyn representatives that a lower had been reserved for him on the Los Angeles train. Walter, knowing nothing of American travel conditions, was informed that Ronald Colman always traveled in a lower and therefore felt assured that it must be all right. As soon as he got to Chicago, he cancelled his berth the rest of the way and took a compartment.

Arriving in Hollywood early in the morning, Walter was at Goldwyn's studio by eleven o'clock. Everything was very businesslike. Walter was launched immediately on a series of tests for acting, wardrobe and photographic points.

### If He Succeeds, They'll Like Him

HE took a room at the Hollywood Athletic Club, and, walking daily to and from the studio, spent the best part of a month in this way. There had been no

(Continued on page 117)



# She Knows Her Orchids

(Continued from page 67)

ing for a particularly exotic perfume bottle with a gold crown for a stopper. "But we were such babes-in-the-wood, we thought the thirty dollars we had saved would last forever. It lasted about as far as the State of Massachusetts, and one morning we woke up to find ourselves stranded. We were so broke we couldn't even spare the two cents to write a letter home." She interrupted with an impatient, "Oh, dear." It is so difficult to pack perfume bottles.

## Pie for Dinner—Pie for Breakfast

"THERE was a fellow who ran a lunch wagon who used to feed us because he felt sorry for us, I guess. The compulsory diet may have been great for our figures, but it was certainly hard on our stomach. We ate pie for breakfast, lunch and dinner. That was the lunch wagon specialty. Now and then he used to get big-hearted and scramble an egg for us," Jane laughed. "But that was only if he had done an exceptionally good day's business."

All one summer they stayed in the little Massachusetts town, starving but happy. Jane says she gets fan letters now and then from that town, telling her that somebody there thinks she is the most luxurious and elegant person on the screen. And five years ago they could

have done her a big favor by inviting her to a square meal! Life's funny.

When winter came on, things didn't go so well. Jane's chum got cold feet, literally, and deserted the other vagabond to return to the home fires. Jane's feet were equally cold, but her spirit was undaunted. She worked at odd jobs until she got enough money to push on to New York.

The original story of The Little Girl All Alone in the Big City had nothing on Jane for tough luck during that first year in New York. It is hard to realize that the beautifully marceled and manicured Jane used to cook her own breakfasts over a gas jet—when she was lucky enough to have anything to cook. She lived in a little back-room with a cement floor and wrote letters by candle-light at night because she didn't have enough money to buy an electric-light bulb. Her wardrobe consisted of one black dress that she washed with soap because she could not afford to have it cleaned. Heaven may protect the working girl, but Jane would like to know who looks after the gals out of work. Flabby-lipped gentlemen made unflattering proposals to her. Floor-walkers hinted that they could get jobs for her if she would care to have

(Continued on page 118)



There was a time when Jane Winton was so broke she couldn't afford an electric light bulb. Now picture-makers are going bankrupt in the attempt to buy enough globes to give her name proper publicity

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29-b







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CREATED FOR  
MARY PHILBIN  
UNIVERSAL STAR



Flora Bramley and her smile came over from London in time to get themselves chosen one of the 1928 Wampas babies

## In and Out of Focus

(Continued from page 39)

MAE MURRAY is again in court, this time sued by a masseuse who claims that the Murray figure was all due to her. And in support of her contention she exhibits a photograph of Mae inscribed across one corner with the masseuse's name and the lyric outburst, "Thank God for your divine hands."

IN court Mae testified that Jack Donovan cheated her on the furnishings of the house she bought from him. Nothing was as it should have been; even the washing-machine wouldn't work. "Not," said Mae hurriedly to the jury, "that I have ever tried to run a washing-machine myself, you understand." The court looked at her and nodded. Her reputation was saved.

TWO months ago Buster Collier was interviewed for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. He unwisely made this remark, "You find me the girl and I'll marry her." Naturally, that was just asking for trouble and Buster got it. He has been deluged with letters, telegrams and photographs of girls who would like to be found. We would suggest as the only solution for Buster's problem, a contest in which all the young ladies of the U. S. are invited to submit photographs and a re-

liable jury will pick one whom Buster will agree to marry.

WALTER BYRON, the new Sam Goldwyn leading man, relates this evidence of the British sense of propriety. He was wandering about the lot of the British International Films, the largest studio in England, with the publicity man of the organization. Presently they came upon a stage where Syd Chaplin was working.

"Oh, is that Syd Chaplin?" exclaimed Walter, "I've always wanted to meet him. Introduce me, won't you, old chap?"

The publicity man looked shocked. "I'd be awfully glad to do it, old thing," he explained, "but you see, I really can't. I haven't been introduced to him myself!"

UNITED ARTISTS has discovered a real Merton of the movies. A few days ago a prop man discovered a starved-looking boy eating a bunch of raw carrots used on a set. Questioning him, he found that for two weeks the boy had been living on the lot, sleeping first on one set then on another, eating whatever scraps of food he could find. In the daytime he worked with the engineers laying a pipe line across the lot, or in the dif-



ferent departments. Everyone saw him, but took it for granted someone else had hired him. The boy had walked to the shore from the interior of Alaska, stowed away on a boat and walked from San Francisco to Hollywood in order to get onto a movie lot, which he did by way of the back fence!

**THE** small daughter of Scoop Conlon, publicity writer, is something of a golf orphan. Her mother is always away at the links improving her stance or her stroke or something of the sort. The other day the little girl was interviewing her grandmother on the subject of her own arrival in the world.

"Who was the first one to see me when I was born?" she demanded.

"I think it must have been the Doctor," her grandmother replied, "and after that your father and I saw you."

The little girl looked exasperated. "Don't tell me my mother was off playing golf *that* day, *too*," she exclaimed bitterly.

**SID GRAUMAN** does know the value of showmanship, and everything is grist that comes to his mill. The other night he arranged for his nightwatchman to be married on the stage, with the Fanchon and March girls holding the bride's train! At the conclusion of the ceremony the bride went down to the footlights and threw her bouquet into the audience while everyone gave her a big hand. Whether the marriage is repeated twice nightly and three times on Sundays and holidays isn't stated.

"**NOW** is the time for all good men to come to our aid with a party," is the Hollywood extra girl's version.

**PAUL RALLI**, the handsome young Greek who has been knocking at the gates of Hollywood for the last



Arthur Stone has moments of repose, and when the day's work is over he likes to dress *à la country club* and be comfortable

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It's obvious that Ethlyne Clair has gone Western. But if she doesn't watch what she's about with that firecracker, she's likely to go west into the bargain

ten months, was telling me about his first real part. "It's really a very good part," he explained eagerly, "you might say that I am practically the star of the picture."

"Good!" said we, "and who's your leading lady?"

"Oh," said Paul, earnestly. "She's Marion Davies!"

**LEW CODY** and **Ralph Spence**, title writer for Metro-Goldwyn, had an argument the other night about which one could make the best sodas. Both had worked behind the fountain counter in drug stores in their youth. Lew's father was a druggist in backwoods Maine, by the way. To settle the discussion, they agreed to spend the noon hours behind the soda fountain in a big downtown drug store and let the public decide. It was accordingly advertised in the papers and the streets of downtown Los Angeles became impassable at ten o'clock in the morning. The result was expressed thus poetically in an evening paper.

"Can Ralph Spence dispense sody? Not like Lew Cody."

**LILI DAMITA** is the latest Sam Goldwyn import. We hear she is a Paris blonde, whatever that is. Meanwhile Camilla Horn has departed Europeward. It seems she left a very new husband in Berlin when she came to play John Barrymore's leading woman.

**RICHARD DIX** and his double both lay at the point of death at the same time this last month, and from

a similar cause. Richard suffered a relapse after an operation for appendicitis. His double was ill with an infection following an operation. The double died. Richard is getting better.

**WE** met **Bull Montana** socially for the first time the other evening at a party. We were just coming, he was just leaving. "Aren't you going to stay for supper?" we asked. Bull made a deep bow, "Lady," said he, in his most elegant manner, "I have already et." The Bull recently went into court to ask protection from Mrs. Montana, a small lady who, nevertheless—according to Bull—swings a mean slipper.

**EVEN** the studios have pet names now. Call up **Tiffany-Stahl** any day and you will hear the telephone girl's dulcet tones reply, "This is **Tiffy!**"

**EMIL JANNINGS** and **Florence Vidor** struck up a delightful friendship when they played together in "High Treason." He called her, always, "My good Florence." In one of their scenes Jannings, as the mad emperor, unshaven, dirty, with tousled hair and greasy clothes, was supposed to make love to the lovely patrician of his court. To the amazement of Lubitsch, his star appeared on the set freshly shaved, in a new uniform. "But, Ernst," said Jannings firmly when the director expostulated, "I cannot make love to my good Flor-



ence looking like that!" It was only when Florence herself intervened and assured Emil that she would not hold his disheveled appearance against him, but would understand that it was all for Art.

**T**HERE is generosity in high places, as George Bancroft proves. "Are you going to have Evelyn Brent as leading lady in your next picture?" someone asked him the other day. "No," said George, "she's been my leading lady twice. Now I'm going to give some other girl her chance!"

**T**HE best caption of the month goes to the "Jazz Singer." "God Made Her a Woman," it reads, "But Love Made Her a Mother."

**"M**Y idea of being rich," said Dorothy Reid to me the other day, "is to be able to afford a nervous breakdown!"

**F**RANK CURRIER, famous character actor, died this last month. He had been under contract to Metro pictures, and afterward to Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer for many years and was regarded as the dean of the screen. He is said to have discovered Julia Marlowe when he was a young actor on Broadway.

**"C**YNICS," says Joe Farnum, title writer at Metro, "say that a man looks twice only at one-third of the women he sees, the lower third."

**A**ND now Estelle and Jack are going to be Belasco stars and play on Broadway. Their play has been tentatively titled "The Big Fight" and in it Jack will play a prize-fighter, a rôle that ought to be easy for him because Mr. Dempsey, as old timers may remember, was once quite prominent in the ring.



Sally Blane is beckoning to you to come and look at the outfit she wears in "The Vanishing Pioneer." The fitting background is Utah's "Dixieland," where she is on location

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The easel is made of a special compressed board and is finished in a very pretty shade of silver gray; it is 14 inches high and 9¾ inches wide; standing on your dressing table, it will add to the charm of your room.

The picture of your favorite in the art easel will be mailed to you securely packed so as to reach you promptly in good condition.

## ACTRESSES

Adoree, Renee  
Astor, Mary

Banky, Vilma  
Basquette, Lina  
Beebe, Marjorie  
Bellamy, Madge  
Borden, Olive  
Bow, Clara  
Brent, Evelyn  
Brian, Mary  
Bronson, Betty  
Brooks, Louise

Carol, Sue  
Carroll, Nancy  
Collyer, June  
Claire, Ethejyne  
Corda, Maria  
Costello, Dolores

Daniels, Bebe  
Davies, Marion  
Dana, Viola  
Day, Alice  
Day, Marceline  
Del Rio, Dolores  
Dove, Billie

Garbo, Greta  
Gaynor, Janet  
Gish, Dorothy  
Gish, Lillian  
Griffith, Corinne

Joy, Leatrice

Haver, Phyllis

Kent, Barbara  
Kenyon, Doris

La Plante, Laura  
Logan, Jacqueline

Mackaill, Dorothy  
Marchal, Arlette  
McAvoy, May  
Moore, Colleen  
Moran, Lois  
Negri, Pola  
Nissen, Greta

O'Day, Molly  
O'Neil, Sally

Pickford, Mary  
Philbin, Mary

Ralston, Esther  
Ray, Allene  
Reynolds, Vera

Sebastian, Dorothy  
Starke, Pauline  
Shearer, Norma  
Southern, Eve  
Swanson, Gloria

Talmadge, Constance  
Talmadge, Norma  
Taylor, Ruth  
Terry, Alice

Valli, Virginia  
Velez, Lupe  
Vidor, Florence

White, Alice  
Windsor, Claire  
Wray, Fay

## ACTORS

Acord, Art  
Alvarado, Don  
Allen, Hugh  
Asther, Nils

Barrymore, John

Barthelmess, Richard  
Boyd, William  
Brook, Clive  
Brown, Johnny Mack

Carewe, Arthur Edmund  
Chaney, Lon  
Chaplin, Charles  
Cody, Lew  
Colman, Ronald  
Collier, William, Jr.  
Coogan, Jackie  
Cooper, Gary  
Cortez, Ricardo  
Chandler, Lane

De Lacey, Philippe  
Delaney, Charles  
D'Arcy, Roy  
Denny, Reginald  
Dix, Richard

Fairbanks, Douglas  
Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.  
Farrell, Charles  
Ford, Harrison  
Forbes, Ralph

Gibson, Hoot  
Gilbert, John  
Gray, Lawrence

Haines, William  
Hall, James  
Hamilton, Neil  
Hanson, Lars  
Harlan, Kenneth  
Holt, Jack  
Hoxie, Jack  
Hughes, Lloyd

Jones, Buck

Keane, Raymond  
Keith, Donald

Kerry, Norman  
Kent, Larry

Landis, Cullen  
La Rocque, Rod  
Lease, Rex  
Lewis, George  
Lyon, Ben

McLaglen, Victor  
Meighan, Thomas  
Menjou, Adolphe  
Maynard, Ken  
Miller, Walter  
Mix, Tom  
Mix, Tom, and his  
horse Tony  
Moreno, Antonio  
Mulhall, Jack

Nagel, Conrad  
Norton, Barry  
Novarro, Ramon

O'Brien, George

Petrovich, Ivan  
Pidgeon, Walter

Reed, Donald  
Rogers, Charles  
Roland, Gilbert

Steele, Bob  
Stone, Lewis  
Stuart, Nick  
Striker, Joseph  
Sills, Milton

Thomson, Fred  
Tyler, Tom  
Tearle, Conway

Valentino, Rudolph  
Varconi, Victor

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Willy and Gussie Petersen-Fagerstam have, in addition to their other achievements in the motion picture life, left their Denmark upon the landscape surrounding Hollywood. They have, virtually with their own hands, built a house taken so literally from the Scandinavian style as to give the impression that it had been moved bodily from Copenhagen. As for their automobile, they have one. They were not asked what make of car it was; it was taken for granted that it would be a Fjord

## The Crown Jewels of Hollywood

(Continued from page 41)

In the smarter set, they change the jewelry with the seasons, as in America. And Paris is supposed to set the styles. It is not so. Hollywood is where jewelry styles are made and then Paris takes the credit."

It was Willy who originated the slave bracelet for anklets.

### He Invented Slave Anklets

**B**EBE DANIELS was the first girl in motion picture circles to wear one. Did it make Willy rich and famous? Is his name whispered in awed tones at missionary meetings and the League of Nations? It is not. He didn't patent the idea. And if all the slave anklets worn were placed end to end, they would cause several divorce suits.

The diamond-encrusted finger-watch. That, too, is a Petersen creation, for which no glory is shed on Willy.

Despite these apparent financial cataclysms, Willy is doing well for himself and Gussie. He is soon to build a business block in North Hollywood. He and Gussie are working, bit by bit, on their own residence in the center of the once-barren little two-acre plot that they bought on the instalment plan when they arrived in the West five years ago, practically broke. They had walked from New York to Chicago, where Gussie persuaded Willy, because of ill-health, to ride to the Coast. She would walk. She did, and it took her nine weeks to do it.

"I used to do this kind of work when I was a boy," unfolding a paper of tiny oval miniatures that he had imported for period jewelry. "But my eyes can't stand it any more, working twelve and fourteen hours as I do when a studio gives a rush order." He looked regretfully at the delicate pastels of a tiny porcelain lady.

### Hand-Carved Happiness

**T**HERE is time, however, to build a six-room house, room by room, and carve a heavy dining-room table, with bench to match; to paint a landscape for the living-room; to design a fireplace of brick and masonry; and form a cement pool for a little spring that runs into the living-room to the left of the fireplace. Gussie and Willy have been working on this house for eight months.

### Rubies While You Wait

**W**ILLY is thirty-one. Four years ago a Paramount technical director, in a frenzy to have some crown jewels duplicated for a film, discovered Willy at work in a Hollywood Boulevard shop. From the time he delivered the finished work, carefully, painstakingly, artfully done, his success was assured.

There have been imitators. But they do not last long.

"They go to the ten-cent stores," says Willy, "and buy a handful of buckles, string them together with solder and tell the producers that it is genuine *Renaissance*. 'It is good enough for the movies,' they tell each other. And that is where they make their mistake."

This is because, while the materials which go to make the jewels of the House of Petersen-Fagerstam are of no particular value, the material which goes into their design is, for that is Willy's art. One may buy a sheet of paper and a stick of charcoal for a very few cents indeed. But not over the counter at the five-and-ten can one buy such a drawing as an artist of merit can make with them.

**S**OME day Willy is going to have to pay super-tax. And that will be chiefly because he knows his carats.



## The Answer Man

(Continued from page 100)

Farrell was born in East Walpole, Mass., twenty-three years ago, six feet tall, brown hair and blue eyes. He's still single. Janet Gaynor has been playing in pictures about two and a half years. Her latest picture is "The 4 Devils." Ramon Novarro's real name is Samaniegos.

**JUST EVELYN**—Billie Dove was born May 14, 1903, and is married to Irvin Willat. Her latest picture is "The Yellow Lily." Ramon Novarro, born Feb. 6, 1899; Larry Kent, Sept. 15, 1900, is single, and you can reach him at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. A galleass is a large armed galley, with three masts and fifteen oars or more on each side, used formerly on the Mediterranean.

**MOLLY G.**—Gosh! Oh, Golly. How's Palmyra? The picture you are referring to, starring Billie Dove and Gilbert Roland, was released as "The Love Mart." Lois Moran and Gwen Lee were the girls in "Sharp Shooters." Olive Borden is not married. Write Charles Farrell at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. David and Ernest Torrence are brothers. Yes, I know how high is up.

**KAY**—A gambeson is an old-time defensive coat of leather or cloth stuffed and quilted. You can write "Our Gang" at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal. Ruth Taylor was born in Grand Rapids, Mich. Her latest picture is "Just Married." Gilbert Roland is twenty-four years old, Buddy Rogers, Aug. 3, 1904. They're both single.

**A HAINES FAN.**—William Haines was born in Staunton, Va., January 1, 1901. Yep, he is a bachelor. His latest picture is "Excess Baggage." Write Bill at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Marian Nixon was born in Superior, Wis. That's her real name and she is not married. A samisen is a Japanese guitar-like instrument with three strings, played with a plectrum. Don't you wish you could play one?

**HELEN**—No, I've never had the pleasure of meeting Olive Borden. But I have met John Gilbert, and he is just as nice off the screen as on. Conrad Nagel attended Highland Park College of Des Moines, Ind. Gerald Fielding was *Batouche* in "The Garden of Allah." Lois Moran, Victor McLaglen, Nick Stuart have the leads in "The River Pirate." Betty Bronson's adopted sister has changed her name to Eleanor Ames and is playing an extra in "The Battle of the Sexes."

**B. V. W. G.**—Mary Astor and Gertrude Astor are not related. Mary's real name is Lucille Langhanke, Gertrude's is Eyster. Write Bob Custer at FBO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal. Fred Thomson was born in Montreal, Can., and he weighs 165 pounds. Ruth and Estelle are not sisters. Charles Rogers weighs 165 pounds. Harry Langdon is five feet six and weighs 150 pounds. Write Harry at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**EVE**—Richard Talmadge is not playing in any picture at this writing. His real name is Metzetti. Barry Norton is not married. Vilma Banky was born Jan. 9, 1902, and her latest picture is "The Awakening." Ricardo Cortez was born September 19, 1889; you can reach him at Columbia Studios, 1408 Gower St., Holly-

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They say that Ruby McCoy is the prettiest red-haired girl in Southern California, but we ask you confidentially are you looking at her hair?

wood, Cal. Why do they call it leap year? You've got to keep on the jump. Betty Blythe is playing in "War in the Dark."

TOWN OF ARDMORE. — George O'Brien was born in California twenty-eight years ago. He is five feet eleven and weighs 176 pounds, light hair, and your letter will reach him at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Jane and Katharine Lee are appearing in vaudeville. They haven't done anything in pictures for a number of years. George Jessel is playing in "Ghetto." Write him at Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

MARY ANN—Clara Bow was born in South Brooklyn. Write her at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Molly O'Day has dark brown hair and dark hazel eyes. Her real name is Sue Noonan and you can reach her at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Dorothy Sebastian was born in Birmingham, Ala. She's five feet three and weighs 115 pounds; dark brown hair and hazel eyes. Latest picture is "Detectives."

FREDDIE AND NORMAN.—You will have to send me your full names for a personal reply, the mailmen wouldn't know who Freddie and Norman were. Mary Astor was born in Quincy, Ill., and is married to Kenneth Hawks. Fred Thomson was born in Canada. The Farnums are not playing in pictures. What size shoes do I wear? Why, there are only two sizes, one I can get my feet into, and one I can't.

BUDDY'S ADMIRER.—And still they come. Buddy was born Aug. 3, 1904; has black hair and eyes. Ramon Novarro was born Feb. 6, 1899, has black hair and eyes. Richard Barthelmess, May 6, 1895; brown hair and eyes. Charles Ray, March 15, 1891; six feet tall, weighs 166 pounds, brown hair and eyes. Write Lillian Rich at Excellent Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. Raymond McKee is playing in "Heart to Heart," starring Mary Astor.

RANDOLPH E. B.—Allene Ray can be reached at the Pathé Studios, 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Walter Miller was born in 1892. Ben Lyon, February 6, 1901. William Collier, Jr., is playing in "Tide of Empire." Address your letter to him at the Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Mary Brian is playing in "The Perfumed Trap." Richard Arlen, "Ladies of the Mob." Francis X. Bushman, Jr., and his sister Lenore are playing in vaudeville.

CURIOUS.—"The Noose," starring Richard Barthelmess, was written by H. H. Van Loan and Willard Mack. Madge Evans played opposite Richard in "Classmates." Lloyd Hughes in "Three-Ring Marriage." Richard Barthelmess was married to Jessica Sargent a short time ago. Nigel de Brulier was *Simonides* in "Ben-Hur." Write Richard at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Leatrice Joy at DeMille Studios, Culver City, Cal. What are the speed laws in Mexico? Oh, about thirty revolutions per minute. Drop in again.





How would you like to have a playmate like Tim McCoy's? It's Wallaby, the kangaroo that played with him in "The Bushranger"

**BLONDY.**—Cheer up, with vacations and this lovely weather, how could you be blue. Richard Arlen is twenty-nine years old and married to Jobyna Ralston. Johnny Mack Brown is twenty-four, is married, but I don't know her name; but, however, you can write Johnny at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**JEANETTE.**—Claire Windsor was born April 4, 1897, and you can write her at Columbia Studios, 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Jack Holt at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Lupe Velez, Joseph Schildkraut and William Boyd at De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Madeline Hurlock at Mack Sennett Studios, 1712 Glendale Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Clive Brook is married and has two children. Mary Carr is playing in "Love Over Night," starring Rod La Rocque. Louise Dresser in "Mother Knows Best." Write her at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

**RUSSEL, D. W.**—Ben Turpin was born September 19, 1874, and is married to Babette Elizabeth Dietz. Betty Bronson is single. Allene Ray's latest picture is "The Yellow Cameo," a serial. Cyclone, the dog, and Edward Hearne play opposite.

**SELMA, ALA.**—You neglected to give me your name, so I'm answering you through the column. Write Doris Dowson at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Virginia Lee Corbin is playing in vaudeville. Mary Brian was born Feb. 17, 1908, and her real name is Louise Dantzler. Francis McDonald, Harry T. Morey and William Powell are playing in "The Perfumed Trap." Write them at Para-

mount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Clara Bow is playing in "The Fleet's In."

**JUST PLAIN CLARICE.**—Look out, your sweetie might be jealous if he knew you were going to write William Collier, Jr., at the Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Send me your name and address and I'll send you a complete list of the pictures I can supply. Esther Ralston is married to George Webb. Laura La Plante's real name is just that. She has a sister, Violet, who also plays in pictures. William Boyd is married to Elinor Faire.

**A PHILLY FAN**—That's a great town. Gary Cooper was born May 7, 1901. He's single and his latest picture is "The First Kiss." Richard Arlen was born in Virginia twenty-nine years ago. Yep! he is married to Jobyna Ralston. You can reach Ruth Taylor and Gary at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Nils Asther at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Ronald Colman is playing in "The Rescue" and Lili Damita is his new leading lady. Vilma Banky in "The Awakening." Greta Garbo was born in Sweden, twenty-five years ago.

**ETHEL**—You refer to Jack Egan, who played opposite Alice White in "The Big Noise." Sue Carol is playing in "The Air Circus." David Rollins and Arthur Lake play opposite her. Write Dorothy Revier at the Columbia Studios, 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Tom Mix and Tony at FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

(Continued on page 120)



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To be always "at one's best"! . . . whatever else that may require of the modern woman, it obviously does require complete freedom from that unforgivable social error, *perspiration odor*.

"Mum" is the *true* deodorant cream that gently but surely neutralizes all perspiration odor, and keeps one sweet and fresh for all day and evening.

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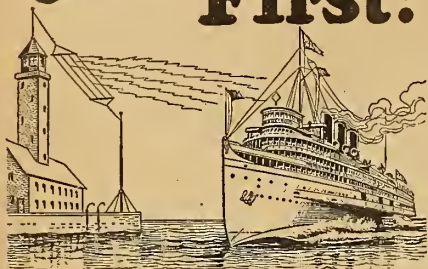
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Fast freight service on all divisions at low rates.



A star of the noisy, very noisy drama poses with a celebrity of a quieter form of entertainment: Beniamino Gigli, of the Metropolitan Opera, taken—we should say extremely taken—with Norma Talmadge

## Souls in Plaster

(Continued from page 34)

rapher; odd, almost grotesque, studies with her curls pinned up and every young hollow and sharp angle unretouched. Fay came back from the studios shaking her head. "They don't want me like that, Bill," she said, "they want me pretty."

Mortensen went to the most famous photographer of the day, and made a bargain. He was to photograph Fay, curls, curves, complete, and in return Fay's guardian would paint his studio. The pretty pictures were made. But they were not, after all, to be the ones destined to win her her big chance at last.

One day Von Stroheim was rummaging in the files, at Universal, and found the studies Mortensen had made. He asked the name of the big-eyed, sharp-boned child. "Nobody important," they told him. "She may be nobody now," said Von, "but some day she is going to be my leading woman!" And when he came to make "The Wedding March," he remembered, and sent for Fay Wray.

## Tears of Paint

FORTUNE has not come so swiftly to William Mortensen, but that does not worry him. What would an artist do with a fortune anyway? He has had the happiness of seeing his dreams become—not flesh but tinted plaster. They were hanging in rows on the wall of his studio when

I talked with him the other day. Masks! Sphinx-like woman-faces, with haughty nostrils and carven lips, masks that scowled and writhed with obscene laughter, masks that leered like satyrs and masks that wept painted tears.

The light in the bare room was blank and cheerless. A long-haired kitten played with her distorted shadow on the wall. The thin young man with the Basque cap took down one of the masks from above the workbench:

"See, when you put them on—they come alive."

Lon Chaney's most ambitious make-ups never produced such an effect of horror as that degenerate face with blood drooling from one corner of the gaping mouth, immobile above the capering body. On the wall it had been just a mask, now it was endowed with dreadful life, the life, not of a human being, but of debased humanity. As the head turned, the changing angles, and shift of shadows were like expressions.

Another, a great, simpering vacuous moon face of all the silly coquettes of the world, smirking incongruously above his white sport shirt.

William Mortensen, one-time Paris art student, formerly schoolmaster in the Salt Lake City high school, and now maker of masks for the movies, hung the smirking lady back on her nail. "You see," he repeated, "they come alive. They are begin-



ning to use them in the pictures to do things that human faces can't. They will use them more and more."

For four years Mortensen has been making faces for the studios. Most of them have never been seen. There was Ferdinand Pinney Earle's ill-fated "Rubaiyat," for which he created grotesque masks with mobile mouths that mumbled and eyeballs that rolled. The picture was shelved on account of a lawsuit. Then came "The Ten Commandments." Mortensen designed a series of Egyptian false-faces to be worn by the high priests in the temple, and added horror to the Exodus by having the priests join the rout still wearing the masks which they had forgotten to lay aside.

But when the scene was pre-viewed, it was decided that the rams' horns and vultures' beaks fleeing in the chariots might cause laughter in the audience, and spoil the dramatic tensy of the scene, so they were cut out. "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" changed movie extras to shapes of doom by means of hideous masks. Then Fox made a picture with a symbolical sequence, showing the Seven Deadly Sins, with masks that represented Pride and Lust and Gluttony and the rest of the seven.

### The Phantom's Death's-Head

LON CHANEY has used Mortensen masks in almost all of his pictures. In "The Phantom of the Opera" it was a death's-head, worn by the Phantom at the fancy dress ball, so hideous that it sent a chill not only over the shrinking throngs of extras, but over audiences as well.

Quite recently two pictures have used these masks. In "The Racket" Marie Prevost and Lucien Prival wear grotesque faces for a dance. In "Name the Woman" Anita Stewart hides behind a strange white face with downcast eyes and subtle smile. But it is another use for his masks that William Mortensen visions in the pictures of the future—that of firing the imagination of the audience so that they will invest the scene with their own fancies and ideas.

"They will be used to express states of mind, conditions of the soul," he says. "Do you see what I mean? Theodore Kosloff lent me a book of Russian folk tales not long ago. In one of them there is a baker, a gross, stupid creature who all day kneads his bread. But at night he pants upstairs to his attic and plays on his violin, a cheap violin, bad music, but beautiful to him. Can't you see how masks would help to picture such a story? You would have him wear one, immense pendulous cheeks, silly vacant grin, before the world, but alone, playing his music, the mask would fall to show the soul beneath. Or it might be a Christ-like character who saw what other people did not see, instead of the faces, the spirits of those about him.

### Imagination, the Great Artist

"I THINK that—slowly—the producers are beginning to realize that suggestion is better than completion. People's imagination can build better scenes than any stage carpenter, and can complete any gesture that is begun better than an actor can. Masks challenge the imagination. They give the audience a part in the picture."

Glancing back as I leave the studio, I see the masks staring fixedly from the wall and shiver a trifle, remembering how they "come alive" when Mortensen puts them on. The faces on Hollywood Boulevard look suddenly masklike; that star's set smile concealing the dread of losing her glory, this star's haughty disdain hiding the fear of growing old.

Gazing at those grotesque sculptures in plaster, extreme in configuration as they are, somehow reveals the thought that lies behind so many eyes that look out upon life in this city of gold and celluloid. Eyes that see visions of sudden and towering grandeur, eyes that try not to see its crumbling and collapse. Eyes silly with hopes built only upon a petty personal conceit, eyes soon to widen in fear as the merciless measure of appraisal is laid next to what is behind them. The eyes of the world, seeing in it chiefly themselves, and never truly.



This may remind you a bit of *Bluebeard's* private sample room. There, among his souvenirs, he kept remnants of the ladies who had lost their heads for love of him. As a matter of fact, the glimpse is merely one of William Mortensen's studio, and the quite unterrified lady in the picture is Fay Wray



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### for a LOVELY SKIN

If you could bathe every day in rain-water, you would see some astonishing changes in your skin. It would grow steadily smoother and softer and clearer. For rain-water is the softest water known—and the kindest to your skin. But it is difficult to get rain-water. So women are using Bathasweet.

Bathasweet softens ordinary water and gives it the same wonderful qualities that rain-water has. It soothes and relaxes the skin. It gets into every tiny recess of the pores, and dissolves away the dirt. Your skin glows with new vitality. It becomes more beautiful.

### LUXURY, TOO

Besides, there's such a comfortable, luxurious sensation in lying blissfully relaxed in the perfumed waters of the Bathasweet Bath with the fragrance of a flower garden all about you!

### ALL-DAY LOVELINESS

And then, as you step from your Bathasweet tub, your skin will have the almost scentless fragrance of perfect cleanliness. And because this cleanliness extends deep down in the pores, its wholesomeness lingers all day long.

BATHASWEET costs only 25c, 50c, \$1.00 and \$1.50 at drug and department stores.

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*The smart woman  
achieves lovely lips*

She runs a little stick of orange magic firmly over her lips. Gradually, they begin to glow—not with the orange color of the lipstick, but blush-rose, Nature's own youthful bloom!

Once more she applies the lipstick . . . the color deepens, becomes richer, astonishingly lovely! No trace of grease or pigment, no unnatural coating. Nothing except a lovely glow, so natural it seems a part of her own lips . . . and, indeed, it is—for it is as permanent as the day is long.

On sale everywhere. Look for the name TANGEE on carton and case.

PRICES—Tangee Lipstick \$1, Tangee Rouge Compact 75c, Tangee Creme Rouge \$1 (and for complete beauty treatment: Tangee Day Cream, Tangee Night Cream and Tangee Face Powder, \$1 each). 25c higher in Canada.



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Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-up." Address Dept. M.P.4 The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Name . . . . .  
Address . . . . .



Taking it easy and smiling, that's what Maria Alba is doing. She can well afford to do it now that she is playing leading rôles for Fox

## Bitter Bills to Swallow

(Continued from page 71)

friend remembered the episode of the Wanger epistle and suggested they pay a call. Just for the hell of it.

They strolled into the outer offices of Paramount. A mild-appearing gentleman with nose-glasses bumped into them. He asked them their business. Jim said he had a letter or something for Mr. Wanger. The M.-A. gentleman invited them into his sanctum. He cast one more glance at the nonchalant Jim. He said, "How would you like a contract for five years at umpty-teen a week? Please sign here, on the dotted line." He was Jesse Lasky.

### No Foolin'

AND if you don't believe that these things ever happen, if you are about to get snooty and infer that I am inventing this yarn in order to fill space, I can only regret that you were not with us yesterday. And by us I mean James Hall and myself, seated, as we were, in lounging chairs in the Western Offices of the Magazines, discussing life and love and extra girls. For he told me this and I got him right and no foolin'.

Well, Jim said to Mr. Lasky that he didn't care if he did and he rolled up his sleeves and signed the contract then and there and then Jesse Lasky presented him with a \$1,500 cash bonus, and Jim and his pal continued their stroll.

A year ago when, according to Paramount tradition, Mr. Lasky was presenting prizes and verbal encomiums to the ten best players of the year, Jim drew a gold thingumbob. He also drew from Mr. Lasky the comment that he was the first player ever signed by Paramount without a screen test as a preliminary. Which ought to establish the Hall profile as among the best sellers. Or what have you.

So much for that.

James left New York and footlights and first love and came to Hollywood. He came believing that all is gold that glitters. Even when a bit tarnished.

It looked so beautiful. Everything was so awfully jake. The streets were teeming with beautiful girls. You couldn't even get a wienie at the hands of anyone less than Helen of Troy or Peg H. Joyce. If you had to die, you died under a Rolls-Royce. Or of dyspepsia, eating truffles and partridge with the Tony Morenos. If you had anything to worry about, it was what to do with the money shower-bathed over you. Work couldn't kill you because all you had to do was ogle some siren. Everyone was your friend. Everyone wished you well. Rooted for you. Gee, it was great!

The streets were teeming with beautiful girls. Right. But the girls were not the good ole kids of Broadway. Back on Broadway the girls were pals. If a fellow was down on his luck and could only purchase a ham sandwich and a trolley ride, the girls stepped right along. They'd even buy the ham sandwiches themselves if the season for pocketbooks ran that way. If they liked a fellow, well, say! But not in Hollywood. In Hollywood they say "who do you know? Can you introduce me to Cecil de Mille? Have you a part for me in your next picture? Can you put me next to a screen test?" In Hollywood it's not what you are, it's *what can you do for me?*

Jim found that out.

### Mushroom Families

YOU got your money all right. Lots more than you'd ever dreamed of getting. But you weren't the only one to get it. For lo, a family grew up where no family had ever been before! Strange-appearing males and females came pussy-footing up, sobbing affectionately, "Jim, Jim, don't you remember Uncle Tobias and dear old Aunt Mame? Why, J-i-m!" The town was suddenly overflowing with indigent actors. Jim said to me, "I never saw so many starving actors in my life. Great huskies who should have been shouldering

(Continued on page 119)



## Better Than He Expected

(Continued from page 104)

bouquets and cheers, no mayor to read an address of welcome at the station; and there were no bouquets or cheers from Hollywood movie society. The old watchful waiting policy was adhered to.

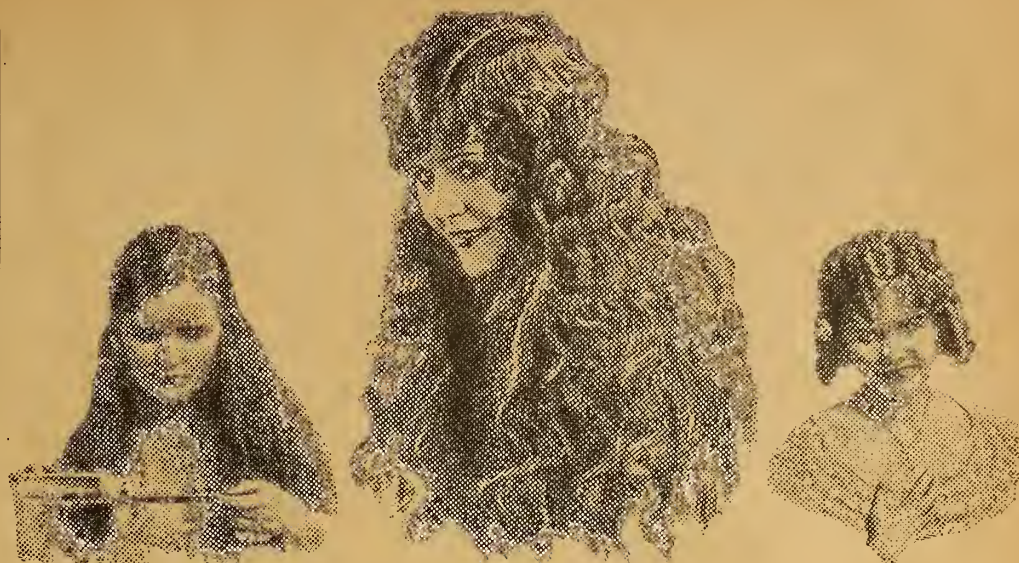
Vilma Banky was politely cordial, but did not attempt conversation with her new leading man off the set. Sam Goldwyn did not unbend from the social point of view, and cautiously invited Walter to nothing more committing than a drink in the office. Ronald Colman passed once or twice with a pleasant nod. None of the United Artists stars and directors working in the same studio were introduced to Walter or attempted to introduce themselves. There were no invitations to parties. The only people in the studio who took any interest in the young Englishman were the cameraman, George Barnes, who is not society, and the script girl, who liked Walter because he could speak to her in French, her native language. A kind-hearted but busy journalist, Margaret Chute, introduced Walter to some of the Englishmen in Hollywood and to Louis Wolheim.

That is what it is like to come to Hollywood as the Great New Discovery and the new Ronald Colman. It's never the way you'd think it would be—unless the contract calls for such a big salary that society can feel certain its holder is going to be a success.

Walter Byron is an Englishman of the most charming sort—and they can be charming. He has the good breeding and reserve of Ronald Colman, but he can be more vivacious and unbending. He has fair hair, blue eyes and freckles. His remarkable success in English pictures, in which he has been for some time one of the most sought-after young juvenile leads, points to an equal or greater vogue in the California brand of movie. As soon as his vogue begins over here, watch Hollywood society take him up.



Walter Byron isn't much for blowing his own horn. But he wishes California motorists would blow theirs. Lindbergh's flight, he says, was child's-play compared to crossing Hollywood Boulevard on foot



## Marvelous New Discovery Makes Hair Beautifully Wavy

The Spanish Beggar's  
Priceless Gift

A story by Winifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school Charity Winthrop and I were called the tousled-hair twins. Our hair simply wouldn't behave.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. I was ashamed of my hair.

Horribly self-conscious, I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me, and I felt that they were all laughing—or worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop, who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."

### Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed.

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodby and pressed a gold coin in his palm.

"*'Hija mia,'* he said. 'You have been very kind to an old man. *Digelo* (tell me) *senorita*, what it is your heart most desires.

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly.'

"*'Oigame, Senorita,'* he said—'Many years ago a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizados* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of *pesos* to the man who would fulfil her wish. The prize fell to Pedro the *droguero*. He brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him; go to him and tell your wish."

"I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard met me. I stammered out my explanation. When I finished, he vanished into his store, returned and handed me a bottle.

"Terribly excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In a short time, the transformation which you have noted had taken place.

"Come, Winifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

When I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy.

The next morning when I awoke I hardly dared look in my mirror, fearing it had all been a dream. But it was gloriously true. My hair was beautifully curly.

### WAVE-MODELLER INCLUDED

And with this Spanish blessing you get a simple, easily manipulated Wave-Modeller which enables you to fix the size and line of the waves to your style and exact liking—finger waves or marcel—anyway you like it.

Made of handsome, durable material, the Wave Modeller alone is worth more than is asked for the combination.

### AMAZING TRIAL OFFER

Only one Order to a Family Now!

For a limited time ONLY, we are offering a full size bottle of "Wave-Sta" (Spanish Waving Fluid) and a set of our superb Wave Modellers at a price which covers merely the cost of compounding, making, advertising and selling, which we have figured down to \$2.30. (Please remember we cannot fill more than one order for each family at this price.) If you are not perfectly delighted with results after using "Wave-Sta" for 5 days, simply return the unused portion and your money will be refunded. Under the terms of special trial offer you need not send any money in advance. Simply sign and mail the coupon. Then when the postman brings this remarkable beauty aid, just pay him \$2.30, plus a few cents postage, and your hair worries are ended forever.

This offer may not be repeated. Remember, we take all the risk. If with "Wave-Sta" and the Wave Modellers you are not able to make your hair beautifully wavy, give it new life, new lustre, new silky sheen, all you have to do is notify us and your money will be returned in full. Have you ever heard of a hairer offer?



Wavy Bob

### CENTURY CHEMISTS

7 W. Austin Ave.

Chicago, Ill.

Send no money—simply sign and mail the coupon

### CENTURY CHEMISTS

7 W. Austin Ave.  
Chicago, Ill.

M. P. 31

Gentlemen: Please send me, in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full sized bottle of "Wave-Sta" (Spanish Waving Fluid). And a set of new Wave Modellers. I will pay postman the special trial price of \$2.30, plus few cents' postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a 5-day trial, I am not perfectly delighted with the magic waving liquid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle and Wave Modellers and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name.....

Address.....

NOTE: If you are apt to be out when the postman calls, you may enclose \$2.40 and "Wave-Sta" will be sent to you postpaid.



# Reduce

## Where You Want to Reduce

Discovery of infiltrating oxygen reducing cream—quickly and safely banishes double chins, and slenderizes big hips, fat waists, legs and arms

No Medicines—No Starvation Diet—No Dangerous Exercise

ANY woman or man who wants to take off fat on any part of the body can now do so quickly and safely. There is no question about this. It is a proved fact.

The discovery of oxygen reducing cream was purely accidental. A great New York doctor asked three of the ablest Colloidal Chemists in New York to try to find a remedy for chronic skin troubles. (Colloidal chemistry is one of the latest developments in chemical science.) These Colloidal Chemists prepared an infiltrating cream which would liberate oxygen when absorbed through the skin. They discovered that whenever the part to be treated was fat, this excess weight quickly disappeared. Reducing tests were then made on fat people with amazing results. One woman reduced her neck one inch in a few treatments; another two inches.

Still another took off twenty-nine pounds in six weeks. Equally successful results were had in reducing fat waists, arms, legs, and big hips. So safe is Viaderma, as it is called, that it has the approval of chemists and physicians who oppose all other methods of quick fat reduction.

Viaderma is a golden brown cream, which is rubbed rapidly on the skin. You see the cream disappear at once, leaving a clean white foam on the skin surface. The penetrating cream carries oxygen to the fatty tissues and in a few days' time, this oxygen gradually melts away the excess fat. You get definite results from a single jar which contains an 18 days' supply. Get full information at once.

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Learn how you can Reduce where you want to Reduce.

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27 West 20th St., New York City  
Without obligation, please send me complete information about Viaderma, oxygen reducing cream.

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Address.....  
City.....State.....



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## Now You Can Have A New Skin—3 Days Blemishes Vanish!



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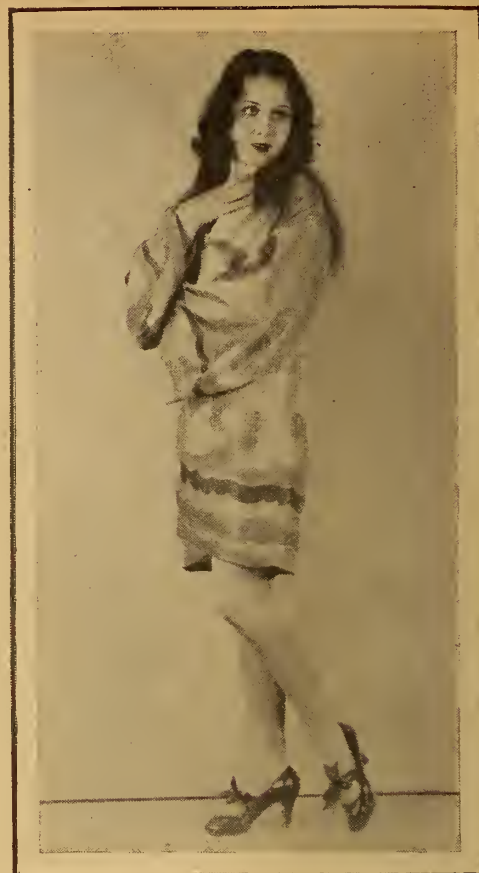
—and, learn that what was considered impossible before—the banishing of pimples, blackheads, freckles, large pores, tan, oily skin, wrinkles and other defects—can now be done by any person at home in 3 days' time, harmlessly and economically.

It is all explained in a new treatise called "BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS," which is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this magazine. So, worry no more over your humiliating skin and complexion or signs of aging. Simply send your name and address to MARVO BEAUTY LABORATORIES, Dept. B-32, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you will receive it by return mail, without charge or obligation. If pleased, tell your friends about it.

# IF

your subscription expires with this month's issue you will find an expiration notice in your copy.

Don't delay—mail us your renewal at once. This will bring the next issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE to you promptly.



Listen to the description of the beach wrap Mary Brian is wearing, then run—don't walk—to the nearest shop: It is of gray pussy-willow taffeta, embellished with blue, green and white waves which form a band on sleeves and hem

## She Knows Her Orchids

(Continued from page 105)

dinner with them that evening. Jane used to accept the dinners and then walk home. She had just about exhausted the New York supply of floor-walkers when she landed a real, honest-to-goodness job as a model in one of New York's most exclusive establishments of the mode. As Jane wears clothes like nobody's business, it wasn't long until she was promoted to head model.

This is just the right spot for some theatrical producer to step into the story. Ziegfeld did. He got a look at Jane one day when she was wearing a corsage of red roses on a white dress, and that was the beginning of a "Follies" engagement.

### Movies via Follies

SHE was lunching at the Ritz one day just before matinee time and Jesse Lasky and Adolph Zukor had the next table. They kept looking at Jane, at her smart clothes and her photographic figure and making comments. Jane said to the girl she was lunching with, "I bet I get a movie contract." If you think she didn't, you're wrong. Before Mr. Lasky and Mr. Zukor left the Ritz they had made an appointment for Jane to have a movie test. After that it was all soft focus. Her life became just one lovely gown after another—in the movies.

When her Lasky contract expired, Jane launched out on a free-lance career, and she's worked so hard and so profitably that she has stolen a few months to vacation in Europe. When she returns she is going to continue to do such things as the sophisticated sister in "The Patsy." She doesn't mind being the naughty element at all. After all, everybody has his or her place on the screen.



## Bitter Bills to Swallow

(Continued from page 116)

a pick axe instead of blubbering hard-luck stories. Empty hands. The very air was creeping with them. Empty hands—it resulted in my losing my home on a foreclosure and being far more on the debit than the credit side of the books."

Jim found that out, too.

You ogled sirens—now and then. But you did other things, too. In "Hell's Angels"—the Caddo Production featuring Jim, Ben Lyon and Greta Nissen—Jim and Ben spent hours three thousand feet in the air. In a giant bomber. They are not only their own actors but their own cameramen and directors as well. Not skilled airmen, they take their lives in their intrepid hands and dare an immediate immortality—in celluloid if nothing better.

In a picture with Bebe Daniels, Jim and Bebe worked for weeks in a condemned gold mine. They worked knowing full well that the mine might cave in at any moment and they would see God. With no expenses for interment.

And even if the story in hand happens to steer away from death-traps, and ogling is the order of the day, it isn't easy to ogle when you have to begin at four a. m. and keep on ogling until after midnight. That has happened.

### Simpson, the Male Delilah

JIM found that out. And you are finding out—that every question has two or three sides. You ought to have known it before.

Everyone wishes you well. Of course. But such odd, odd ways of showing it. The lad named Simpson or something. Who got an inning, thanks to Jim and Bebe and Ben. And then went home and talked about Jim, what a ham he is and how did he get this way while he, Simpson or something.

And the scandals and near-scandals. The rumors and hints. The affairs he is supposed to have had. Joan Crawford, Sally Phipps. The latter as yet unknown to him even by sight. Jim is going around now with Merna Kennedy. Someone will have something to say about that. Since time immemorial, young men have gone around with young girls and no one but the moon and a nightingale have been the wiser. But not in Hollywood!

Gee, it was great!

Well, it is great! Of course. Nothing quite like it. But the rose has a thorn. The golden bee a sting. The velvet glove a hand that bruises.

In less than two brief years—from his first picture "The Campus Flirt," with Bebe Daniels; to "The Fleet's In" with Clara Bow, now in production, Jim Hall has found time to begin payment on the bitter bills of Hollywood. He is even afraid of his tried and true friendship with Ben Lyon. A friendship that has given and taken. Generously. But what if something—you pay with FEAR in Hollywood.

Make no mistake about this.

#### Read

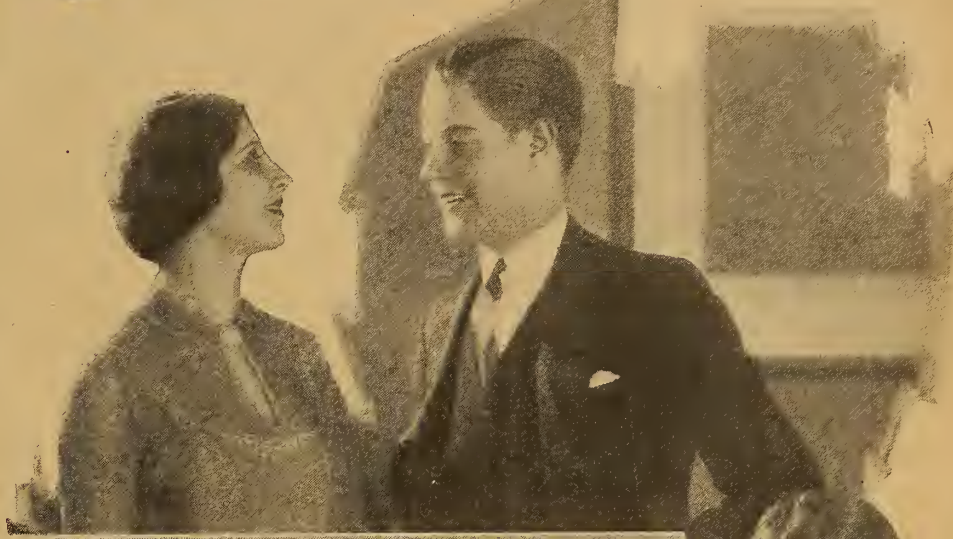
### THE SECOND CHRIST WEIGHS HOLLYWOOD

—an article relating the views of one of the world's greatest religious leaders, *Krishnamurti*, upon the people and the ideals of the motion picture capital—in the September issue of

### MOTION PICTURE

It's the Magazine of Authority

# The WOMEN who fascinate MEN



## what is their dangerous power?

*Is it a Mysterious Gift? Do you have it unbeknown? Is it Beauty, Knowledge, Sex—What? You can find out!*

**S**OME women simply fascinate every man they meet, *at will*. Men know this from experience. Women recognize it. But women do not often know the reason. Only one woman in a hundred knows—and then perhaps only vaguely, instinctively. Women fear, envy, hate the siren for her power—yet would give everything to possess this very power . . . to use circumspectly, but still to *use*.

What is it? Beauty? Not *great* beauty, certainly. For with sincere truth, and complete bewilderment, you say of some woman: "I don't see what men see in her." Some of the world's most fascinating women are almost homely—if you *study them closely*. And some very beautiful women lack nearly every fascination. Strange—but absolutely beyond question.

Can it be knowledge? No; for often the highest intellectual development is an almost impossible barrier to fascination. Sex appeal, then? Again no; for thousands of women have resorted to physical charms as a reliance—with almost inevitable failure.

#### How Very Clever Nature Has Been

Nature has never desired a race of women, all fascinating. *Her* plan is for limited charm, a little to every woman . . . enough attraction for mating . . . just the amount that keeps the world in its ruts and grooves . . . and only once in a hundred times the gift of supreme allurements.

And nature has made almost the whole world blind to the great secret. She has thrust forward sex appeal—and countless useless volumes have been written on this theme. She has made it seem that great beauty solved the riddle—and then flatly contradicted herself . . . again sending astray those who would solve the puzzle.

Then what is it that women have who fascinate men? "What is their dangerous power?"

#### At Last the Secret Is Known

One woman in the world—so far as it is known—understands the dangerous secret of supreme fascination *in full*. It came to her little by little over a period of many years. This woman is Lucille Young . . . once as homely and unattractive as a woman could be . . . now as fascinating and compelling in her charm and beauty as any famous figure who ever filled the pages of history, or graced the current times.

Lucille Young is the world's foremost beauty expert. Yes . . . but much more than that. She is the one woman who has found the mysterious key to fascination . . . who knows beauty, her first work, is not all. She has discovered nature's strange adjustment

when she creates the world's sirens. Lucille Young understands *consciously* what even naturally fascinating women know but vaguely. She can tell the *average* woman, the pretty woman, the youthful woman, the woman of years, just what to do to become fascinating . . . just how to possess "the dangerous power."

#### An Actual Life Story of Experience

Lucille Young's marvelous book, "Making Beauty Yours," is different from anything else you ever read. It is not theory, but her own life history, the exact account of how she, herself, acquired the dangerous power. But Lucille Young cautions, too, against the use of this power to its full, or for any purpose other than legitimate fascination, the natural charm every woman is entitled to exert upon those around her.

When you have read the book, the mystery of fascination is no longer a mystery . . . instead every step of the way is plain. This book, indeed, may easily change the whole course of life for you, bring you happiness and power you would never have without it.

And the book is *Free*—absolutely and entirely *Free*. Miss Young believes that it is every woman's right to know the true secrets of fascination. It is her abiding faith and belief that women will not abuse these secrets, but use them circumspectly. So there is no obligation of any kind. If you want to know all about "the dangerous power," simply use coupon and send for the book.

*Lucille Young*

**FREE**

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Without cost or obligation of any kind, send me your free book, "Making Beauty Yours." I want to read and understand Lucille Young's Discoveries. The postage is to be prepaid by Lucille Young.

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## Now in Song!

A wonderful new song about Pat Sullivan's famous "Felix the Cat." Dance orchestras are playing it everywhere! On the radio, in vaudeville acts and singers everywhere! "Felix the Cat." Send thirty-five cents for your copy now. Send one dollar for three latest hits: "Felix the Cat," "Wings" and "Little Irish Rose." Every motion picture fan will like these delightful sheets of music. Each of them has ukulele arrangement too. Send for them now.

### -----DO IT NOW-----

Music Department  
Motion Picture Magazine  
1501 Broadway, New York

For the enclosed \$1.00 please send me these three song hits: "Felix the Cat," "Wings," and "Little Irish Rose."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....



Can your dog wield a whisk-broom and brush your clothes for you? Then he can't be promoted to the class of Flash, the police dog, who is here removing every speck of dust from Louise Lorraine's suit

## The Answer Man

(Continued from page 113)

V. L. M.—Ralph Forbes was born in England, Sept. 31, 1898. He is married, six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, has blond hair and blue eyes. Charles Farrell can be reached at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Charlie's fan mail mounts into thousands weekly. His father owns several movie theaters around Cape Cod, Mass. He rides around in an old flivver and doesn't care who sees it.

BERTHA OF MANCTON — Billie Dove was born in New York City, May 14, 1901. Her latest picture is "The Yellow Lily," you may write her at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Antonio Moreno was born in Spain, Sept. 26, 1888. Ben Alexander, sixteen years old, will play in "The River Pirate," starring Victor McLaglen. Write Ben at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

BLONDIE—We have 'em every month. No, I don't prefer blondes I like them all. Betty Bronson was born in Trenton, N. J., November 17, 1906, five feet tall, weighs 100 pounds. Her latest appearance is "The Singing Fool," starring Al Jolson. Monte Blue, January 11, 1890, six feet two inches tall, weighs 180 pounds, married to Tove Jansen. When is a microbe not a microbe? Don't bacilli. Norman Kerry is married. Mabel Ballin is the wife of

Hugo Ballin, she's not playing in pictures right now.

REAT OF DAYTON—Alice Joyce was born in Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 1, 1890. She is married to James Regan, and they have two children. Clara Bow in Brooklyn, Aug. 8, 1902. She's five feet two and one-half inches tall, weighs 109 pounds. American, and her latest picture is "The Fleet's In." Address your letter to her at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Nick Stuart and Barry Norton at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

LANE CHANDLER FAN—This bird's getting popular, too. Lane was born in Montana, June 1, 1901. Has reddish-brown hair, grey eyes, single, and his latest picture is "The First Kiss," starring Gary Cooper and Fay Wray. Send that note to the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

THREE INQUISITIVE W'S.—Richard Dix has recovered nicely from his operation, thank you. His latest picture is "Warming Up." Lon Chaney does not answer his fan mail for some reason or other. Josephine Borio is playing in "The Cossacks." Write her at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Big Boy is three years old, real name is Malcolm Se-



bastian. A stylograph is a pencil-like writing instrument having an ink-reservoir from which ink is fed to a tubular writing-point.

**BABS**—Greta Garbo was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1905. Greta's five feet seven inches tall, weighs 123 pounds, light hair and blue eyes. She is playing in "War in the Dark." You can write her at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Gary Cooper, Helena, Montana, May 7, 1901. Six feet two inches tall, weighs 180 pounds, reddish-brown hair, blue eyes. Still a bachelor, send that little pink envelope to the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**H. EDWARD M.**—Your questions could not be answered in the July issue, that issue was closed when I received your note. Cheer up, here they are. Charles Farrell was born Aug. 9, 1905. He's six feet two inches tall, weighs 175 pounds, brown hair and eyes. Latest picture, "The Red Dance." John Barrymore, Sept. 15, 1882, five feet ten inches tall, brown hair, light eyes. Reginald Denny was born in London, England, Nov. 20, 1891. He is six feet tall, weighs 180 pounds, has brown hair, hazel eyes. Write Reggie, at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**SENTIMENTAL SUE**—That won't help. Myrna Loy did not play in "The Jazz Singer." Victor Varconi was born March 31, 1896. He plays opposite Corinne Griffith in "The Divine Lady." Lars Hanson is not married to Gertrude Olmstead. Gertrude is married to Robert Z. Leonard,

Lars to Karin Noland. They are in Europe, for a short vacation. Your letter will reach him at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**M. R. M.**—Ricardo Cortez is playing in "A Grain of Dust." Claire Windsor plays opposite him. Write them at the Tiffany-Stahl Prod., 933 N. Seward St., Hollywood, Cal. Ben Lyon in "Hell's Angels," produced at the Caddo Prod., United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Ronald Colman, "The Rescue," Lili Damita is his leading lady. Write them at Samuel Goldwyn Prod., De-Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**L. M.**—All wrong about Richard Dix. He can be reached at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Write Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman at the Samuel Goldwyn Prod., De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Norma Shearer, Ramon Novarro and John Gilbert, the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**BETTY HA! HA!**—Why the laughter? Louise Fazenda, Ethel Wales and Dorothy Phillips were the three women who played in "The Cradle Snatchers." Mary Philbin, "The Man Who Laughs." Write her at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. A spark-plug is a device for igniting the charge in an internal-combustion engine, by means of an electric current. Tim McCoy is playing in "The Bush-ranger." Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes have the leads in "Heart to Heart." Gary Cooper and Colleen Moore in "Lilac Time."



P. & A.

Nancy Carroll has just announced that she will take a passenger with her on her flight, and judging from the crowd that is pushing forward she will have to spend the remainder of her days taking up passengers



# Remove Cold Cream

*this approved way*

the dainty, hygienic and economical method used by famous beauties

**M**ANY women who use generous quantities of fine cosmetics wonder why their skin does not show the effect they seek.

Often it is because they do not remove cold cream thoroughly, hygienically. They will use a favorite bit of old linen which is soiled beyond recognition and merely serves to rub the germs and dirt further into the skin. Or they'll use harsh towels, stiff from laundering.

Kleenex 'Kerchiefs are tissue-fine sheets made expressly for the purpose of removing cold cream safely, gently, completely. Once used, they are discarded just like tissue paper. They absorb all dirt and surface oil. They remove all impurities. And they are so economical. A 25c box will last three weeks, used twice daily.

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After completing the course he wrote us: "Yours is the finest course ever presented for the Tenor Banjo. Before I enrolled with you, I knew nothing whatever about music. I was earning \$18.00 weekly clerking in a store. Little did I realize the opportunity that had come. I took up the course just for fun. But here I am, playing in one of the best orchestras in Western Michigan and making \$85.00 a week. Your course and your kind cooperation have made me a professional Tenor Banjoist." *Kenneth McCarty, Parkview Hotel, South Haven, Mich.*

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Whether a salary of \$65 to \$100 a week—or spare-time playing at \$5, \$10, \$15 or more a night—interests you or not—think of the fun in store for you. In one to three months we can train you at home to play this marvelous, melodious instrument with a fine, easy skill that will make you the envy of all other eyes. You're passing up the best times of your life if you pass up an opportunity like this to learn at slight cost and with no inconvenience at all the world's most popular instrument. Decide NOW to learn more about The Play-Way—the quickest, surest, short-cut to social and professional success.

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See Page 15  
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Much has been written about the delights of settling down in a one-horse town. But not until we saw this picture of Audrey Ferris did we quite appreciate the idea

## Fugitives from Fame

(Continued from page 69)

Neil, Ronald Colman and Warner Baxter came in from a two hours' fishing trip. Each claimed the six rock bass they had in a pail. "Come in to dinner tonight," shouted Neil to everybody in sight as he ran into his kitchen door with the catch. He has named his cottage "Digby," while Mr. Colman, who lives next door, calls his "Beau Geste."

Herbert Brenon, the director, plans to live at Malibu Beach the year round. He has one of the most attractive homes in the colony. Next door to him lives Raoul Walsh in another lovely villa. These two friends leased three lots, dividing one lot and a half between them. This gives them ample space for large homes, and Mr. Brenon has a big tennis court at the rear.

A colorful plaque swinging from a post in the front of Mr. Brenon's lot announces that this is "The House of Peter Pan." Quaint pointed gables painted red, and long leaded-glass windows that swing wide open, bring memories of the house from which *Wendy* and *Peter Pan* flew out into the world.

Virginia Valli's house is called "Halekulani," a Hawaiian word meaning "A Bit of Heaven." "It is just that to me after a hard day at the studio," says Miss Valli.

## Dick Sick at Wrong Time

THE very last cottage in the row at the north end has just been built and is still unfurnished. "Too bad Richard Dix didn't get his house completed before he had to go to the hospital," said Hal Wallis as he walked down the line with us. Mr. Wallis, you will remember, is the husband of Louise Fazenda and publicity director at Warner Brothers Studio. "This would

have been an ideal place for Dix to convalesce," he added.

We walked back to Miss Fazenda's cottage, located in almost the middle of the colony. Just south of her, Bob Leonard and his wife, Gertrude Olmsted, are rushing their cottage to completion.

Allan Dwan is just beyond them, while neighbor to him is Fred Beetsen, representative of Will Hays. He is not there as a chaperon, as some might think, but for the simple reason that he enjoys a seclusive beach.

Karl Dane, who used to belong to the carpenters' union before he made a big hit as the doughboy in "The Big Parade," is actually building his home down there. Like Mr. Brenon, he plans on making Malibu Beach his residence the year round.

The cottages that are just being completed are much more elaborate than those built at first. Dorothy Mackaill is about ready to move into her eight-room dwelling, which seems too expensive to be built on leased ground. Sally O'Neill is another newcomer who has an elaborate home.

There are no telephones at Malibu Beach; and until this summer there was no way of communicating with the outside world except by special trips into town. Two enterprising college boys have recently established a unique system. For five dollars a week they deliver a daily paper, run errands, deliver telegrams, etc., and patrol the private road running back of the cottage every two hours of the day.

This picture colony has started real estate activity along the beach above and below the movie colony, but scheme as they will, the public cannot crash.



## May Contest Winners

From the several thousand drawings of Big Boy submitted in MOTION PICTURE JUNIOR's contest, as announced in the May issue of this magazine, the board of judges has selected one hundred and sixty-two prize winners.

Considerations of space fail to permit of a complete listing of the successful contestants. Only the names of those comprised in the first fifty may here be given. But this need not concern the others. They will be notified by letter and their prizes forwarded to them.

Here follows the list of winners, in the order of the prizes awarded to them:

- |                                                                   |                                                                       |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|
| (1) Mary Ellen Stephens, 1322 Nolan Ave., Birmingham, Ala.        | (26) Rosa Bianco, 2815 Salmon St., Philadelphia, Pa.                  |
| (2) Robert J. Jambor, 2427 S. Ridgeland Ave., Berwyn, Illinois    | (27) Julius G. Eisenrieth, 746 Adams Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.           |
| (3) Paul S. Julinne, Jr., 360 Michigan Ave., Mobile, Ala.         | (28) Conwalt F. Ahrens, 2956 Santa Ana St., South Gate, Calif.        |
| (4) Elinor Louvy, 441 West End Ave., New York City, Apt. 7A       | (29) Marcella Poli, 538 Josephine Ave., Detroit, Mich.                |
| (5) Frank L. Singer, Jr., 229 West 97th St., New York City        | (30) George O. Cutter, 62 Kenwood St., Dorchester, Mass.              |
| (6) G. W. Bedsole, Jr., R. F. D. 1, Box 128, Dothan, Alabama      | (31) Peter Fitzpatrick, 901 Ogden Ave., Highbridge, New York City     |
| (7) Billie Johnson, Camas, Washington                             | (32) Philip Ciotti, 1814 Stockholm Ave., Windber, Pa.                 |
| (8) Arthur F. Menig, 539 Jefferson Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.         | (33) Gerard F. Park, 502 Union Ave. N. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.        |
| (9) Nicholas Settanni, 611 East 29th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.         | (34) Jack Hall, 60 Playter Blvd., Toronto, Ont., Canada               |
| (10) Mildred Hengeveld, 137 Cornell Ave., Hawthorne, N. J.        | (35) Elizabeth Bacon, 748 47th St., Oakland, Calif.                   |
| (11) Bobby Farley, 230 North 11th Ave., Pocatello, Idaho          | (36) Thomas Frick, 11 Packer St., Sunbury, Pa.                        |
| (12) Helene E. Donovan, 49 Wellington So., Hamilton, Ont., Canada | (37) Muriel Smith, 238 Williams Ave., Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.        |
| (13) Dorothy Lewis, 411 N. Snelling Ave., St. Paul, Minn.         | (38) Marion Snow, 229 Whitaker St., Portland, Oregon                  |
| (14) Stella Maurine Hensley, Jacksboro, Texas                     | (39) Dick Bentley, Jr., P. O. Box 264, Dallas, Texas                  |
| (15) Rosanne Friedman, 16 Bremen St., Dayton, Ohio                | (40) Louise Manning, 1409 Kirkam St., Oakland, Calif.                 |
| (16) Gladys Crowley, 10 Durrell St., Dover, N. H.                 | (41) Clara H. Baker, R. F. D. 1, Smyrna, Dela. Ford Farm, Kent County |
| (17) Billy Hinks, 3937 So. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif.          | (42) Lola Newkirk, Princeton, W. Va.                                  |
| (18) Lillian Bickmeyer, 2412 Frye St., Jackson Heights, N. Y.     | (43) Dorothy Halverson, 407 2nd St., Havre, Mont.                     |
| (19) Martha Cheny, Southern Pines, North Carolina                 | (44) Barbara May Picard, 6460 1/2 Lexington Ave., Hollywood, Calif.   |
| (20) John L. Roberts, 405 Drexel Ave., San Antonio, Texas         | (45) Harold Jacobson, 1156 East 26th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.             |
| (21) Marjorie Bosenbark, 806 Spruce St., Elmira, N. Y.            | (46) Wanda Gene Minard, 552 West Centennial St., Nappanee, Indiana    |
| (22) Phyllis Hill, 220 Daisy Ave., Long Branch, Ontario, Canada   | (47) Leila Nady, "La Republique" Stamboul (Maison Rouge), Turkey      |
| (23) Dorothy Smith, 2106 Elm St., Butte, Mont.                    | (48) Catherine Bowsky, 374 6th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.                  |
| (24) Virginia K. Joss, 38 Englewood Ave., Brookline, Mass.        | (49) Jack Reilly, 2102 Henderson Ave., Dallas, Texas                  |
| (25) Marjorie Crump, 1506 Jackson St., Amarillo, Texas            | (50) Charles Stuart, Charter Oak Ave., East Haven, Conn.              |



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# The Second Christ Weighs Hollywood

What would an ascetic prophet think of Hollywood?

What would a man whose life had been devoted to things spiritual, who had dedicated his existence to the study of the profundities of the soul, to an inquiry into the eternal verities, think of it?

How would strike him its glamour, its lavish richness, its power, its display?

These questions have often been asked.

But never, until now, answered.

For in Hollywood today there is such a man: a profound and sincere and world-famed prophet.

The man who is regarded by the great theosophist, Mrs. Annie Besant, and by countless other followers of this religion, as the Second Christ.

## Krishnamurti

He is in Hollywood now; and for the first time he has consented to an account of his views upon Hollywood; its people, its purpose, its power for good and for evil.

Krishnamurti's estimate of Hollywood, his trial of the capital and its people, his conclusions concerning what it possesses and what it lacks, are contained in an exclusive interview reported in the next, the September, issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

This interview, entitled "The Second Christ Weighs Hollywood," is probably the most significant and sensational appraisal of Hollywood ever made public.

MOTION PICTURE, the September number, will be on sale July 28th. Watch for the date and for the magazine on the newsstands. You can't afford to miss THE SECOND CHRIST WEIGHS HOLLYWOOD—or any other of the up-to-the-minute and fresh features—

in September MOTION PICTURE

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# Motion Picture



SEPTEMBER

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1576

Butchering Brains

**Krishnamurti**

Seven Deadly Cliques

Are you from West Virginia?

*(Turn to Page 40)*

*Billie Dove*

MARLAND  
STONE





# —charm of youth

## "that schoolgirl complexion"

The simple rule in daily skin care to follow if you seek it

WHEN tempted to "try" an unproved soap, remember before Palmolive came, women were told "use no soap on your faces." Soaps then were judged too harsh.

Blended of rare cosmetic oils, and made solely for one purpose, to safeguard your complexion, Palmolive has largely changed the beauty methods of the world.

Use it according to the rule printed in the text at the right. Note the difference that comes.



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3668

THE woman of today knows one goal above all others in beauty care. And that is to *keep* her Youth. For she knows how tragically difficult, *once lost*, it is to regain.

Soap and water has become the Youth preservation rule of the world. Used properly, it is surprising what it does. The thousands of youthful women, long past their first youth, seen on every side today, prove the point beyond question.

Urged by leading skin specialists, that rule is based on keeping the skin and pores clean of age-inviting accumulations. Its whole secret is the *KIND* of soap one uses. *A true complexion soap is meant*, a soap like Palmolive, *made for one purpose only*; to safeguard the complexion. Others may prove too harsh.

*The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal*

So, largely on expert advice, more and more thousands of women turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive, used this way.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

*Avoid this mistake*

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake—then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

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# "STREET ANGEL"

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"Street Angel" is a picture of such exquisite beauty as only rarely emerges from Hollywood—except from the Fox Studios, which gave you "Sunrise", "7th Heaven", "Four Sons", "What Price Glory". It will live when other feeble efforts have had their final screening.

"When all is said and done Charles Farrell is a very remarkable fellow."  
—Los Angeles Herald

"The charm of Janet Gaynor lingers like the fragrance of a rose."  
—New York American



ANOTHER

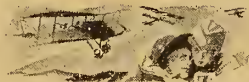
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"WINGS" with synchronized music score and sound effects exactly as presented to \$2 audiences. Hear the drone of the planes, the rat-tat-tat of machine guns, etc. William Wellman Production with Clara Bow, Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen, etc. . . . .



"THE WEDDING MARCH" directed by and starring Erich von Stroheim, with Fay Wray. Hear the throbbing love strains, the beautiful ceremonial music, the bells! Many of the scenes are in Technicolor. A feast for the ear as well as the eye! . . . . .



"ABIE'S IRISH ROSE" Anne Nichols' masterpiece with synchronized music score and sound effects. See and hear Jean Hersholt, Charles Rogers, Nancy Carroll singing the beautiful theme song. A sensation! Victor Fleming Production. . . . .



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"WARMING UP" starring Richard Dix, in a comedy-drama of love, laughs and Big League Baseball. A World's Series game on the screen *in sound*—the crack of the bat, the roar of the crowd! And a new melody you'll love! Fred Newmeyer Production. . . . .



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Volume XXXVI, No. 2

September, 1928

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COLIN J. CRUICKSHANK, Art Director

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, Western Editor

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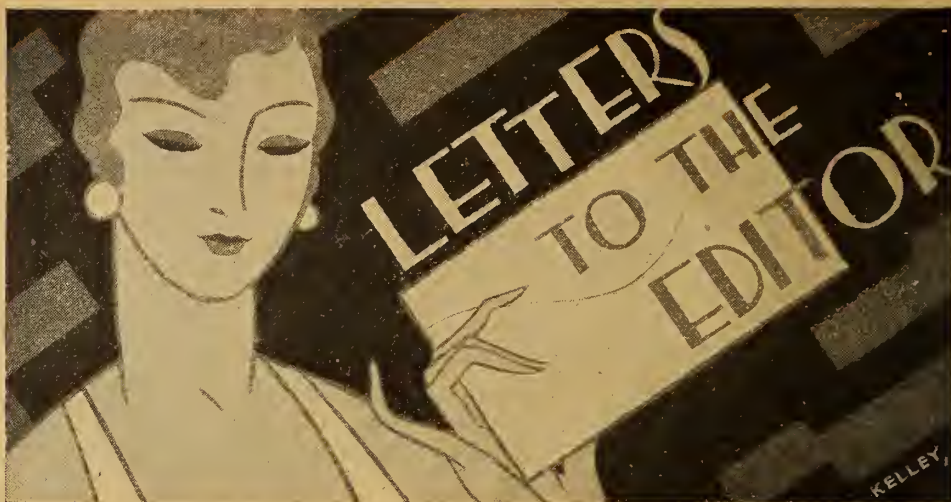
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## FIFTEEN-DOLLAR LETTER

### Let Us Cheer Them

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—To quote an expression frequently used by Alice White, some of these slamming letters "burn me up." My whole insides just get hot with indignation when I pick up my monthly movie magazines and read the opinions of hundreds of people who, if they were only to read the same letter, written by someone else, would be as indignant as I am.

They slam such wonderful pictures as "Camille"; they even pick out little defects in screen revelations as "King of Kings" and "The Big Parade." And now, after seeing "The Legion of the Condemned," I made up my mind that before I read anything I didn't like, I would send in my letter of praise and thus soothe my hurt feelings a bit.

Never before have I seen a drama of such human interest and underlying devotion as exhibited in "The Legion of the Condemned." I lived again, a romance I thought long since dead, with those two new Paramount finds, Fay Wray and Gary Cooper. And, here again, I will beat my critical foes by saying Fay was indeed quite small to be playing opposite Gary, but does that not make the story all the more real? How many times have you not seen a tall fellow and a slightly shorter girl? But their size is of no interest, their acting was superb. And Barry Norton? If there ever was a "pretty" fellow, he sure is the one. He had only a small part, but I know he is capable of big things.

Movies are no longer a luxury; they have become a habit and a necessity. So again I say, three cheers for the movies and down with these slamming letters. They don't help any and aren't pleasant to read. Quite sincerely,  
S. Freeclove.

## TEN-DOLLAR LETTER

You Must See  
"Ramona"  
BRONX,  
NEW YORK—  
You have heard

about "Ramona" in story and song, but wait until you see the motion picture. It defies words, description and exposition.

Out of the thousands of machine-made pictures, it's great to see something like this. But when you have Edwin Carewe for director, Dolores del Rio, Warner Baxter and Roland Drew for the leading rôles, proceed to enjoy yourself—you can sit back—knowing that you will see something worth while.

Never has Dolores del Rio been more beautiful, never more convincing than in this rôle, which calls upon her every emotion. My enthusiastic praise is well merited; go see for yourself. If anyone misses this glorious thing, he deserves to be hanged, drawn and quartered at his own expense!

Yours truly,  
(Miss) Frances Kirwin.

## FIVE-DOLLAR LETTER

### Would Like To Applaud at Movies

PITTSBURGH, PA.—The moviegoer is being deprived of something very essential to the complete enjoyment of any entertainment, which is the opportunity to express by applause his appreciation of those who are helping him forget the drabness of his every-day, prosaic existence. How often have I noticed, after the showing of a particularly meritorious picture, during which the audience has been rapt with interest, the instinctive raising of hands in preparation for applause and then the sudden lowering of hands as the folly of applauding on deaf ears is recognized. It is evident that this situation is a cause

of much dissatisfaction.

My suggestion as a possible remedy for this deplorable condition is as follows: after the picture has been completed, let the curtain fall momentarily and then rise on a scene showing the leading characters of that picture bowing to their audience. I am fairly certain that this scheme would be productive of a

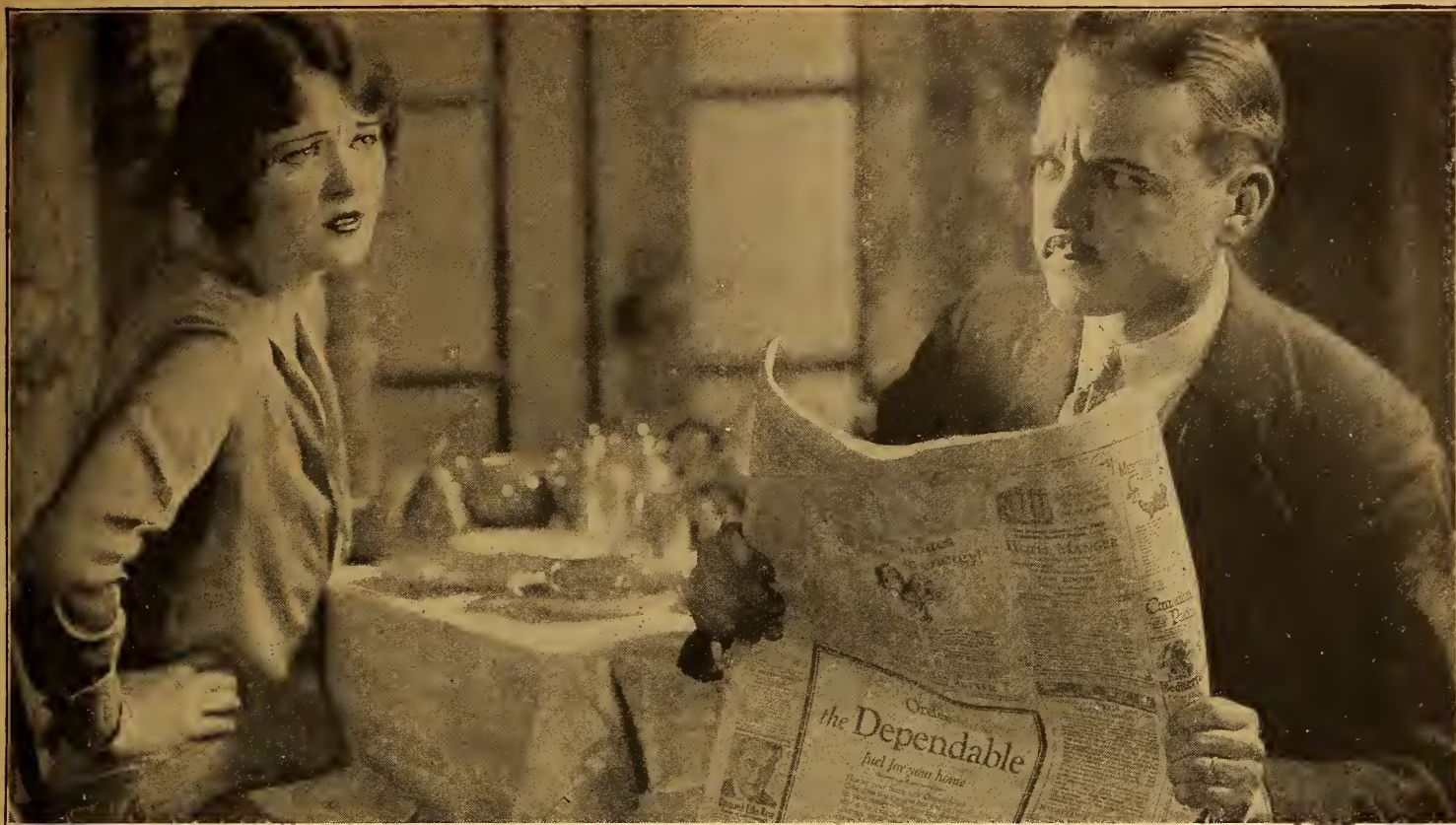
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## Prizes for Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will award cash prizes for the three best letters published. Fifteen dollars will be paid for the best letter, ten dollars for the second best, and five dollars for the third. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 200 words or less, and let's know what's on your mind. Anonymous communications will not be considered and no letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City.





# **"Now I Understand Why We Never Have Anything — it was your big chance and you never opened your mouth"**

"FOR weeks you've been talking about 'getting up your nerve' to go in and tell Mr. Hutchins about your plan for marketing the new floor polish. And then last night between dances when he deliberately came over to you and said, 'Well, Barnard, I think we've got a winner in this new floor polish,' you sort of wilted up and gulped, 'Yes, I think it's all right.'

"I could have cried—I was so mad. It would have been so easy for you to answer, 'Mr. Hutchins, I've got an idea I'd like to tell you about — I've been giving a lot of study to this proposition and I think I've worked out a plan you'd be interested in.'

"That was your big chance—your opportunity to show him you had brains—and you hardly opened your mouth! Now I understand why you never get promoted—why we never have anything! You're actually afraid of your own voice—you are the smartest man in that organization—but no one would ever know it. You can't put your ideas across—can't stand up for your rights—you just let them use you for a door mat. Here we are still living in a dingy little four-room flat while all our old crowd have lovely homes out in the country.

"And last night after you had gone to sleep I laid awake for hours and figured it all out. The only trouble with you is that you have no ability to express yourself—to say the right thing at the right moment. Just the other day Alice Vaughn was telling me

that Jack used to be troubled the same way—and then he began training with the North American Institute of Chicago—at home in his spare time. It took only about twenty minutes a day and in no time at all he was able to give little talks at club meetings. In the last year he's had three promotions—all due, he says, to his ability to talk with ease and vigor.

"Now, don't you think you ought to look into this new training—I bet that if you'd get started right away you could be the biggest man in the office in another year—the opportunity is there, and you have the stuff in you—all you need is to bring it out. Once you learn how to talk—once you can carry on a decent conversation without becoming scared to death—I'll wager you'll just about set the world on fire—you'll be made for life. I'm going to send for their free booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words*—and we'll have lots of fun reading it together."

\* \* \*

No matter what work you are now doing or what may be your station in life, no matter how timid and self-conscious

you now are when called upon to speak, you can bring out quickly your natural ability and become a wonderful speaker. Now, through an amazing home study training you can quickly shape yourself into an outstanding, influential talker able to dominate one man or five thousand.

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that they are actually surprised at the great improvement in themselves.

## **Send for This Amazing Booklet**

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# Marvelous New now *any* woman can be



**P**OWER over men that you must use *guardedly*. Fascination so compelling that you *dare not* use even a *tenth*. The selfsame power that unthinking women have loosed upon men to control nations. The power that makes some woman you know the envy of her set—because she simply fascinates men. This woman—the siren type—makes no apparent effort. Often she is scarcely good looking—let alone beautiful. Other women, honestly mystified, say: “I don’t see what men see in her.”

Now do *you* want power over men ten times greater than that of the *most fascinating woman you know*?

## *An Astounding Thing—But Proved*

That Lucille Young actually gives fascination to women is an astounding claim. That only Lucille Young of all women in the world can do this is an even more startling assertion. But here is proof—absolute, unquestionable proof. In the past year thousands of women have accepted Lucille Young’s amazing offer. It is that if *any* woman, young or old, beautiful or homely does not acquire fascination she spends not a penny. Lucille Young’s *real* warning is, don’t abuse or misuse the dangerous power she places within your hands.



## *How This Amazing Knowledge Came To Be*

Lucille Young has been making women *physically beautiful* for more than fifteen years. She is, indeed, recognized as leading all beauty experts of the world; known for the almost miraculous improvements she effects

with face and figure. Actually hundreds of thousands of women, representing every part of the civilized world, know Lucille Young for her beauty work.

But years ago Lucille Young undertook to probe one of nature’s greatest mysteries. She determined to find out what it is *besides* beauty that is absolutely necessary to *fascination*. She knew that of a hundred women all possessing reasonable beauty, not more than *one* is fascinating.

## *The Strange Fact She Discovered*

Among Lucille Young’s clientele were famous actresses, film stars, noted society women—those *famous* for fascination. These women were her friends, intimates. They would have gladly told Lucille Young anything. But the strange, mysterious truth was that not one of them knew her own secret, simply could not explain what it was that brought men fluttering about as moths flutter about a flame. *They did not know.*

Lucille Young then did the only thing possible—she studied *individually* thousands upon thousands of women. She card indexed her observations. She compared what countless women said. She asked questions and recorded answers. She studied what these women did, learned their thoughts, watched them with men. She traced the histories of unusually fascinating women back to childhood.

## *And Now She Can Make You Dangerously Fascinating*

To her utter astonishment Lucille Young saw the actual secrets of fascination take form. As she compared thousands upon thousands of individual records and observations it became amazingly clear that **EVERY FASCINATING WOMAN HAD EXACTLY THE SAME CHARACTERISTICS.** They were hidden.

But they were there. Deep within the siren type of women were hidden sources of power over men. **AND THEY WERE ONLY HALF UTILIZED.** Think of that. These fascinating women might have been doubly alluring if they had actually understood their power.

Now, in half an hour, **YOU** can learn what it took Lucille Young ten long years to discover. For the absolute, innermost secrets have been put into the most startling little book ever written. It is called “How To Fascinate Men.” A storm of protest has raged about this book. This protest has *come from men.* **BECAUSE MEN REALIZE THAT THE BOOK GIVES INTO WOMEN’S HANDS A POWER THAT MAKES THEM IRRESISTIBLE.** The men know that they can no longer lord it over the woman who reads “How To Fascinate Men,” that henceforth they must exert themselves to the utmost to *please the woman.*



*Those who know the arts of fascination so well—the famous film stars—help you realize the astounding secrets of “How To Fascinate Men.” In the above you see Patsy Ruth Miller, Marion Nixon, Dorothy Gulliver, John Boles, Edmund Burns, Buddy Rogers and George Lewis, Screen Stars in Universal Films, We Americans, Red Lips, The Collegians and The Chinese Parrot. This new book has created a furor even in Hollywood.*



# Power over Men dangerously fascinating

## *The Course of Thousands of Lives is Changing*

Millions of women have already learned about this new power. Countless women are using it. Thousands of women formerly forced to be content with crumbs of attention, now command everything desirable that life has to offer. The sheer, utter, stark simplicity of the thing is astounding. The little book is *short*—perhaps a half hour's reading. But its revelations unleash a power beyond words to describe.

## *The Magic Combination of Beauty and Knowledge*

There is *one* thing the secrets in "How To Fascinate Men" will not, cannot do. They cannot make an unkempt, careless woman—

one who neglects her skin, hair, figure and all else—fascinating. **NO POWER ON EARTH CAN DO THAT.**

On the other hand, there is absolutely no need for great beauty. All that any average woman need do—in a physical way—is make the most of what she has. If she is willing to do this, Lucille Young will absolutely guarantee

to make her fascinating, or not accept a penny for the priceless gift of power she offers.

## *How You May Make The Test Without Risk*

The book "How To Fascinate Men" gives you all the secret information you **MUST HAVE**. It then tells you definitely and clearly of an experiment that will put your new knowledge to an infallible test. This test is to be made at any gathering where *men are present*—at a dance, a party, a little dinner, or any similar setting. You are shown how to make men flock to you, to become your devoted slaves, to become intense rivals for your slightest favor.

You will want to succeed quickly, the very first time you try. Therefore Lucille Young has drawn skillfully upon her fifteen years' experience in giving women marvelous physical beauty. She has selected certain things, grouped them and named the group her "Instant Beauty Arts Method." Everything necessary to accomplish **QUICK BEAUTY** is included.

## *An Astounding Introductory Offer*

The secret information in "How To Fascinate Men," together with everything to give you instant beauty, is regularly \$8.00. But you are not asked to pay the full price at this time. To further introduce this means to fascination, this way to make you of really dangerous power, you will receive **EVERYTHING** for \$3.00. But this price will be **ONLY FOR THE FIRST 10,000 WOMEN WHO ORDER.**



## *Not a Penny If You Are Not Amazed and Delighted*

You may send for this exciting opportunity, the most daring, wonderful opportunity you ever had, **WITH ABSOLUTE CONFIDENCE**. If you feel that anything in the world could induce you to part with the book and the Instant Beauty Arts group, every penny of the \$3.00 will be returned to you **IMMEDIATELY**. Not even a question as to why will be raised. You are to be the sole and only judge of what you desire.

## *Be Among the First 10,000. SEND TODAY SURE*

This advertisement will appear in all leading magazines. So astounding is the success of the offer that the limit of 10,000 women to receive the introductory offer will soon be reached. So send **YOUR** order *today*. If \$3.00 cash is sent with your order, postage will be prepaid. Or you may order C.O.D., paying postman \$3.00, plus a few cents postage. **EVERY CENT BACK IF YOU WANT IT.**



**LUCILLE YOUNG,**  
919 Lucille  
Young Building,  
Chicago, Ill.

Send me your **COMPLETE** offer of "How to Fascinate Men" and your Instant Beauty Arts group to give me instant beauty. On arrival I will pay postman only \$3.00 plus a few cents postage. If not delighted with results, I can return everything within 10 days and receive my money back, without fail.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

St. Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

NOTE: If price of \$3.00 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.

*Lucille Young*



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The Magazine With the  
Personality



By MARION MARTONE

**Adorée, Renée**—playing in *Tide of Empire*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Arlen, Richard**—playing in *Beggars of Life*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Armstrong, Robert**—playing in *Show Folks*—Pathé-De Mille Studio, Culver City, Cal.

**Arthur, George K.**—playing in *Brotherly Love*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Astor, Mary**—playing in *Heart to Heart*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Asther, Nils**—playing in *Her Cardboard Lover*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

\* \* \*

**Bancroft, George**—playing in *Docks of New York*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Banky, Vilma**—playing in *The Awakening*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Barrymore, John**—recently completed *Tempest*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Barrymore, Lionel**—recently completed *Road House*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Barthelmess, Richard**—playing in *Out of the Ruins*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Basquette, Lina**—playing in *Show Folks*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Baxter, Warner**—playing in *Craig's Wife*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Beery, Noah**—playing in *Noah's Ark*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Beery, Wallace**—playing in *Beggars of Life*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bellamy, Madge**—playing in *Mother Knows Best*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Boles, John**—playing in *The Last Warning*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Borden, Olive**—playing in *Gang War*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bosworth, Hobart**—recently completed *The Sawdust Paradise*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bow, Clara**—playing in *The Fleet's In*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bowers, John**—recently completed *Soft Living*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Boyd, William**—playing in *The Love Song*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Brent, Evelyn**—playing in *The Mating Call*—Caddo Productions, Hollywood, Cal.

**Brian, Mary**—playing in *The Sophomore*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bronson, Betty**—playing in *The Singing Fool*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Brook, Clive**—playing in *The Crime of Interference*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Brooks, Louise**—playing in *Beggars of Life*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Brown, Johnny Mack**—playing in *Annapolis*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Burns, Edmund**—playing in *Phyllis of the Follies*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

\* \* \*

**Carol, Sue**—playing in *Captain Swagger*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Carr, Mary**—playing in *Love Over Night*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Carroll, Nancy**—playing in *The Water Hole*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Chandler, Lane**—playing in *The First Kiss*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Chaney, Lon**—playing in *West of Zanzibar*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Chaplin, Charles**—recently completed *The Circus*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

**Cody, Lew**—playing in *The Single Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Collier, Jr., William**—playing in *Tide of Empire*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Collyer, June**—playing in *Me, Gangster*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Colman, Ronald**—playing in *The Rescue*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Compson, Betty**—playing in *The Barker*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Conklin, Chester**—playing in *The Sophomore*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Cooper, Gary**—playing in *The First Kiss*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Costello, Dolores**—playing in *Noah's Ark*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Costello, Helene**—playing in *The Midnight Taxi*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Crawford, Joan**—playing in *Four Walls*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

\* \* \*

**Damita, Lili**—playing in *The Rescue*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Dana, Viola**—playing in *Lure of the Night Club*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Dane, Karl**—playing in *Brotherly Love*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Daniels, Bebe**—playing in *Take Me Home*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Davies, Marion**—recently completed *Her Cardboard Lover*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Day, Marceline**—playing in *Brotherly Love*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Del Rio, Dolores**—playing in *Revenge*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Delaney, Charles**—playing in *After the Storm*—Columbia Picture Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Denny, Reginald**—playing in *The Night Bird*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Dix, Richard**—playing in *Moran of the Marines*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Dove, Billy**—playing in *His Wife's Affairs*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Dunn, Josephine**—playing in *The Singing Fool*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Duryea, George**—playing in *Marked Money*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

\* \* \*

**Fairbanks, Douglas**—recently completed *The Gaucho*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

**Farrell, Charles**—playing in *Backwash*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Fawcett, George**—playing in *The Mask of the Devil*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Fazenda, Louise**—playing in *Noah's Ark*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Ferris, Audrey**—playing in *The Little Wildcat*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Foxe, Earle**—playing in *None But the Brave*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

\* \* \*

**Gaynor, Janet**—recently completed *The 4 Devils*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Garbo, Greta**—playing in *War In the Dark*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Gibson, Hoot**—playing in *Riding for Fame*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Gilbert, John**—playing in *The Mask of the Devil*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Grant, Lawrence**—recently completed *The Woman from Moscow*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Gray, Lawrence**—playing in *Oh Kay!*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Griffith, Corinne**—playing in *The Divine Lady*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

(Continued on page 12)





## *The pace that thrills* ✱ ✱

Yesterday, the auto ✱ Today, radio and airplanes ✱ Tomorrow—who knows what? ✱ Travel by rockets? ✱ Conversation with Mars? ✱ Whatever it is, it will be faster ✱ ✱ Don't call it the pace that kills ✱ It is the pace that gives life ✱ It makes our lives better, fuller than any before in the world's history, because it stimulates us to pack every minute with action! ✱ ✱ Your entertainment, too, must keep pace with the times. ✱ No wasted moments! ✱ You want speed, action in your play and entertainment as well as in your work ✱ To please you now, of course, your picture show must be quick-moving, snappy, exhilarating ✱ And it will be if you pick the show that has plenty of good short novelty, comedy and news subjects. ✱ ✱ You are surest of action and entertainment all through the show when you see the *Educational Pictures* trade-mark, because a Short Feature *has* to be crammed with action, and *has* to reach the highest level of entertainment quality, to "make" the *Educational* line-up ✱ For *Educational* is the world's greatest producer-distributor of Short Features; the only big company dealing exclusively in this type of entertainment ✱ ✱ You know what fun Lupino Lane, "Big Boy" and the other popular *Educational Pictures* comedy stars add to a program ✱ Their pictures are faster, funnier this season ✱ And typical of what *Educational* has in store for you this year are the new "Russ Farrell, Aviator" pictures with Reed Howes ✱ Watch for these flying thrillers ✱ There's speed, action, excitement for you! ✱ ✱ *Educational Pictures* always make a good show better.

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## In the Starry Kingdom

(Continued from page 10)

**Haines, William**—playing in *Alias Jimmy Valentine*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Hale, Alan**—playing in *Marked Money*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Hall, James**—playing in *The Fleet's In*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Hamilton, Neil**—playing in *Take Me Home*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Haver, Phyllis**—playing in *Sal of Singapore*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Hersholt, Jean**—playing in *The Battle of the Sexes*,—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Hines, Johnny**—playing in *The Wright Idea*—Tec-Art Studios, 5350 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Holt, Jack**—playing in *The Water Hole*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Hoxie, Jack**—playing in *Men of Daring*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Hughes, Lloyd**—playing in *Heart to Heart*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Hyams, Leila**—playing in *Land of the Silver Fox*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

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**Jannings, Emil**—playing in *Sins of the Fathers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Jolson, Al**—playing in *The Singing Fool*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Joy, Leatrice**—recently completed *The Bellamy Trial*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

\* \* \*

**Keaton, Buster**—playing in *The Cameraman*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Kent, Barbara**—playing in *The Shakedown*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Kent, Larry**—playing in *The Head Man*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Kenyon, Doris**—recently completed *The Hawk's Nest*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Kerry, Norman**—recently completed *The Woman From Moscow*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

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**Langdon, Harry**—playing in *Heart Trouble*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Lake, Arthur**—playing in *The Air Circus*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**La Plante, Laura**—playing in *The Last Warning*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**La Rocque, Rod**—playing in *Captain Swagger*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Lloyd, Harold**—recently completed *Speedy*—Harold Lloyd Productions, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Loff, Jeannette**—playing in *Annapolis*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Logan, Jacqueline**—recently completed *Power*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Lorraine, Louise**—playing in *The Wright Idea*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Love, Bessie**—playing in *The Matinee Idol*—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Lowe, Edmund**—playing in *Making the Grade*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Loy, Myrna**—playing in *State Street Sadie*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Luden, Jack**—recently completed *The Woman From Moscow*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

\* \* \*

**MacDonald, Farrell**—playing in *Me, Gangster*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Mackaill, Dorothy**—playing in *Waterfront*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Maynard, Ken**—playing in *The Phantom City*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**McAvoy, May**—playing in *The Terror*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**McCoy, Tim**—playing in *Morgan's Last Raid*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**McGregor, Malcolm**—playing in *The Girl on the Barge*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**McLaglen, Victor**—playing in *The River Pirate*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**McLaglen, Thomas**—playing in *The Mating Call*—Caddo Productions, Hollywood, Cal.

**Menjou, Adolphe**—playing in *His Private Life*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Moore, Colleen**—playing in *Oh Kay!*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Moran, Lois**—playing in *Making the Grade*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Moreno, Antonio**—playing in *The Midnight Taxi*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Morton, Charles**—playing in *None But the Brave*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Mulhall, Jack**—playing in *Waterfront*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Murray, Charles**—playing in *Do Your Duty*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Murray, James**—playing in *The Shakedown*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Nagel, Conrad**—playing in *War in the Dark*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Negli, Pola**—recently completed *The Woman From Moscow*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Nilsson, Anna O.**—playing in *The Whip*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Nissen, Greta**—recently completed *The Butler and Egg Man*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Nixon, Marian**—playing in *Out of the Ruins*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Norton, Barry**—playing in *Mother Knows Best*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Novarro, Ramon**—playing in *Gold Braid*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Nugent, Eddie**—playing in *The Single Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

\* \* \*

**O'Brien, George**—playing in *Noah's Ark*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**O'Day, Molly**—recently completed *The Butler and Egg Man*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**O'Neil, Sally**—playing in *The Girl on the Barge*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Oland, Warner**—recently completed *Stand and Deliver*—Pathé-De Mille Productions, Culver City, Cal.

**Olmstead, Gertrude**—playing in *The Hit of the Show*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

\* \* \*

**Philbin, Mary**—playing in *Salvage*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Pickford, Mary**—recently completed *My Best Girl*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

**Powell, William**—playing in *The Canary Murder Case*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Prevost, Marie**—recently completed *The Godless Girl*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Pringle, Aileen**—playing in *The Single Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

\* \* \*

**Ralston, Esther**—recently completed *The Sawdust Paradise*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Ralston, Jobyna**—playing in *The Night Flyer*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Ray, Charles**—recently completed *The Garden of Eden*—United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

**Reynolds, Vera**—recently completed *Walking Back*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Rich, Irene**—playing in *Craig's Wife*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Rogers, Charles (Buddy)**—playing in *The Sophomore*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Roland, Gilbert**—playing in *Craig's Wife*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

\* \* \*

**Schildkraut, Rudolph**—recently completed *Tenth Avenue*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Sebastian, Dorothy**—playing in *Morgan's Last Raid*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Shearer, Norma**—playing in *The Little Angel*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Sills, Milton**—playing in *Hard Rock*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Steele, Bob**—playing in *Lightning Speed*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Swanson, Gloria**—playing in *The Swamp*—F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

\* \* \*

**Talmdge, Norma**—recently completed *The Woman Disputed*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Taylor, Ruth**—playing in *The Canary Murder Case*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Thomson, Fred**—playing in *Kil Carson*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Todd, Thelma**—playing in *Heart to Heart*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Tryon, Glenn**—playing in *The Kid's Clever*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Tyler, Tom**—playing in *Gun Law*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

\* \* \*

**Valli, Virginia**—playing in *The Escape*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Varconi, Victor**—playing in *The Divine Lady*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Velez, Lupe**—playing in *The Love Song*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Veidt, Conrad**—recently completed *The Man Who Laughs*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Vidor, Florence**—recently completed *The Magnificent Flirt*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

\* \* \*

**Windsor, Claire**—playing in *The Clash*—Tiffany Productions, 933 No. Seward St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Wray, Fay**—playing in *The First Kiss*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.



# Style Book-free

Newest—Smartest

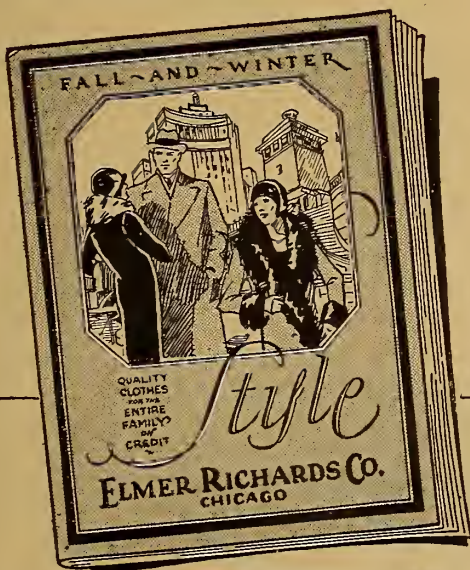
New York Styles

SEND now for this book of *authoritative* style information. Many pages, color illustrations, accurate descriptions in *every detail*; showing exactly all the features of up-to-date styles in dresses, coats, millinery, shoes and general wearing apparel — surprising values in all kinds of women's, men's and children's quality clothing.

## For All the Family

You'll know what Dame Fashion favors when you finish looking through this new Style Book. Every detail is up-to-the-minute illustrations and descriptions are all *complete*. They leave no doubts as to quality, designs, styles and right prices. The very newest thing from the ultra smart to the most conservative is contained in this book. It is full of complete surprises for you.

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"SHOWS the best, most complete line of wearing apparel, and the greatest values we have ever offered", say our style designers in New York about this new Style Book. See for yourself these newest, smartest styles. Compare the values. To go through this new Style Book is like visiting the most up-to-date store in New York — but with the excessive overhead costs cut off.

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For Men, Women and Children

Be sure to see the wide variety of stunning new styles shown in Women's Fall and Winter Coats. Model illustrated here at left, for example, is beautifully designed of all wool Ram's Head Velour with 2 year guaranteed silk lining. Collar and cuffs are of Mandell fur. The price will prove a delightful surprise.

Shown at right is one of the distinctive Elmer Richards offers for men. Suit is correctly tailored of all wool worsted and is furnished in your choice of the seasons most popular patterns of Tan, Grey, Blue or Brown. New Style Book shows this and many other values in Men's Stylish Suits, Overcoats, and Furnishings.



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**Just Out!** This new Style Book is just off the press. No effort was spared to make it the most *reliable* and *authoritative* source of information on wearing apparel on the market. There are only a limited number of copies for public distribution other than to our old customers. Send for your *free* copy now. Mail the coupon today.

Book will be sent with typical Elmer Richards' prompt service, the same day coupon is received.

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### the **Ambassador** Los Angeles

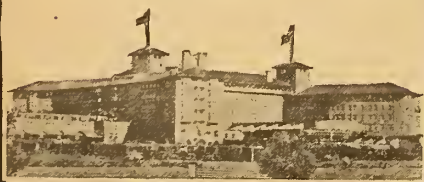
**NO HOTEL IN THE WORLD OFFERS MORE VARIED ATTRACTIONS**—Superb 27-acre park, with miniature golf course, open air plunge and tennis courts. Riding, hunting and all sports, including 18-hole Rancho Golf Club. Motion picture theatre and 35 smart shops within the hotel. Famous Cocoanut Grove for dancing nightly.

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ATTRACTIVE SUMMER RATES

BEN L. FRANK  
Manager

29-b



"CONQUEST" has been chosen as the title for John Barrymore's next picture. Camilla Horn will again be his leading lady.

THE production of "The Play Goes On," which Paul Fejos will direct, will precede "The Charlatan," which was previously announced as his next picture.

UNIVERSAL has purchased the motion picture rights to Inez Gregg's story, "Why Girls Walk Home," which presents a new angle to the familiar theme.

A SOCIETY and underworld drama, "Say It with Sables," a Columbia picture, will shortly go into production with Francis X. Bushman, Helene Chadwick, Margaret Livingston and Arthur Rankin in the cast.

THE rôle of *Mary Bell* in Universal's "The Border Wildcat" will be played by Kathryn McGuire, the Wampas Baby star, in support of Ted Wells, who is starring.

PHILIP STRANGE, the English picture star, will play the rôle of a Spanish nobleman, *D'Alacer*, in Joseph Conrad's "The Rescue," in which Ronald Colman is starred, with Lili Damita playing opposite him. Vilma Banky, Colman's former team-mate and now an independent star, is making "The Awakening."

HERBERT BRENON will produce "Luminox," Fannie Hurst's novel, as one of his independent productions for United Artists' release.

FAY WRAY, the Paramount star, is now Mrs. John Monk Saunders, meaning that Fay was recently married to Mr. Saunders, author of "Wings."

AFTER a long absence, Theodore Roberts returns to

the screen in John Gilbert's current vehicle for Metro-Goldwyn, "The Mask of the Devil." Alma Rubens and Ralph Forbes are in the cast too.

IN his next starring picture for Caddo, Thomas Meighan will have two leading ladies, Evelyn Brent and Renée Adorée, both popular stars in their own right. It is Rex Beach's "The Mating Call" and will be directed by James Cruze.

PREPARATIONS are now being made by Inspiration Pictures to film "She Goes to War," the woman's side of the big conflict. Howard Estabrook is adapting this Rupert Hughes story and Henry King will direct.

F. W. MURNAU, the Fox director, is making preparations to start his next picture, "Our Daily Bread."

MILLARD WEBB will direct "Trial Marriage," Elizabeth Alexander's serial story, which treats the new trend in marriage from a different point of view, for Columbia.

MARY PICKFORD's fans will be shocked to learn that when Mary stopped in Chicago, on her way back to California, she had her famous blonde curls cut off. However, we hasten to tell her fans that her bob is very becoming.

HARRY LANGDON's new comedy, formerly called "Here Comes the Band," is now titled "Heart Trouble."

"INTO the Depths," the story of a submarine disaster, has gone into production at Columbia Studios with Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Dorothy Revier in the cast and Irvin Willat directing.

JOHNNY HINES is making plans to film "The Girl Friend" with sound effects at the Tec-Art Studios.



In "Noah's Ark" George O'Brien plays one of the most important parts of the sledgendary characters



**"Our Love Must Wait...  
the Enemy Will Not!"**

Once a little gutter girl—her breathless beauty had made her the enchantress of an Empire! A nation's nobles the pliant playthings of her charm. And now, for one fleeting moment, her first true love lay close upon her heart. HE had forgotten duty, honor, and all else... But SHE remembered—and to save her nation she denied her love... Sent England's greatest naval hero forth to change the destiny of Europe—or to die!

*You'll worship*  
**CORINNE  
GRIFFITH**  
*in*  
**"The  
DIVINE LADY"**  
*—for its*

Celebrated fact romance of one of history's greatest loves—  
Cyclonic spectacle of the naval battle that made Lord  
Nelson famous—  
Scenes of sumptuous splendor in the Courts of Europe—  
Five great artists headed by one of the loveliest of Stars

With  
**VICTOR VARCONI**  
—H. B. Warner—Ian  
Keith—Marie Dressler.



Produced by Frank  
Lloyd, who made "The  
Sea Hawk." Presented  
by Richard A. Rowland

One of the  
Greatest of all  
**First National  
Pictures**

Take the Guesswork Out  
of "Going to the Movies!"

"England expects every  
man to do his duty!"



**The DIVINE  
LADY**  
NOW YOU CAN SEE THE  
ROMANCE THAT MADE  
THIS FAMOUS NOVEL A  
BEST-SELLER OVERNIGHT



# LEFT OVERS

## HOLLYWOOD NIGHT AND DAY

By **A.A. FLATERTIRE**

Wonder what a street-cleaner would do if he saw a horse on the Boulevard?—black grease spots from an orchid limousine instead—Tom Mix going down the Boulevard in one of his many yellow cars—Ray Griffith just back from Europe with his bride, nize beby—straw hats—flannel trousers—Alice White flirting—Sue Carol without Nick Stuart—whatever became of Eugene O'Brien?—Japs and lawn-mowers and Fords go hand in hand—one-legged actor with a smile—sign over a restaurant: "Don't eat! Wait for our grand opening"—how can women wear furs on a day like this?—why does Ona Brown call everybody "dearie"?—Ben Lyon and Marian Nixon dodging a street-car—high-toned barber shops with red leather chairs—haven't seen Mike Cudáhy for weeks—sight-seeing bus filled with people from Los Angeles—four times as many blondes as red-heads—four times as many red-heads as brunettes—I used to like brunettes the best—I still do—store-keepers peering hopefully from behind "shoppe" windows—man in a Prince Albert looking hungry—Jim Tully—more could be said on that subject—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., with his secretary, a boy from Kalamazoo, Michigan—why so many bank buildings where everybody's broke—lots of clanking and sirens, probably the Fire Chief going to lunch—pint-sized Pomeranian towing a 250-pound "mama"—what does an extra eat on his \$7.50 a day?—\$7.50 a day once a week—SAY!!! what DOES a street-cleaner think about ANYHOW???????????

\* \* \*

"Cowboy Hotel" is the low-class name given a lower-class dwelling place down on Cahuenga by the laundry. Here is where the cowboy extras live. The "pony express" boys who work in an occasional Western picture. Cheap rents and cheaper restaurants make the place attractive to the rodeo specialists. "Cowboy Hotel" has seen murders and near-murders. Rent is payable in advance—always. Too much has been lost "on the cuff." Fights are common. These outdoor gents battle at the wave of a handkerchief. You must come over! Once the hotel housed many types, but now you just gotta be tough. The familiar cow-puncher with his boots and beard and two-bits makes the whole side of the street colorful. Some of Hollywood's unsolicited tourist atmosphere.

This "pay-as-you-enter" business, however, does not apply to actors in the better class hotels. A dollar now and a dollar when they work is their forte. And the managers like it! They have to! Tourists like to live where actors "stop." (Oi Yoi!! Ve gotten hev de 'hecters.) Here's one: The manager of a little hotel on the Boulevard told me that he went up to Room 604 the other day to oust a young juvenile who



A close-up of John Monk Saunders and Fay Wray close up. Why doesn't he marry the girl? He did—not long ago, in Maryland, while "The First Kiss" company was on location. John and Fay did their share of work, apparently

was about six months in arrears. The kid gave him a great sales talk about "that job coming up next week" and a couple of sympathy subtitles. When the manager came out, he was minus his rent and twenty dollars in cash!

\* \* \*

The hotels really stand for a lot—but they draw the line at scandal! Murder and suicide are taboo! They aren't popular in the front families this season—so the hotels put on the kibosh. Besides the bad publicity, which often results from such "kid-play," it sometimes costs them real dough. An actor committed suicide in a back room of a small actors' hostelry. The room is now closed. No actor will rent it!

It seems the most important persons attached to the studios are the office boys. After they get through "uping" you and "downing" you, the producers seem just like your *olten time pell*. Down at Fox, however, they reduced the boys a peg. Brass-buttoned uniforms were provided for them—together with the little frying-pan caps strapped under the chin. But it's like trying to put Mussolini in his place. What's the use? They're working as bell hops in the movies now.

\* \* \*

Hollywood Boulevard will never be a "Great White Way"—it is fast becoming the "Little Blue-and-Red Lane." Each little shop and theater and gas station has one of these piercing new signs. They look like a red-hot wire in a glass tube—red, blue and sometimes green. The funniest-looking sign on the Boulevard reads: HOLLYWOOD EL CTR C COMPANY—isn't that the irony of life for you?

\* \* \*

The movies and their stars have caused the City of Los Angeles to pass strange new ordinances. The first makes it a felony to unnecessarily incite (or excite) the police or fire departments. It seems the press-agents were calling out the squads at various odd hours—just to get their baby star on the front page. The second makes it impossible for anyone to get a police escort, unless three-quarters of the City Counsel agree. And that will never happen (that is, it never has!). So now Susie will have to ride home all alone; no officers, no sirens, no nothin'—s tough!

\* \* \*

"Souvenir hunters" take heavy toll in Hollywood. Screen stars, parking their cars near the studios, take their insurance in their hands. One prominent masculine lover left his foreign-make vehicle unprotected for two hours. Upon his return, he found the motor-meter, steering-gear ball and other various and sundry knick-knacks missing. He also found notes from admirers (?) explaining that they had taken the "what-nots" as souvenirs. Nice bunch of guys, eh?

\* \* \*

Wild Saturday night in Hollywood! Sign on the Hollywood Boulevard entrance of the Roosevelt Hotel at twelve o'clock: "Please use side door and BE QUIET!" Whoops, my dear!





"We can get seats for that picture across the street"  
**"I'D RATHER STAND ON LINE AND SEE THIS  
 METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER PICTURE —  
 THEY'RE ALWAYS GOOD."**



**JOHN GILBERT**  
 in  
**"The Cossacks"**



**MARION DAVIES**  
 in  
**"Her Cardboard Lover"**



**JOHN GILBERT**  
 in  
**"Four Walls"**

# ISN'T IT THE TRUTH!

**YOU'RE** always sure  
**OF** seeing  
**THE** biggest stars  
**THE** finest stories  
**WHEN** your theatre  
**SHOWS** you  
**M-G-M** pictures



**WILLIAM HAINES**  
 in  
**"Telling the World"**



**WHITE SHADOWS  
 IN THE SOUTH SEAS  
 WITH  
 MONTE BLUE and  
 RAQUEL TORRES**



## LEO'S QUESTION CONTEST

Leo, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Lion, is staging a question contest of his own. He offers two \$50 prizes—one to the cleverest man, one to the cleverest woman, for the best answers to his questions. And furthermore Leo will present autographed photographs of himself for the fifty next best sets of answers.

### LEO'S QUESTIONS

- 1 Name three famous animals in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures and Hal Roach comedies.
  - 2 What popular song bears the same name as a current M-G-M picture?
  - 3 Which M-G-M featured player, not yet starred, do you consider most worthy of stardom? Tell why in not more than 75 words.
  - 4 Name three famous M-G-M "teams" of actors.
  - 5 What are five of Bill Haines' picture successes? Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1542 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by September 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.
- NOTE: If you do not attend the pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of Contest of June, 1928  
 MRS. JOHN D. JESK, 214 E. 51st Street, New York City  
 CHARLES CHURCHILL, P. O. Box 316  
 Carson City, Nevada

# METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars than there are in Heaven"





# Pathé glorifies youth and beauty

*Coming Pathe Pictures*

## "ANNAPOLIS"

with Jeanette Loff and John Mack Brown. Directed by W. Christy Cabanne

**ROD LA ROCQUE**

in

## "LOVE OVER NIGHT"

with Jeanette Loff, Tom Kennedy and Mary Carr. A Hector Turnbull Production. Directed by Edward H. Griffith.

**LEATRICE JOY**

in

## "MAN-MADE WOMEN"

with H. B. Warner, John Boles and Seena Owen. Directed by Paul L. Stein. Produced by Ralph Block for DeMille Pictures Corporation.

*Coming Pathe Pictures*

## "TENTH AVENUE"

with **PHYLLIS HAVER**  
Victor Varconi  
and Joseph Schildkraut

A William C. deMille Production. Produced by DeMille Pictures Corporation.

**WILLIAM BOYD**

in "THE COP"

with Alan Hale, Jacqueline Logan and Robert Armstrong

A Donald Crisp Production. Produced by Ralph Block for DeMille Pictures Corporation.

*James Cruze, Inc. presents*

## "THE RED MARK"

with Nena Quartaro, Gaston Glass, Gustave Von Seyffertitz and Rose Dione. Personally directed by James Cruze.

**F**OR the new season Pathe has cornered the market on Youth and Beauty—players with color, dash, beauty, personality! Pathe's stars and players are youthful—comers—typifying today.

There's Lina Basquette, Jeanette Loff, Lili Damita, Nena Quartaro, Sue Carol, Phyllis Haver, Leatrice Joy, Marie Prevost, Jacqueline Logan.

And William Boyd, George Duryea, Robert Armstrong, Junior Coghlan, Victor Varconi, Joseph Schildkraut, John Mack Brown, Eddie Quillan, Alan Hale.

Here are names that sparkle, that connote big scenes, fine roles, worthwhile pictures.  
**PATHE HAS THEM.**



Pathé





E. R. Richee

We shouldn't advise the Navy Department to co-operate too heartily when Clara Bow begins making "The Fleet's In," because it will take the combined Army and Marine Corps to get the boys back on board again





Lansing Brown

The adding machine isn't made that could compute the number of girls who would start afoot for Hollywood if given a chance to play opposite Lloyd Hughes in a picture with a title such as "Heart to Heart." Or of men who could do the same to substitute for him, for his leading woman is Mary Astor





Russell Ball

When people first heard Constance Talmadge's name associated with "The Last of Mrs. Cheney," they were prone to remark that they weren't surprised, because there was no reason why this fellow Cheney should last any longer than the other husbands





Spurr

Can it be that Ronald Colman was in genuine danger of being lost without his Vilma to play opposite? The situation at least would seem to have been precarious, for feminine first aid has been rushed from Paris in the person of Lili Damita. And the title of their first photoplay is to be "The Rescue"





R. H. Louise

The name of Lillian Gish's next picture is "Wind." And most assuredly it cannot be an ill one. For it will waft before us upon the screen again the prim yet not displeasing charm of one of the cinema's most earnest actresses





Melbourne Spurr

The only star who parts her name but not her hair in the middle is Anna Q. Nilsson. And incidentally, how many in the classroom know what the isolated letter stands for? What, no one! Well, just to satisfy your curiosity, we'll tell you: Querentia





Lansing Brown

Loff at first sight is the characteristic reaction after a glance at Jeanette. Partly because of her beauty, partly because of her ability. But chiefly because, like so many Scandinavians, she has a Norway with her





E. R. Richee

To distinguish him from the dour Brother Noah, it is only necessary now to say you mean the cheery Beery when you're talking about Wallace. And you probably will be after you have seen his performance in "Beggars of Life"



SEP 11 1928 ✓

*The Screen Magazine of Authority*

# Motion Picture

*September, 1928*

MAJOR GEORGE K. SHULER, *Publisher*

DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR., *General Manager*

LAURENCE REID, *Managing Editor*

## *Camera!*

MUCH has been said concerning the effect of the talkies upon the present stars and starlets of the screen. It has been pointed out that the qualities of the voices of many of them are unsuitable for theatrical speech, and that they must choose between studying elocution and suffering oblivion. It has been prophesied, too, that foreign stars must necessarily cease to stake out claims in the celluloid El Dorado of Hollywood. It has furthermore been forecast that players from the speaking stage, the favorites of the New York playhouses, will forthwith come into demand and supplant the present inarticulate idols.

Much, too, has been conjectured about the effect of the talkies upon the producers. It has been offered as an opinion that the exporting of audible productions cannot practically be accomplished. They are being made in English, and more particularly, American English; and commentators have been quick to indicate that these cannot be understood in any country unaccustomed to such a language. This is only one and a representative remark.

### **What About the Fans?**

BUT in all the talk about the talkies, this is noticeable: that very little has been said about their effect upon those most important of all people in the scheme of the motion picture world: the fans themselves.

What are the talkies going to do to them?

For one thing, it seems most probable, the talkies are going to exact at the start certainly a great deal of patience. There is no doubt that the invention of speaking movies is here and here to stay. And there is no doubt that the major mechanical difficulties have been surmounted. But it is one thing to have invented a practical automobile and another to have refined it to a point where many may drive it a thousand miles or so without ever so much as having to lift the hood. So with the talkies: it is likely to be some time before every theater showing them will have succeeded in so perfecting its projection of sight and sound as to make them run perfectly and unnoticeably. There is likely to be a recurrence of the situations which used to bring "One Minute to Change Reels" to the screen. The fans are very probably going to be subjected to quite a bit of irritation. But this will pass with the removal of its causes. For they will be removed; the technical skill of makers of motion

pictures has always been of the very highest order and it will overcome the new problems as completely as in the past it has overcome the old.

### **Take Your Tolerance With You**

IT would be well, therefore, when witnessing the first few talkies, to go prepared for incomplete satisfaction. Not that any of them will be anything but as carefully made as possible, but because, with the invention in its very early infancy, there is bound to be present in its practical functioning a certain amount of imperfection. There was in the phonograph, there was in the radio; there is in the talkies. But it should be remembered that as the first two devices improved, so will the third. Competition and the necessity of perfecting the mechanics will soon smooth out the wrinkles. The talkies are a great idea; let us give them a chance to prove it.

### **It Might Be G. B. Shaw**

THE entry of George Bernard Shaw into the talkies suggests possibilities. They say that in his initial appearance he gives an imitation of Mussolini that is nearly as funny as the Duce himself. And this may mean that there has been uncovered a new great character actor. There are only too few. We have Lon Chaney and Jean Hersholt and Emil Jannings. The next time Samuel Goldwyn goes abroad, let him stop in London on his way to the Continent and sign George up.

But the success of Shaw's performance is more than a personal achievement for him. It affords convincing proof of the practicability of the medium itself. It shows what the talkies can do.

For in the picture in which he appeared and spoke, there was a noticeable improvement in the reproduction of sound. Not only the novelist's voice, with its every nuance of accent and tone, was clearly and pleasantly audible, but other sounds—such as the crunch of his footsteps on the gravel walk which led him into the picture. The whole thing made the absent performer seem very really present.

Given reproduction of sound as natural as this, given a play written expressly for talkie presentation, and given professional actors, it would appear that if fans need at first be a little tolerant of the new medium, they need not long be.



# Butchering

An Author in Hollywood

BY WINNIFRED EATON REEVE

(Onoto Watanna)

THE train from New York is due. Hollywood prepares to make one of its typical publicity gestures. Not, it is true, of the magnitude or hysterical and blatant quality such as is accorded a Star, a Movie Executive or a Peaches Browning, but, taken all in all, a nice refined little hullabaloo. After all, it is only an Eminent Author who is arriving in Hollywood. He is met at the train by cameramen, reporters, a star or two, maybe a director, perhaps even the Mayor and a bunch of minor and major Movie folk that the publicity director has managed to round up for the occasion.

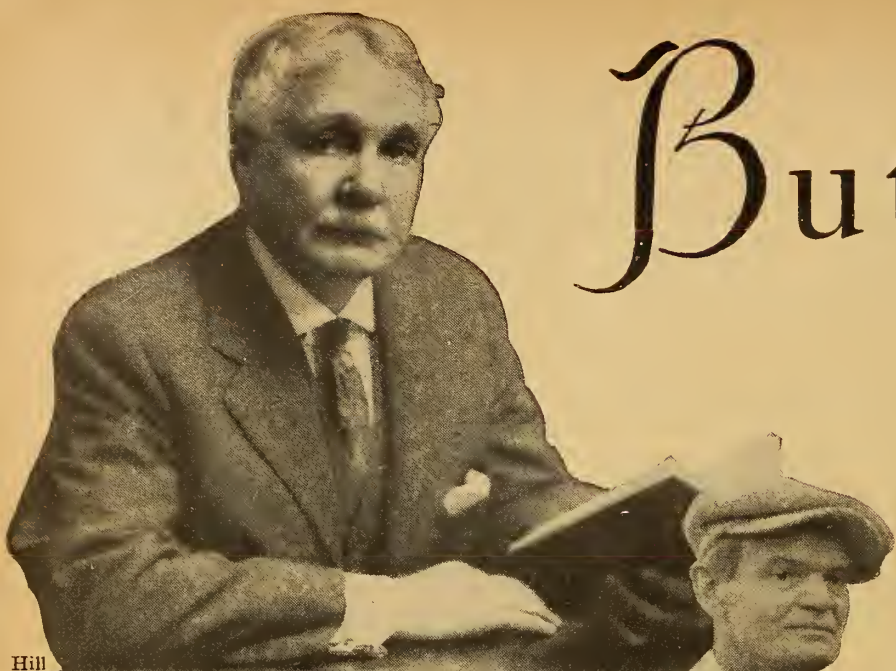
For a few days at least our Eminent Author basks in the sunshine and favor of the City of Props. He is wine and dined, photographed, touted, exploited, interviewed, quoted, misquoted. Every prospect pleases. He has a remarkable contract in his pocket. Five hundred dollars a week for the first three months; seven hundred and fifty dollars for the next six; one thousand dollars a week for the next year and so on *ad nauseam*. Small wonder that he gives forth an interview to the effect that he is charmed with Hollywood and intends to devote the rest of his literary life to the Great Art of Motion Pictures.

Like fun he is! At the end of the three months, he will get a little note to the effect that the option on his contract is not to be exercised by the Producer.

To one author who remains in Hollywood, there are a score who make their silent exit at the end of the three months. Not all go silently. Many fare forth shooting verbal fireworks behind them.

"The survival of the fittest" does not apply in Hollywood, so far as authors are concerned. The touchstone to success is not creative brains, talent or inventive genius. The inspirational writer, however big his dreams and his product, cannot hope to compete with those possessed of sharp wits, craft, salesmanship, pull, politics and the thousand and one petty tricks that contribute to one's influence in this game.

About a week after his arrival our Eminent Author finds himself parked in an ugly little office in a noisy rackety-



Hill



P.&A.



P.&A.



P.&A.

Richee

At the top: Henry Irving Dodge, then Clarence Budington Kelland, Carl Van Vechten, Elinor Glyn and Joseph Hergesheimer



# Brains

Is as a Lamb in an Abattoir

packetty building. (Some studios are beginning to grant the authors offices as good as the secretaries of the executives). The refined hullabaloo aforementioned has become a thing of the dazzling past. Our author has been patted on the back for the last time.

## An Original by Susy Swipes

HE sits in his office and scans, with bulging eyes, his first assignment. He is presently either convulsed with wild mirth or is stricken dumb with incoherent wrath. He has been assigned to adapt and treat an "original" by one Susy Swipes or Davy Jones of Hollywood. It is an amazing, an incredible document. Its language is almost beyond credence. It is a nightmare patchwork that contains incidents and characters and gags and plots of a hundred or more stories that are horribly reminiscent to the Eminent Author.

A wise and prudent Eminent Author will set right to work upon Susy's or Davy's story. Sometimes, however, he bolts out of his office and dashes across the lot to the opulent administration building, where in ornately luxurious offices the favorites and powers that be hold forth.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." "Whom the gods destroy they first make mad." Alas! How sadly these adages apply to the Eminent Author in Hollywood as he forces his way into the *sanctum sanctorum* of a supervisor, or even such movie royalty as a producer.

Let us draw a kindly veil over what ensues. We will change the subject.

Talking about supervisors. Some are human beings, speaking the author's own language, possessed of a sense of humor, keen, sympathetic and kind. Others belong to that clan that a departing author (was it not Will Irwin?) quaintly dubbed "the dese and dose and dem boys." These bright young fellows sometimes mistake Maeterlinck for a patent medicine and have been known to reject a story by Victor Hugo because he "keeps a restaurant down town." Usually they have a low opinion of authors, consider them pests and bugs and duck out of their way when they see one coming.

(Continued on page 110)



Foster

Richie

At the bottom: George Jean Nathan, then Michael Arlen, Anita Loos, Laurence Stallings and Irvin S. Cobb



Underwood





Carsey

## *Bobbed White*

So far as her hair is concerned, you can take it from Alice White that it won't be long now—or ever. In the face of the growing fancy for the growing out of tresses, Alice stoutly insists upon remaining in what some woman has termed the estate of shingle blessedness





## Are Summer Flirtations Dangerous?

The Men in the Movies Say Yes

The Girls Say Nonsense

By RUTH TILDESLEY

THEY say that summer is the silly season. Perhaps that's why summer and flirtations are interchangeable terms in this land of the free-and-easy.

Now and then a wedding ring is discovered at the end of a lovers' lane; sometimes the first frost brings complete forgetfulness to both players of the game of sham romance; and occasionally a broken heart is left upon the sands after the gay parasols have been packed away for the winter.

Are summer flirtations dangerous?

"I've heard that 'apple pie without cheese is like a kiss without a squeeze,'" laughs Jacqueline Logan, "Just so a summer vacation without a flirtation is not recreation. The flirtation is the seasoning that brings out the flavor of the dish. There is, of course, danger. It is possible that one may fall in love seriously. But that would happen anyway and I don't think the summer flirtation should be held to blame."

Two of "Hell's Angels"—Ben Lyon and James Hall—violently disagree on the subject.

"Flirtations are dangerous at all times," says Ben, firmly. "I don't see where the weather enters into it at all. Give a woman half a chance, in June or December, and if she is interested in the flirtatious male, he had better watch out! 'The female of the species is more deadly than the male.' The man who invented that line didn't qualify it one bit. He knew his romance.

### Weather Thwarts No Woman

THE poets harp about spring—and a man is supposed to be more susceptible in May than in September. But no practical woman follows any  
(Continued on page 108)

Beginning at the left end of the horseshoe: Carmel Myers, Ben Lyon, Mrs. Wallace Reid, William Haines, Dale Fuller, Andres de Segurola, Laura La Plante, Fritzi Ridgway, Charlie Byer, Marian Nixon, George Fawcett, Virginia Valli, Louise Fazenda, and Jacqueline Logan





## Acting *Ad Liberty*

One great test of a trouper, they say, is the ability—when someone else in the scene forgets his lines or his business—to find something plausible to say or do—to act *ad lib*. Which puts Joan Crawford at the head of the class, for here, and with the utmost ease, she goes this one better and acts *ad liberty*



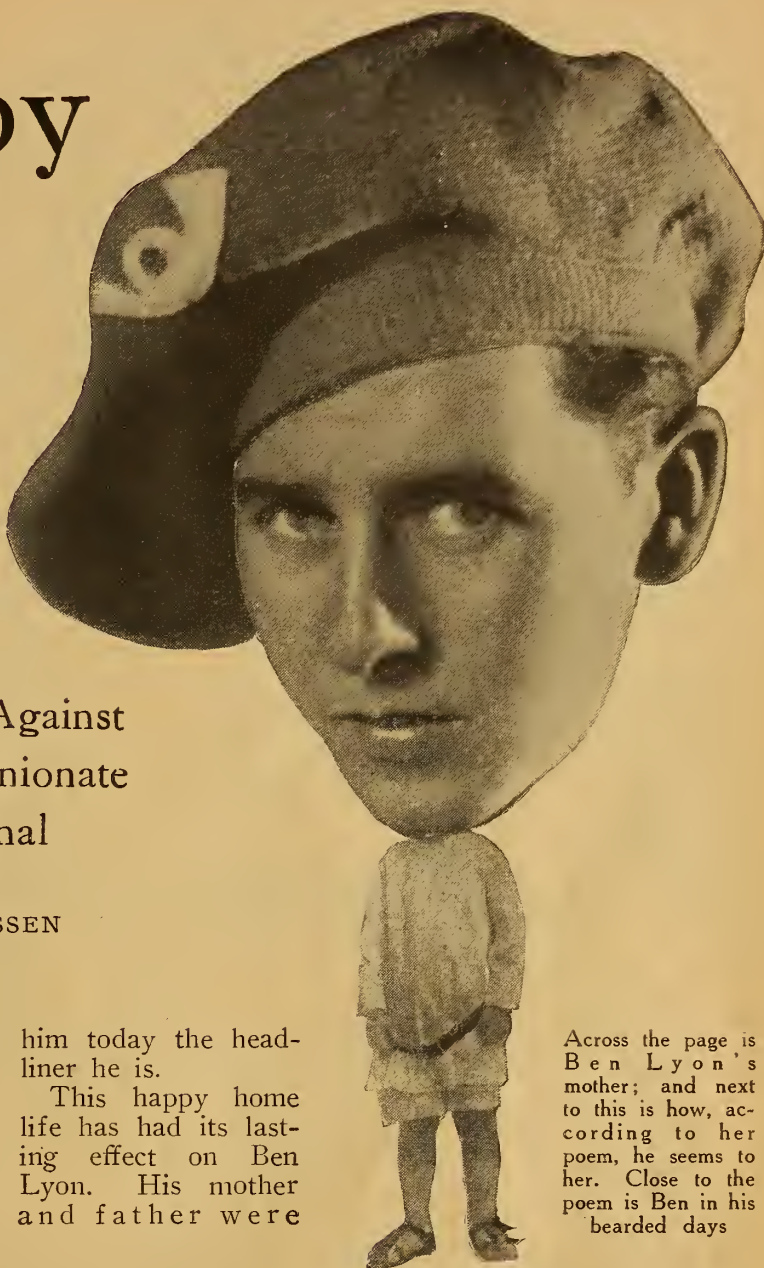
# Keeping Baby Single



Evans

Ben Lyon  
Is All for His  
Mother and All Against  
Marriage, Companionate  
or Conventional

By MADGE DRESSEN



Across the page is Ben Lyon's mother; and next to this is how, according to her poem, he seems to her. Close to the poem is Ben in his bearded days

YOU may say "Yes, it's beautiful. It's touching. But what has it to do with Ben Lyon on the moot subject of Companionate Marriage?"

It has a great deal to do with it. "As a twig is bent, so is the tree inclined" means, translated, as a young man is reared so, in later life, will he think and act.

Ben Lyon, need I say, after quoting his mother's poem, was reared in an atmosphere of home and family love. He is the baby of the family. Before his birth, knowing that he would be her last child, his mother prayed to God daily for a son. For a son who would be distinguished and world-famous. A son to whom she could point with shining pride. She loved the stage and had once dreamed of such a career for herself. In those days "nice girls" didn't go on the stage. She had to abandon her own dreams. She dreamed them again for her baby. And the dream came true.

When her baby was born, his mother watched over each developing thought. She entered into all his little-boy and young-manhood plans, enthusiasms and despairs. She guided and counseled, and when the stage did actually make its early and predestined appeal, it was his mother who read his lines over with him well into the midnight-oily hours. It was his mother who coached him and planned bits of business and imbued him with the loving confidence that has made

him today the headliner he is.

This happy home life has had its lasting effect on Ben Lyon. His mother and father were



## ALWAYS BABY MINE

*My baby now is six feet tall,  
But he's my baby after all.  
He cuddles me upon his knee  
And whispers words of love to me.  
Oh, I'm as happy as can be,  
Baby Mine.*

## CHORUS . . .

*Each week I'd bring him a new toy,  
And watch him clap his hands for joy.  
Now he brings me flowers and pearls,  
Just the same as other girls.  
Oh, I'm as happy as can be,  
Baby Mine.*

## CHORUS . . .

*He has grown strong, but as for me,  
As years go on, more helpless be.  
He helps me walk, at home and out,  
Instead of carting him about.  
A man full grown, to man's estate,  
But always, Baby Mine.*

## CHORUS

*Baby Mine, Baby Mine,  
You're my baby always, Baby Mine.  
I'm as happy as can be,  
Proud that God gave you to me  
You'll always be my baby,  
Baby Mine.*

(By Aileen Lyon, Ben's Mother)

Mother and Dad. His sisters were dear to him. His home was a sanctuary where stained things did not enter. Why should they enter now?

## Ben's Wild Oats

BEN has sowed wild oats. What young man has not? The oatless fields usually belong to the hypocrites. Ben is not a hypocrite. He has looked on mud as well as stars and doesn't hesitate to say so if the occasion calls for plain dealing.

But deep in his heart is the little boy who lived at home with his happily married mother and father, his sisters, his own room, his friends, his studies. The sound family life that keeps a man steady even while he plays with new ideas and various hearts and hopes.

This background is the reason for Ben's not believing in Judge Lindsey's Companionate Marriage. Marriage, for Ben, is marriage—or  
(Continued on page 95)





Richee

# Our of the

Baclanova Mounts Her

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

Theatre. Baclanova is his protégée, darling of the Russian little theater movement, great artist of the school of realism. They're always cabling her to come home.

"Baclanova, is it foreign technique? What is it that makes your acting so different, so superb? How can you steal scene after scene from another great artist like Emil Jannings?"

## Jannings Is Willing

THAT is just what she does in "The Street of Sin." Jannings, apparently, is not afraid. He must rather like it, for Baclanova is to be his leading lady in "Sins of the Fathers." If that isn't fearlessness, what is?

Baclanova's throat was pale against the whiteness of her high-standing fur collar, arched upward. Her pearly teeth appeared between reddened lips.

But her secretary answered:

"No! It is not art or technique. It is individuality. Baclanova's individuality."

Baclanova, the individual.

"In America it iss reverse from Russia." Baclanova, herself, was speaking. "In America first it iss the background of the play they sink of. The settings. Then it iss the costume they sink of. And last of all it iss the character."

"In the Moscow Art Theatre it iss here where it starts. Here iss first—" Her hands touched her solar plexus, the seat of life, the center of emotion. Anatomically speaking, her tummy. "First the character, in Russian acting; then the costume, and last the background."

She moves with feline grace. Her legs are those of a dancer. Her eyes are those of a mystic. Blue-grey and large, slanting upward slightly at the outer tips like the Oriental. Born in Moscow of Baclanova, a father who was a sculptor, painter, violinist and director of a factory. Of a mother who was a singer.

OLGA BACLANOVA it was in the beginning. After her second picture they changed it to Baclanova. That makes her an *artiste* in Hollywood. Things are as simple as that.

That makes her an *artiste* in Hollywood, so now it's unanimous. In New York they split their gloves applauding "Carmencita and the Soldier." In the Russias, when she played "Pericola," it nearly caused a riot. Not that riots are unusual, but Baclanova's performance was.

In Moscow when she plays "Lesitrata," the Greek lady who was among the first of the classical suffragettes, they rock the theater with huzzas. In Petrograd—that was St. Petersburg when the Little Father ruled—her "Fountain of Bachchisaray" makes them weep and tear their long Russian hair.

I mean, it's an art.

Is it an art? Or is it technique? Technique that is taught by Vladimir Nyemirovich-Dantchenko, founder with Stanislavsky of the Russian Art



Hommel

Not Gloria Swanson, at the right, but Baclanova, as a Peruvian dancing girl. And again, above, as herself



# Lady Steppes

## Own Golden Stairs

### The Emotional Stairs)

"THE steps of emotion. Each one I tread on when I have dramatic scene. One—two—three—four—until I reach very top step. Zat iss way to give true performance. Nozing false. Never missing a step—see—to reach the top. Never hurrying."

Six brothers and sisters, and blonde. Short curling flaxen hair. One sister in Riga, another in Serbia, a brother lost in a war, another brother, fifteen, living at home with little mother. All non-professionals. Father dead.

"See? Now in 'Street of Sin' I was poor stupid woman. I did not sink queeckly. I come in and see what has happen and I do not oonderstand right away. Then I oonderstand and slowly I go up my steps of emotion. You see?"

Eyes of a saint and a sinner, at will; smile of a charmer, a dominant darling, admittedly temperamental, a tremendous personality, reveling in the joys of life. Baclanova.

"Eef I was playing flapper woman, I would act like flapper woman. I would come in room like flapper woman. I would sit down like flapper woman. I would use my body like flapper woman."

Slim, sturdy, strong, her body—with a strange resiliency, like finely tempered steel, Baclanova must be in her waning twenties.

"When I was sixteen, I wanted to go on stage. Now you must know in Russia it was not thought good for girls to go on stage. But my father he sympathize. And my mother. He always want to do same sing himself only he had not time with violin, paint-brush and factory. My mother always want to act too. My sister say, 'Oh, Olga, you will not use the name Baclanova, will you? Your sisters and brothers would



Richee



Both are Baclanova; she is as much at ease against a background of squalor as against one of splendor

be so ashame.' After while, when I succeed, they are all very happy to have same name. So I go, with four hundred others, to Dantchenko at the Moscow Art Theatre and take test."

The Theatre was formed in 1898 by exponents of the new school of dramatic realism. It was there that Gordon Craig, the son of Ellen Terry and lover of Isadora Duncan; Leon Bakst, Meyerhold and other artists gathered.

### A Family of Fifty

"HE asks you to read somesing, and you do, and then he asks you to recite a poem. Four people were chosen. I was one. Then I work hard. I get twenty-five rubles a month. That is about twelve dollars in your money. Rehearse and rehearse. We are like large family, all the actors and Dantchenko and his aides. Maybe fifty or sixty of us, divided in two sections. One the old school, who were with him when

(Continued on page 119)



# In and Out

## Gossip of the



Above is Ramon Novarro as "A Certain Young Man"—certain, naturally, of whom he likes, for the girl is Marceline Day

**A** REMINISCENCE of Aimee Semple McPherson's visit to New York's haunts of sin last year. In a notorious Broadway dive a very tough specimen of cabaret performer was pulling his stuff while Aimee, in a front seat, listened. He sang a highly improper little ditty of the old maid who invited a man to her room and pulled down the window shades. "Perhaps"—he ended, jigging violently, "she was putting on her wraps—perhaps." He leered himself off the stage. Everyone looked at Aimee, who issued her verdict.

"A hungry heart," she said, earnestly, "seeking salvation."

### He Sure Was a Card

**AND** he was a Hollywood wisecracker. He had, he announced, a strong sense of humor. This sally being greeted with a shout of laughter, he went on. "I told my landlady," said he, "that if she didn't quit asking me for the rent, I'd *just leave her and build in Beverly Hills*. The bank called up," he added, "and told me that if I didn't take that two dollars out of there, they were going to charge me storage." He was a Hollywood wisecracker.

### Are Shepherds Sheepeople?

**THESE** English actors—there was Ralph Forbes on location with a desert picture in Arizona and referring to the cowboys who flocked to watch them as "those—those, ah—cow persons." According to this, we suppose all who run chicken ranches should be known as hen-folk; and as for shepherds, they are just sheepeople.



C. S. Bull

Smiling and composed despite the racket right behind her ear, Anita Page, who was first shot into prominence through the interest of Harry Thaw

Marion Douglas's head has been turned. But not by success—even so definite a success as being Tim McCoy's leading woman

C. S. Bull



# of Focus

## Stars and Studios

Doodness Dracious, Dolores!

**N**OW it's the talkies. Dolores Costello pursued by the villain about a table, lisping, "Merthy! Merthy! Perhapth you have a thister of your own." In a newsreel picture, the other day, I saw (and heard) the Irish patriot, De Valera, shouting that Ireland would some day throw off the crushing burden of English home rule and be free. The shot was taken in a lovely English garden whose owner apparently had not realized what purpose it had been borrowed for; as the patriot grew louder in his defiance to the British lion, a well-bred English voice came unexpectedly from the background of the picture: "What an impossible person! I can't allow this, reahly. Get owt of my gahden! Get owt of my gahden!"

Hammer-Proof

**I**N a recent magazine article directed against a popular man-star, Karl Dane was spoken of as "a moron carpenter." Hollywood sat back awaiting results, expecting to hear that the giant Swede had taken the writer of the article apart, but nothing happened. "Oh, Karl was pleased with what they called him," a studio publicity man explained, "took it as a compliment. He thought he was being called a Mormon and being kidded about his success with the ladies!"

The Humble Hart

**B**ILL HART was the speaker recently at the ceremony at Newhall, where a gold medal was to be presented to a little boy who had pulled his sister and brother to safety in the recent flood. Bill rose and told them of



For all that parting is such sweet sorrow and that he's playing in "The Good-Bye Kiss," Matt Kemp shouldn't look so blue. When a girl like Sally Eilers nestles up to you—proverbs or no proverbs—the only possible emotion is whoopee!



P. S. Cleveland



Reynolds is no suitable last name for a girl with a figure like the one above and a first name like Vera. The one fitting surname is Niceindeed

Among the many ideas that the movies have set aside is the old astronomical theory that stars arise in the West. Mary Ashly and Jane Laurell—at the left—are from the South



# All the Gossip of



Lansing Brown

Anyone who doubts that stars in the dark are best approached warily has only to look at this glimpse of Lina Basquette and George Duryea as they appear in "The Godless Girl"



A pair of pears and a peach—the pears being alligator, or avocados; and the peach being Ruth Taylor

Looks like a plain case of love at first sight between Sue Carol and Arthur Lake. But it may be just for a scene in their forthcoming picture, "The Air Circus"

an early memory of his. His father had taken his sister and himself to the top of a mountain to bury there a tiny baby brother. With his own hands he dug the small grave, but then he turned to Bill's little sister and told her to kneel by the grave and say a prayer. "My father told me afterward," related Bill, "that he had done that because he didn't feel that he was good enough to say the burial prayer for a child. And, folks," added Bill, with tears in his eyes, "that's the way I feel now. *I don't feel good enough to give this medal to this child!*"

## Among Those President

**WHAT** a town Hollywood is! There is the actor, for instance, who stalks about the streets made up in the character of Abraham Lincoln, which he once played in a picture. "He won't be satisfied," someone said the other day, "*till he's assassinated.*"

## Lupe Velez Reforms

**LUPE VELEZ** is good for an entire evening's continuous performance at any time. In addition to dancing like a she-dervish and singing naughty little songs, Lupe is a marvelous story-teller. Here is one, "Meestar Schenck he call me in at hees office an he say, 'Lupe, ev'ybody lofe you at thas studio, but they don' lik' you should say all them bad swear words. Eef you want grow up to be beeg star you gotta stop saying them bad swear words. Now, Lupe, I wan' you put up your right han' and promise me, 'Meestar Schenck I won't never say them bad swear words no more.' ' So I put op my hand an' I say eet. And then the ver' nex' day I was driving inside the studio and anozzer car come out fast an' I lean out and shout to the driver, 'Whas a matter, you dam' ol' fool? Mebbe you los' your dam' arm in the war, hey?' An' the driver lean out an' say, 'Oh, *Lupe!*' an' I look at heem an' I say, 'Oh, *Meestar Schenck.*'"

## He's Still Stunned

**OLD** Uncle Andrew Waldron, eighty-two-year-old protégé of Ruth Roland, and just finished with a rôle in a Hoot Gibson film, was speaking disapprovingly of the modern woman. "Times have changed since I was a young man," said he shaking his white head, "why, will you believe it, I





# the Stars and Studios

was engaged to a young woman sixty years ago, and I broke the engagement because she told a shady story. I was stunned."

He looked admonishingly about a circle of flapper listeners, but the moral effect of his tale was slightly dampened when they cried enthusiastically in chorus, "Oh, Uncle Andrew, *what was the story?*"

## Cocktails Out of School

**A** CERTAIN handsome leading man in Hollywood sometimes takes—hush!—one drink too many. At the studio they tell me that when he is to be called back to make a scene over, they don't tell him he is needed for retakes. But for reshakes.

## Multiple Thrift

**"H**AS she kept her youthful figure?" the old friend asked. The other moving picture lady sniffed, "Kept it!" she exclaimed. "She's *doubled it!*"

## Signs of the Clime

**"T**HE way you know that you've gone Hollywood," says Harlem Thompson, a New York writer, "is that you wouldn't be surprised if you went out to get your mail some morning and found a green elephant on the front lawn and a pink rain falling."

## About the End of France

**O**N location with "The Divine Lady" company this supreme example of tactlessness occurred. Surrounded by directors, scenario writers, and movie stars in the uniforms of *Lord Nelson's* midshipmen, a fan magazine writer asked, "What was the Battle of Trafalgar about, anyway?" Victor Varconi, as *Nelson*, stared helplessly at Frank Lloyd, the director. Scenario writers and technical advisers unostentatiously slipped away from the group. Someone feebly tried to change the conversation, but the writer persisted, "But really, what was the Battle of Trafalgar about?" They looked at her with hatred in their eyes, and walked away and left her all alone.

(Continued on page 100)



R. H. Louise

Spotted—and for a certain winner. Betty Morrissey should steal so many pictures they'll have to change her last name to Larceny



C. S. Bull

Brim-full of beauty: the largest hat grown this year in California swells, in its pride, a few sizes larger for being worn by both Dorothy Sebastian and Anita Page



Mighty shipshape little models, both of them, we'd say. And especially the one on the right. Her name is Alice White





# Your

N. R. Dawley

West Virginia

His Reactions to—

His Actions in—

Hollywood may have its enticements, but they can never prevail against the charms of his own home in Kanawha Street, Charleston. He continues to regard Carry Me Back to West Virginny as his favorite national anthem



By WALTER RAMSEY

## Your Neighbor Next?

This is the first of a series of articles based upon talks with visitors to Hollywood. There will be more—gathered from folks from every part of the country. What did they expect Hollywood to be like? And what was it like actually? Were they disappointed? Were they pleasantly surprised? Are the screen stars as beautiful face-to-face as they seem in pictures? Is life in Hollywood one long orgy—or pitifully tame?

These are some of the questions that will be asked of outsiders inside Hollywood. And their answers will be printed as given. Besides other comment the folks from home may wish to make.

Someone from your part of the country is there now. He—or she—may be the next to be interviewed. Or maybe you're going to be, yourself—and you will be.

Watch for this feature every month. It's the sure way to get the inside story of Hollywood from people you know are telling it straight. Next month's Neighbor may be yours. Get ready to see what he says.—*Editor's Note.*

ARE all these things you hear and read about Hollywood really true? Do the picture people behave as scandalously as you've been led to believe? Would you recognize the movie stars if you saw them? Is Gloria Swanson beautiful and Bull Montana as homely as he looks on the screen?

There is someone in Hollywood who can answer all your questions. He is from your home town. Would you like to hear all about the stars from one who has *seen* them? I thought so! Gather 'round, folks.

I found a man from Charleston, West Virginia, who is known to everyone in the state—Mr. N. R. Dawley. He's the young fellow who lives at 1301 Kanawha Street; who plays golf and dances at the Kanawha Country Club, and sings in the choir at St. John's Episcopal Church down at the corner of Broad and Quarrier Streets. He's the man who drives and sells Rolls-Royce automobiles in all the territory around Charleston, the capital of West Virginia. He is a regular chap—a prince of a fellow, and I know he'll tell you a lot of things about Hollywood that will surprise you!

Just for the moment, let's say we are all in the Roosevelt Hotel, on Hollywood Boulevard—shall we go over in the far corner of the rotunda and listen to the boy from down South? Pull up that easy chair. Here goes!

"It's really funny! You know, I didn't actually start out to come to Hollywood—I was headed for Wilmington to catch a boat for Havana. Hollywood just happens to be one of the places I was going through to get to it. Well, I only got half through! We were in an automobile, going pretty fast down Hollywood Boulevard, when I happened to glance up, and I immediately said: 'Whoa, brotha', stop—*this* is the *place*—travel is no longa' necessary at *all*! You have come to the end of the search.' I got out, and I'm *still* out, and I may *stay* out for a little while. *You* know, something new comin' up every day—and I just can't help feelin' that if Ah left, Ah'd be missin' somethin'.

"Funny thing! The folks back home have some awfully peculiar ideas about this town. They used to say nobody drinks *water* out there, they just drink gin—that's about all—everybody's messin' 'round generally, and it's open season on husbands at all times! (They had some other stories, too, but I don't guess I'd better repeat *those*!)

### Scandal Is Scant

"WELL, I don't know! I came out here; I've been circulatin' 'round and making out like I wasn't dumb; I've seen a lot of people and been plenty of places—and I don't know, seems like maybe we were all wrong. I couldn't find any more *real* scandal in Hollywood than I've found in lots of places in this country and on the *other* side.

"You know, I still get the *Charleston Gazette* by mail every day, and there's always something about a shootin' or a general riot in Hollywood—some movie star raisin' hell, etc. Honestly, you would laugh if you could read the Hollywood newspaper report of the *same* story. It *never* is a star, or even a near-star, but always some punk kid, workin' as an 'extra' for \$5.00 a day—who has gone haywire. Every *bit* of scandal about Hollywood, that I've traced down, I've always found to be about nine-tenths bunk—and the rest space-fillah.

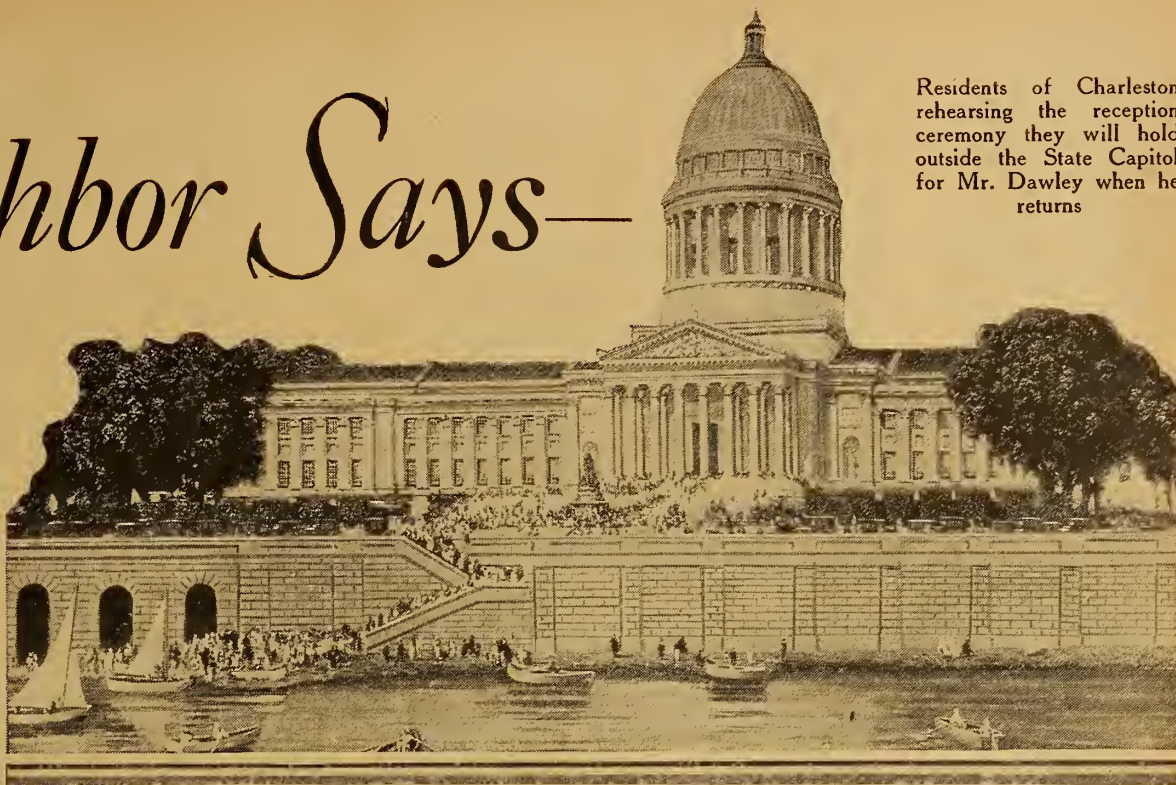
"Sometimes, you know, I just sit and wonder where all these ideas about Hollywood and picture stars origi-



# Neighbor Says—

Residents of Charleston rehearsing the reception ceremony they will hold outside the State Capitol for Mr. Dawley when he returns

of Charleston,  
Relates All  
and Some of  
Hollywood



nate—'cause they are an awfully pleasant, democratic crowd, fully as nice as any of the people I've met in Charleston, or anywhere *else*! I spent a most enjoyable afternoon last Sunday out at the beautiful home of James Cruze and Betty Compson. They entertain with open house on Sundays, and all their friends certainly take advantage of it. Such food! Such *real* people! Everyone was friendly and *so* interesting. In the evening, I went to the home of Victor Halperin, the producer, and his wife. Just a typical Hollywood evening at their place—music and entertainment by the guests (the hospitality reminds me of 'open houses' down through the South—particularly at the home of Harry Slush, down at Whitesville, near Charleston); and what do you all think we had to drink? Grape-fruit *punch!!!* And we used to call it Alcohol-wood! Hollywood showed me its true colors last Christmas. It's surely hard to be away from home *any time*, much *less* at Christmas. The most wonderful hospitality was shown to a few boys who were unfortunate enough to be without a 'home and family.' A gorgeous Christmas dinner, given by Finis Fox and his wife, Loris, for Harry Wilson, Roland Drew, Bob Curlee, Lew Jerome and myself. Just boys away from home! There were three girls, all up and coming young 'baby stars,' Molly O'Day, Isabel O'Neil and Lola Hoteling, to *serve* us. What a *dinner*! There was a 'tree' with presents for each one—I mean to say I won't forget that Christmas as long as I live.

## As Democratic as a Brown Derby

"You'd naturally think that a movie star, makin' close onto \$5,000 a week, wouldn't walk across the street to say 'howdy' to the Prince of Wales—but, *wrong again*. I saw such ones as Claire Windsor, Charlie Chaplin, Lois Wilson, Norman Kerry and Tommy Meighan push their way down through an angry mob on a dusty flying field—just to say 'greetings' and

shake hands with Lindbergh; and I mean it was no *easy* job to get to him. But, of course, don't let me tell you all anything that will spoil your illusions. I *know* that a lot of folks think all these people are high-hat and hard to get along with—and they *want* to think that—so don't pay any attention to *my ravin'*!

"Back home, they think making pictures is a soft snap! I may have seen *tougher* jobs, but I can't remember where (I know *Charleston* hasn't any). All kinds of weather; all hours of the day and night; in all kinds of places—that's a movie star's day. I really saw them *make* a picture, and if you think I'd trade places with the star (even for \$5,000 a week), you're crazy! I wouldn't take it on a bet—I like my *comfort*. I don't like 'rain' from fire-hoses, nor 'wind' from airplane motors, nor sand-storms, nor fallin' off buildings, nor any of that silly stuff that they have to go through every day—and I don't mean *pay your own insurance*! And I want to tell you that I've seen plenty of occasions when your favorite movie queen has had to turn down or cancel a wonderful social engagement just to go out in the middle of the night and be rescued from a 'raging torrent' by the hero—'s a great life, if you've got strong suspenders!

## Tough on Honest Chiselers

"DON'T come to Hollywood expecting to find gold in the hills, either—'cause it's all *gone*. If you haven't got a pile of ready cash, or a good connection, leave Hollywood off your route. This is cash-and-carry paradise. It's no place to come expectin' to four-flush—the woods are so full of promoters and fourflushers now that it's hard for an *honest* chiseler like *myself* to get by.

"If you ever come to Hollywood, look me up. I'll introduce you to some people and take you to some parties (and fill you up with some of our famous 'grape-fruit punch') and cabarets that will  
(Continued on page 87)

## Hot-Spots in Mr. Dawley's Comments:

Movie acting is a great life, if you've got strong suspenders.

Christmas dinner at Finis Fox's—and three baby stars to serve us: Molly O'Day, Isabel O'Neil and Lola Hoteling.

Don't come to Hollywood expecting to find gold in the hills—'cause it's all gone.

A typical Hollywood evening—and what do you think we had to drink? Grape-fruit punch!

There is no happy medium in this town—you are either in or out.



# the Wife-Market

Buster Collier Will Say It's  
Active. His "Girl Wanted"  
Ad Has Crippled the  
Hollywood Postoffice

By RUTH TILDESLEY

"I am answering your adv. If I will suit, I beg you to say so in MOTION PICTURE. I'm a blonde, eighteen years old. I love boats, although I have never been in one. I guess I know all about you because I read it in MOTION PICTURE so I know I love you now. I never met a moody creature yet."

Buster's adv. mentioned a blonde with brown eyes, non-professional, A. No. 1 hostess, *must like boats*.

"I have brown eyes and like boats, but I'm sorry I'm not a blonde," apologizes an earnest little girl from Ohio; while a  
(Continued on page 98)

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** In the May issue of MOTION PICTURE, Buster Collier remarked: "Find Me the Girl and I'll Marry Her" and started the biggest postage stamp boom the country has ever seen. Nobody had to go out and do any discovering for him: the girls found themselves and notified Buster immediately. This story concerns his experiment and the experience it brought. It tells of how he learned about women from them

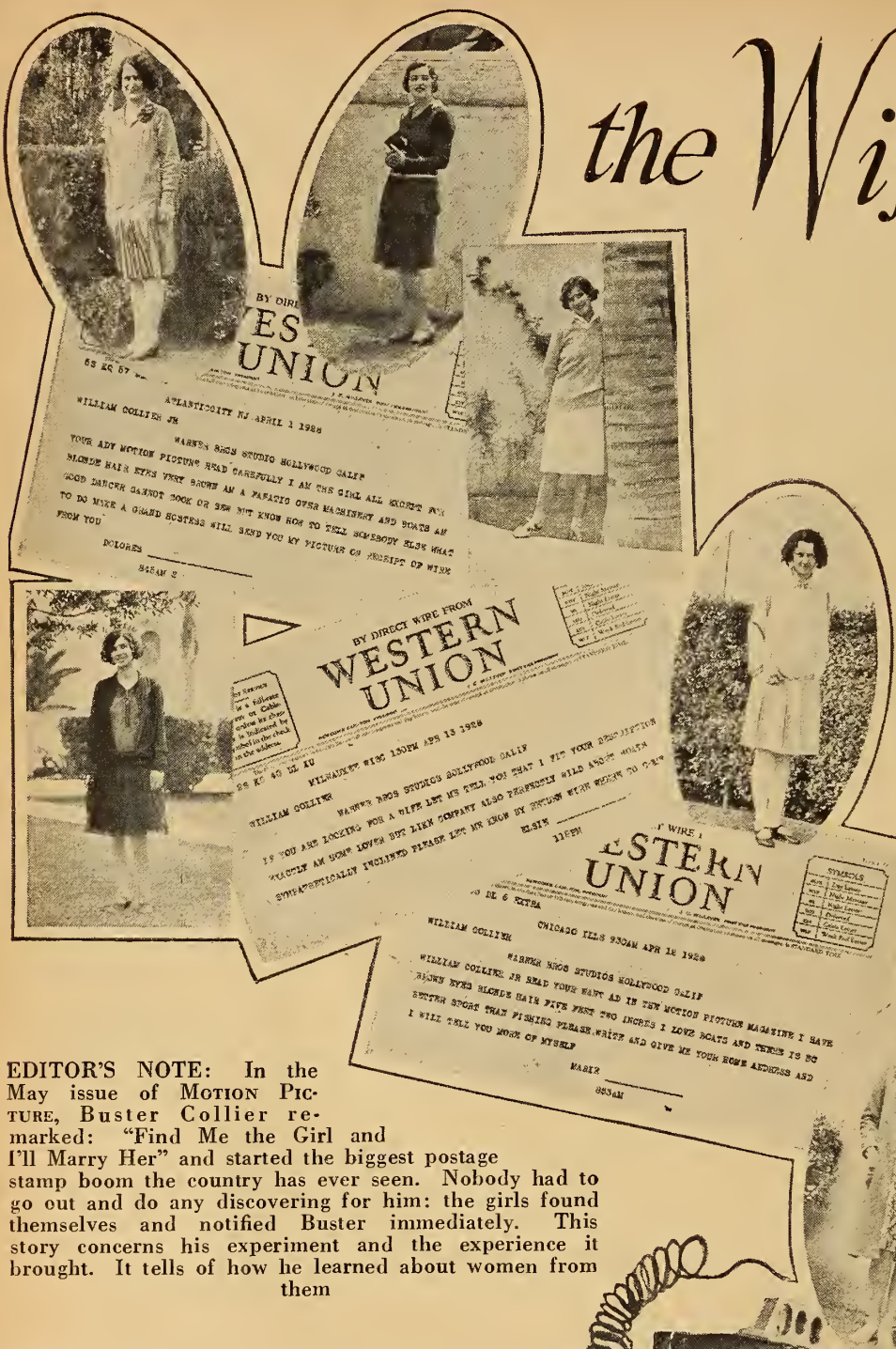
IT is one thing to advertise for a used car, a vacuum cleaner or a place in the country, and quite another to advertise for a wife.

In an expansive moment, William Collier, Jr., inserted a small want ad in a recent issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE listing the desirable qualities and general specifications of the girl he'd like to marry.

Ever since the item appeared, Buster—as he is universally called—has been showered with notes, inundated with letters, overwhelmed with telegrams and almost driven mad by telephone calls, from those who are sure that they have found the girl for him, that they can find her, or that they are the girl themselves.

"I am just the girl you want. I have blonde hair and brown eyes and am very fond of boats and machinery. I am past nineteen. If this answers your wishes, please respond."

"I'm not the Queen of Sheba. I don't dress fine. But I'm the kind of mama that's home all the time."



At the left, a cluster of girls who would be Mrs. Buster, together with their nominating speeches; and below, Buster himself answering telephone call No. 76544







Lansing Brown

The Boston-tease party: the Boston being the trick terrier, Mencken, and the tease being Betty Compson. She is to continue her renewal of active performance, resumed with "The Big City," by appearing with Milton Sills in "The Barker"





# Hollywood's

Celluloid Society  
Is Closely Organized  
and Frowns Upon  
Sin and Gin

BY CEDRIC BELFRAGE

The Marion Davies set goes in for just the jolliest pranks

FROM the seven deadly sins to the seven deadly cliques—such has been the progress of Hollywood society from the first hectic days of the movies to the present time.

"Movie Star, Gin-Crazed, Shoots 3" was the sort of thing we used to have served to us with our morning coffee and rolls a few years ago. We drew an exciting mental picture of Hollywood as a mansion-lined street with Paramount studio at one end and Goldwyn at the other, where one dodged a hail of flying gin bottles as one walked, and where the night air was made hideous with the cries of intoxicated extra girls and pistol shots.

Them was the days!

The year 1928 finds gin bottles discreetly hidden at the bottom of garbage cans, girls doing their screaming out of earshot in the midst of large Beverly estates, and pistols being used—er—more judiciously. The seven deadly cliques that make up motion picture society have formed a barrier of respectability behind which the casual ob-

server would never dream any sinning could go on. What is more, in some cases the casual observer is correct in his impression. The art of good, healthy sinning is dying on its feet in Hollywood. You might compare the place to the Garden of Eden, where Adam and Eve rang the welkin with joyous abandon until the moment they discovered they were naked. Hollywood discovered how horribly naked it was when scandal after scandal blared forth on the front pages of the world's newspapers. It covered itself with the fig-leaves of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, Will Hays and the seven deadly cliques that are movie society. Since then sinning in Hollywood has become a debased and under-cover thing which everybody is ashamed of.

## Boys of Passage

THE stars came to Hollywood naked and unashamed. They had never heard anyone pronounce bird any other way that boyd, and



The Conrad Nagel Association



The Bored Bachelors and Florence Vidor



The British Colony



# Seven Deadly Cliques



they said it just like that when referring to their female acquaintances. They wallowed by day in the making of their primitive movie melodramas and slap-sticks; by night in their equally primitive, but spontaneous, forms of amusement. Then they started going to Europe. Fairbanks was entertained by English peers of the realm and royal blood was annexed in the matrimonial market. It was time for the movie colony to adopt an English accent, a Parisian pose—and go society.

Various degrees of respectability are represented by the seven main cliques into which Hollywood society divided itself. In some cases it is even genuine respectability.

The largest (if the hangers-on to its fringe are included), the most exclusive (in point of those actually on the inside), and the most aspired to is the Marion Davies clique. With her numerous estates and unlimited wealth, Marion can do things on a bigger scale than anybody—and she does. There is probably not an actor or actress in Hollywood who would not give a month's salary for an invitation to stay at the enormous ranch near San Francisco, where Marion is said to entertain her friends on a scale unequalled since the gay days of the Roman Empire. The inner circle of the Davies clique consists of Charlie Chaplin, Harry Crocker (Chaplin's lieutenant), George K. Arthur, Harry D'Arrast, the director; William Haines and Seena Owen. Those who are in and out, often figuring on the Davies invitation list but never becoming quite one of the gang, include Gloria Swanson, Frances Marion and Agnes Christine Johnston (scenario writers), Sam Goldwyn, Lloyd Pantages, Louise Brooks, Bebe Daniels, Elinor Glyn,

Dorothy Mackaill and Adolphe Menjou.

The Davies clique, in so far as its superficial activities are concerned, stands for nice, clean, wholesome fun. The boys and girls belonging to it get together and while away the long evenings with a pleasant game of charades or a screamingly funny kissing game in which the innocent victim waiting blindfolded for an osculation gets instead a plateful of ice-cream on the beezer. Any amount of healthy enjoyment is obtained from this sort of thing, which may take place either at one of the numerous Davies houses, or at the ranch, or on the yacht, or in Marion's studio bungalow.

## The Respectability Ring

THE most respectable clique of all is made up of Conrad Nagel, Lois Wilson, May McAvoy, Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett, Antonio Moreno, and Sidney Franklin. This little party stands for religion, convention and all that sort of thing. Most of its members are Christian Scientists. A party where any or all of these are to be present is hall-marked strictly formal, and only nice people will be invited. Best manners must be brought along—and

(Continued on page 84)



The Harold Lloyd League



The Young American Group



The Kiddy Klique





Unless you look closely at the *Pierrot* in black silk pantaloons, you might well ask, with Milt Gross: "Is dis a sister?" However, it is. In fact, they both are. *Pierrot* is Marceline Day and *Pierrette*, in the ballet skirt, is her sister Alice

# Two Days' Grace



The talkies need hold no terrors for such screen players as Alice and Marceline Day. For they can dance, and even without recourse to speech can express themselves most eloquently in that most difficult medium of any—a conventional pantomime



R. H. Louise



The First One Being  
*Alice* and the  
Other *Marceline*





Russell Ball

## *the Ark Angel*

Is zith a zither that Dolores Costello, looking so soulful and seraphic, is operating? Or is it an early form of ukulele—you know, the real pre-Flood article? At any rate, she plays it in "Noah's Ark." And if this picture's an indication of how she'll look on the screen, she'll undoubtedly have all who see her strumming and going



# *The Second Christ*

## Weighs Hollywood

Krishnamurti Calls the Screen  
a Muddled Pool of Truth

By GLADYS HALL

**I**F Christ should come to Hollywood, what would He say? Would He say, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

Or, to these men with the power of everlasting vision in their hands, might He say, "Go, and sin no more."

Clothed in other language, differently said, this, the divinely compassionate content of those words of Christ, is the content of what Krishnamurti said to me.

Jiddu Krishnamurti is come to Hollywood. Krishnamurti, the young Hindu, who was announced to the world as "The Second Christ."

He may be the Second Christ—or he may not be. Who can tell? Who is to say? He may or he may not be the reincarnated World Teacher, the divine essence that has incarnated before in Buddha and in Mohammed.

Of himself he says, "Please—I have no name, I do not believe in names and labels. I have attained to life. I am one with the Beloved. I have gone outside the cage."

So had those Others.

He may or he may not be—but whatever he is, whoever he is, he is not as you and I. On that sensitive, pale face which had been purged of all ordinary hungers, all ordinary desires, all personal ambitions there is a Something not to be named by you and me. Whatever the label may be, it is the beautiful opposite of the flesh-hungers, the money-greeds, the sordid, little seekings of the poor rest of us.

He has attained to Life. That is the way he puts it. Through many lives he has attained to freedom from all desire. He has broken the chains of limitations. He has broken the bars of pain. We are all, he says, like little rivers seeking our way to the infinite sea, desiring to be one with it. We are all like little fish caught in an evil net of transient things. He has escaped the net. Through the many lives he has lived, through many experiences, through pain and defeat and loss and self-denials he has attained to life.

### Eyes That Shame You

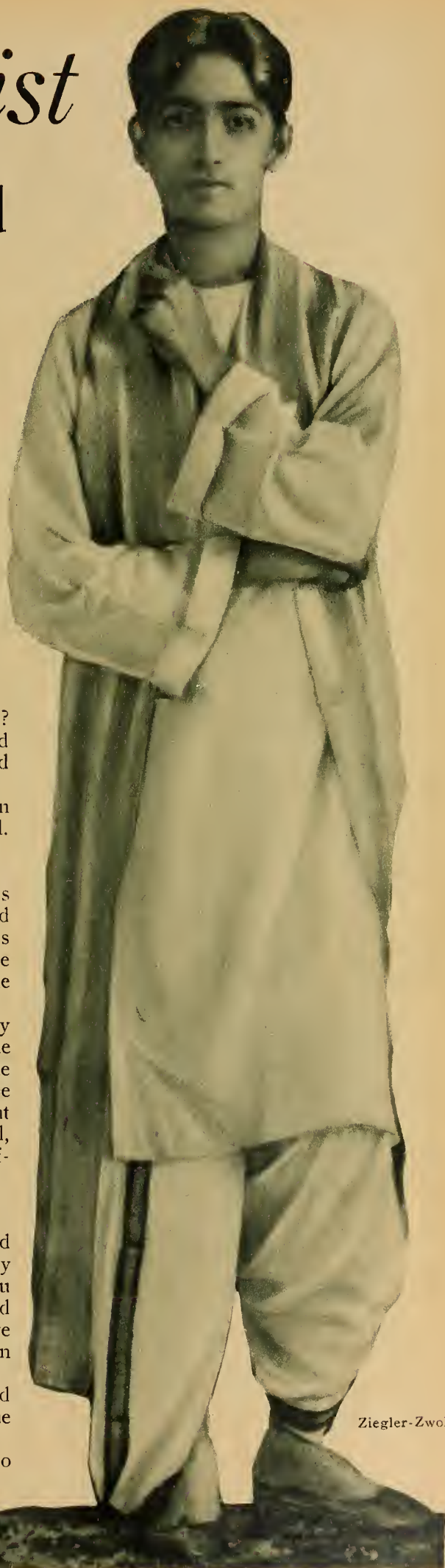
**H**E is slender and of the color of old ivory. His hair is shining and heavy and blue-black. His eyes are extraordinarily large and they see—*what do they see?* It is the simple truth to say that when you look into those eyes you turn away your own. Shamed. Shamed for the goals you have been seeking. Shamed for the idols you have made. His teeth are gleaming and his narrow, slender hands hold on to truths that you and I have perceived but dimly—or have we?

He wore an ordinary suit of blue. His bare feet were sandaled and, with the exquisite courtesy innate with him, he apologized to me for this departure from our customary mode of attire.

He came to meet me at the door of the house, unattended. So would have done the Carpenter of Nazareth.

He brought chairs to the porch and said, "Let us sit in the open air." His voice is light and clear. Free. He is gentle and deprecatory rather than dictatorial. He

(Continued on page 88)



Ziegler-Zwolle





# Join the Movies and See the World!

Nick Stuart *Did—and  
Has—and How!*

By DOROTHY MANNERS

used to hang around his sets as much as possible, watching the tough Westerner shoot 'em up and down. Now and then some director noticed him and said something about his good camera-face, but nothing ever came of it until:

One day, when he was busy about his job as thirteenth assistant to Raoul Walsh on "What Price Glory," they sent for him over in the casting office to make a test. For the movies. "Hot dog," said Nick, or something like that. "What's the matter?" inquired Walsh, who probably noticed him for the first time. "They want me to take a test," yelled Nick. Mr. Walsh was slightly peeved. He seemed to think that there were enough kids hanging around as actors without making a good thirteenth assistant into one. But he let him go. Even if he wasn't particularly enthusiastic about his movie career. "When you come back," he ordered from his megaphoned throne, "check out those extra people and tell them to be back at nine o'clock tomorrow."

## He Never Came Back

**B**UT Nick never came back! Somebody else had to tell the extras to return at nine, for not long after that fateful test the young Mr. Prata became the equally young Mr. Stuart who was featured in "Cradle-Snatchers,"

"The News Parade" and lately "The River Pirate."

Now, some of the thirteenth assistants are hopping around for Nick and watching him shoot 'em up! It just goes to show something or other. You can't keep a good kid down, I guess is the correct sentiment. The day I lunched with him in the Fox café we reminisced about when I was a leading lady and he had run his legs off doing odd jobs on my sets. Now I was over in the capacity of presenting him to his public. There ought to be some sort of moral in that, too. He was wearing a tan shirt opened at the throat, a shock of naturally curly black hair and his famous and likable grin. The open shirt was put on solely for the purposes of the final shots of "The River Pirate," being taken that day, but the hair and the smile were just part of Nick's natural get-up.

(Continued on page 116)

**B**ACK in the dark ages B. M. (before Movietone) when I myself was an actress on the Fox lot, there was a kid around named Nick Prata who had a smile the tooth-paste people should have sued him for. He was somewhere around in his late teens at the time, and if there's anything in that slogan, "The face with the smile wins," Nick was destined for big things from the start. He was employed in odd jobs around the studio. Whatever happened to come up. For a while he worked in the casting department and then they put him out on the sets as script clerk or some other run-around job.

He was so doggone agreeable about everything. He didn't seem to care what they gave him to do as long as he was permitted to stick around and absorb the movie atmosphere. He was crazy about Tom Mix and



It may be classified approximately, but not roughly, into three kinds: undergraduate, graduate and post-graduate. At the bottom, Richard Arlen in the mood of a young man about to ask Nancy Carroll to the Junior prom; higher and to the right, Ruth Taylor asking James Hall for just one itsy-bitsy string of pearls; and next to them, Clive Brook and Evelyn Brent engaged in one of those affairs of the heart wherein men want to be men, but women are mental



Hommel



Hommel



Richee

# *Assorted Love*



# SOME FIGURES FROM FICTION



## Juliet Gives On Clara Bow Wants to Go Night

By ELIZABETH PETERSEN

One look at Clara Bow, and Romeo broke three strings on his guitar and told Juliet to go pick out a nice new divorce for herself

### Romeo and Juliet Visit Clara Bow

**S**CENE, The Paramount lot.  
Romeo is whanging an Italian guitar and making eyes at Juliet, who looks a trifle bored. Suddenly he stops as Clara dashes on the stage and starts necking.

He speaks:

"Her hair is brighter than the sun,  
How fair she is, so young, so worldly and so wise.  
My heart stands still before her loveliness."

JULIET

"In far Verona, you once sang of Juliet."

ROMEO

"But that was long ago and men have changed.  
The world is different now."

JULIET (*aside*)

"The Prune! 'Tis only women who have changed.  
Men will but be themselves tomorrow as they were  
yesterday."

(*Aloud*)

"This Clara that you sing of is known as Red  
Head."

ROMEO

"Ah, no! Not red. 'Tis Titian."

JULIET

"What's in a name?  
Red hair by any other name is still red hair."

ROMEO

"It travels like a flame into my heart. She fires me.

Just to feel in the swim without getting wet, old man Dinsmore, and his little daughter Elsie, had a nice beach party with the Sennett girls

She has this thing the moderns sing of,  
This deadly, glorious thing called 'it.'"

JULIET

"If you say that word again, I'll slay you!"

ROMEO

"Her face is white like snow that's newly fallen."

JULIET (*cattily*)

"It's calcimine, my dear; don't be a sap."





# VISIT HOLLYWOOD

## the Lowdown and Anna Moore to Greta Garbo's School

Wood-Cuts By Eldon Kelley

With hardly a sawmill in sight, Jack Dalton tells Our Nell that villains as is villains are as obsolete as the Charleston



ROMEO

"Her coal-black lashes lay against her cheek like tired birds."

JULIET

"Now, Romeo, where's your sense of humor? Imagine blackbirds sleeping 'gainst your cheek!"

ROMEO

"Methinks, forsooth, this Clara is a goddess; I long to draw my sword for her . . ."

JULIET

"Perhaps 'tis true the lady is the berries. But swords, like corsets, now are antiquated. If thou wouldst win the dame, I'd fain suggest A Packard, or a Lincoln or a Stutz, Perhaps a diamond bracelet or an anklet."

ROMEO (*sighs*)

"Ah, me!"

JULIET

"These modern maidens have no need of swords. They've learned to know their onions. We only knew our roses."

ROMEO

"I long to walk beside her in a moonlit garden, To tell her of my love on bended knee."

JULIET (*taking out her knitting*)

"Good night! What mid-Victorian technique! Dost thou not know that maids today demand The longest loving in the shortest time? Mongst modern sheiks you'd be a washout! It's necking that they want . . . not words; To them the moon is but a circle in the sky."

ROMEO (*passionately*)

"I long to tell her how my heart has bled."

JULIET

"Oh, Romeo, can the chatter! Come to bed."

Elsie Dinsmore Tries to See Little Eva

"DEAR Papa," said Elsie in her own sweet, simple way, "I've finished my daily chapter in the Bible and I'm all ready for our visit to the studios. Won't it be a lark?"

"Dear Elsie, I wish you would not use such  
(Continued on page 86)







## Uncle Jim's Cabin

Here are Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland bound for Honolulu on a vacation. Norma brought her mother along, of course; and Norma's uncle, James Cooley, shared Gilbert's stateroom. At the moment this picture was snapped, it is supposed that Uncle Jim was in his cabin



# When Is A Story Stolen?

This Question Has Caused Every Picture Company to Have More Suits Than the Prince of Wales

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

"ALL right, sue me!" is the catchword with which members of the scenario department at the Lasky studio greet each other nowadays!

Plagiarism suits have become such an expense item on movie budget books that many companies send back all original manuscripts unopened. After a picture is released the producers are flooded with letters, typewritten on business stationery, scrawled with a pencil on cheap lined pad paper, penned in violet ink and scented with Night of Love perfume, but one and all declaring "You've stolen my plot!"

Each case that is taken to court costs the studio about fifteen hundred dollars in lawyers' fees and wastes several weeks of valuable time, though the complaining authors seldom win their cases. The damages asked, vary. A shoe clerk who has sent in a story about young love and has afterward seen a picture of young love on the screen may demand five thousand dollars, but he is usually willing to settle for a couple of hundred out of court. Anne Nichols, on the other hand, is suing Universal for three million, claiming that the plot for their picture, "The Cohens and the Kellys" was stolen from her stage play, "Abie's Irish Rose." It is rumored that if she wins a verdict she intends to sue all companies using Irish-Jewish themes. Metro-Goldwyn's "Kosher Kitty Kelly" may come next.

"She's got a patent on the Irish and the Jews and their troubles," Edward Montaigne, head of Universal Scenario Department, smiles. "At the trial our lawyers will point out that 'Romeo and Juliet' was written quite a while ago. They might even be able to establish that it was written before 'Abie.' And it has practically the same plot, two young people from rival families who fall in love. Shakespeare, though, has good ground for plagiarism suits against the best novelists and dramatists of today. We're making a picture right now, called 'Grease Paint,'



Freulich  
Although the studios are eager for new ideas, Edward J. Montaigne, above, scenario editor-in-chief of Universal, says that the many plagiarism suits are destroying the market for amateur scenario writers. Left, a scene from "Abie's Irish Rose"

that is simply 'Othello' up to date. But it's the treatment that counts. All the original plots have been used. There are only a limited number of possible combinations of characters and circumstances, anyway, and people have been writing stories for several thousand years."

As scenario editor, Montaigne has handled tons of scripts submitted by amateur writers, each of whom claims to have a new idea. He is a marked man. Everyone who meets him wants to tell him a plot. His dentist, holding him helpless under the drill, relates a scenario to him. His little girl's piano teacher brings scripts out of her music bag. His cook brings in a scenario with the breakfast bacon.

Sometimes, he admits, astonishing ideas are presented to him. There is the spiritualist lady who is in constant communication with Rudolph Valentino. In the spirit world, she writes, Rudie has met Edith Cavell, who insists that he must make one more picture on earth. For a consideration she will sell Valentino's services to Universal to write and direct a movie. Then there is the man who writes that he has dreams that would make wonderful scenarios. The latest was a dream of being transported to another planet where he was met by Christ and escorted about the place.

"The amazing thing to me is that everyone thinks he can write without any training." Montaigne sighs a heartfelt sigh. "The studio carpenters come to me and say, 'Mr. Montaigne, I'm being laid off for a few weeks because the work's too slack and I thought I might fill in

(Continued on page 113)



# *Riding the Crest* Impermanent





# of Hollywood's Wave

*Drawings by D. G. SHORE*

Four little maidens luminary, two from the Wampas seminary. Or, if you like, from left to right, Alice White, Ruth Taylor, Sue Carol and Nancy Carroll. All are starlets, Alice and Nancy having elected themselves; and Ruth and Sue having been duly chosen as official (none genuine without this trade-mark) Baby Stars. It's a matter of speculation among some how long the popularity of these youngsters will endure. For our part, we think as long as the youngsters wish it to. At any rate, there's no doubt that everything in their lives right now is aquaplane sailing



D. G. Shore.





She has a sway with her, has Mary Duncan. She came to prominence first on the stage in "The Shanghai Gesture," but this view of her indicates that she knows more movements than just the Mongolian. "The Four Devils" is to mark her first screen appearance; and so far as we're concerned, as long as there is Mary, the other three may be dispensed with



# She's the Kind of Girl Men Don't Forget

Tigerish Mary Duncan  
Is too Enigmatic Even  
for Sophisticated  
Hollywood

By GLADYS HALL

MARY Duncan is the kind of woman men do not forget. If you know what I mean.

And if you saw her in "The Shanghai Gesture" on the speaking stage, you do know what

I mean, and don't pretend innocence that you don't.

Instinctively, one speaks of her as a woman, though she is probably in her early or mid-twenties. It doesn't matter, her age. She seems to have the depth of a woman rather than the thin glamour of a girl.

Back of her one senses a tapestry of experience and of emotion, exotic, tinged with absinthe green, flamingo red, old ivory and fingered yellow. There is the clash of steel on steel, dark hours, the spilling of blood and the shattering of glass and of hearts. Men die with twisted mouths and women slink along alleyways of vengeance. Medicis and Borgias. Dolores and Faustine. Dice thrown in hell.

Mary Duncan is a slender woman—I insist upon the woman—of medium height and slender—a fresh skin—round, blue eyes—thin, painted lips—a flash of teeth—



Mortensen Photos



dark hair sometimes disheveled, sometimes parted in the middle and laid down like a Benda lacquer. Thin, small hands. A woman with a husky voice. Slight Southern accent. Smoking cigarettes. Talking volubly. Calling a spade a gigantic shovel. Modern in her dress. Ultra-modern in her point of view. Not beautiful. Arresting. The perfect "Other Woman" to every wife.

People just naturally suppose that Mary Duncan has stepped from an aromatic past, to put it pleasantly.

## Asking the Dope on Dope

A YOUTH on one of the Hollywood lots felt the *yen* to sin, scarletly, with the grand gesture and then to die, appropriately at thirty some. He figured that dope was the proper first step to distintegration. He asked advice of Mary Duncan and was amusedly skeptical when she told him that she could be of no assistance.

Men make frenzied love to her and receive the call to *hara-kiri* because they evoke a cool, detached response. It seems too bad that there are no Napoleons today to conquer such a Josephine. But perhaps she isn't a Josephine. Perhaps the exterior conceals the zealous worker—and perhaps it doesn't. Who knows? That Mary Duncan is an enigma is, after all, the key to the riddle. Try to use it.

She was born and brought up in a small town some-  
(Continued on page 93)



# The PICTURE

By ELIZABETH



**FORGOTTEN FACES**

**A** VERY happily cast picture, with the suave and graceful Mr. Clive Brook in his element as a gentleman crook. He is also a passionately devoted father, a rôle which is equally becoming. And Olga Baclanova (now known simply as Baclanova, just to be different) and William Powell make it a grand cast. This is really not a very deserving picture, being crammed full of all the old tricks and devices known to melodrama, but it's smoothly done. A life-termer at Sing Sing is finally pardoned, so he may save his daughter from the preying hands of a disreputable mother. But he must first promise not to kill his wife. How he contrives her death and yet keeps his promise to the warden is the spooky and exciting climax.



**LADIES OF THE MOB**

**K**NOWING nothing about crime, as I do, it seems to me this is the best and truest of the underworld pictures. It ought to be real, anyway, because the story was written by a convict, who probably had a colorful past to draw on. Clara Bow is a beautiful young yegg whose great concern in life is to keep her boy friend out of the electric chair in spite of his best efforts to get there. How she accomplishes this is the ingenious and touching plot. There is the usual popping of bullets necessary to any underworld drama, but the human interest story of the boy and girl is more thrilling than the gun battles. Clara Bow and Richard Arlen are simply great. This is the sort of thing Clara should do.



**THE RACKET**

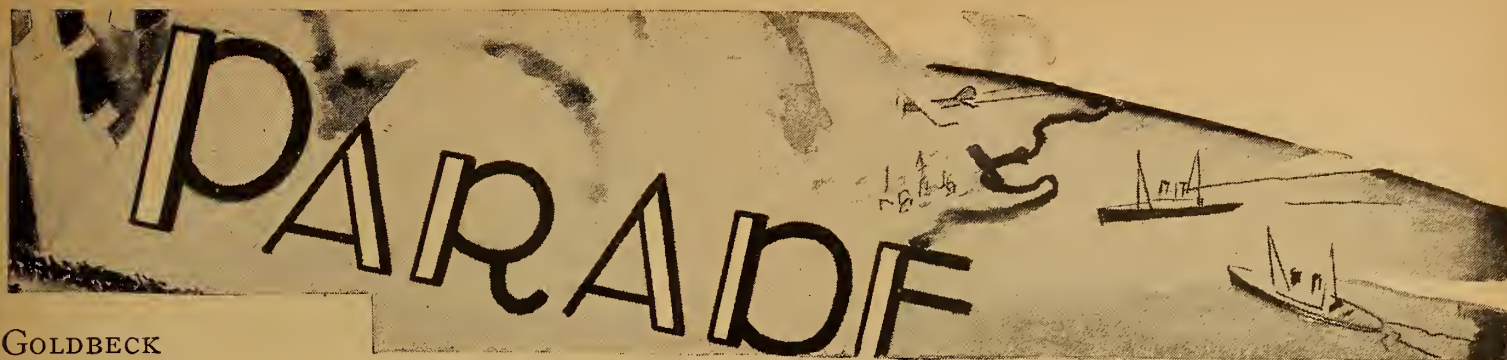
**T**HIS is a faithful reproduction of the stage play, and proves again that what makes a thrilling play doesn't necessarily make a knockout movie. That is partly due to the casting. Louis Wolheim, for instance, plays the gang leader with comedy instead of the necessary menace. Even so, it's a pretty good picture. Skeets Gallagher is fine as the reporter who says "Horses" and other things. And Marie Prevost in a blonde wig gives a faithful imitation of Phyllis Haver. It's the story of a police captain (Thomas Meighan) who, with the whole police department and all the political leaders against him, sets out to get one of Chicago's most respected crooks. A lot of dirt about the inside workings of politics in Chicago is revealed.



**WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS**

**A** PICTURE ravishing to the eye and appealing to the heart has been made in the South Seas. The theme is the destructive civilization that white men bring into the lives of the natives—destructive to happiness, and even to life. Almost all the actors are natives, with the exception of Monte Blue and Raquel Torres, who have the leading rôles. Monte is excellent as the vagabond doctor who tries to save one tribe of natives from the white shadows. And Raquel Torres, as the island girl, is so good and so sincere that I couldn't believe she was an actress. See this by all means. It's an absorbing story played against beautiful backgrounds. And it starts off with some pearl-diving scenes you can't afford to miss.





GOLDBECK



THE COSSACKS

THE first half of this picture goes to really unnecessary extremes to prove that the hero is a sissy. That fact having been established, it requires only the twinkling of an eye to convert him into the boldest and bloodiest of Cossacks. From then on, things go from bad to worse. Turks are slain indiscriminately. John Gilbert and Ernest Torrence are tortured right before your eyes. And worst of all, a Turkish sabre is run straight through the beautiful diaphragm of Nils Asther, who is the hero of the piece so far as I am concerned, as no other man can hold my gaze when he is in the vicinity. This is all about the love affair of a Cossack maiden who prefers John Gilbert to Nils Asther. Renée Adorée is this lovely but misguided girl.



THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN

JUST as butter and egg men have been dropped from our slang vocabularies, along comes a picture showing intimate glimpses of one. A timid boy comes to town with a lot of his grandma's money to spend. Two phoney producers want him to back their show, so they get the leading lady to put the works on him, and as soon as he gets his wind back after the first kiss, he starts writing cheques. It all ends to the boy's satisfaction, but without many thrills for the audience. This should have been saved for talking pictures. Furthermore, no amount of comedy neckties and foolish grins can make Jack Mulhall into an innocent boy from the country. Greta Nissen and Gertrude Astor are the ladies involved.



FAZIL

MR. SHEEHAN must have been away when Fox concocted this picture. I tried conscientiously to find its good points, but I'm afraid there are none. If you are a Charlie Farrell enthusiast, you will go anyway. Yes, this is a sheik picture, after all these years. Charlie is the very disagreeable Hadji Fazil, who marries a little Parisienne without revealing any of his family traits, and then gets her back home and treats her like poison. As for the girl, she can't decide whether she wants to stay or not. So to settle it all, they die together. Greta Nissen is the meek little wife. Charlie is neither fish nor fowl—neither a fiery sheik nor his own sweet self, and the titles are dreadful.



OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS

PICTURES are certainly getting better. Don't miss this one, if you really want to be entertained. It has practically everything. Youth, pep, good-looking women, attractive clothes, and an awfully good story. The titles are funny. It's all very smart and modern, and Joan Crawford looks and acts better than she ever has. The cast also includes Dorothy Sebastian, Nils Asther, Eddie Nugent, Johnny Mack Brown, and other celebrities. And the big thrill is the small new blonde, Anita Page, who, in her second part, steals the picture from Joan Crawford and gives a performance that would be unusually good even for a big star. The story is about three modern girls, and how they get husbands and how they lose them.



# Current Pictures



**THE SAWDUST PARADISE**

**E**VANGELISTS in the movies are like the Royal Mounted—they always get their man. You know right at the start that any atheists in the cast are going to be praying in the last reel. They haven't a chance against our movie traditions. In "The Sawdust Paradise," Esther Ralston is the first to go. She is a very nifty young woman with no scruples, who works in a crooked carnival. To escape a jail sentence, she joins an itinerant preacher, and under the influence of the dear white-haired old gentleman and the little baby who creeps into their tent, she realizes the error of her ways. Next thing she is leading all her old irreverent pals down the sawdust trail.

In spite of the carnival atmosphere, this isn't a very colorful story. But Reed Howes is a good leading man. The baby will delight all the women in the audience with some de luxe coos and gurgles. And just looking at Esther Ralston will give you your money's worth, anyway. She grows handsomer, more capable, and more charming in each successive picture.



**HALF A BRIDE**

**I**F I had to live on a desert island, I'd leave the proverbial ten books behind and take Gary Cooper. With practically nothing to work with but a penknife, a cigarette lighter, and his sex appeal, this boy does wonders. Esther Ralston, as a spoiled darling of the rich, is the lucky girl who gets cast away with him. They have a trial marriage (in name only) for three months, and they conclude what never before has occurred to any movie hero—that any man would fall in love with any girl if they were alone on a desert island. Just as this interesting point is reached, it turns out to be the last reel, and the quickest way to end it is for them to fall back into each other's arms when they are returned to civilization. While this is highly improbable and silly, it is almost sure to amuse you. Especially as Gary Cooper is at his best, and Esther Ralston is particularly winning. Esther proves that her hair is naturally curly (unless it was more of that trick photography) and that she looks ravishing even in a gunny sack.



**THE VANISHING PIONEER**

**J**ACK HOLT is back as king of the Paramount Westerns. His newest picture starts off almost as impressively as "The Covered Wagon," but soon diminishes into a not very exciting tale of prairie villainy. It has one of those complicated plots about politicians, which puts too much of a strain on the mind, considering the pleasure involved. It seems a group of pioneers settled in Happy Valley, a land of plenty watered by a river that was needed to supply drinks for a famished city some distance to the south. A crook, representing the innocent Mayor, goes to the Valley and tries to get control of the water, and I simply can't go on from there. It's enough to know that William Powell is the villain. There's a lot of turning on and off of water, and fighting. In the end Jack Holt gets terribly noble and leads his people from their happy homes, leaving the disputed water to do the greatest good to the greatest number, so that politicians might not perish from this earth.



**EXCESS BAGGAGE**

**H**OW it feels to be a movie star's husband is the unhappy theme of this drama. It starts off with the love affair of a second-rate vaudeville team, with William Haines doing extremely well in a big romantic rôle. Everything is fine until his wife gets an offer to play opposite the cinema's handsomest sheik, and has one of those overnight successes that turn every girl's head. After that things go exactly as they so often have in the private lives of our best movie stars. Only there's a happy ending, which didn't fool me. You just know that no prima donna is going to give up her suite at the Ritz and move out to Flatbush. Nevertheless, it's one of the better pictures, with lots of humor and colorful atmosphere. Billy spends too much of his time sulking. I really think this craze for clown make-up has gone far enough. It may be an improvement on Lon Chaney, but when God gives the movies something like Mr. Haines, it seems like blasphemy to make him wear a disguise.



# In Review



**POWER**

**PROCEEDING** on the theory that what's worth doing once is worth doing again and again, Pathé has made another picture patterned after "Skyscraper," with that same rough tough and comical pair, William Boyd and Alan Hale. Again these two swing precariously on girders, and there's a title about their being the flower of Young American Manhood, which someone ought to resent. This time their dizzy, dangerous profession has nothing whatever to do with the story, but is put in, presumably, just for the sake of imitation and a few gasps. William and Alan duplicate their "Skyscraper" rôles. They are friendly enemies, rival Romeos, just two big overgrown boys kidding back and forth. The plot consists merely of the fact that they both woo the same girl, and both are nicely stung by her at a cost of two thousand dollars per capita. Alan Hale has a chance to remind us that he was once a hooper and is still light on his feet in spite of excess poundage. A picture of extremely light banter, mildly amusing.



**THE BABY CYCLONE**

**THE** star of this picture is a small Pekingese. Supporting him, but rather reluctantly, are such attractive performers as Aileen Pringle, Lew Cody, Gwen Lee, and Robert Armstrong. All either pursuing this insufferable animal, or trying to get rid of him. The plot is about a lady who loves her dog better than her husband, and another lady who loves the same dog better than her fiance. They all fight over him for reels and reels, and in the end are right back where they started. Everyone acts very capably, but against almost insuperable odds.

There are a few uproarious moments buried in this mass of so-called comedy. Gwen Lee has a good case of hysterics in the middle of the street, and that helps a lot. But I didn't really begin to enjoy it until the entire cast started mistaking each other for burglars and hitting each other over the head with various blunt instruments. That was really funny, I give you my word. Those who have a strong distaste for lap-dogs may enjoy this, but for most people it will be a waste of time.



**THE LION AND THE MOUSE**

**WITH** the infant industry in its present state of hysterics about talking pictures, any film, no matter how bad, is interesting if it is done with a sound device. And that is the only possible explanation of why people flock to "The Lion and the Mouse," the latest Vitaphone opus. As drama, it is very dull, but movie goers who want to know what the future holds for them had better go. Whole scenes are done with Vitaphone, and the presence of Lionel Barrymore in the cast makes them much less painful than they might otherwise have been. He is excellent, and almost makes you forget to sigh for the golden silences to which you've become accustomed. On the other hand, May McAvoy and Buster Collier had better enroll in the first class for voice culture they can find. You will find that you lose some of the dialogue because Vitaphone doesn't wait for laughs. That it's harder on the eyes than silent pictures. And that it makes the silent portions seem a bit flat.



**THE BARKER**

**THIS** is by far the best handling the tent-show scheme has had in pictures. It seems to have a lot of reality, though of course I have never traveled with a tent show. And it has two of the handsomest ladies to be seen on the screen. None other than Dorothy Mackaill and Betty Compson. Then there are Milton Sills and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as father and son, both endowed with enough It to keep the ladies busy making passes at them. The story is of Betty's revenge against her lover, because he has moved out of her compartment and into his son's. And Dorothy is the girl she hires to do the dirty work. Betty looks and acts as she used to when she was probably your favorite star, and holds her own against all newcomers. And as for Dorothy, in her hands revenge is sweet. Not such a good story, except for its one situation, but a very intriguing picture. However, not for the children, unless you're letting them learn about life from the movies.



# For and Formal



Apeda Photos

Norma Shearer's striped jacket with the smart scarf has red and white as its predominating colors. A white pleated skirt, white felt hat, and red and white shoes are worn with it. Above, Norma's black and white ensemble for afternoon wear consists of black silk coat and skirt and blouse of white wool crêpe hand stitched with black thread. The hat, shoes and purse are of black and white straw. And at the left, she is wearing an ideal white sweater costume for tennis, with a red and white belt and saucy colorful kerchief



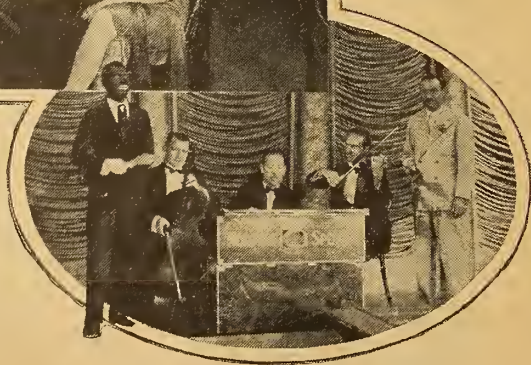
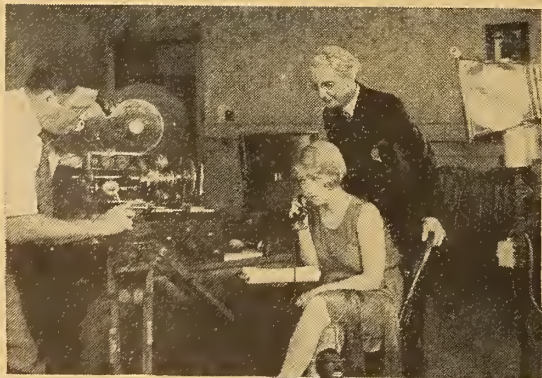


# Normal Wear



The ensemble note is carried out by Norma Shearer in this evening dress and wrap of delicate orchid taffeta. The chic period gown has a bodice of shimmering sequins attached in a diagonal manner to an uneven bouffant skirt, and the wrap is enhanced by the novel stitched collar. The gray silk skirt of Norma's chic daytime costume at the right has a wide girdle sash tied in front with a long bow and a blouse of novelty wool crêpe with colorful horizontal stripes woven in the fabric. Black and white stitched shoes and gray felt hat accompany this costume





Taking talkie tests: At the top, Anita Page, then a group working under Eddie Peabody; below this Madge Bellamy, Anita Page in two poses; and Al Jolson, singing

# Forecasting About

Everyone's Talking of Talkies,  
and Stars Must Have Screen  
Tests for Feet

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

EDITOR'S NOTE: "Motion Picture Magazine" has right along devoted its pages to a relation of events in the screen world that have happened, and to events that were happening, so covering comprehensively and carefully the past and the present. In addition to this, now it purposes to give some attention to things of importance that may occur, or that are on the brink of occurring—in short, to peep ahead a page or two in the history of the screen. Such explorations of the future will appear monthly and under the title of "Forecasting About." This new idea makes its bow with the present article.

**B**ELIEVE it or not—like them or not—you're going to get talking pictures. Make up your mind to that. Speakies, sound-films, talkies—whatever you want to call 'em—are the newest toys of the producers. And they are going for them with the same naïve, girlish enthusiasm that they evidenced in taking the recent whole-hearted plunge into prologue.

Their ultimate success, and its degree, is in doubt. Opinions differ. But the synchronization of sight and sound in pictures is to have its trial. Thus, if you wish to be the life of the party without speaking French, walking Spanish or playing a saxophone, you'd better know what it's all about. So paste the facts in your brown (or Al Smith type) derby.

The mighty Western Electric Company controls three sound devices. Vitaphone, the first to make its public bow, is utilized by Warner Brothers. Movietone is the preference of Fox, Paramount, United Artists and Metro. Firnatone obviously derives its name from the first syllables of First National.

The great difference in Vitaphone and Movietone is that the former makes use of discs in recording sound, while the latter photographs the sound waves directly upon film. Firnatone uses discs, and is working with the Victor Talking Machine Company.

Now the deadly rival of the Western Electric Company is the General Electric. The General is affiliated with the Radio Corporation of America, which controls Photophone. And Photophone will probably be used by FBO in their pictures.

It costs Lo, the poor theater owner, from four to fifteen thousand bucks to install Photophone. And if he wants Vitaphone or Movietone, he must lay it on the line to the tune of from nine to twenty-four grand.

Thus endeth the first lesson. Learn it, and you can begin your conversation: "Well, I was speakin' to Harry Warner about these here talking fillums. . . ."

## Male Sopranos Are Agitated

**T**HE first result of the sound picture régime has been to send cold shivers of apprehension along the spines of filmdom's lady baritones and  
(Continued on page 122)



# Believers in Santa Claus

Among Them Is Barbara Worth, Who Loves to Dye Easter Eggs and Wants to Do Something-Big-and-Worth-While

By NANCY PRYOR

IT'S wonderful. It's simply marvelous. I mean, the way this new bunch of movie kids are believing in things in spite of the pessimisms and unexcited philosophies of the old guard, which has found Fame such an empty cup and Glory to be just so much bootleg. Gloria Swanson is elegantly disillusioned. She admits it. Norma Talmadge says "Kismet." Even Mary Pickford's smile is a little tired. But these new ones come on, tremulous, excited, unheeding. Angels rushing in where wise men fear to tread. There is little Janet Gaynor, who is still holding her breath and pinching herself. There's Ruth Lee Taylor, who just can't believe it's true. There's Loretta Young, that *enfant blasé*, who can't quite hide her palpitating heart even beneath a thick coating of sophistication. It's wonderful. It's simply marvelous.

I met Barbara Worth the other day. We talked for an hour. When I left I believed in Santa Claus and Will Hays and religion and everything. Even in the movies. Barbara leaves you like that. Sort of breathless. She believes in all those things herself. Particularly in the movies. Every now and then she clasps her hands together almost prayer-like—she believes in 'em so hard.

"Oh, if I were so rich I never needed another single thing in my life, I would work in pictures." So there! You get the idea that people who don't feel as Barbara does about the movies are just a bunch of old meanies.

She wore a dark dress and an orchid hat draped with



Bruno Photos

an orchid veil, and downstairs a yellow automobile was waiting for her. As the background of the Montmartre Café, where we were lunching, is red, everything was very sunny and colorful.

"I'm so serious about pictures. I do all I can to help myself along. I go to the movies and just absolutely study every move the actors make, hoping to improve my own technique. Last night I saw Emil Jannings and Lewis Stone at the preview of 'The Patriot,' and I could have just applauded every scene they did. Such timing! Such technical perfection! And such art! When I'm away from the studio, I study dancing to make myself graceful, and I ride horseback and swim to keep in condition, and I'm also taking French

lessons." (Well, don't successful movie stars always spend their vacations where French is spoken?)

"I want to get along so much." For the first time Barbara let a little sigh creep in. "Of course, it is a little hard to get started. I mean started in something really big and worth while. It's easy enough just to get started in the movies, but the hard part is to get someone to recognize your ability and trust you with a big part. I've been under contract to Universal almost since I first started in pictures, and they've been wonderful to me, giving me

(Continued on page 85)





Richee

Wallace Beery, above with Mrs. Beery; and Richard Arlen, with Jobyna Ralston—officially Mrs. Arlen—not only tell the world that they're married but that they're happily so



Dyar

# Hidden

## Of Actors' Marriages—

By CAROLYN DAWSON

**I** WAS interviewing a handsome young actor the other day, one of those lads who is just climbing into film fame, when he said to me in a confidential tone, "I have a wife and two little daughters, but please don't mention them in your story. I think it's better for the fans to believe I'm unmarried."

"My gosh, *again*," I exclaimed morosely.

"I don't understand you," said the budding celebrity.

"It's just this," I told him. "Half the married actors in Hollywood have put the same request to me. 'Kindly hide the wife and children, like a good old thing.' It's becoming Hollywood's favorite indoor sport."

"But the girls prefer an unmarried actor," he protested earnestly, as had all his predecessors. "He seems more romantic to them, and just at present I've got to consider my career above everything else. I love my wife and children," he added hastily, "but I do want to keep them out of my publicity."

"I don't write publicity," I replied somewhat snappishly. "However, we'll compromise. I won't say you're married, but hanged if I'll say you're not."

How about it, fans? Does your interest in an actor fade away into dim nothingness when you discover that he is a domestic being who takes the kiddies for a ride to the beach on Sunday, and spansks them if they won't eat their nice, hot oatmeal?

Do you prefer the unmarried actors, no matter how many times they may have been un-married? If one is to believe current novels, it's an open season on married men as well as single ones. A wife and family in the background cannot stay the flapper when she sets out to get her man. But perhaps actors are in a class apart. I'm sure I don't know. If you have any firm convictions on the subject, submit them to the Editor. This burning question should be settled once and for all time.

### A Wife and Twelve Bushmans

**T**HE first case of an actor hiding his wife and children was that of Francis X. Bushman. At the height of his fame some eleven years ago



Dyar

George Bancroft demonstrates to his wife the habits and mating call of the celebrated cackling cactus of Chihuahua





# Wives

Is the Less Said the Better?

At the left, little Faith Brook, assisted by her mother, gives her father, Clive, his daily lesson in Mother Goose. Above, Emil Jannings, whose matrimonial skies are as sunny as his wife's hair

this dashing gentleman posed as a romantic and lone bachelor. Unfortunately, though Mr. Bushman had but one wife, the children numbered somewhere between seven and a dozen, and they started bobbing up in all directions. When the truth was out, Bushman's fame was extinguished like a candle flame in a hurricane. I am convinced, though, that we movie fans of that *naïve* period deserted his shrine not because he was married, but because he had denied it. He had broken faith with us.

To prove that, in those days, we didn't care whether an actor was married or not, one need only bring up the name of Maurice Costello. This man, first of the screen idols, not only permitted the world to know that he had a wife and children, but frequently used little Dolores and Helene in his pictures.



Two Hattons, one with a hat on. Raymond admits that this picture is symbolic, that Mrs. Hatton has him completely up in the air about her

His career was never hampered by this frankness concerning his marital state.

But this is 1928. The stars of yesterday are gone. Gone, too, is the awe-struck adoration which we gave them. The movie hero of today is dealing with the modern movie fan, or trying to. Competition for your favor is keen, and many of our married stars or leading men are convinced that the bachelor actor has the better break. Holding to this attitude, he wrestles daily with the problem of keeping the wife and children out of print.

As I recall it, Percy Marmont was the first motion picture actor to make this request of me. Some four or five years ago, when this delightful Englishman was enjoying a great vogue in America, I asked him to pose with his wife and family for some home portraits. Very gracefully but definitely he declined. To do Mr. Marmont justice, I cannot say that he wished to give the impression that he was an unmarried man. I really don't know whether he did or not. The well-known and much-advertised English reserve may have caused him to say that he wished to keep his family out of all stories concerning himself.

## Literally a Private Family

"I DON'T want them to become public property," is how he expressed it. Yet Clive Brook, his dignified and

(Continued on page 90)





P.&A.

Autrey

# Moran

more

# Charming

She continues to be astonishing, does Lois Moran. For, as with every new picture her beauty increases, you insist that she's become just as pretty as any girl possibly could. And then she goes right ahead and proves you wrong by becoming still lovelier



# Making Life Louiseier

Miss Fazenda's Real  
Profession Is That of  
Soul-Doctor Extraordinary

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

THIS is not a press-agent yarn. This is not a story, fabricated by an expert for the purpose of making a player appear a *Pollyanna*, bathed in sweetness and light, prattling sentimental platitudes, for the edification of the dwellers in Mr. H. L. Mencken's celebrated Bible Belt. Those moral citizens whose regular weekly fifty cents, spent in the neighborhood motion picture theater, is responsible for the player's salary. And incidentally, also for the salary of the press agent!

This is the story of a real girl. A girl who was not afraid to make herself grotesque that the public might laugh. A girl whose right arm is an inch and a half longer than her left, from trudging to and from studios over long years, carrying a heavy make-up case. A girl who has taken a thousand funny falls, and enough custard pies in the face to feed a large family for a year of Sunday dinners. A girl whose memory of her own lonely, poverty-sad youth, whose innate friendly curiosity about people, has made her the friend of all the lonely, sad, bewildered people she can find in this tawdry, seething, struggling city.

This is a story about Louise Fazenda. Queen of laughter. Gorgeous clown. Mime extraordinary. A naughty, feminine Pan whose eyes brim with real, unadulterated mirth as she caricatures the human pageant on the screen.

And underneath the grease paint and the jester's cap and bells is a woman whose biggest ambition is to be a doctor of human souls.

## A Profession of Friendship

"Do you know what I want to do?" she confided. "Well—you know—I have a knack, I think, of getting people's confidence. They tell me things about themselves and ask for my advice. And I love it!"

"Some day when I am through with pictures I want to



Reducing herself is only an occasional and seemingly unnecessary effort of Louise Fazenda's. Her main occupation is reducing audiences to hysterics. And when she's through with that, she spends her time—and money—reducing the hardships of all she can

make a regular business of being friendly to people. I mean talking over their problems with them and advising them, trying to clear up things in their minds

and help them to get a clear perspective on life. I don't mean charity—just giving away money. Anyone can do that. But there are so many people who are lonely and confused and who need to talk to someone—someone friendly.

"People come to me now. But I feel that I do not have enough time to do them justice, although I love to do what I can."

It was obvious that she did what she could. As we sat together on the set at First National, we were interrupted constantly by people who came to tell her of their little affairs.

An old man who told her that his daughter was better. Louise rejoiced with him. A girl who wanted to ask Miss Fazenda about something. Did she remember? Louise remembered and looked concerned. A boy with a dog that had learned a new trick and must do it for Louise, amid applause which sent his master away beaming. A pale woman who was worried about Ella. Louise would talk to her after a while. A little boy who whispered of his love for the beautiful teacher with the beautiful red hat. A prop man whose young wife had achieved a "real part in a big picture this time—thanks to you, Miss Fazenda!"

(Continued on page 114)



# No Mother to Guide Him

With Her Passing Passed  
J. Warren Kerrigan's Interest  
in His Life-Work

By GRACE KINGSLEY



Above is J. Warren Kerrigan's mother; and at the right is himself, as he is today. Below is the living-room in the home they shared so long and so happily

**T**HIS is the story of the House that Jack Built. Its happiness and sorrows through the years.

And of the sweet shadows that people it.

For the house that Jack built wasn't built solely of wood and plaster and glass and paint. It was built with character, too, and deep human experience.

So this is the story of a man who has seen visions—who, when his best beloved passed, caught a glimpse of eternity and found out a little about what heaven means, and life and death—who interests himself widely but very quietly now in many charities, the flood of his human love thus widening itself in quiet streams that water thirsty places.

And then there is his invalid brother, for whom, it is said, his tenderness and care never falter.

I found Jack Kerrigan on the veranda of his rambling old home or, to be more exact, on his front lawn. One always does. He came to greet me. If one doesn't know him well, one speaks of him as J. Warren Kerrigan. But then, practically everybody does feel that he knows Jack.

Even the truck drivers who have regular routes past his house—taking furniture and hardware and what-not, up to Bakersfield and other places, through the Cahuenga Pass—feel that they know Kerrigan and are his friends.

"He always waves to us boys as we drive by, if we wave to him!" one exclaimed in delight the other day to Lois Wilson's chauffeur, and the chauffeur told Lois. But Lois, you may be sure, knew it already.

Jack and Lois were supposed to have been engaged once. But nothing came of it. Maybe they never were. Yet there are those who say that Jack's love for his mother and his love for Lois were the two great devotions of his life.

Jack has never married. You see he has always had responsibilities. First there were his six brothers and his sister. His dad was an Irish politician and you know what that means. Sometimes there was money and sometimes there was not. Jack was almost the sole support of the family after he was thirteen years old. His mother became an invalid, but that wasn't until much later, after she had done well her job of raising the seven.

Even that wasn't all. The invalid brother was an invalid from the time he was four years old, when he had scarlet fever. He was always, somehow, Jack's peculiar care. He is yet.

(Continued on page 112)



P. S. Cleveland



# "Flatter your Hands"

says BILLIE BURKE

This famous stage beauty . . . New York's smartest set . . . all these gay, clever women use this New Cutex Liquid Polish

**H**OW do they keep their busy, capable hands exquisite and pretty when they use them for so much interesting active work?

Women who combine a career and a brilliant social life tell us the answer is quite simple. Just the New Cutex Liquid Polish which protects the nails so they cannot look grubby no matter what you do.

Applied once a week it gives new personality to the hands. Its lovely brilliance lasts day after day in spite of wear or water. Stains and dirt that usually discolor and roughen the nails disappear when you wash your hands. Your fingertips remain shining — exquisitely chic — for a whole week!



Miss Ivy Maddison

**"Riding-togs Require Impeccable Nails"**  
says New York horsewoman

"To keep my nails in condition," says Miss Ivy Maddison, well-known New York horsewoman and winner at many smart Horse Shows, "I always use a liquid polish—the New Cutex kind—which withstands perspiration and washing. It's very natural-looking, perfectly sporting, and, in my opinion, the nicest possible finish for any sportswoman's hands."



Miss Burke's expressive hands

**Billie Burke keeps her hands lovely with the New Cutex Liquid Polish**

At a Palm Beach fancy dress ball or at her stately country home, she is just the golden haired merry young woman who married Florenz Ziegfeld, whose plays assemble the most beautiful women in America.

"I love the stage," says Billie Burke, "but I also love simple country things—gardens, woods, tramps—dogs. What terrible things it does to my hands!"

*The New Liquid Polish*



**"Chez Ninon"**

advises this polish

Mrs. Nona McAdoo Cowles, New York and Washington society woman, presides over the smart little Madison Avenue shop "Chez Ninon."

"Of course, I use Cutex Liquid Polish," she says. "It's so thoroughly becoming—makes the whole hand look prettier and better groomed—gives a clever touch of sparkle."



"I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish protects the nails from stains and dirt and is so flattering. In fact, I adore all the Cutex preparations—the Cuticle Cream—and the Remover. My friends say, 'What lovely half-moons you have!'"

Give your hands personality with this new Polish. With Polish Remover 50c; without Remover, 35c. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris

**Special introductory offer—for 6c**

Send 6c and coupon below for sample of New Cutex Liquid Polish. (If in Canada, address Dept. M-9, Post Office Box No. 2054, Montreal, Canada.)

Northam Warren, Dept. M-9,  
114 West 17th St., New York





Pauline Starke, whose delicate beauty is reflected in the mirror, says, "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin beautifully even and smooth."



Bebe Daniels, piquant Paramount star and the bathroom designed for her loveliness. She says—"Lux Toilet Soap is a great help in keeping the skin smooth and lovely."



Corinne Griffith knows how much lovely skin adds to a girl's attractiveness. "Lux Toilet Soap's wonderful lather gives my skin the same velvety smoothness expensive French soaps do," says this First National star.



Lois Moran takes the most exquisite care of her blonde loveliness—"Even the most expensive French soaps could not leave my skin more wonderfully smooth than Lux Toilet Soap does," declares this Fox star.



Joan Crawford, M. G. M. star, whose lovely smooth skin has won millions of hearts, says, "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin so smooth."

In the  
bathrooms  
screen stars  
ing rooms of  
studios Lux  
for lovely





Vivacious Clara Bow and the lovely bathroom inspired by her beauty. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin in perfect condition," says this delightful Paramount star.



Winsome Mary Brian is most fastidious about all her toilet accessories. "Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps 'studio skin' in perfect condition," says this Paramount star.

luxurious  
of 9 out of 10  
and in the dress-  
all the great film  
Toilet Soap is used  
smooth skin.



Myrna Loy, for whose auburn-haired beauty this unique bathroom was designed. "Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin beautifully smooth," says this lovely Warner Brothers star.

**A** GIRL'S smooth, soft skin—how deeply it moves you—and how it glorifies every other charm!

To screen successfully in the close-up, directors say a star must have skin of utter smoothness—"studio skin," for make-up is very little help under the blazing lights.

*Nine out of ten screen stars care for their priceless skin with Lux Toilet Soap.* There are in Hollywood 433 important actresses including all stars. 417 of these use Lux Toilet Soap!—96%!

*All the great film studios* have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms.

Buy some today. The smoothness the delicately fragrant, white cake gives your skin will delight you.

*Luxury hitherto found only  
in French soaps* **10¢**  
*at 50c or \$1.00 a cake . . . now*



Dorothy Mackaill has the exquisite skin of a true English beauty. "The close-up takes the true measure of a screen star's beauty. I find Lux Toilet Soap lovely for the skin," says this First National star.





## *All Feet on Deck!*

This apparently was the order of the day aboard a steamship off Catalina Island during the recent filming of a picture. And Mary Brian and Jack Luden were quick to obey it. They show here the latest manner in which two step the one-step



# They gave me the "ha-ha" when I offered to play ... but I was the life of the party after that



THE first day of Dorothy's house party at her cottage on the shore had been a huge success. With an afternoon of swimming, boating and golfing we were all set for the wonderful dinner that followed.

"Well, folks," said Bill enthusiastically, as we were leaving the table, "I don't know how you feel, but I'm all pepped up for a good dance."

"Fine!" cried Dorothy. "Dick Roberts has his banjo and can sure make it hum. Now who can play the piano?"

Instantly the laughter and merriment ceased. All looked at one another foolishly. But no one said a word.

"How about you Jim, you play, don't you?" asked Dot.

"Yes I'll play 'Far, Far Away,'" laughed Jim.

"Well then, Mabel, will you help us out?"

"Honestly, Dot, I hate to admit it, but I can't play a note," she answered.

It certainly looked as if the party were going flat. Plenty of dancers but no one to play.

## Then I Offered to Play

"If you folks can stand it," I offered shyly, "I'll play for you."

The crowd, silent until now, instantly burst out in laughter.

"You may be able to play football, Jack, but you can't tackle a piano."

"Quit your kidding," cut in another. "I've never heard you play a note and I've known you all your life."

"There isn't a bar of music in your whole make-up," laughed Mabel.

A feeling of embarrassment mingled with resentment came over me. But as I strode to the piano I couldn't help chuckling to myself when I thought of the surprise I had in store for them.

No one knew what to expect. They thought I was about to make a fool of myself. Some laughed. Others watched me wide-eyed.

Then—I struck the first snappy chords of that foot-loosing fox-trot "St. Louis Blues." Dick was so dumbfounded he almost dropped his banjo. But in a flash he had picked up the rhythm and was strutting away like mad.

Although they could hardly believe their ears, the crowd were all on their feet in a jiffy. And how they danced! Fox-trots, waltzes—

with rests few and far between.

After a good round of dancing I decided to give them some real music and began a beautiful Indian love lyric.

The couples, who but a moment before had been dancing merrily, were now seated quietly about the room, entranced by that plaintive melody.

No sooner had the last soft notes died away than I was surrounded by my astonished friends. Questions were fired at me from all sides.

"How wonderful, Jack! Why haven't you played for us before?"

"How long have you been studying?"

"Why have you kept it a secret all these years when you might have been playing for us?"

"Who gave you lessons? He must be wonderful!"

## I Reveal My Secret

Then I explained how some time before I made up my mind to go in for something besides sports. I wanted to be able to play—to entertain others—to be popular. But when I thought of the great expense and the years of study and practice required, I hesitated.

Then one day I ran across an announcement in a magazine telling of a new, quick and simple way to learn music at home, without a teacher.

I was a little skeptical at first, but it was just what I wanted so I sent for the free booklet and demonstration lesson. The moment I saw it I was convinced and sent for the complete course at once.

When the lessons arrived, I started right in, giving a few minutes of my spare time each day. And what fun it was—even from the very beginning. No monotonous scales—no tedious exercises—no tricky methods—just a simple, common-sense system that even a child could understand. And best of all I was playing my favorite numbers almost from the start.

## PICK YOUR INSTRUMENT

|                                     |           |
|-------------------------------------|-----------|
| Piano                               | Violin    |
| Organ                               | Clarinet  |
| Ukulele                             | Flute     |
| Cornet                              | Saxophone |
| Trombone                            | Harp      |
| Piccolo                             | Mandolin  |
| Guitar                              | Cello     |
| Hawaiian Steel Guitar               |           |
| Sight Singing                       |           |
| Piano Accordion                     |           |
| Voice and Speech Culture            |           |
| Harmony and Composition             |           |
| Drums and Traps                     |           |
| Automatic Finger Control            |           |
| Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor) |           |

Anyone can learn to play this easy no-teacher way—right at home. The piano if desired; or any other instrument that you may choose. Almost half a million people have learned to play by this simple system in less than half the time it takes by the old-fashioned methods. And regardless of what instrument you pick, the cost averages only a few cents a day.

## Send for Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

To prove how simple and practical this remarkable course is, the U. S. School of Music has arranged a typical demonstration lesson and explanatory booklet which you may have for the asking. So if you really want to learn to play—if you wish to win a host of friends—to be popular everywhere—write for this free booklet and valuable demonstration lesson.

Don't delay, act at once—fill in and mail the attached coupon today—no obligation whatever.

Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 609 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,  
609 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, demonstration lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have you above instrument? .....

Name.....  
(Please write plainly)

Address .....

City.....State.....





Kendall Evans

## *Her Full Measure of Beauty*

In herself and in the vessel right next to herself, Virginia Bradford has *it*. And for this, and for the skill with which she is enacting one of the more prominent rôles in "Craig's Wife," there is every reason why Virginia deserves to have her pitcher in the papers





## One Dollar Offer

### 24 New Pictures and the Next Six Issues of Motion Picture Magazine

#### Subjects:

Mary Astor  
 Clara Bow  
 James Hall  
 Jack Holt  
 Fred Thomson  
 Sally O'Neil  
 Ruth Taylor  
 Ralph Forbes  
 Olive Borden  
 John Gilbert  
 Dolores Costello  
 Marcelline Day  
 Renée Adorée  
 Eleanor Boardman  
 Charles Farrell  
 Tom Mix  
 Rudolph Valentino  
 Janet Gaynor  
 Joan Crawford  
 June Collyer  
 Vilma Banky  
 Ramon Novarro  
 Rod LaRocque  
 Lloyd Hughes

You can have this wonderful set of pictures of your favorites if you act promptly. For a limited time we offer you this fine set of 24 new gravure pictures, size 5½ by 8 inches, with the next six issues of **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE**, for One Dollar. That's a bargain! The pictures are just the thing for your den or your collection. Suitable for framing, too. Just pin a dollar bill to the coupon and mail to-day. Subscribe for your friends and we will send them each a set of pictures. Do it now!

*Canada, twenty-five cents extra—Foreign, fifty cents extra.*

9 M. P. M.

**MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC.,**  
**Paramount Bldg., New York.**

**Offer No. 3.**

For the enclosed \$1.00 please send me the set of twenty-four new pictures of motion picture stars and the next six issues of **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE**.

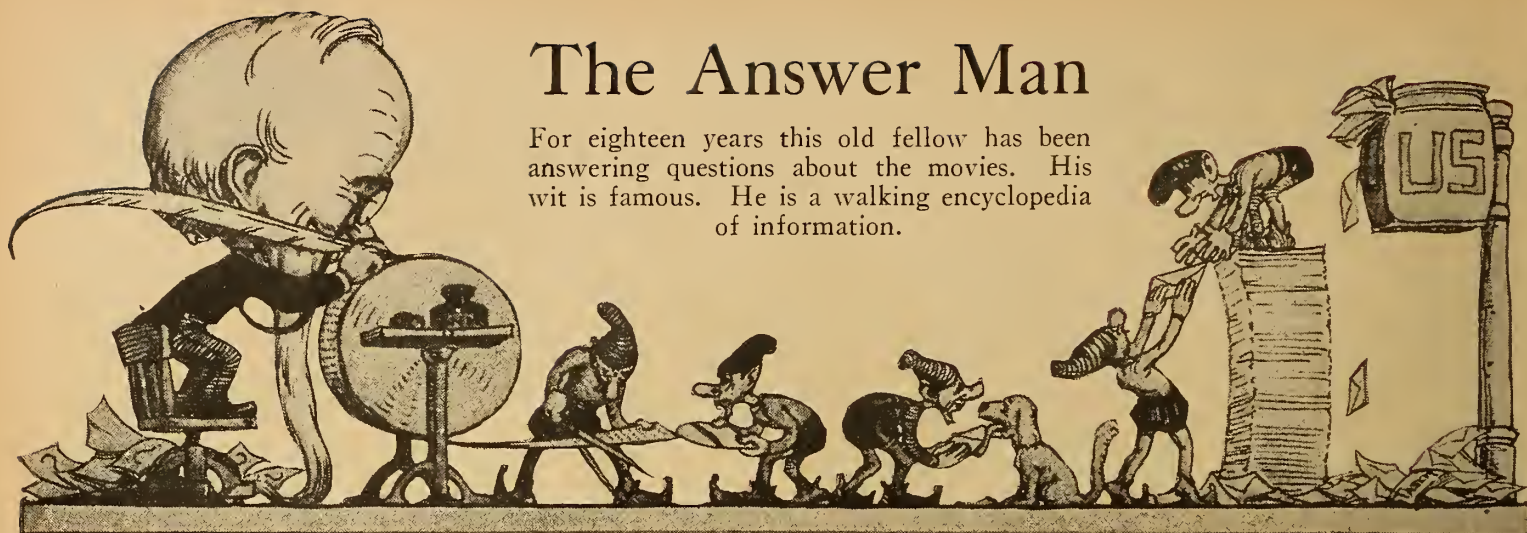
Name.....

Address.....

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Start with.....issue.





## The Answer Man

For eighteen years this old fellow has been answering questions about the movies. His wit is famous. He is a walking encyclopedia of information.

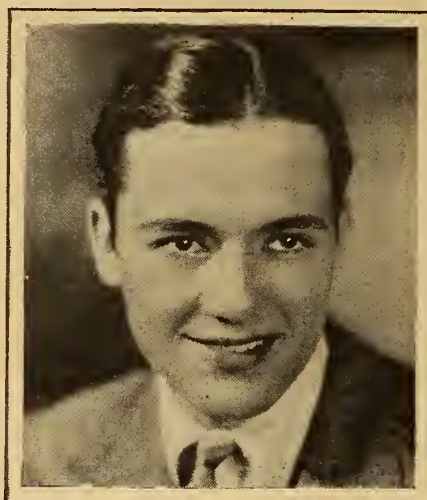
**KATUSHA**—I can supply you with a photo of Ramon Novarro, but not as he appeared in "Ben-Hur." Esther Ralston was born in Bar Harbor, Maine, in 1902. She's five feet five inches tall, weighs 125 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her latest picture is "Sawdust Paradise"; write her at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Write me any time. I'm always glad to hear from you.

**LUCILLE**—William Haines's latest picture is "Excess Baggage." William Bakewell was *Tex McNeil*, and Neil Neely, *Bob Speery* in "West Point." Helen Lynch was born April 21, 1903. In regard to Jack Mulhall's relations, I would suggest you write direct to Jack at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. What makes you think I'm Herbert Rawlinson? He's a movie star. But thanks for the compliment.

**MARY JANE K.**—Charles Rogers was born August 13, 1904. His latest picture is "Red Lips." Write Buddy at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Adolphe Menjou was married to Kathryn Carver, in Paris. Jacqueline Logan is playing in "Power." "The Purple Mask" was produced by Universal, in January, 1917, a serial of fifteen episodes, starring Grace Cunard and Francis Ford.

**A RED-HEAD OF ST. LOUIS**—You carrot tops hail from all points. Barry Norton was *Bryon Dashwood*, Lane Chandler, *Holobird* in "The Legion of the Condemned." Clara Bow is five feet two and

I'll answer as many letters in **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE** as space permits and reply by mail to the others. Write your name and address and enclose stamps or addressed envelope. The Answer Man, Motion Picture Magazine, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



Here are the five leaders of my fan mail. The place of honor goes to Buddy Rogers because last month I received more inquiries on him than any other player

one-half inches tall, weighs 109 pounds. That is her real name. Buster Collier is playing in "Tide of Empire," starring Renée Adorée. Don't know whether Ramon Novarro prefers red heads or not. Why not write him at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.?

**MERELY MARY**—Allene Ray and Walter Miller are co-starring again in "Terrible People," a serial produced by Pathé Studios, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Allene and Edward Hearne played in "The Yellow Cameo," also a serial. Esther and Jobyna Ralston are not related. Jobyna is married to Richard Arlen. Her latest picture is "The Toilers," starring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; write them at the Tiffany-Stahl Prod., 933 N. Seward St., Hollywood, Cal.

**SEBASTIAN**—Cheerio! Richard Arlen was born in Charlottesville, Va., twenty-nine years ago. That's his real name. His next picture will be "Beggars of Life." Lewis Sargent plays opposite Alberta Vaughn in "Racing Blood," a serial, in production at the FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Laura La Plante's latest picture is "The Last Warning." Address your letter to her at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**DONA CATALINA**—I like your stationery. Theodore Von Eltz was the captain in "The Great Mail Robbery." Richard Dix has recovered nicely from his operation, thank you. His next picture will be "Warming Up." Dolores del Rio was born in Durango, Mexico, August 3, 1905. She is playing in "Revenge." Barry Norton is single, send him that note care the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

**BROWN-EYED**—I'll excuse your long letter; guess the column will hold 'em all. (Continued on page 87)



Sue Carol seems to be gaining in popularity. She was a close second to Buddy



Charles Farrell is third. I can always depend on Farrell's fans to keep me busy



Fourth is Billie Dove. Her admiring fans certainly want to know a lot about her



And so many of Ramon Novarro's fans have been writing. He is fifth among the leaders





*New!*



*Patented*

# Just A Twist Of The Wrist

## Banishes Old Style Can Openers to the Scrap Heap and Brings Agents \$5 to \$12 in an Hour

Here is a truly revolutionary invention! It is something that every woman has been waiting and hoping for. Now all the danger and wastefulness of old-style can openers is ended. Now, every home in the land can open cans the new, simple, safe, easy way by a handy little machine. Now, no man whose present income is less than \$60 a week can afford to ignore the amazing new opportunity for real money that this novel invention has created. Read the **GENEROUS FREE TEST** offer below. Then act at once.

### AGENTS!



**FULL TIME**  
**\$265 in a Week**

"Here is my record for first 30 days with Speedo: June 13, 60 Speedos; June 20, 84 Speedos; June 30, 192 Speedos; July 6, 288 Speedos. Speedo sells to 9 out of 10 prospects.

M. Ornoff, Va.

**SPARE TIME—\$9 First Half Day**

"The first afternoon I received my Speedo outfit I made \$9."

Mrs. R. Spain, Kans.

**PART TIME—\$20 in 3 Hours**

"I worked about three hours and took 25 orders. This is certainly a money-maker."

O. C. Gregg, Wyo.

**WOMEN** universally detest the old-style can opener. Yet in practically every home cans are being opened with it, often several times a day. Imagine then, how thankfully they welcome this new method—this automatic way of doing their most distasteful job. With the wonderful little Speedo can opener you just put the can in the machine, turn the handle, and almost instantly the job is done.

### A "Million Dollar" Can Opening Machine

The Speedo holds the can—opens it—flips up the lid so you can grab it—and gives you back the can without a drop spilled, without any rough edges to snag your fingers—all in a couple of seconds! It's so easy even a 10-year-old child can do it in perfect safety! No wonder women—and men, too—simply go wild over it! And no wonder Speedo salesmen often sell to every house in the block and make up to \$10 an hour either spare or full time.

So I've worked out a plan by which you can examine the invention and test its profit possibilities without risking one penny of your own money.

### Mail Coupon Today

### READ!

One of my prospects told me she could get along with the old can opener she had been using for years. Two weeks later her husband ordered a can opener from me saying that his wife had cut her hand badly with her old can opener.—W. L. GODSHALK, Pa.

All I ask you to do is to fill out and mail the coupon below. You do not obligate yourself in any way whatever. I'll rush you the details. Get my free test offer while the territory you want is still open—I'll hold it for you while you make the test. I'll send you all the facts about \$75 to \$150 a week with Speedo. I'll also tell you about another fast selling item in the Central States line that brings you two profits on every call. All you risk is a 2c stamp—so grab your pencil and shoot me the coupon right now.

**SPEEDO**  
PATENTED HOUSEHOLD SPECIALTIES

**CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO.**

Established Over 20 Years

Dept. M-2061, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Central States Mfg. Co.,  
4500 Mary Ave., Dept. M-2061, St. Louis, Mo.

Yes, rush me the facts and details of your **FREE TEST OFFER**.

Name.....

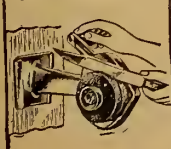
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City..... State.....

### Generous Free Test Offer

Frankly, men, I realize that the facts about this proposition as outlined briefly here may seem almost incredible to you. I'll grant you that the profit possibilities are so tremendous that it's impossible to give more than a mere hint of them here.

### New Kind of Sharpener



Another amazing, knock-'em dead, household specialty. Every housewife needs it. Puts a razor edge on anything that cuts — knives, tools, etc. The queerest thing you ever saw! A real money-maker! The coupon brings full details.



# Breakfasts for Mornings After

By BETTY STANDISH

What Clara Bow Eats Depends  
Upon Whether She Wants to  
Cultivate or Discourage  
Insomnia



**H**E had made violent love to her. She had repulsed him. He offered her wine. She sipped a bit of it. Her bobbed head reeled. At one o'clock she said she must go home. He locked the door. It went on like that until the wee, small hours of the morning, and then the director said the Clara Bow company could go home.

If there is anything soggier than a breakfast without having had any previous sleep, Clara can't think of it. The *It* girl of the screen ought to know. She's shot more night scenes and seen more sunrises than a night-watchman. It's all because Clara's pictures are so popular they burn up the box-office and a star making \$8,000 per doesn't enjoy the privileges of the eight-hour union law.

What does a girl eat who has been up all night? The flapper débutantes could tell you. So can Clara. If she has to hurry back to the studio after snatching a few hours' sleep, she orders something like the menu to the right.

The difference between the two menus is that one is stimulating and the other is sedative.

If you want to be on your toes and up and doing the first thing in the morning, you can't beat a glass of strained tomato juice. It clears the brain and promotes a lot of energy. All you need for this is a can of tomato puree and a strainer. Serve cold.

The eggs soft boiled are a further stimulant. If you can eat a raw egg, so much the better. If you can't,

don't cook it over two minutes at the very utmost.

Melba toast is bread cut as thin as possible and toasted on both sides in the oven. It may be buttered, but it will be crisper and fresher if you can do without butter.

Everybody knows that coffee wakes you up, and it makes just the right finishing touch to the breakfast that is guaranteed to put you on your feet no matter what happened the night before.

The other menu promotes sleep and nothing is more conducive to a good rest than a glass of warm milk. If you're bothered with insomnia, you want to try this. You can't go wrong.

Oatmeal is another restful dish and is soothing to the nerves as well. Serve very hot and don't stint yourself on the butter and sugar and cream.

French toast is prepared by dipping bread into a mixture of egg and milk and then frying it. Garnished with bacon, this adds the necessary filling touch that is guaranteed to make you sleepy.

Don't forget to forego the coffee with this diet. No matter how much hot milk you drink, you aren't going to sleep if you top it off with a cup of coffee.

Remember that the first menu is for warding off sleep and that this second one is for courting it. Every item just named should make for a pleasant drowsiness; and to include with the meal anything stimulating will defeat the entire purpose of the breakfast.

## MENU

Glass of strained tomato juice  
Soft-boiled egg  
Melba toast  
Coffee

*But if the studio has granted  
her the day off and she can crawl  
into bed and go to sleep, she  
substitutes the order following:*

Glass of warm milk  
Oatmeal  
French toast with bacon  
No coffee



- shaped to fit*
- softened to ease*
- deodorizes to protect*

## The IMPROVED KOTEX



### Deodorizes...

*and 4 other important features*

- 1—*Softer gauze* ends chafing; pliable filler absorbs as no other substance can;
  - 2—*Corners are rounded* and tapered; no evidence of sanitary protection under any gown;
  - 3—*Deodorizes*—safely, thoroughly, by a new and exclusive patented process;
  - 4—*Adjust it to your needs*; filler may be made thinner, thicker, narrower, as required;
- and*
- 5—*It is easily disposed of*; no unpleasant laundry.

SINCE the comfort of sanitary protection is as much mental as physical, Kotex scientists have sought and found the way to end two important feminine fears: The new pad safely, thoroughly deodorizes, by a patented process. No longer does this oppressive thought of offending others interfere with the day's activities, at any time.

All feeling of conspicuousness is gone, since Kotex is now cut to fit. Rounded, tapered corners conform to the lines of the body. There is no awkward bulkiness to indicate the presence of sanitary protection.

While these changes were being made, a way was found to soften the gauze, to render the downy filler more pliable, even more absorbent. Consequently you are assured of gentler, more thorough comfort than ever before. If you need a thinner or thicker pad, all you do is adjust the filler. And Kotex is so easy to dispose of.

All its old advantages remain. When you try it, you will understand why doctors and nurses endorse it so heartily. A box of 12 is 45c, at any drug, dry goods or department store.



# KOTEX





# At last I HAVE FOUND THE Perfect Manicure

By MISS ROSALINE DUNN



The women of New York's smartest society are my clients. Their patronage is my reward for a life devoted to the art of manicuring.

For years I have studied the care of the nails and hands, always striving to achieve exquisite perfection... to give nails an alluring, lustrous tint of the correct shade, and frame each one in a soft, pink cuticle curve of beauty.

Then from Paris came the whisper that liquid polishes had been created. I tried all of them. But some of them peeled or dulled in spots. Others gave the nails an unnatural tint that was too obvious.

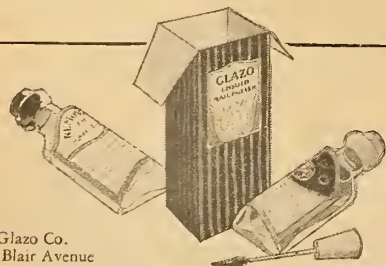
Then just when I despaired of ever realizing my ambitions I discovered the Glazo Manicure. What a happy meeting!

The marvelous Glazo Polish brings to nails such enchanting loveliness. Its radiant beauty makes the hands seem fairer.

It will keep your nails as perfectly groomed, as beautiful as if I were manicuring them for you. And the Glazo Cuticle Oil (for those who prefer, the Glazo Cuticle Cream) softens the cuticle and keeps it smooth, pink, and beautifully curved.

Let the Glazo Company send you the little lesson book I have prepared. It tells you how to hide traces of work and keep your hands youthful. Also, it explains the latest method of manicuring the hands.

Your favorite shop sells Glazo. Its price, —including the remover, 50c. Known as Galo in England and the Colonies.



The Glazo Co.  
669 Blair Avenue  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me Miss Dunn's booklet and the miniature Glazo manicure set, 50c enclosed.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....



Speaking of dangerous sports, there's mumblety-peg. Just look at Polly Ann Young and Johnny Mack Brown pooh-poohing peril and literally taking their knives in their hands

## Hollywood's Seven Deadly Cliques

(Continued from page 45)

nothing on the hip but the unavoidable birthmark.

Ronald Colman, Charles Lane, William Powell and Richard Barthelmess form a clique of slightly bored bachelor *bon-vivants*, with Florence Vidor, the only woman in the circle, as a sort of queen whose taste and breeding are so impeccable that she's never *de trop*. Since Barthelmess's re-marriage the clique has become smaller and more exclusive than ever. This group stands for choice wines and food, perfect clothes and everything of superlative excellence; for impatience with Hollywood's general crudeness; for terms of address like "my dear chap."

Simple outdoor and home life is represented by the largely English clique of Clive Brook, Philip Strange, Percy Marmont, H. B. Warner and Warner Baxter. Among these the simple things of life are most appreciated. A dog, a well-seasoned briar pipe, a good book (without even a thou)—these are the caviar they desire. They keep fit with tennis, golf and week-ends at the beach.

Harold Lloyd has a clique all of his own. It consists merely of the members of his staff at the studio, with whom he goes around most of the time. The Lloyd clique stands for democracy. Everybody, high or low, on the Lloyd staff automatically belongs to the gang, and the gang amuses itself going to ball games and prize-fights, riding to them as often as not in decrepit Fords intended for use in the studio transporting props.

### Ah, Zoze Americans!

THE up-to-the-minute young American clique is that of Evelyn Brent, Priscilla Dean, Les Arnold (the world flier), Dorothy Herzog (scenario writer) and Gary Cooper, with some others tagging along in their wake. They get up late, use plenty of lip-stick, smoke cigarettes, light one from the other all day, spend their money on clothes and parties. They are the backbone supporting such places as the

Montmartre Café, the Cocoon Grove and other eat-while-you-dance institutions. They chew gum recklessly.

One might describe as the overgrown high-school kid clique the last battalion of Hollywood society. It consists of Carmelita Geraghty, Zasu Pitts, Ralph Forbes, Charles Farrell, Virginia Valli, Julianne Johnston and Hedda Hopper. This is the gang whose most ecstatic delight would be to see Cecil de Mille slip on a banana peel while acting as master of ceremonies at an opening. They would giggle hysterically about it for hours afterward. You always see these boys and girls at Occasions of Note, with bells on.

The seven cliques of Hollywood society cannot be broken into—that is the law. One does not ask a member of a clique to dinner without asking at least one other member. If you invited Evelyn Brent, Harold Lloyd, Charles Farrell, Florence Vidor, Marion Davies and Enid Bennett to dine with you, it's ten to one none of them would turn up. The only exception to the rule is that one is allowed to ask and be asked by players in one's current picture, even if they do not strictly belong.

It is very much not done to ask people to bring anybody to a party, as used to be the thing in Hollywood's early days. Guests must be carefully selected, or they leave. The last stronghold of "bring anybody" is James Cruze's house, Flintridge, where every Sunday there is open house. The outsiders from Hollywood society are the chief guests at Flintridge.

Among the more important outsiders may be named Pola Negri, Mae Murray, the Costellos, the Barrymores, Gilbert and Garbo, and Lon Chaney. A few younger players who have not yet become Hollywoodized also retain their primitive desire to forget what the world thinks of them and enjoy themselves. The Fairbankses entertain real society from Europe, and remain blissfully aloof.

Hollywood society is at once the most and the least exclusive group in the world.



## Believers in Santa Claus

(Continued from page 67)

leads with Reginald Denny and a nice salary, but—"

After all, Reginald Denny leads and a nice salary can hardly be called artistic, no matter how high the ambition. Believe it or not, but I have a hunch Barbara wants to "create."

"When some big part comes up out there, I just pray I'll get it, but they always put me off. I'm not old enough or something. When I let myself get a little bit discouraged, I stop to realize that Janet Gaynor and Fay Wray used to be out there, too, and all they got was Westerns."

Barbara looks pretty when she gets sincere like that. She looks well in almost any mood. She has a sort of delicate prettiness. Brunette. Light eyes. Slender, straight nose. Fine lips. White throat. A great boon to the close-ups, I should imagine, with her fresh, eight-hour-rested look.

Yes, she rests a great deal. She doesn't chase around to parties at night. In the very midst of the Montmartre informality, Barbara knew hardly a soul to yell at. With her husband, Tamar Lane, she attends the movies in the evenings, and when she has a real vacation from the studio they move out to their ranch and get up early in the morning and ride horseback. She doesn't smoke. And if she ever sipped anything harder than ginger ale, it doesn't show on her. Barbara says about the most exciting time they have is over the holidays. Any holiday will do. She's particularly fond of Easter and dyeing Easter eggs and hiding them.

Barbara says she comes of a large family, and holidays are always big events with a large family. It was an adven-

(Continued on page 89)



## Make This Convincing Beauty Bath Test On Your Hands Now



—INSTANTLY YOUR SKIN  
FEELS SOFT AND SMOOTH  
AS A ROSE PETAL

**H**ERE is a remarkable test. It will prove to you in less than a MINUTE that your skin can feel smooth as a baby's.

Simply swish a few handfuls of Linit in a basin of warm water; then wash your hands, using a little soap. Immediately after drying you are aware of a soothing softness—your skin feels smooth as the down of a rose petal.

**T**HIS test is so convincing that you will want to use Linit in your bath. Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub and bathe as usual. A bath in the richest cream couldn't be more delightful or have such effective and immediate results.

The exquisite softness of your skin is due to a thin layer of Linit that is left on the skin after your bath. This invisibly thin "coating" of Linit harmlessly absorbs perspiration, eliminates shine from the skin and in cases of irritation is most soothing.

Starch from Corn is the main ingredient of Linit. Being a vegetable product, Linit is free from any mineral properties that might injure the skin and cause irritation. In fact, the purity and soothing quality of Starch from Corn are regarded so highly by doctors and dermatologists, that they generally recommend it for the tender and sensitive skin of young babies.

LINIT is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let results speak for themselves.

Linit is sold by your GROCER



THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT SMOOTH SKIN • •



The beach where Myrna Loy bathes isn't crowded, but she insists upon wearing this sleeveless coat as a wrap, just to give herself elbow room





# Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

**YOU** can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.

The first jar proves its magic worth. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists, 50c and \$1.

**Stillman's**  
**Freckle Cream** 50¢  
Removes Freckles | Whitens The Skin

The Stillman Co., 33 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.  
Send me your FREE booklet on skin treatment.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

## DEL-A-TONE

Removes Hair in 3 Minutes



### Skin Without Hair

"I've tried other methods but I give all praise to Del-a-tone. It's far better than shaving or pulling hair out by the roots, and it tends to discourage regrowth."

Adds that touch of daintiness so essential to feminine charm. The standard depilatory for 20 years. Del-a-tone Cream is snow-white, fragrant, and ready for immediate use.

Removes hair in only 3 minutes from arms, under arms, legs, back of neck or face. Leaves skin smooth, white, dainty. Del-a-tone Cream or Powder is sold by drug and department stores, or sent prepaid, in plain wrapper, in U.S. for \$1.00. Money back if desired. For generous sample send 10c to Miss Mildred Hadley, Dept. 79, The Delatone Co., 721 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.



After seeing the luxury in which the screen vamps live, Anna Moore says that the next mid-winter night she is told never to darken a door again, she wants the furs that go to the erring

## Some Figures From Fiction Visit Hollywood

(Continued from page 53)

unladylike language," said Papa sternly. "You know I don't approve of it. However, I will forgive you, so run along and put on your bonnet and we'll start for the Sennett Studio."

"But, dear Papa, Little Eva is going to Heaven on the Fox lot, today," broke in Elsie shyly. "I should dearly love to see her."

"Now, Elsie," Papa said sternly, "what did I tell you about impertinence?"

"I am so sorry I was so disobedient and so naughty," Elsie sighed. "But dear Papa, I have been a very good little durl this week. I've been making presents for the stars. Won't Jack Gilbert love this set of antimacassars for his best chairs? I crocheted them all by my own little self. And here's a lovely blue bed-jacket for Gloria Swanson and a couple of bean bags for Vilma Banky and Rod La Roque to play with on long winter evenings."

"And I made something for Little Eva, too, but I suppose I'll have to give it to the bathing beauties instead." And Elsie shyly held up a long sleeved muslin nightgown.

Papa tugged at his mustache.

"Wouldn't it be a good lesson for you, too, dear Papa, to see Little Eva go to Heaven. Would it not bring home the fact that we are but mortals after all."

She stopped trembling as her father turned sternly towards her.

"I mean after we see the bathing beauties, then can we see Little Eva go to Heaven?"

### Jack Dalton Soliloquizes on Roy D'Arcy, Earle Foxe, Etc.

(With interruptions by Our Nell)

**JACK DALTON** has just returned from a trip to the studios and is sprawled on a chair in his room, his feet on the table. His silk hat hangs from the gas pipe and he chuckles fiendishly.

"Ah Ha-a-a! And they call them villains. Bah! It ain't what it used to be. It makes a man ashamed. Not a saw-mill or a railroad track between them. They couldn't even get a shiver from a day-old kitten. They even wear knickers! Milk-fed chickens! It's getting so you can't tell 'em from the hero." He stopped short as someone knocked at the door.

"Damnation. Can that be the sheriff?"

Come in!" He pulled a horse pistol from his hip pocket, smiling evilly.

Our Nell entered, dressed in gingham and wearing an awfully sweet smile.

"Ah, little lady, come right into my parlor," said Jack Dalton with a leer.

As Nell sat down sighing, he asked:

"Well, Nell, what do you think of the villains running around in the studios?"

"Villains!" Nell came as close to sneering as heroines can. "Do you call them villains? I saw one of them today and I felt so sorry for the heroine, having a poor sap like that doing her dirt. Me, I like my villain strong. I thought of the breath-taking moment when you had me tied to the railroad track and I saw the train coming nearer, nearer. Ah, those were the good old days."

"Do you mean it, little gal?" Jack asked.

"Every word of it," Nell cried.

"Then take this and this." He plunged a rubber dagger into her heart.

"How good you are," Nell sighed.

### Anna Moore and Her Dad See How It Is Done in the Movies

**"THERE** you see, Father, throwing me out in a snow-drift and look at her. What does she get: a country house, a town car and a Paris flat, on the right bank, too!" Anna Moore turned reproachfully to her father, who stood beside her, watching them take a scene in Greta Garbo's newest picture.

"I know, daughter, but things was different way down east."

"You could have had my picture in the tabloids, and what did y' do? Just threw a goldmine in a snow-drift, that's all!"

"Exploitation was different in them days, Gal." He bent his head in shame.

"Yea, what did you give me. A shawl! What about those ladies Greta Garbo's always doing, not to mention Lya de Putti's and Phyllis Haver's dames. They get fur coats, diamond bracelets and millionaires, and me, the mammy of them all, gets a shawl and a snow-storm."

"Will you ever forgive me, daughter?"

"Yea, what's the use of keeping a grudge. But, Dad, I want you to promise me something. If I ever get another chance, I want you to get me into the night school those gals went to."



## The Answer Man

(Continued from page 80)

Nick Stuart can be reached at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Nils Asther at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Nils is playing in "Her Cardboard Lover." Betty Bronson is playing in "The Singing Fool," starring Al Jolson. Josephine Dunn also has a rôle in this picture. Bebe Daniels was born in Texas, January 14, 1901. Send your note to James Hall at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Buddy Rogers is not engaged to anyone at this writing.

**WANTA NO**—You do, well let 'er go. Charles Rogers was born August 13, 1904. Write him at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Rex Bell at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s, mother is Beth Sully. Doug is playing in "The Toilers," Jobyna Ralston is playing opposite. Both at the Tiffany-Stahl Productions, 933 N. Seward St., Hollywood, Cal. You bet you may write me again.

**MISS PEABODY**—Gary Cooper and Fay Wray have the leads in "The First Kiss." What could be sweeter? You may write Evelyn Brent, Esther Ralston and Clara Bow at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Sally O'Neil and Malcolm MacGregor have the leads in "The Girl on the Barge." Quite a few of the scenes were "shot" right here in New York. Send me your name and address for a list of the photos I can supply.

**LADY LOU**—Richard Arlen is married to Jobyna Ralston. Gary Cooper was born in Helena, Montana, May 7, 1901. Gilbert Roland is single, his next picture is "A Woman Disputed," starring Norma Talmadge. Charles Farrell, single, write him at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. John Boles had the male lead in "The Bride of Colorado."

**LEN**—Glad you like this column. I don't believe your employer would object to those few minutes. Yes, I thought "The Legion of the Condemned" was great. Your letters will reach Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen and Clara Bow at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Larry Kent, First Na-

(Continued on page 97)

## Your Neighbor Says—

(Continued from page 41)

make you go home *talkin'* to yo'self. I'll even take you up to the Montmartre for luncheon, and what I mean to say, you'll see plenty of movie stars there and you'll know them, *too!!* This idea that the stars look differently on the street in real life than they do on the screen is the *bunk*—you'll recognize them right away. The beautiful ones will be just as beautiful and the homely ones just as homely. You'll *like* Hollywood—and you'll enjoy seeing what only Hollywood can show you—all the movie stars, their homes and cars, and the latest "husband"!

But you'll probably find (just as I did)—there is *no* happy medium in *this* town, you are either in or out. Hollywood is a place where dreams come true, beyond the fondest expectations of a *few*, and the dawn comes up in cold, grim reality for the rest. And—oh, Lord! How the sun does *shine!*

# Lysol

Disinfectant

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



## "Now I know....!"

She did not know what was the matter . . . she was not ill . . . but something was wrong. The old energy was gone. Her married life seemed to have become a failure. Was it her fault? She asked a doctor to examine her. He told her what was wrong.

Most fastidious women today practice sane habits of living and feminine hygiene to safeguard their health and vitality and youthfulness. But a great many actually injure themselves by following unsound advice or using the wrong disinfectant. In this vital matter you must have the *facts*.

The makers of "Lysol" Disinfectant will send you free a booklet called "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth." It contains the rules for practicing feminine hygiene which every woman should know. Send the coupon now.

But while waiting for the booklet to arrive, take no more dangerous chances. "Lysol" Disinfectant has, for nearly forty years, been the standard disinfectant with physicians and hospitals when germs *must* be killed. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant today at the nearest drugstore. Complete directions come with every bottle.



"Lysol" Disinfectant is sold at retail only in the brown bottle packed in the yellow carton.

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Please send me, free, your booklet,  
"The Scientific Side of Health and Youth."

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You test this way at home Free. Physicians endorse as safe.

NO more dangerous "crude dyes." Instead a natural shade is called back to hair by clear, colorless liquid 100% safe. Faded, graying streaks disappear. Hair becomes live looking and lustrous. Stays easy to curl. Does not wash off.

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Sally Phipps' beach playfellow has no regard for her perfectly good sunshade, but the pup smiles, so Sally smiles too

## The Second Christ Weighs Hollywood

(Continued from page 49)

who has no use for creeds and dogmas urges no dogma of his own. He has the lovely humility of the truly great.

When I asked for an appointment, by telephone, it was granted immediately, within the hour of asking, without question. He did not know who I was nor what I wanted of him. That wouldn't matter. I was a human being desiring to see him. The petty pomps of little souls are not for him.

No circumstance attends this youth who has been called the Second Christ. Such trifling poor pretensions are reserved for the make-believers of the world.

He is very simple, this youth who had come to give us the message of Happiness. A happiness not dependent on the things the eye can see nor the things the hand can touch. And by being simple, he explained to me, he does not mean to be crude. But to be simple is the first end for which we all should strive. The complicated mind and the complicated heart serve only to distort the truth.

Of the movies I said, "Have you ever seen a picture, or any part of a picture, that seemed to you to hold so much as a glimpse of the vision you hold?"

And he was, at that one question, more emphatic than at any other time. "No," he said, and was agitated as a lake is agitated when a May breeze fingers it, "Please, no—no—no—"

"The King of Kings?" I prompted. He said, "Something that is passed. That picture, it was not creative. You see—do you see, we have no power over the past. We have only the future—"

"But you do believe in the Screen? In its power? In its possibilities?"

"Oh, yes—yes! It has everything. It is limitless in its power, but—it has not used that power. It has everything but—"

He paused, distressed. In his innate charity for all things and for all men he hesitated to place an onus anywhere.

"Everything," I said for him, "everything but the men of vision. The men

who would give the world great dreams to dream and never count the cost."

He said, a little sadly, "Yes—everything is pushed down—you see? Pushed down and down, to lower levels—" and with his slender hands he made the gesture of pushing down, lowering, crushing to earth. And I had the vision of the producers of Hollywood crushing souls into rank undergrowth, stifling and smothering them.

He told me that here we are in cages. We live our lives in cages and never get outside. And we spend our lives *decorating the bars*.

We believe that there is comfort in life. We seek for comfort of one sort or another. We pray God for it. *And there is no comfort*. There is no comfort because life is a search. Because all so-called comfort is dependent on some other one, some other thing. And so forever transient.

He said that the screen gives us a pool of water, muddled. It soon dries up, leaving no trace. What we are thirsting for is a lake with an illimitable source.

The screen gives us little tales of little, momentary loves. Carnal loves. Men and women. Women and men. In cages. Loves that cannot matter.

The Germans have shown us a bit of what the screen might do, but—they have shown us in the *wrong direction*.

The screen is giving us but a small opening, an aperture, when we should be looking through its wide windows into the heavens. We should be because it would be possible. Because to the screen all things are possible.

It would seem that there must arise men of power to replace the men in power now. Men who can say with Krishna-murti, "What have I done with all that knowledge, with all the labels, with all the phrases and all the jargons I have learned? *In what way have I created?* In what way have I given and brought joy to those people who suffer and are longing and desirous to learn, those people who are fumbling in the darkness?"



## Believers in Santa Claus

(Continued from page 85)

trous family as well as a large one. Particularly the men. Barbara was born in the Middle West, but she doesn't recognize that as home any more than the South East or the North West. Her father's love of travel kept the whole family pretty much on the go, and so when Barbara and her elder brother decided to come out to California for a winter, there was no objection from the family.

### Have You Heard This One?

HERE is where the movies came into Barbara's life. Or, rather, she came into the movie life. It happened so ridiculously easily that no wonder she says "It's easy enough for any one to get started in the movies."

Like every one else who comes to Hollywood, Barbara met some people who took her and her brother through a movie studio. She met a casting director. (My typewriter creaks as I write the old, familiar phrases.) He asked her if she wanted to go in the movies. She said "No." But finally she consented to a test. A contract with Universal followed soon after that. The same old story.

For a couple of months she struggled along with "bits" and extra work in company with Janet Gaynor, Marceline Day and Virginia Bradford. Then they promoted her to leads opposite Hoot Gibson and a couple of the other boys—and in time, with Reginald Denny, their *pièce de résistance*. Now she's out after the bigger and better things. And how!

Well, it's wonderful. It's simply amazing.

Corinne Griffith has grown languid with glory. Even Jack Gilbert has lost the keen edges of his enthusiasm.

But with Barbara it may be different!



Taylor-made—not Ruth's rompers, but her sling-shot. She whittled it with a knife bought with her own money

## Helena Rubinstein's Late-Summer Beauty Guide

If your beauty is sun-marred, freckled, deeply tanned, perhaps lined about the eyes, now is your opportunity to test out the world-famous creations of HELENA RUBINSTEIN, foremost modern beauty scientist—to compare them with the imitations which have failed to fulfill their promise.

### For Freckles—Tan—"Weathered" Skin

Cleanse with Valaze Bleaching Cream (1.00). When you wash, use Valaze Beauty Grains instead of soap. This extraordinary preparation gently peels away the discolored outer skin, and with it go blackheads, whiteheads and other impurities (1.00). Bleach with Valaze Freckle Cream (1.50).

To prevent further tanning and freckling, apply Valaze Sunproof Cream, before going outdoors (1.00, 2.00).

### Youthify Dry, Lined Skin

To restore dewiness to sun-parched skin, to erase the "aging" lines about the eyes, pat Valaze Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream (Anthosoros) into the skin, letting this rare rebuilding cream remain on as long as convenient, preferably overnight (1.75).

Fill Out—Mail to Helena Rubinstein, 8 East 57th St., New York

Please send, without charge, full instructions for daily care of my skin, which is:

Average ☐ Flabby ☐ Wrinkled ☐  
Oily ☐ Dry ☐ Blackheads ☐

Name .....

Address .....

State ..... [ MP9 ]

### Your Daily Beauty Treatment

Cleanse with the refreshing, revitalizing Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream, "the basis of beauty"—it soothes, cools, protects (1.00). (For quick cleaning and very dry skin, use Valaze Cleansing and Massage Cream, .75, 1.25.) Clear the skin, remove light tan and freckles with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood, Helena Rubinstein's skin-clearing masterpiece (1.00). Tighten the pores, brace tissues with Valaze Skin-toning Lotion (1.25). (For very dry skin, use Skin-toning Lotion Special, 1.25.)

These three preparations represent the most remarkable home beauty treatment value in the world at 3.25.

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One beauty treatment in any of my salons will prove a revelation to you ... 3.50 up.

## A Gift, My Dear For Getting Slender

Excess fat means a serious blight to beauty, to health and vitality. Many a husband, if wives only knew, would give much to see it ended. Why not make a bargain?

The way is not hard, not unpleasant. Simply correct the cause, which often lies in a gland deficiency. Leading scientists, thirty years ago, discovered that cause for obesity. Their method of correction has now spread the world over. Physicians everywhere employ it.

Marmola prescription tablets embody that method. People have used them for twenty years—millions of boxes of them.

You see the results in every circle. Perhaps many of your friends can tell them. Excess fat, as you can see, is far less common than it was.

Abnormal exercise or diet is neither required nor advised, but moderation helps. The aim is to correct the cause—in faulty



nutrition—in the best way known to modern science.

There are no secrets about Marmola. The complete formula appears in every package, also all known reasons for results. You will know the reasons for loss of fat, for the new vitality and health. So you will have no reason to suspect harm from results which seem so magical.

If you over-weight, you owe to yourself a test of Marmola. Simply take four tablets daily and watch how the fat disappears. Not too rapidly, but in the right way, by correcting a deficiency.

Probably Marmola has proved itself worth its weight in gold to friends of yours. Learn now what it means to you. You cannot afford excess fat.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per box. Any druggist who is out will order from his jobber

**MARMOLA** Prescription Tablets  
The Pleasant Way to Reduce



# "No-one Calls Me TUBBY Now!"

Now a woman solved the greatest problem in her life—quickly transforming herself into a slim, graceful, healthy person free from the ill effects of obesity.

WHAT a constant torment stoutness had been to me. People got to calling me 'Tubby.' I couldn't go anywhere without being reminded that I was fat. I couldn't walk a block without sitting down to rest. The slightest housework tired me. If I hurried a little bit my heart would begin to beat like a trip-hammer. I hated to accept invitations because I knew people talked about me. You can imagine what misery fat caused me—aches and pains in my body as well as mental worry.

'But no one calls me 'Tubby' any more. And all the credit for my wonderful improvement goes to Annette Kellermann. Her own story was well known to me—how she, called the world's most perfectly formed woman, had once been a puny, ailing, sickly child. Then I learned how her methods had brought her a perfect form which had not changed by a fraction of an inch, or by even a pound in over sixteen years. I wrote to Miss Kellermann, told her all about myself and asked what she could do for me.

"Her answer was a charming letter and a copy of her delightful book called, *The Body Beautiful*. That book, I can truly say, was the turning point in my life. It rescued me from the misery of fat, and showed me the way to make myself exquisitely slim in a short while. And it was so very easy. Actually, it was a delight for me to follow her instructions—light exercises for only 15 minutes a day, and plenty of the right kind of satisfying food that produced energy instead of fat. It was a revelation, even to me, how quickly my weight began to decrease. I felt better from the very first day and soon the name Tubby became a thing of the past."

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Kellermann will be glad to send you, free, a copy of her book, "*The Body Beautiful*." She will also tell you about her method of reduction—a sane, sensible, scientific way that takes off your weight and at the same time increases your energy and strength. Simply send the coupon below or write a letter. There is no obligation. ANNETTE KELLERMANN, Suite 389, 225 West 39th Street, New York.

Annette Kellermann,  
Suite 389, 225 West 39th St., N. Y. C.

DEAR MISS KELLERMANN: Please send me, entirely free of cost, your new book, "*The Body Beautiful*." I am particularly interested in Reducing Weight.

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playing a sweet-toned Buescher, 10 evenings—one hour each—will astonish and please you. 6 days' trial. Easy payments. Mention any other instrument in which you are interested. (450)

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Curtis  
Marion Templeton, who could easily be mistaken for Lois Moran, plays her first important screen rôle in Norma Talmadge's "*The Woman Disputed*"

## Hidden Wives

(Continued from page 69)

reserved compatriot, will amiably include his wife, son and daughter in photographs and interviews, when requested. And Ronald Colman, most reticent of the Britishers among us, says frankly, "I wish, in every interview you use on me, you would state that I am married. I don't understand why so many people believe I am a bachelor. I'm not, and I don't want to pose as one."

An amusing situation arises occasionally, when a well-established actor decides, right out of a clear sky, to soft-pedal his family life. Probably the whole world knows what his wife looks like, how many children he has and how many teeth the children have, but suddenly the astonished interviewer finds that a ban has been placed on all photographs of him surrounded by the little woman *et al*.

He will pose with his dogs, his books, his piano or anybody's rose-bush, but he'll pose alone. The family is out. He actually hopes, thereby, to create the impression that here is a lone and eligible bachelor. But the fans, already familiar with his domestic affairs, can't be fooled, and Hollywood jeeringly awaits the pseudo-bachelor's inevitable return to the family group.

It is because of the fruitless endeavor of these men to pose as bachelors, that the newcomers, just rising to stardom, strive manfully to hide the wife and family from the hour that popularity dawns upon them.

It would appear that this problem troubles the romantic actor only. Comedians and character actors are, with the exception of Lon Chaney, quite willing to permit their families to bask in the limelight with them. In fact, the wives of these

men are frequently asked to pose for "gag" pictures with their celebrated husbands. Thus we may have Mrs. Ray Hatton playing leap-frog, and Mrs. George Bancroft frolicking among the cactus. Anything for a laugh. Harold Lloyd readily poses with Mildred and Gloria, Tom Mix with Vickey and Thomasina, Emil Jannings with his Gussie. But perhaps the girls don't write love-letters to these men, as they do to the swell collar hero, who strives for a Valentino fame.

And, mentioning Valentino, we must admit that marriage appeared to hamper his career. I happen to know that photographs of Rudy with Natacha were most unpopular among the film fans. Thousands of angered, protesting letters were written to Rudy whenever a lay-out of pictures that included his wife graced a magazine page. I doubt that a single movie fan, today, treasures a picture in which Natacha appears at Rudy's side. The public wanted him—alone—though Rudy was eager to have his wife share his fame.

Like Rudy, a few other popular stars are frank about their marital status. Outstanding examples are Rod La Rocque, Jack Mulhall, Dick Arlen, Milton Sills and the lately married Adolphe Menjou. They will pose with their wives any day of the week, without worrying whether it will affect their fan mail adversely.

If it just breaks your heart to see pictures of these men with their wives, cheer up. There are a few bachelors left in the film colony, and I am inclined to believe that they are jolly well pleased to remain bachelors, because the fans like them that way.



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chosen Camels*

They're smooth and mellow-mild and their taste  
as refreshing as a salt sea breeze.

# CAMELS





"I agree, Princess Pat face powder does give 'twice the beauty'," says Mary Philbin, beautiful Universal Film Star.

## Twice the Beauty from Face Powder if You use PRINCESS PAT

THE FAMOUS ALMOND BASE MAKES IT DIFFERENT

**F**ACE Powder gives the greatest beauty when it is *softest*. The characteristic of Princess Pat Face Powder, which invariably brings delight, is its *unusual* softness. It is noticeable at once that Princess Pat goes on differently. It gives to the skin a wonderful, velvety smoothness. It lends to the face an appearance of perfection that is natural, and not "powdery."

All the many advantages of Princess Pat Face Powder are due to its almond base. And since no other powder possesses an almond base, Princess Pat is bound to be different—bound to be a glorious experience when it is used for the first time. No woman really knows the excellence to which powder can attain until she has tried "the powder with the almond base."

### A Difference With a Reason

So many powders are described as impalpable, or fine, or clinging, or of purest ingredients. But do you find that these virtues are *explained*?

If Princess Pat lacked its marvelous almond base, it, too, would lack explanation. But every woman knows that almond in its various forms is the most soothing and delightful of all beauty aids.

The usual base of face powders is starch. The slightest thought must convince any woman that almond as a powder base is preferable to starch in the very nature of things.

Consequently there really *is* a reason for the difference

immediately noticeable when Princess Pat Face Powder is tried for the first time.

### And Your Skin is Actually Improved

Of course Princess Pat is used primarily for the greater beauty it gives immediately—as powder—as an essential of make-up. It is preferred for its dainty fragrance; for the hours and hours it clings—longer than you'd dare hope.

But there is something additional to account for the preference of women who know. The almond in Princess Pat is definitely *good for the skin*. All the while your face powder is on, the almond exerts its soothing, beneficial qualities.

Continued use of Princess Pat almond base face powder is an excellent preventive of coarse pores. It keeps the skin smooth and pliant. It helps wonderfully in overcoming either oily skin, or dry skin. For it helps make the skin *normal*—in which event there cannot be dryness or oiliness.

### Princess Pat Powder Comes in Two Weights

For years, women have been familiar with the oblong "treasure chest" box of Princess Pat powder. This oblong box contains medium weight powder.

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Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

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Autrey  
If our eyes don't deceive us—and we hope they don't—it's a good thing for somebody's nursery that Mary Duncan is only figuratively an exotic hot-house flower. She'd crack the glass from inside

## She's the Kind of Girl Men Don't Forget

(Continued from page 59)

where in Virginia. It doesn't matter where.

Her father, a Cornell man, sold fish and clams, or something crustacean. Wholesale, of course. He was, and is, comfortably well off. There were two other sisters and a young brother. There still are.

Duncan père was parentally conservative and put his foot down, so to speak, on the small, unusual daughter who, at an early age, took to posturing before mirrors and reciting pieces in loud, declamatory accents. He shouted at her to be silent-for-Heaven's-sake, after the fashion of all good authentic fathers.

She says she was a very cunning child.

Later on, after the two elder sisters were decently educated and "finished" and as decently married, father Duncan sent the young Mary to Cornell.

She had been a brilliant high school pupil with A's on her report cards. And her father wanted her to be a lawyer. He felt that he could visualize her perfectly, a passionate *Portia*, a keen, judicial manner, a black ribbon attached to a monocle depending elegantly from her legal brow. Mary felt there might be something to it. She knew that she craved an audience. Haranguing twelve good men and true—well, yes—but there were wider fields to conquer. There was the stage.

### The Cure That Didn't

EN route to Cornell she stopped off in Washington. Some senator, a friend of her father's, took her to her first theater. He did so at her father's behest, in order to show her why the theater was not for a nice girl like her. He picked "The Gold Diggers," that moral lesson,

sugar-coated, wherein the ladies of the footlights subsist by a knowledge of what gentlemen prefer. It didn't take. The instant Mary Duncan beheld Ina Claire emoting before her she was seized with a violent fever to be doing the same herself. Her mind was made up. And it is no mean mind.

But she went to Cornell and got mixed up in the dramatic societies and acquired some poor marks. During the year and a half of her educative process the red seeds of Thespias bloomed and put forth shoots. She pleaded with her father for dramatic schools. He was adamant. No nice girl goes on the stage.

At the end of the year and a half the vivid, eighteen year old Mary did a disappearing act. She vanished into the fold of Yvette Guilbert's School. She sent mail for her family to her sorority sisters at Cornell who, wrestling with devils, forwarded it for her. They mailed her her letters in turn. This went on for some months and then father found out!

There was a simoon. A cataclysm. An eruption.

Father hired a lawyer to enforce the parental dictums. Mary, subsisting on a meagre allowance from a grandmother's estate, hired a lawyer, too. On her own. It was, she says, the heedless daring of youth. The sublimely unthinking courage. The things she did then she would not dare to do now.

Some technicality having to do with a daughter's right to study what she will so long as she has means of maintenance saved the day for Mary and Mary for the stage. There may be a design in such things. Mary conquered, be that as it may, she didn't see her father again for two years.

(Continued on page 94)

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is essential  
to loveliness



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is the word!

the true deodorant  
that prevents all body odor

NO girl can have alluring charm, be sought after, be popular—if she offends with the slightest trace of body odor, whether from perspiration or other cause.

"Mum" is the dainty, snow-white deodorant cream that *neutralizes*, gently and soothingly, all unpleasant body odor.

"Mum" keeps your daintiness fresh and sweet and free from perspiration odor from morning to night. Also, when used on the sanitary napkin, there cannot be even the thought of embarrassment.

Get "Mum" today. 35c and 60c at your store, or read our Special Offer Coupon, introducing "Ban"—a marvelously effective and pleasant-to-use Hair Remover.

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size "Mum" postpaid.

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C. S. Bull

Reins in California—and at this time of year, too. Incredible, you'd think. But here they are, right in Ralph Forbe's hands. Florida papers please copy

## She's the Kind of Girl Men Don't Forget

(Continued from page 93)

### Not a Ten O'Clock Type

SHE lived four flights up in a cheap boarding house. She ate now and then. Then she joined the Three Arts Club and lived there except for the three periods when she was expelled from that austere hostelry. For refusing to check in at ten o'clock. For overflowing the bathtub. For burning the midnight kilowatts, after hours. And other and sundry rebellions. Mary was not made for the laws spawned of men.

She won the Yvette Guilbert prize for the most talented girl in the troupe. Yvette wanted her to go abroad and study voice for light opera. Mary still hankered for the broader swathe of the drama.

Leo Ditrichstein, that finished artist of yesterday, a graduate of the Viennese school, took her in hand. She had had the French point of view. She was now being dipped in the decadent dyes of Vienna. He trained her carefully, giving her all he had. She played with him in "Toto" and one other play, I think. The critics haw-hawed. They said that the casting was absurd, that no girl of Mary's age could fall in love with a man of Ditrichstein's age, on the stage or off. It was absurd. That shaft pierced the egotistic armor and the Duncan-Ditrichstein duo was off.

There were lots of experiences between the Then and the Now. Stock. A play or two in London. One or two in Paris. Others in New York. A trip to San Francisco and one to Hollywood, for the purposes of sightseeing. A movie offer. Mary looked down upon the movies in those days. An artist didn't bother with the flickers.

And then, evidently, the dent on the old

jade, Broadway, by her performance in "The Shanghai Gesture."

The movies sidled up again, offering largesse. And the moral of this tale is that Mary is now signed with Fox and, at this writing, is completing "The Four Devils" under the extraordinary direction of Murnau, the outstanding individual of the Hollywood megaphone. Mary plays a Bad Woman in "The Four Devils," and if she doesn't tweak the nerves of brain cells and emotional reflexes, then you haven't any, that's all.

### French Immorality Best

MARY lives, with her sister, in a conventionally attractive bungalow in Beverly Hills. She may go abroad at the completion of the picture. For stimulus. Paris stimulates her. The French, she says, are the only people in the world who know how to be immoral with finesse. In America we wallow, splatter mud and shout "See! See!"

She believes in a short life and a full one. Marriage is an excellent institution, but not for her. Not yet. Men are too jealous. They always want to know where you are and what you are doing and why. That's penal servitude. Love? Yes, she's been in love. Off and on. With reservations. When the reservations break? But that, my children, is another story. Not mine.

In the meantime, here she is. A woman for women to fear and men to remember.

If it makes you feel any better, her father has forgiven her. He is proud of her and she thinks he's swell.



## Keeping Baby Single

(Continued from page 33)

nothing at all. The kind of marriage rooted in the twin soils of love and respect. The kind of love that brings forth young, creates a home, labors, and is patient and long standing.

The girls of today, Ben says, would laugh at pressed flowers, at lacy valentines, at fellows who come to call and depart at ten-thirty.

Just as they have stripped the glamorous laces and ruffles from their young bodies, so have they stripped the lovely lace of mystery from love. Love, today, is sex, and a good time and the sky the limit—who cares? Well, who does? Certainly not the young men who may have for a victrola record what formerly they could have only by the blood of devotion.

### Davenport Damsels

THE girls of today come to call on a fellow whenever the spirit moves them. Far be it from them to wait for a fellow to call on them. And if one fellow is out, well, they have their address books and good memories, haven't they? Ben has frequently come home to his Hollywood apartment and has found five or six damsels draped on his davenport consuming his refreshments, liquid and otherwise.

These little-more-than-children do not hesitate to neck—and then some. The old days of waiting to kiss a chap until you are engaged to him—imagine your embarrassment if you could hear them razz that antiquated thought!

It makes for fun and gaiety, of course. When you are in the mood. There are moments in Ben's life when the sky being the limit is dimensionally amusing. But it makes for something else, too. It makes for Ben saying that he is *afraid to marry*. For some of these girls wear, or should wear, the sacred golden circlet on their loose young fingers.

It makes Ben know that to respect the woman you marry comes before love in the order of importance. You have to be able to trust the partner of your joys and sorrows.

And it is Ben's belief that Companionate Marriage will only serve to emphasize this state of affairs.

"I think" he said, "that hundreds of young couples, sincerely in love and in earnest, often feel that they will chuck the whole business and go back to Mother. Especially during the first few years. Some trifling disagreement, lack of money, upset stomach—anything that irritates them, makes them feel that they would like to end it then and there—if they could. As marriage stands now, most of them can't very well. It usually involves considerable expense, probable alimony, a certain stigma of unpleasantness and cheating the Law. They decide that it's all too complicated, and after all, they're in, and hell, they might as well stick. They do stick—and they stick very well, very substantially and for the most part, pretty happily. Lots of fine marriages would go on the rocks during the early years if they could split on the easy basis of the Companionate.

### Bootlegging Sex

"COMPANIONATE marriage is bootlegging sex. And there is enough of that done without giving it the shadowy sanction of the law.

"I believe that the pendulum will swing the other way before long. It's bound to. But if Companionate Marriage is common-



FREE  
— this remarkable new rouge.  
See offer below.

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Give yourself the Ingram treatment best suited to your skin. If your skin is dry, do this: Before retiring wash your face in warm water—just a little warmer than body temperature. Use a soft cloth and a small amount of good soap. Dry your face thoroughly with a soft towel. Then spread a thin coating of Ingram's Milkweed Cream evenly over the entire face.

Leave this cream on all night. In the morning the dryness should be noticeably less. Before going out apply a little Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Wipe it off with a soft cloth before powdering. Just enough Ingram's will remain in your skin to protect it from the sun, wind and dust.

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Simply get an ounce of *Othine* from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for double strength *Othine*, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

# OTHINE

DOUBLE STRENGTH



Ladies, be seated! An all-star basketball team composed of Alice White, Yola D'Avril, Frances Hamilton, Thelma Todd and Rozella Williams, as they appear in the court costumes

ly accepted, there will be no need for it to swing. Consciences won't hurt any longer and the loosened bond will loosen to the point of unpreventable laxity.

"There's too much freedom now. The younger generation has its own way about everything. Why say to them, 'Here, we know you can't go through with any binding, sacred contract, so we will give you little darlings Companionate Marriage and make it all nice and easy for you.'

"Every girl and boy should do a certain amount of experimenting, in order to arrive at the type of person they would like to marry.

"I've had quite a bit of it, and I've been credited with quite a bit I haven't had. I've been card-indexed with Barbara La Marr, Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Anna Q. Nilsson, Ruth Elder and goodness knows who-all. Some of it has been so. Some hasn't. And there has been Marilyn, of course.

"I found in Barbara a generosity of heart that was a real and lasting lesson to me. Her heart was greater than her caution or her common sense. She gave until it hurt and that not being enough, she gave until she died. Barbara is best expressed in the one word—generosity.

### Glorifying Gloria

"I admired Gloria. Just as my reaction to Barbara is generosity, so my reaction to Gloria is admiration. She can do so many things. Play and sing and dance and talk profoundly and invent things. She is sophisticated and groomed, mentally and physically. She is surrounded by bad advisers. If she were not, she would be easily the leading personality in pictures today.

"I get from Ruth Elder the feeling of gallantry. She is adventurous and spirited, and fine and free.

"Marilyn—well, Marilyn has been and probably always will be the great love of my life. It was a marvelous companionship. It still is. We are not engaged to be married any longer. Separated as we

are by reason of our work, neither one of us could appear, however casually, with some other man or woman but that the press would announce it and give it a significance it didn't have. That humiliated Marilyn and humiliated me. We have decided to remain friends and see each other whenever there is an opportunity. But all ideas of marriage are over.

"Marilyn, to me, is like a flower. Fragrant and sweet. It is a sentimental simile, but it is Marilyn to me. She is the freshest, loveliest thing I have ever known. I've never seen her walk into a night club or a café but that the whole place seemed to lighten and glow with a newer, brighter life. She quickened it, somehow."

### Long-Distance Love

IT was a little saddening, this talk of Ben and Marilyn. I had been in his apartment so many times when he had called. Or she had called him. Two young things burning gold at the altar of love. And when Ben came back from those long-distance love-talks, his face bore no trace of the I-am-afraid-to-marry talk of this latter day. Truth compels me to confuse you by saying that he even called her that very day—and when he came back into the room—oh, but figure it out for yourself—!

"I don't know," he said, finally, "This sex business is pretty complicated. But I do know that I shall not marry for some years to come. I'm disappointed about it, too. I always dreamed of marrying very young, of having my son grow up with me. But I'm afraid. If girls would only realize that they are destroying the very charm of living and of loving. There are only one or two girls I know for whom I can feel that lovely mystery and charm. Marian Nixon is one of them. I have never heard and never felt one unpleasant thing in her presence. And I don't mean that girls have to be vestal virgins. Frankly, I'd prefer them not to be. I like experience. I like the quality commonly called 'It.' And I like character, too. Try to find it!"



## The Answer Man

(Continued from page 87)

tional Studios, Burbank, Cal. Barry Norton, Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

**FLORETTE**—A parking place is the space in which another car is parked. Dorothy Mackaill hails from England, she's twenty-five, her next picture will be "The Barker," at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Kathleen Clifford who retired from the screen to open a flower shop has decided to return, and you will next see her in "Excess Baggage," starring William Haines.

**MARY G. D.**—Are you Scotch? A bagpipe is a reed instrument of great antiquity, in which the reeds are supplied with air directly from a bag under the player's arm. It is used chiefly in Scotland, Ireland and Italy. Rin-Tin-Tin is about nine years old; write his owner and trainer, Lee Duncan, at the Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Walter Pidgeon, Tiffany-Stahl Productions, 933 N. Seward St., Hollywood, Cal.

**DOROTHY BYRD**—You forgot your address. William Boyd, born 1898, write Bill at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Richard Arlen, twenty-nine. His next will be "Beggars of Life," Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Douglas Fairbanks, May 23, 1883. His new picture has not been titled. Rod La Rocque has been married to Vilma Banky since June 26, 1927. He is playing in "Love Over Night."

**BLUE**—Who wouldn't be? Ronald has only been married once, has no children. Pola Negri's latest is "The Lady From Moscow." The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has already published the life story of John Gilbert; it appeared in the May,

(Continued on page 104)



Buster Keaton in a bathing suit is no treat for sore eyes, but Marceline Day more than makes up for what Buster lacks

## Keep Your Armpits Dry and Odorless!



**YOU** can do it! It's easily and quickly done! A few drops of NONSPI (an antiseptic liquid) applied to your underarms about twice a week will keep your armpits dry and odorless.

NONSPI, used and endorsed by physicians and nurses, does not actually stop perspiration—it destroys the odor and diverts the underarm perspiration to parts of the body where there is better evaporation.

There is no excuse for anyone being annoyed by underarm perspiration and its disagreeable odor. NONSPI will correct it! NONSPI will keep your armpits dry and odorless—also save your clothing from destructive perspiration stains.

NONSPI is more than a deodorant. It is an old, tried and proven, dependable preparation which for many years has brought relief to men and women from excessive underarm perspiration and its disagreeable odor. More than a million of them keep their armpits dry and odorless and protect their clothing by using NONSPI.

NONSPI should be used the year around—spring, summer, fall and winter. It is an absolute toilet requisite. No one who is a victim of excessive underarm perspiration can feel at ease where this condition exists. Why let it exist, when it can be so easily prevented?

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## A Discovery

I'VE found such an easy way to keep blonde hair beautifully light and lustrous. Just use Blondex, the special shampoo for blondes only. Exactly suited to the delicate texture of light hair. Prevents darkening—brings back the golden sheen and sparkle to dull, faded blonde hair. Not a dye—no harmful chemicals—fine for scalp. Over a million users. At all good drug and department stores.







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Your hair, soft, fragrant—*lustrous!* Alive with that youthful sparkle that everyone admires; having it and keeping it that way is largely a matter of proper shampooing.

Not just soap-and-water "washings", but the regular use of a shampoo that really *beautifies*—one that was created especially to improve dull hair and add that little something extra so often lacking!

If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it. Does more than merely cleanse the hair. There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. Millions use regularly. At your dealers', or send 25c to J. W. KOBI CO., Dept. 20-I, 602 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash. Money back if not delighted.

## Life's Secrets!



Amazing new book, "Safe Counsel," just out, tells you the things you want to know straight from the shoulder. Gives advice to newly married. Explains anatomy of reproductive organs, impotence, laws of Sex-Life, mistakes to avoid, diseases, pregnancy, etc. Contains 9 startling sections: 1—Science of Eugenics, 2—Love, 3—Marriage, 4—Childbirth, 5—Family Life, 6—Sexual Science, 7—Diseases and Disorders, 8—Health and Hygiene, 9—Story of Life. In all, 104 chapters, 77 illustrations, 512 pages. Examine at our risk. Mailed in a plain wrapper.

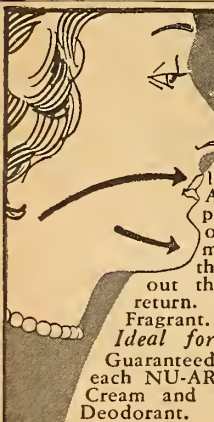
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Send me FREE, as a special offer, a 50c tube of DELFIN Massage Cream; a 25c tube of DELFIN Deodorant; and a six months supply of Skin Tonic. Also the dollar package of NU-ART for which I enclose \$1.00. If you prefer C. O. D., place cross here. ☐

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presto! it's gone!!



It is inspiring, indeed, in this world of shifting devotions, to find a friendship truly lasting. But here is one between Buster Collier and his doglet—that is actually puppetual. The dog's name is Curtis; and, like his master, he is unmarried

## The Wife-Market

(Continued from page 42)

Massachusetts sister wails "Why do you insist upon her having brown eyes; don't you like blue eyes just the same?"

Another subtly questions "Why, oh why, in your ideal of the Perfect One did you omit a sense of humor? It is much more essential than brown eyes!"

### They're All Seagoing

A WRITER from New York admits that she was disappointed to hear that Buster preferred blondes, and begs him to change his mind because brunettes make better wives—even offering to prove it.

"I've brown eyes and hair, but not blonde. I hope it don't make any difference to you. I'm a jolly good fellow and think you would like that. Well, Buster, you couldn't like boats the way I do and for a hostess I'm right there. I'll have to bring my little note to a close in hopes of getting an answer from the one I admire."

And a damsel from Oregon wants to know why eyes matter. "What difference would it make if the eyes weren't brown if they hold oceans of love for you? I think I am your ideal, but how can I prove it to you?" Another maiden who admits she is ideal adds: "You also said you would like to have a child or two; I think I can help you there."

The average age of the seekers-after-happiness seems to be eighteen, but there is among the applicants one who signs herself "Patiently, Aunt Em!"

"I'm out on the bride subject, as am thirty-seven, cat-eyed and a widow,

grass! But wouldn't I just love to sail the unknown seas with you; also go camping—what's that Omar said about 'A glass of wine and thou' (only I prefer lemonade). Just give me a bathing suit, bandanna and pair of worn tennis shoes and we will be on our way. Everyone loves to go camping with Aunt Em (because she does most of the cooking)."

### "Find Her Yourself, Buster"

CYNICISM is not absent from the correspondents. Annette thinks that only one girl in a million really likes boats, no matter what she may say and hints darkly that a wife may have a few moods of her own. A fair Canadian observes that it's up to Buster to make the girl happy and not expect it all to be one-sided. Doris remarks, succinctly: "Get out and find her yourself. I am also looking for my mate, but I'm keeping my eyes open, so when I get my man I can grab all the credit to myself."

Several damsels are not surprised that the Perfect Mate is not to be found in Hollywood, where "young ladies are too self-centered to submerge their personalities in a husband"; and one citizeness of Washington, D. C., demands:

"Just what have you to offer to your Ideal Wife in return for her perfection? Money? Money never took the place of love! Prestige? One tires of 'keeping up with the Joneses.' I wouldn't marry a movie actor for a million dollars! You movie actors have reached the point where your



whole world is composed of a six-letter word 'Myself'."

But right in the same mail with that hot shot comes this balm for the wounded spirit:

"I like you very much. It isn't love at first sight, it's two years I liked you. I am not very pretty, but fair. There's one thing I could tell you, I could make a good home for you. I am not jealous. I am not like some girls that like dances or go to hotels. If you have one girl already, just say so."

Another longing lassie admits that she is not his ideal, but she has always liked his pictures. She's not writing because she wants him "or anything of that sort," but she thinks he is wonderful to be so careful in choosing a mate. She doesn't smoke or drink or go on wild parties, and she is glad to hear that some movie stars are decent. If she were his ideal, "what I mean, a blonde," she wouldn't be writing!

### Ready to Be Worshipped

WHILE a righteous young person from Texas says:

"I could answer everything you have said to your approval if given the chance. I don't smoke or drink, and petting is disgusting and degrading to me. I am not a Wallflower or Flat Tire as you no doubt think. Whoever said girls can't get dates if they don't pet is just crazy. I am stating facts. Boys are only too proud to put you on a pedestal because they feel they have a prize, as so darn few real girls are living. . . ."

Lucy states that her eyes are hazel with brown specks, and asks wistfully if twenty is too old for him. Mary Ann from Minnesota boasts that she can take a Ford to pieces and put it together again in a day and a half (presumably, because Buster admitted that he enjoyed tinkering with his car). And a little undergraduate nurse confides that she doesn't like society very much because she's never been in it.

But the young man may have an opportunity to choose at first-hand, for several of the maidens announce joyfully their arrival in the Golden State in the near future. One from the Middle West says she will be visiting friends in Los Angeles shortly, adding the intriguing information that there will be "no interfering with in-laws on my side as my mother and little brother are all I have and they want me to have the best in life."

Letters come from Merrie England and Bonny Scotland and other distant lands. One fair Britisher wants to know if she should send a picture or come out to the U. S. to see him. And Pauline mourns that she spent her money on a roadster before she read the ad, so her trip to California is "all in the tires!"

Then there's the collection of eager friends who know just the girl. One from Florida, enclosing a newspaper picture of the fair one and a set of clippings about her, while a "Motion Picture Reader" from Louisville, recites the virtues of her best pal. "If you have intentions of wearing the ball and chain, won't you please let me send a photo of my sister?" pleads another.

But, best of all, comes word from a fellow-male:

"All right, Buster—One!—Two!—Three! The race is on—you and me—and we're both looking for the same

(Continued on page 102)

# Now You Can Reduce 2 to 4 Lbs. in a Night

**Eat what you please**

**Wear what you please**

**Do what you please**

**Take no risky medicine**

**Send the coupon for your first three Fayro Baths**

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well-groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

### The Hot Springs Are Now Brought to You

Painstaking analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration, forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn-out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

### Lose Weight Where You Most Want To

Fayro reduces weight generally, but you can also concentrate its effect on abdomen, hips, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

### Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

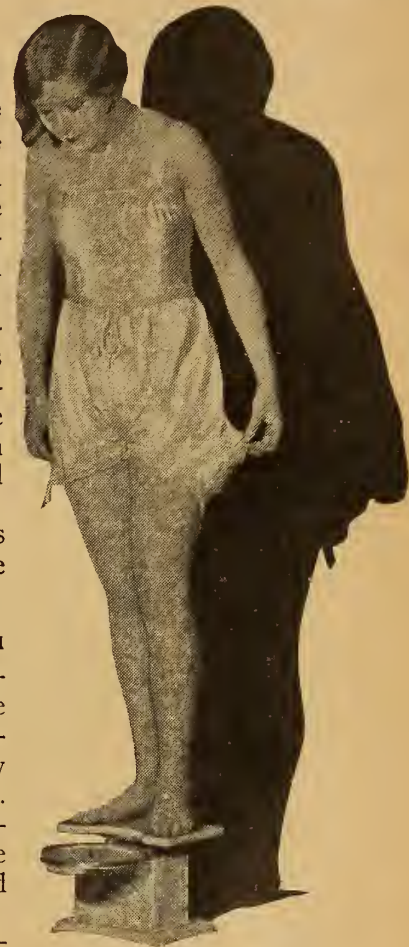
### Try Fayro at Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is \$1.00 a package. With the coupon you get three full-sized packages and an interesting booklet, "Health and Open Pores," for \$2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.



If each healthful bath of Fayro does not reduce your weight from 2 to 4 pounds, we will refund your money without a question. You risk nothing. Clip the coupon and mail it today.

"If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with Coupon."



### HERE'S PROOF

Read what Fayro Baths have done for others

"Three Fayro baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt for years."

"I weigh 16 pounds less and feel younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful."

"My double chin vanished in the magic of Fayro baths."

"My hips were always too prominent until I commenced Fayro baths. I have lost 12 pounds."

"Thank you for Fayro. I lost 14 pounds in three weeks; feel better and certainly look better."

"Since childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayro baths have reduced them beautifully. Thank you very much."

For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and names and addresses will be given on request.

Fayro Laboratories, Inc.  
825 Locust St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

M. P. M. 9-28

Send me 3 full-sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman \$2.50, plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



# Melt Fat Away By Oxygen Method

Reduce Where You Want to Reduce

Infiltrating cream quickly and safely  
banishes double chins and slender-  
izes big hips, fat waists, legs or arms.

Nature's way of melting fat away is by bringing oxygen in contact with the fat itself. When you take violent reducing exercises, more oxygen is carried in the blood to the fatty tissues. Similarly, when you go on a starvation diet, you stop supplying the body with fat-building materials, and the oxygen carried in your blood uses up the stored fat.

Now colloidal chemists, working with doctors, have found a way to bring double oxygen in contact with fat at any part of the body where you wish to reduce. Colloidal chemistry is one of the latest developments of modern science. They have done away with the old, dangerous methods of starvation diets, boiling baths and strenuous exercises and made it possible to localize fat reduction. That is, you can reduce a double chin without affecting any other part of the body, or slenderize fat legs, fat arms or large hips without getting that drawn, wrinkled, haggard look that so often resulted from the old methods.

The new discovery is an infiltrating cream, containing double oxygen, which is liberated when absorbed through the skin and simply melts the fat away. You don't have to take anybody's word for this. You just rub this golden brown cream on the part you want to reduce and actually see it work. It disappears in two minutes' time—absorbed by the skin—leaving just a clean, white foam on the surface. This natural method is so quick and safe that it has the approval of doctors who oppose all other methods of quick fat reduction.

Reducing tests made on fat people have produced amazing results. One woman took off 29 pounds in six weeks. Another reduced her neck two inches in a few treatments. Double chins disappeared in three or four days' time, and equally successful results were had in reducing fat waists, arms and legs, and big hips. So sure are we that this amazing new infiltrating oxygen cream, called VIADERMA, will quickly reduce fat that we will cheerfully refund the full purchase price to any user who is not more than delighted with the results. It is surprising what an amazing improvement it makes in your appearance to take off just a few pounds of excess fat. Fat is ugly and the fat woman never looks her best. Mail the coupon today for full information about Viaderma.



COLLOIDAL CHEMISTS, Dept. 156  
27 West 20th St., New York City

Without obligation, please send me complete information about Viaderma oxygen reducing cream.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

## NEW PHOTOGRAPHS—

of any Motion Picture Star, size 8 x 10 inches—25 cents each or five (5) for one dollar. Write for list of subjects. These are actual photographs. Latest poses. Send remittance to:

**THE ANSWER MAN**  
Motion Picture Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York

## "LEGPADS" MAKE SHAPELY LIMBS —DEFY DETECTION

Also, Rubber Busts; Reducing Rubber Garments; Opera and Service Weight Silk Hose; Wigs and Charm Braids; Cosmetics; Tights; Impersonators' Outfits; Theatrical Supplies. CAMP, M-235 Fifth Ave., New York.



### BOW-LEGS STRAIGHTENED

Proper correction of Bow-Legs or Knock-Knees should begin at early youth. You will then insure your child against the handicap which is certain to be a result of this deformity.

The Eisen Brace, worn at night, will correct Bow-Legs or Knock-Knees. No pain—quick results to all since 1888.

Write at once for our free booklet P. No obligation.

**WILLIAM M. EISEN CO.**  
Mfr. of All Kinds of Orthopedic Braces and Trusses  
412 Eighth Avenue, New York City, N.Y.





When Colleen Moore and her brother, Cleve, were children, they always played together, so Colleen fixed it so that they could play together in pictures, too. This is Cleve Moore as Captain Russell in one of her recent pictures, "Lilac Time"

## In and Out of Focus

(Continued from page 39)

### Scotching the Idea

**H**E was a Scotch actor. "Now you go on, Douglas," the director told him, "you listen to what she has to say, and then you reach into your pocket and take out your wallet and give her a hundred-dollar bill—" "Wait a minute" interrupted the Scotchman, "somebody—send for my double!"

### Propriety Notes

**NORMA TALMADGE** has gone on her vacation to Honolulu. Gilbert Roland has gone on his vacation to Honolulu. But the newspapers hasten to reassure us. "James Cooley, uncle of Miss Talmadge," they explain, "is in the party. Mr. Cooley will share a stateroom with Mr. Roland." "Joseph Schenck, the husband of Miss Talmadge was not at the dock to see them off," one local reporter adds conscientiously, "at the studio it was said that he was in New York."

### A Hackathorne in their Lives?

**GEORGE HACKATHORNE** claims to be so psychic. He can read your thoughts, he tells you, before you know them yourself. At a party the other night he went about telling people about their souls. And every now and then he would interrupt himself to ask earnestly, "I'm not hurting

your feelings, am I?" Ain't it wonderful to be psychic?

### Perhaps a Widow

**"HOTEL IMPERIAL"** has just been playing on the stage in Hollywood. Boris Karloff, the film character man, was the villain who threw the lovely lady down and pulled her clothes off. "So this is the bad mans who tears off lady's clothes," said a coy young newspaper lady to him, "and such clothes. And such a lady!" Boris nodded gloomily. "Yes," he sighed. "Wasn't she weedy?" People don't appreciate their privileges.

### Selling Sue

**SUE CAROL'S** salary is the subject of conversation in Hollywood these days. Douglas MacLean, who holds her contract, is said to be paying her less than three hundred a week, with a maximum of five hundred weekly during the next five years! Meanwhile, he is renting Sue out for—it is said—seven-hundred-and-fifty a week with the probability that he can soon get even more for her. Sue has offered to buy her contract from him for twenty-five thousand dollars, but it is said the canny Douglas wants a hundred-and-fifty thousand for his 1928 model flapper.



down the river for such a sum, she may leave the films flat and go back to being a society bud.

### The Birgen's Brilliants

**H**ERE is another story by Lupe Velez. The tale of the Birgen's Jewels—Lupe's new fledged English not being capable of the letter "V" as yet. "When I was in Mexico City we was ver' poor and I couldn' get a new dress to go to a ball. I theenk an' theenk, 'Lupe, how you goin' get that dress?' then I see the Birgen's di'monds. My grandmother got a figure of a Birgen and her dress is all covered wiz di'monds—what you say? *Brilliants*, yas! So I steal them di'monds off the Birgen's dress and sew them on my old dress and go to the ball. I look ver' nize. But the next day my grandmother go to pray and she scream, 'Oh, somebody has stole the Birgen's di'monds!' Everybody hunt an' hunt, but they never find them di'monds. That was tree year ago. And last week when I was looking at my old dresses, I said to my grandmother, 'Say, do you remember about them di'monds that was stole off the Birgen in Mexico City?' and she says ver' solemn, 'Yes, and may God confound whoever took them!' an' I says, 'Wal, I hope He don't, because it was me.'"

### Neither Did Woodrow

**L**OCAL HOLLYWOOD citizen to guest whom he is showing the town, "And this, Auntie, is the Woodrow Wilson Junior High School." Auntie, blushing at her ignorance, "Do

you know, George, I never even knew there was a Woodrow Wilson, Junior!"

### The Dark Flower

**H**OLLYWOOD is still chuckling over the epic hoax perpetrated on Carl Van Vechten, the author of "Nigger Heaven," when he was out here. It is known that Carl has a deep interest in cullud pussons, so Charlie Chaplin and other wits decided to give him a thrill. They gave the distinguished author a dinner party and introduced him to the dark Madeline Hurlock, as one "Pansy Clemens," a mulatto. "Pansy" was so fascinating that Carl is said to have gone home and written a story about his amazing discovery and sent it to a magazine in the East, before he found out that he had been made the butt of a practical joke. Then he left Hollywood—they say—by the next train.

### Minimizing Molly

**M**OLLY O'DAY has gone to a famous hot springs back east to reduce. No more pictures—so First National told her—till there was at least twenty pounds less of her. Her contract sets her weight limit at one hundred and eight. And Molly was at least thirty pounds over the limit.

### Patsy the Pat

**T**HE hot springs, by the way, are in Indiana. But that's "back east" from Hollywood. "My dear, I had a gorgeous time back in the States," I

(Continued on page 103)



Shearer delight: Norma was entranced—after playing in "The Student Prince"—by her visit to the real Heidelberg. And so was Heidelberg

# for "angry" skin



**S**CORCHED shoulders can't be shrugged away. And what is more annoying than the sunburned nose of summertime?

Frostilla is the cooling balm that calms the flame of sunburn—and soothes the countless irritations that mar the joys of summer. Golfer's neck, hiker's foot, for instance—defeat them with Frostilla!

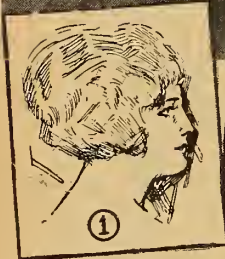
Frostilla soothes irritation instantly. It satinizes peeling skin, counteracts dryness and lingers to protect without a trace of after-stickiness. Before outdoor sports, pat on a bit as a precaution—smooth it in afterward to cool and soothe. Apply it before the evening dance and your powder will spread on evenly, flatteringly, perfectly.

50c and \$1, in new blue-label bottles everywhere! We'll send an attractive, useful sample—FREE on request. Dept. 101, The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N.Y. Sales Representatives: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Avenue and 34th Street, New York City.

## FROSTILLA

for  
exposed and  
irritated skin





Nelson's work (1) before and (2) after Federal School training.



## Now he **DRAW\$** the things he wants

**L**OOK at drawing No. 1 above. Then compare it with No. 2 and note the improvement Federal School training has made in the work of Art Nelson. He formerly worked as a surveyor's assistant at \$18.00 a week. Today as an illustrator he makes \$75.00 a week. He says, "The Federal Schools made this possible through their training and co-operation as I had only average ability before enrolling as a student." Nelson is one of hundreds of young people making big money because of Federal training.

Publishers buy millions of dollars worth of illustrations every year. If you like to draw, let your talent make your living. The Federal Course includes illustrating, cartooning, lettering, poster designing, window card illustrating, etc. The Federal Staff includes such famous artists as Sid Smith, Neysa McMein, Fontaine Fox, Clare Briggs, and over fifty others. It's easy to learn the "Federal Home-Study Way."

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How well can you draw? Will you make an artist? These questions are fully answered by our free Vocational Art Test. Send for it today. Get on the "Road to Bigger Things." Fill out the coupon now.



# Federal School of Illustrating

FEDERAL SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING,  
9098 Federal School Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.  
Please send your free book, "A Road to Bigger Things," together with Vocational Art Test.

Name ..... Age .....

Occupation .....

Address .....



Frankie Darro and his pinto pony stopped their private wild West show, which they were putting on for some friends, long enough to pose for this picture

## The Wife-Market

(Continued from page 99)

angel. I roam the Southeast while you search the Garden Spot. We're both the same age and have the same chances to locate. SO IF I find her, and she has a twin sister, I know where you abide!"

### They Say He's Conceited

**T**HIS seemed encouraging until some girl from staid New England ended a long epistle with the cryptic warning:

"Believe me, if you married a girl such as you depict this dream girl, your life would be about as varied, exciting, and interesting as a church." And Mona sadly observes:

"You certainly are conceited. I'm sorry because I used to love to watch you kneel on one knee and look up into your mother's face—I'd cry and cry, but I won't any more because I hate you."

Jennie from Chicago, "the bombing playground," reminds Buster grimly that this is leap year. A despairing little Mildred sighs that "in this day and age it is very difficult to find a real companionable pal. During my nineteen years of life I have been looking for such, but have given up hopes of his coming my way."

Thoughtfully pasting a tiny snapshot of herself at the head of the letter, Stephanie writes:

"Well, Buster, I want you to know that Hollywood was always on my mind for the last few years. Not to be an actress, but I always prayed and wished I could be an actor's wife. So make up your mind, for in me a faithful wife you'll find. You're just the kind of man I admire, and you can have me when you desire."

Someone who signs herself "Justa never mind what" winds up a poetic effusion with "And so, quaint soul, as you go seeking, you take with you the good wishes of just such another wanderer, for I am 'the cat that walks by itself in the wet, wild wood, waving its wet, wild tail, all by its wet, wild lone.'"

And every mail brings more.

Buster reads every missive personally.

"I was always convinced that it pays to advertise, but I never knew how well," he sighed mournfully from amid the sea of rose and purple and green and gray and orange pages.

The telephone rang. He regarded it fearfully. "I'll bet that's another," he muttered.

Footsteps sounded on the Spanish tile steps outside. The haunted young actor peered out of the window and descried a Western Union messenger.

Silently he cat-footed out of the room and disappeared down the service stairs.



## In and Out of Focus

(Continued from page 101)

heard Patsy Ruth Miller telling a friend the other day.

### Sic Transit Gloria Negri

**POLA** has departed—for a vacation, she says, and to see her husband's cousin married to a cousin of the King of Spain. But her dressing-room at the Famous Players studio, that dressing-room which rang to the sound of Charlie Chaplin's 'phone calls, and was filled with Rod La Rocque's flowers and Rudie's photographs, will know this temperamental artiste no more. The day after Pola had taken her last scenes for Famous, carpenters appeared and began tearing it down—much to her indignation.

### Joan Crawford Ill

**POOR** Joan Crawford is a victim of diet. For weeks, her friends say, she has been living on hard-boiled eggs and tomatoes, and as a result, was taken to the hospital last week to be operated on for stomach ulcers.

### Auld Langdon Syne

**I** RAN across a photograph the other day—an old photograph taken twenty-five years ago. It showed two young people, a pretty girl, and a serious-faced man of some twenty-six or seven, and was inscribed "Affectionately, the Langdons." Harry Langdon and his wife worked together in vaudeville, struggled together, hoped together—and after twenty-five years, when success had come, Mrs. Langdon related in court the other day, through sobs, Harry told her, "I have other interests now." "I tried to hold him," she said pitifully, "but I couldn't." So the court freed them. And that's Hollywood for you!

### The Bediamonded Damita

**SAM GOLDWYN** was describing his emotions upon seeing Lili Damita enter a Paris restaurant for the first time. "And if you'll believe me," said he in awed tones, "she had on more jewels than I ever saw on one woman at one time in all my life!"



Ray Jones

Never would Barbara Kent think of painting the town red. But give her a can of enamel and a piece of bric-à-brac, and nothing short of the dinner-gong will stop her

# FAMOUS FEET



© B. & B., 1928

## how they're kept free from corns

JACQUELINE LOGAN'S  
Famous Feet

There are more than a million walking advertisements for Blue-jay... walking in comfort, thanks to Blue-jay.

But the most enthusiastic of Blue-jay's friends are the great hosts of dancers, screen stars and athletes who keep their gifted feet free of corns with this cool and velvety toe-cushion.

These and other Blue-jay friends will get a pleasant surprise from the new and improved Blue-jay in the new package, now at all drug stores at no increase in price. For calluses and bunions use Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.

## THE new Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

**Art Corner Your Pictures-Album**  
where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.  
Engel  
5 Styles "Art Corners" 5 Colors  
are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and Samples to try. Write  
**ENGEL MFG. CO.**  
Dept. 23J, 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

**PAINT SHOW CARDS**  
We quickly teach you by mail, or at school, in spare time. Enormous demand. Big future. Interesting work. Oldest and foremost school.  
**EARN \$50 TO \$200 WEEKLY**  
John Vassos, N. Y., gets \$25 for single show card. Crawford, B. C., writes: "Earned \$200 while taking course." Don't delay. Send today for complete information, samples and guarantee.  
**DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING**  
162 Stimson Ave. Est. 1899 DETROIT, MICH.

## Keep Slender

**FREE BOOK TELLS HOW**  
Why be fat? It's a physical and social handicap. Thousands have reduced without exercise with **HENN-O-KEMP**, the harmless scientific, guaranteed, flesh reducer. Results or money back. Write, today, for **FREE** booklet. Scientific knowledge on how to reduce.  
**HENN-O-KEMP**  
969 The Arcade Cleveland, Ohio  
Not for sale in stores

## PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

**REMOVES DANDRUFF STOPS HAIR FALLING**  
Has been used with success for more than 40 years  
**RESTORES COLOR AND BEAUTY TO GRAY AND FADED HAIR**  
60¢ & \$1.00 at all druggists  
**HISCOX CHEMICAL WORKS**  
PATCHOGUE, N. Y.  
When washing hair always use Floreston Shampoo

**CASH YOUR FOTO-PLAY PLOT** **STORIES SUITABLE FOR THE SCREEN** **FREE BOOKLET FOR THE ASKING**  
bring many times as much as for magazines. "We know Studio demands and make personal submission of Mss." Full particulars without obligation.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO CO.

505 Western and Santa Monica Bldg.  
Hollywood, California





## How to have Lovely, Lustrous Hair—always!

Does your hair ever seem dull to you—drab, lifeless? Have you not wished for something that would keep it looking prettier—richer in tone?

The secret lies in proper shampooing! Not just soap-and-water "washings", but regular use of a shampoo that really *beautifies*—one that was created especially to improve dull hair and add that little something extra so often lacking.

If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it. Does more than merely cleanse the hair. There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. Millions use regularly. At your dealers', or send 25c to J.W. Kobi Co., Dept. 18-I, 602 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash. Money back if not delighted.

## STOPS NOSE SHINE



The very latest thing! A dainty combination of shine remover and powder base in a smart little vanity box! Exquisitely done in royal purple and gold. Leading stars and beauty salons endorse Nezon. A tiny bit applied with finger stops shine instantly and keeps it off for hours. At toilet goods counters, or sent postpaid, \$1.00. Fully Guaranteed.

THE NEZON COMPANY, Incorporated,  
247 Fifth Ave., New York.



Photo  
½ Size

## Have Pretty Round Face and Neck

Abolish sunken cheeks forever



You, too, can abolish forever sunken cheeks, thin necks, hollow shoulders, flat busts. No dieting or tire-some exercise is necessary. Ethel H. of Indianapolis (name and address on application) writes as follows: "I find Tiffany Tissue Builder is wonderful and it is helping me so much. It is worth its weight in gold. I have used many other so-called Developers but they all failed me. Anyone that wants a quick development should use Tiffany Tissue Builder."

Simply apply Tiffany Tissue Builder to develop more flesh where you want it. It is a secret compound of amazing building oils. Hollow cheeks, hollow temples and shoulders, flat busts, skinny necks, round out almost at once—dainty and firm. New beauty is yours now and forever.

Crow's feet and wrinkles disappear as though by magic. The soothing tissue building oils will not irritate the most tender skin. *Neither will they grow hair.*

Results guaranteed or your money promptly refunded if you are not delighted after four weeks' use. Price \$3.00. Send check, money order or currency and we will send prepaid. If you prefer, send no money but deposit \$3.00 plus 25c C. O. D. fee with postman when he delivers it.

TIFFANY LABORATORIES, Inc.  
1127 Q Hanna Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio



Away from the noisy studios, Billie Dove breathes the atmosphere of peace in the shadow of the ancient colonnade in the patio of the Mission of San Juan Capistrano, California

## The Answer Man

(Continued from page 97)

1925, issue. Write our circulation department in regard to securing a copy. Edmund Lowe at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

**FORGET-ME-NOT** — How could I. Lionel and John Barrymore are brothers. Joan Crawford, Clara Bow are still single. Mae Murray has blue eyes. Not playing in pictures now. Alice White's next picture will be "Show Girl." She would like a note, written on that pretty blue stationery, send it to the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Yes, they say curiosity killed the cat. But satisfaction brought it back.

**BABS**—Dolores del Rio, Roland Drew, Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland are at the United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Bebe Daniels, James Hall, Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. You certainly have a lot of favorites.

**M. E. T.—Who?** Greta Garbo was born in Stockholm, Sweden, about twenty-three years ago; five feet seven, weighs 123 pounds, light hair, blue eyes. She's not engaged to any one at this writing. Philippe De Lacey is ten years old. Cullen Landis, July 29, 1895, playing in "The Midnight Adventure," for Rayart Productions, Hollywood, Cal. Colleen Moore, August 8, 1902, "Oh, Kay," will be her next feature.

**MERELY MARY**—Betty Bronson was born in Trenton, N. J., November 17, 1906. Betty has a rôle in Al Jolson's new picture, "The Singing Fool." Gilbert Roland is twenty-four, not married, playing in "A Woman Disputed." Edna Murphy is married to Mervyn Le Roy, playing opposite Cullen Landis in "The Midnight Adventure" for Rayart Productions, Hollywood,

Cal. We have two Merely Mary's this time. But the more the merrier.

**JOAN CRAWFORD**—Joan was born in Texas, twenty-two years ago. She's five feet four, weighs 105 pounds, red-brown hair, blue eyes. She danced in "The Passing Show" and Winter Garden before entering pictures. Mary Pickford was born April 8, 1893. Alice White is eighteen years old. I would suggest you write those studios again in regard to the money you sent for photos. Pola Negri's latest picture is "The Lady from Moscow." Norman Kerry is her leading man. Write Louise Brooks at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**RICHARD DIX FAN**—Charles Rogers and Ivy Harris had the leads in "Fascinating Youth"; practically all the Paramount School played in this. Jewell Carmen was the girl in "The Bat." Where there's smoke there's a grand opera singer. Ivan Mosjukine is playing in "The Loves of Casanova," a French-made film, natural color, being released by Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**C. R. of MT. VERNON**—Nils Asther was Kit grown-up in "Sorrell and Son," was born in Sweden, about twenty-seven years ago, has dark hair and eyes. Write him at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Paul Ralli, tennis star of Greece, is playing in "The Water Hole," starring Jack Holt. Charles Farrell, Mary Duncan and Margaret Mann are featured in "Backwash."

**TOMMY**—Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, February 6, 1899. He's five feet eight inches tall, weighs 155 pounds. His next picture will be "Gold Braid." Billie Dove, born May 14, 1901, five feet three, weighs 120 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Renée Adorée,



Lille, France, twenty-six years ago. Five feet three, weighs 120 pounds, has dark hair and eyes. Norma Talmadge, Niagara Falls, N. Y., May 2, 1895. Let's hear from you again.

A. M. R.—Glad to hear from you again. So you were fourteen when you first started reading MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Haven't heard from Flossie. C. P. Alice is still your favorite, you may reach her at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Johnnie Walker was born in 1898, married to Maud Wayne.

NIZE BEBE—Statistics show that a locomotive is not afraid of an automobile. Baby Peggy is playing in vaudeville. Virginia Lee Corbin is eighteen years old. She was in to see us a short time ago; she's quite a young lady now. Address your letter to her care The Gotham Productions, Hollywood, Cal. Jetta Goudal is playing in "Her Cardboard Lover," starring Marion Davies. Antonio Moreno and Helene Costello in "The Midnight Taxi." Write Tony at the Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

PEGGY MAE—William Collier, Jr., was born in New York City, February 22, 1902. He is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, dark hair, brown eyes. His next picture will be "Tide of Empire," starring Renée Adorée. Clara Bow, August 8, 1905. Gary Cooper is single. Esther Ralston to George Webb. Write Snookums at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. "Our Gang," Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.

FASCINATING—Bet your life I'm your friend. Write Charles Morton at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Mary Astor's real name is Lucille Langhanke; she's married to Kenneth Hawks. Sue Carol is really Evelyn Lederer. Barry Norton has brown hair, dark brown eyes. Edmund Lowe is about thirty-five years old.

POPULAR ANNE—I'll bet you are. Bob Seiter was Jack in "Chicago After Midnight." Don't believe he's married, not related to Nils Asther. Mary Pickford and Doug have been married since March 28, 1920. They have returned from Europe, both start on new productions soon. Billie Dove is wed to Irwin Willat. Best regards to Babe.

H. K., NEW YORK—Will group your favorites together. Ralph Forbes, John Gilbert, Lew Cody, Aileen Pringle, Norma Shearer and Greta Garbo can be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Clara Bow, Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen, William Powell and Pola Negri at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Edmund Lowe was born on your birthday, March 3rd. Einar Hansen died January 3, 1927.

LITTLE ME—A barrister's wig is a covering of false hair closely fitting the head, worn in Great Britain by judges and barristers-at-law. But I don't wear one of 'em. You may address your letter to Sue Carol at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Philippe De Lacey, Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Clara Bow is twenty-three years old. Marion Davies at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

POLLY R.—Larry Kent was born September 15, 1900, five feet ten inches tall, has hazel eyes and brown hair. Your letter will reach him at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Renée Adorée, five feet three, weighs 120 pounds, dark hair and eyes and is married to William Sher-

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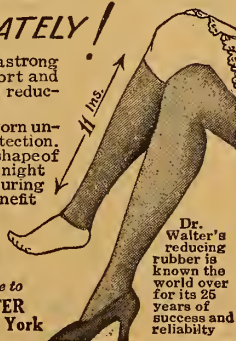
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## The Answer Man

(Continued from page 104)

man Gill, real estate man. Her next picture will be "Four Walls." Write Renée at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**BUDDY ROGERS FAN**—He is the best bet this month. Buddy was born in Olathe, Kans., August 13, 1904. His next picture will be "Varsity." He is under contract with Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Claire Windsor, April 14, 1898, playing in "A Grain of Dust," at the Tiffany-Stahl Productions, 933 N. Seward St., Hollywood, Cal. Bob Steele born in California. Bob has trained since childhood in the athletic outdoor activities which he finds so useful in the series of youth and adventure pictures which he is now making for FBO Studios.

**KID BOOTS**—That was a terrible joke about the Scotchman. Greta Garbo is five feet seven inches tall. Ronald Colman, born in England, February 9, 1891. Playing in "The Rescue," with Lili Damita, his new leading lady. Charles Farrell, twenty-three; latest picture, "Backwash." Victor McLaglen, December 11, 1888, married; send your note to the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Don't believe his wife is jealous.

**LOLA B.**—Sorry but the first set of the twenty-four pictures are exhausted. We'll be glad to supply you with set No. 2 or No. 3. Al Jolson can be reached at the Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. His latest picture is "The Singing Fool." Marceline Day at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Lawrence Gray is twenty-eight years old. Richard Dix was operated on for appendicitis. He is playing in "Warming Up." Marion Davies is not married.

**BOOTS**—No, I can't say I like this hot weather. Lloyd Hughes was born in Bisbee, Ariz., October —, 1897. Gary Cooper, Helena, Mont., May 7, 1901. That is Richard Arlen's real name. "Big Boy," whose real name is Malcolm Sebastian, is

not related to Dorothy Sebastian. Dorothy, by the way, is playing in "Dancing Daughters."

**BOY**—You sure are frank. Write Janet Gaynor at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Her latest picture is "Blossom Time." Bebe Daniels in "Hot News," Bebe at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Robert Frazer.

**JUST ANOTHER FAN**—You must come over. Loretta Young is fifteen years old. How'd you like her in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh"? Billie Dove was born in New York City, May 14, 1901. Philippe De Lacey can be reached at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. The little boy in "Tin Gods" was not mentioned on the cast.

**QUEENIE COY**—Nice hand-writing, that. Clive Brook hails from England. Has a birthday June 1, 1891, brown hair, hazel eyes, married, has two children. His latest picture is "Forgotten Faces." William Boyd was born 1898, he has blond hair and his wife is Elinor Fair. Clara Bow's latest picture is "The Fleet's In." James Hall plays opposite. Richard Talmadge and Barbara Bedford are playing in "The Cavalier," write them at the Tiffany-Stahl Productions, 933 N. Seward St., Hollywood, Cal.

**A WILKES-BARREAN**—Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey are Americans. Sue Carol is playing in "The Air Circus"; she has been in pictures about a year, Lina Basquette in "Celebrity"; Robert Armstrong plays opposite. Write them both at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. How's that for service?

**RED HAIR**—What again? You refer to Dorothy Dunbar, Richard Barthelmess in "The Amateur Gentleman." Nancy Nash, Clifford Holland, "Rich But Honest," Priscilla Dean, Arnold Gray, "West of Broadway." John Barrymore, Marceline



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Day, "The Beloved Rogue." Corinne Griffith, Einar Hansen, "The Lady in Ermine."

**A BRUNETTE**—Lots of variety this month; all we need now is a blonde. Malcolm MacGregor was born October 13, 1896, he is married and his latest picture is "The Girl on the Barge," starring Jean Hersholt, Sally O'Neil. Rudolph Valentino was born May 6, 1895, died August 23, 1926. Donald Reed, July 23, 1902. Sorry, Don is married. His latest picture is "Show Girl." Send your letter to Donald at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Eddie Phillips, Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**JUST TERESA**—Johnny Mack Brown is twenty-four years old. Virginia Lee Corbin, December 10, 1910; Charles Rogers, August 13, 1904; Olive Borden, July 17, 1904; Neil Hamilton, September 18, 1899; Mary Brian, February 18, 1907; Sally O'Neil, October 28, 1908. Janet Gaynor is twenty-two. Charles Farrell, twenty-three. Johnny Mack Brown is married.

**A. V. K.**—Ben Alexander was born in Goldfield, Nev., in 1910. His next bit will be in "The River Pirate," starring Victor McLaglen. Write Ben at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Fay Wray, September 17, 1907. She is playing with Gary Cooper in "The First Kiss." I wonder? Allene Ray and Walter Miller's next serial will be "Terrible People," in production at the Pathé Studios, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**ALBERTA**—Ivan Petrovich was born in Novi Sad, Siberia, thirty years ago, six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds. He's in Europe right now. I can supply you with his photo. Raymond Keane was *John Guido* in "The Magic Garden."

**ANNA R.**—Henry B. Walthall was born March 16, 1880; he's married to Mary Charleson. Hobart Bosworth, August 11, 1867. His latest picture is "Annapolis." Your letter will reach him at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Conway Tearle, 1880, also married. Write him at the First Division Pictures, 1440 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**VIVIAN VAMP**—Barry Norton is twenty-three years old, real name Alfredo Di Birben. Laura La Plante was born St. Louis, Mo., November 1, 1904. Pola Negri, in Bromberg, Poland, January 3, 1897. Francis X. Bushman has been playing in vaudeville but has decided to return to the screen. Joan Crawford is not married. Mary Brian's real name is Louise Dantzer.

**PRINCESS POCONO**—Walter Pidgeon has played in the following pictures: "Honor the Woman," "Heart of Salome," "Woman Wise," "The Thirteenth Juror" and "Clothes Make the Woman." Write him at the Tiffany-Stahl Productions, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Greta Garbo is twenty-three; latest picture, "War in the Dark." Send your note to the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**TRIXIE**—Well the dispute will be settled right now. Norma Shearer has returned from Europe, is married to Irving Thalberg and is at present working on her next picture, "The Little Angel." Write her at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Send me fifty cents for two poses of Rudolph Valentino, but these are not in costume. Let me hear from you again.



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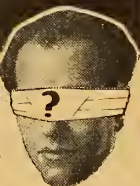
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Whether or not Lois Wilson considers summer flirtations dangerous, doesn't matter. With her involved, there's no doubt of it. But the thrill would be worth the peril

## Are Summer Flirtations Dangerous?

(Continued from page 31)

such formula. She knows her men and she knows that the weather is an unimportant element."

James Hall, however, contends that summer flirtations are comparatively harmless. He thinks that a girl is more inclined to capture her man under stress of gloomy or inclement weather.

"If I merely wanted to flirt with a girl, I would take a chance in summertime," Mr. Hall admits, cautiously. "Such flirtations are seldom dangerous. They pass off as gently as they come. But flirt with a girl when you are both seeking shelter from a terrific wind or snowstorm—then you are treading on risky ground! Give me the good old summertime for light and flirtatious love-making!"

That authority on love and romance, D. W. Griffith, says that nothing is harmful that is a biological necessity. Love in the spring and summer is right because it is necessary to the advancement of the race. The human organization undergoes an emotional awakening after winter dormancy. Summer flirtations are conducted successfully by animals and flowers. All nature is constituted so that its most beautiful aspects are presented in spring and summer. Love is the most beautiful aspect of life. Emotions are suppressed in winter and flirtations get rid of suppressed desires harmlessly. Flirtations are natural demonstrations provided by an all-wise Providence.

There is a chorus of feminine dissents. "Why not ask 'Is dynamite dangerous?'" The seasoned blaster will tell you that dynamite is not dangerous, but he will add: "It is harmless if you know how to handle

it." This comment from Betty Compson.

"Flirtation is a pretense of feeling what you don't feel. I believe in being square; and flirtations seem like cheating to me," says Louise Fazenda.

"If you're a character-reader and can select the other party to your flirtation, you may pass through it unharmed. But you may not. A wife at the shore who fills her idle moments with the attentions of a stranger while her husband slaves at his city desk, is satisfying a bootleg appetite for thrills." This from May McAvoy.

### Flirtations Are Good Practice

ON the other hand—  
"How could anything as pleasant as a flirtation be harmful as long as it is not taken for anything more serious?" demands Marie Prevost, pugnaciously. "I should say if you choose the proper setting and time and the right characters there can be no more harm in a summer flirtation than there is in having tea with Mrs. Jones. Certainly there is more enjoyment."

"Flirt summer or winter or any old season!" cries Dale Fuller. "It's a good way to kill time."

"It's a waste of time," argues Esther Ralston.

"It seems to me, in thinking back over my youth," observes George Fawcett, "that summer flirtations were good practice for the big love of one's life."

"Anything is dangerous if you do it to excess," is Laura La Plante's contribution to the discussion.

"I'm not the type, but I want my daughter



for Betty to have as many flirtations as she can manage. It's good training," says Mrs. Wallace Reid.

"The danger depends on whether or not you're afraid of marriage," puts in Arthur Lubin. "I always feel more romantic when the weather is fine, so summertime would be more hazardous if I were in the East. In England the proper season would be April, and I understand that winter in Japan is delightful. In California, there's good flirting weather all year round."

Richard Dix declares that he has tried to make something serious out of flirtation more than once, but failed every time, so he can't see why they should be considered dangerous.

"They are a relaxation," agrees Lois Wilson, "a change from studio sets. Say, we go to the shore for a vacation. Here's a new scene and a new leading man, a moon and a warm, fragrant breeze. It's the hero's rôle to come forward with a 'Where have you been all my life?' look, and the heroine's part to respond with a 'Just waiting for you to show up' expression. With the end of vacation, the play is over."

Fritzi Ridgway sounds a warning to those who take flirtations lightly.

"It was summer," she relates. "I made a personal appearance at a theater showing 'The Old Homestead.' Constantin Bakaleinakof was conducting the orchestra. We had a whirlwind flirtation. In three days he proposed and we were married. We're still married, though that is six years ago."

"How can one find the true love if flirtations are not encouraged?" Sue Carol wants to know.

"They're a tonic after fifty weeks of work," laughs Marian Nixon. "They're not only harmless, but nice."

Virginia Valli insists that of course flirtations are dangerous; that's why we enjoy them. There's no fun in flirting with the staid next-door neighbor—the other party to the romance must be a stranger—here today and gone tomorrow. zztIt's the risk of the thing's becoming serious that puts the kick in the game.

"A moonstroke is as dangerous as a sunstroke," cautions Charlie Byer. "One can say and do the most extraordinary things to an attractive person of the opposite sex under the influence of mellow moonlight. Cupid becomes tricky in summer—so beware!"

But Andres de Segurola thinks a summer without a flirtation would be a frightful bore. Everyone who goes for a few weeks' outing is secretly hoping for a bit of romance.

"There's no stopping the things after they start, though," mourns Carmel Myers. "They're fascinating, but oh, my!"

Over on the Fox lot, it's a draw. The men think flirtations dangerous and the girls laugh at the idea.

"No more dangerous than TNT," is George O'Brien's opinion.

"Why pick on summer?" sighs Edmund Lowe.

"You usually need to send out an SOS before the thing's over," contributes Charlie Farrell, and Victor McLaglen sagely remarks: "Some are and some aren't. Don't take a chance."

"Part of life's curriculum!" laughs Lois Moran, while Janet Gaynor and Madge Bellamy agree that tinsel romance should be taken as lightly as "Forty—Love!" in tennis.

"They start out innocently," confides William Haines. "Girls pretend to be in fun, but there's always dirty work afoot and every girl hopes the tennis match is going to end up at the altar."

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Pasquette, Lina  
Beebe, Marjorie  
Bellamy, Madge  
Borden, Olive  
Bow, Clara  
Brent, Evelyn  
Brian, Mary  
Bronson, Betty  
Brooks, Louise

Carol, Sue  
Carroll, Nancy  
Collyer, June  
Claire, Ethelyne  
Corda, Maria  
Costello, Dolores

Daniels, Bebe  
Davies, Marion  
Dana, Viola  
Day, Alice  
Day, Marceline  
Del Rio, Dolores  
Dove, Billie

Garbo, Greta  
Gaynor, Janet  
Gish, Dorothy  
Gish, Lillian  
Griffith, Corinne

Joy, Leatrice

Haver, Phyllis

Kent, Barbara  
Kenyon, Doris

La Plante, Laura  
Logan, Jacqueline

Mackaill, Dorothy  
Marchal, Arlette  
McAvoy, May  
Moore, Colleen  
Moran, Lois  
Negri, Pola  
Nissen, Greta

O'Day, Molly  
O'Neil, Sally

Pickford, Mary  
Philbin, Mary

Ralston, Esther  
Ray, Allene  
Reynolds, Vera

Sebastian, Dorothy  
Starke, Pauline  
Shearer, Norma  
Southern, Eve  
Swanson, Gloria

Talmadge, Constance  
Talmadge, Norma  
Taylor, Ruth  
Terry, Alice

Valli, Virginia  
Velez, Lupe  
Vidor, Florence

White, Alice  
Windsor, Claire  
Wray, Fay

## ACTORS

Acord, Art  
Alvarado, Don  
Allen, Hugh  
Asther, Nils

Barrymore, John

Barthelmess, Richard  
Boyd, William  
Brook, Clive  
Brown, Johnny Mack

Carewe, Arthur Edmund  
Chaney, Lon  
Chaplin, Charles  
Cody, Lew  
Colman, Ronald  
Collier, William, Jr.  
Coogan, Jackie  
Cooper, Gary  
Cortez, Ricardo  
Chandler, Lane

De Lacey, Philippe  
Delaney, Charles  
D'Arcy, Roy  
Denny, Reginald  
Dix, Richard

Fairbanks, Douglas  
Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.  
Farrell, Charles  
Ford, Harrison  
Forbes, Ralph

Gibson, Hoot  
Gilbert, John  
Gray, Lawrence

Haines, William  
Hall, James  
Hamilton, Neil  
Hanson, Lars  
Harlan, Kenneth  
Holt, Jack  
Hoxie, Jack  
Hughes, Lloyd

Jones, Buck

Keane, Raymond  
Keith, Donald

Kerry, Norman  
Kent, Larry

Landis, Cullen  
La Rocque, Rod  
Lease, Rex  
Lewis, George  
Lyon, Ben

McLaglen, Victor  
Meighan, Thomas  
Menjou, Adolphe  
Maynard, Ken  
Miller, Walter  
Mix, Tom  
Mix, Tom, and his  
horse Ten  
Moreno, Antonio  
Mulhall, Jack

Nagel, Conrad  
Norton, Barry  
Novarro, Ramon

O'Brien, George

Petrovich, Ivan  
Pidgeon, Walter

Reed, Donald  
Rogers, Charles  
Roland, Gilbert

Steele, Bob  
Stone, Lewis  
Stuart, Nick  
Striker, Joseph  
Sills, Milton

Thomson, Fred  
Tyler, Tom  
Tearle, Conway

Valentino, Rudolph  
Varconi, Victor

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Chester Conklin justifies his blowing his own horn by the assertion that music hath charms. But Mary Brian, whose ear is nearest, takes exception to his excuse. It's all accordion, she points out, to what you call music

## Butchering Brains

(Continued from page 29)

They are the big guns that the author must propitiate, defer to, conciliate, flatter, beguile, if he would remain in Hollywood.

### Golden Rules for Writers

GLADYS UNGER, playwright and author of "Romance," "Starlight" and many other well-known plays, gives the following recipe to aspiring movie writers:

"Study pantomime, fencing, boxing, Yiddish, Russian and German. Forget English, American, reading and writing."

The situation is not devoid of edification to the author. He is filled with unholy joy and admiration as he scans the patent medicine advertisements of his new contemporaries.

I AM AN AUTHOR AND I CAN  
PROVE IT!

Thus ingenuously proclaims Bennie Balonsky in a full-page ad in a film trade paper.

I WANT THE WORLD TO KNOW  
THAT IT WAS I WHO WROTE:  
"I AM YOUR WIFE!"

Thus another Susy Swipes. Her number is legion in Hollywood. She is perched in the softest and plumpest of the seats of the mighty, and sometimes, so I have heard, she is perched upon the knee of a movie executive.

Irvin Cobb is credited with a classic utterance at the end of a chaotic conference. I dare not misquote him, but I do know that his words conveyed a cordial invitation to the manhandlers of his brain product to cut a chunk of their throats and take the trail to a certain city whose temperature is high.

Michael Arlen left Hollywood gasping and smarting.

Hergesheimer studied Hollywood through

his shining specs, with resulting excellent publicity for the charming Aileen Pringle. Clever girl, Aileen. The first of the stars to become known as "The Authors' Friend!"

George Jean Nathan dodged the limelight in the company of a modest blazing star.

Laurence Stallings chuckled his tongue in his cheek. Occasionally gargantuan laughter proclaimed his appreciation of the whole large humor of Hollywood.

Once, as scenario editor, I recommended Ellis Parker Butler's classic: "Pigs Is Pigs." I was shouted down with the objection that the censors and Will Hays would never stand for a picture about hogs.

Dixie Wilson blew into Hollywood—if one of bouffant form may be said to blow, waving triumphantly an extraordinary contract. No mere scenario writer was this girl from the Ringling Circus to be; but a full-fledged director—so said Dixie. Three or six months later, Dixie exited as silently as a mouse.

Carl Van Vechten peeped in at the window, cocked a quizzical eyebrow and, tongue in cheek, extolled the virtues of the movie city, which he proposed to send down to posterity via the pages of his next book.

### Edmund Goulding Prospers

EDMUND GOULDING dropped in merely to have a look around. He expected to stay a day or two. He remained to become one of its greatest scenarists and directors. Now he is back in New York, with two of his plays in rehearsal and a novel on the press. He will return to Hollywood. Hollywood is not Hollywood without him, and there are a score of down-and-outers who miss the lift, the encouraging, snappy word and the dollar or two that Eddie was wont to slip into their hands so generously.

"Well, how do you like it?" asked a fa-



mous producer of Clarence Budington Kelland, after he had permitted the author to see the screen version of one of his stories. Falling into the producer's own idiom, Kelland replied:

"I ain't a-going to kiss you!"

Dorothy Farnum reminds one of Anita Loos. She looks like a schoolgirl, a very pretty blonde one, and has the brain of a literary Napoleon. She tripped out of magazine writing and insinuated her way deftly to the very peak of scenario writing. Only master scripts are assigned her. "Beau Brummel," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," the Garbo opuses, are from her pen. Like Frances Marion, she is possessed of exceptional beauty and brains. Frances Marion, incidentally, is without a doubt the greatest of the scenario writers. She is also a novelist.

Winifred Dunn, who wrote for the better class magazines before the movies captured her, looks like what we imagine *Jane Eyre* did. It seems incredible that this fragile girl is responsible for that epic of a pug, "The Patent-Leather Kid." "Sparrows" is another original of Miss Dunn's.

Donald McGibney stayed long enough to adapt his *Saturday Evening Post* story, "Two Arabian Knights," and hurried back to New York. But Hollywood had gotten into his blood. He is back now. He says he is competing with the butcher, the janitor, the mayor, the plumber and every other person in Hollywood as a scenarist.

### Doty Thought Dotty

DOUGLAS DOTY, be-spectacled, scholarly high-brow writer and editor of the *Century Magazine*, startled the sober and respectable world of which he was a prized ornament by suddenly breaking the chains and shackles that bound him to his editorial chair and home. He shot out for Hollywood. There he appeared with all the bubbling spirits and jazzy clothes of a college youth. What an exhilarating season followed. The former editor dropped ten years of his age, and even acquired height. He no longer indites high-brow editorials, but sparkling scenarios, and, moreover, he has acquired the prettiest little movie wife imaginable and an adorable Doty Junior.

This, however, is only one and an unusually exceptional instance of a professional writer's successful assimilation into the motion picture industry. The average literary man finds himself quite unable to cope with the viewpoint of the film-makers. Too, he is not infrequently aghast at their conception of him and his work.

Was it not Arthur Stringer who submitted "Perils of the Deep" to a well-known producer, and was nearly paralyzed when said producer threw it back at him with:

"Naw! Don't want no more stories about pearls!"

Said an Eminent Author to an Eminent Producer:

"May I have the honor of dedicating my new book to you?"

"Certainly," replied the flattered producer. "When do you wish me to be ready and where does the ceremony take place?"

The author was young and he had been born in Australia. The supervisor was also young, and he had been born on Ellis Island. Said the supervisor:

"You come from Australia?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hm. Speak Austrian, heh?"

"Why, no, sir."

"How long have you been in this country?"

"One month."

"What! Where you learn to speak English so quick?"

## Do you buy advertised goods?

OF COURSE you do; everybody does. Just run over in your mind the various articles that you have purchased in the last week or the last month. How about foods? Your breakfast fruits, cereals and bacon are all advertised. Probably that is how you first came to know of them—through advertising. Probably the shoes you are wearing, or the dress or suit you have on, are equally well-known advertised makes, and you are proud of them.

In the home. On the floor are rugs and linoleum—the better wearing kinds are extensively advertised. What about the kitchen? Aluminum ware, gas ranges, hot water heaters, dish and clothes, washers, cooking utensils of all kinds—practically everything you use is advertised. You buy advertised products because you have confidence in them. You know that a manufacturer cannot afford to advertise shoddy or unworthy merchandise.

Advertising is one form of insurance. It gives you a feeling of perfect confidence and safety when you ask for an advertised brand, for you know that you will get the quality and service you expect. The name is the guarantee.

The more you read advertising the more you will know about human progress. You will become well posted in almost every line of human endeavor and a canny judge of values. Reading advertisements is a fine habit. Cultivate it.

~ ~ ~

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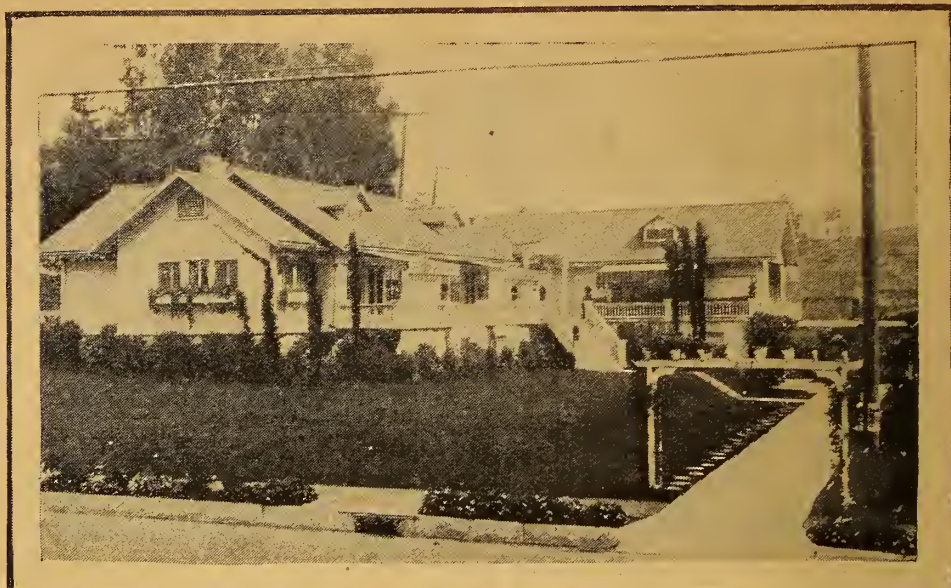
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Beam

Outsiders might say that it was tremendously fine of J. Warren Kerrigan to build such a house as this for his mother. But he would tell you that it was really her inspiration of him that enabled him to

## No Mother to Guide him

(Continued from page 72)

But Jack has always borne his burdens cheerfully. He wouldn't, indeed, let you call them burdens at all. They are his "dear life interests."

For isn't there also that handsome little fellow—his brother Wallace's four-year-old boy, named for Jack? The elder Jack worships him.

### Remember the Universal Star?

To all outward appearances, Jack is just the same youth he was when we knew him as a Universal star twelve or thirteen years ago. He still wears that lovely Irish grin of his, which crinkles at the corners of his clear hazel eyes and illumines his white teeth in the midst of his healthy red-brown skin. Only his hair is white!

Yes, and there is this: something has gone out of him!

Jack tells you that himself. He knows it. It is the inspiration that his mother was to him.

What Jack doesn't know—he couldn't know it, perhaps, measuring his sorrow—is that something else replaces that something which he has lost. But, because Jack Kerrigan is now what he is, that home of his there on Cahuenga—the rambling, long house with its wings and its endless verandas and its gardens—is an oasis in hectic Hollywood, a green resting place in the hot, mad fray, and Jack is its king.

Yet no one can say that his life isn't different from what it would have been had his mother lived. A sensitive soul was deprived at the height of his success of its inspiration. To understand what Jack is, with all his wide, kindly philosophy, his understanding, one must explain what he was.

The complete idolizing of a human being is always hard to explain. In fact, it can't be. It just has to be understood without explanation. Jack knows that. He doesn't try to explain. He doesn't talk much about his mother to most people, he said.

"Mother said that she would be always with me. And she is."

There is nothing of the fanatic in the way Jack says that. It is just a clear conviction.

We were on the veranda now, and he

was thoughtful for a moment, as he stroked one of those beloved fox-terriers of his. Jack is old-fashioned enough to like fox-terriers—none of those fierce police dogs or chows for him!

After a while he went on:

"There is a wonderful portrait of Mother in the hall. She seems always to be waiting for me there."

He led me in to look at it. That started me dreaming, too. For I knew Jack's mother well.

It was a gorgeous day, that Sunday afternoon so very long ago when I traveled up to the house that Jack built. On the porch I found a frail but how spirited little lady seated in a wheel-chair! She hadn't been out of that chair for years. She was an invalid. But she had done her work well. She had managed to raise, with the help of her boy Jack, those six boys and one girl of hers.

And how clever they had all turned out to be, to be sure!

Kathleen Kerrigan, the one girl, had every right to be spoiled. But she wasn't. Kathleen was there with us that bright afternoon, a fine, charming, cultured woman, married, even then, quite a long time.

### Kerrigan's Famous Open House

KERRIGAN Sunday afternoons were famous in Hollywood in those days. All the noted people of stage and screen dropped in, and Jack and his invalid mother kept open house. Mary Pickford and her mother came often. They were very fond of Mrs. Kerrigan. And now Mary's mother has gone, too!

That afternoon there was a noted violinist and an artist or two, whose names I'm ashamed to confess I do not recall now, and there were Allan Dwan and Pauline Bush, Dwan's wife, since divorced; and there were Madame Aldrich, the grand opera singer; Francis X. Bushman, Lois Wilson. She was little more than a child then, and clad in the loveliest pink taffeta gown with three ruffles on it; and Jack's brother Wallace, with his lovely wife and beautiful, ill-fated daughter, who was burned to death three

(Continued on page 117)



# When Is a Story Stolen?

(Continued from page 55)

by writing scenarios for you.' I get scripts from drummers, society women, concert pianists and waiters—their copy ornamented with soup spots. But there isn't one real scenario idea to a thousand scripts. Amateurs generally write about two things, either something they themselves have read in a book or seen on the screen, or they tell their own life stories.

"Most people lead commonplace lives. Even their sorrows and their tragedies are the same things that happen to a million other commonplace people. But to them they are interesting, absorbing, unique. I get a lot of scripts submitted by convicts serving life sentences in prison. The stories are about their own fall, the usual sordid tale of temptation and yielding and regrets. But they think it's the most important story ever written. Then I get manuscripts from women on lonely ranches. Maybe their husband has run away with another woman and left them struggling to support several children. They don't realize this has happened to anyone else in the history of the world. They think their story must be original, because it's *theirs*."

A war veteran in the San Diego Hospital is suing Universal at the present moment because its picture "Buck Privates" tells the story of his own experiences with the Army of Occupation. A search of the studio books reveals the fact that he did submit a story dealing with his experiences on the Rhine. But so did a dozen others! Almost every studio made one picture on that phase of the war. Metro-Goldwyn produced "Tin Helmets." A Universal director wrote a script called "Let's Go Home." The scenario finally chosen was written by Stuart Lake, another World War veteran, and was based on *his* experiences, which were no doubt similar to the experiences of the indignant ex-private at San Diego.

"Any theme played up in the newspapers will bring a hundred scripts by return mail," Montaigne points out. "When

Judge Ben Lindsey spoke on Companionate Marriage, four different studios immediately announced intentions of making a picture on Companionate Marriage. I suppose we got fifty scripts with that as a theme. We're going to make one ourselves, called 'Don't Announce Your Marriage.' When it comes out, we'll get a howl from every one of the fifty writers, 'You have stolen my plot!'"

The breaking of the St. Francis dam in California formed the theme of thirty-two manuscripts submitted to one studio alone.

Plots drawn from the classics or from history are not originals and cannot be stolen, Edward Montaigne holds. When a writer discovers some obscure incident in history and brings it to the attention of the studios, his services are usually rewarded with a small check, but it is only an original *treatment* of such themes which makes them personal possessions.

"For instance," says Montaigne, "we have on hand now four scripts on Pocahontas. The story of Pocahontas is common property, but one scenario writer has worked out a treatment of the legend, showing how the blood of the Indian Princess has been passed through the generations into the veins of a President of the United States. I consider his script an *original*."

After the release of De Mille's "King of Kings" half a dozen suits for plagiarism were threatened, and one—that of Valaska Surratt—is actually being taken to court, despite the fact that all the scenes and incidents of the "King of Kings" follow the New Testament story so closely that no one except Matthew, Mark, Luke or John could claim to be plagiarized.

But if Paul Revere's evening jaunt, Washington's famous ferry trip across the Delaware and Cleopatra's way with her boy friends are common property, the studios have no desire to duplicate each other. Historical films are too expensive.

(Continued on page 115)



Those who have produced Hibernian-Hebrew pictures since the stage success of "Abie's Irish Rose" say that imputations of plagiarism stretch credulity as far as Mrs. Kelly does her husband's galluses



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No check—either for the dinner or upon the appetites of fifteen needy women, guests of Louise Fazenda. She came to their aid right in the pic-nick of time

## Making Life Louiseier

(Continued from page 71)

### The Ear-Benders

EXTRAS, electricians, assistant directors, a star of the first magnitude. People. Human beings discussing the intimacies of their lives with a sympathetic woman. And Louise, in her comic make-up, her figure stuffed out to alarming proportions, her hair pinned up over old-fashioned rats, steel-rimmed glasses upon her nose, wrinkles penciled upon her smooth face—was ready and eager to listen and to help.

She does these things with such simplicity. When she had a vacation from her own strenuous job a short time ago, she gathered up three old ladies from an old ladies' home and took them with her to San Francisco. They stayed at a good hotel and they shopped and went to theaters and did the exciting round of sight-seeing.

"How did you happen to do that?" someone asked Louise. "You didn't really know those women."

"Well—they were getting pretty old, and I thought that if they were going to have any fun, they'd better hurry up and have it," was her reply. Which seemed adequate enough.

She does not want thanks for her friendly deeds. When she saw an old man gazing wistfully into a bakery window, she entered the shop, peered out to try to find out exactly what it was he was wishing for—bought a huge box of cakes and cookies and coffee cake. Then she popped out of the shop, thrust the box into his astonished arms, hopped into her car and was away before he could see who she was.

On her days off—those brief and far-between days when she is not working—she goes down town alone to haunt railway stations, rest rooms in department stores and lobbies of cheap hotels. No one recognizes her because she is entirely different off the screen from the clown you see in pictures.

### Looking for Trouble

"I JUST sit a little while in one of these places," she relates, "and sooner or later someone comes up to me and tells me about himself—or herself. They just seem to recognize that I should like to help them."

"That is why I think I might be able to do these things in a bigger way. I should have assistants to investigate cases where money seemed to be needed. But there are people with enormous incomes who often need mental help. So many folks have the wrong attitude toward life. They think negative thoughts and let their inferiority complexes get the better of them."

"Another reason I think I might be good at it is that I have lived so diversely. There can be hardly any human experience which I have not had—or which I have not seen someone close to me go through—in my life."

"Human problems, like story plots, are mostly mere variations of a few basic situations. They differ with different personalities. But basically they are much the same for everyone. And they can be tabulated and diagnosed that way."

"Sometimes I hear of one with which I do not know how to deal. It is a tremendous responsibility—trying to advise a person! But I ask for a little time, and then I think hard and study—sometimes for several days. Then I send for the person and tell him what I have decided. I make mistakes, of course. Any doctor makes them! And it takes so much time to produce results."

"There was a girl who had a serious organic disorder which necessitated an operation if she was to live. But she was so terribly afraid of doctors and hospitals. It took two or three years of very gentle influences to get her in the frame of mind to go and have that operation! But she went—finally. And now she is well!"

(Continued on page 121)



## When Is a Story Stolen?

(Continued from page 113)

So they register their intentions with the Hays office in Hollywood and make sure that no one else will make a similar picture.

"We've been discussing a George Washington story for a long time," Montaigne admits ruefully. "Finally we thought to call up the Hays office and they told us that there were two companies ahead of us with a Washington film. Then we wanted to use the Ride of the Six Hundred, and someone else had spoken for that, too. We decided to do a picture dealing with the laying of the first Atlantic cable—and Metro had already filed intentions on that. A man is suing us now because in 'The Phantom of the Opera' we showed a flash of a stage scene from 'Faust.' He claims that he owns all stage and dramatic rights to 'Faust.' Of course, all he can own is some one unique treatment of the 'Faust' legend.

"Two people often hit on the same idea at the same time. I was reading the Memoirs of Paul Blouet, the famous newspaper correspondent, some years ago, and ran across an incident which I thought would make a great picture. It was the ruse by which he got inside news of the doings of a very secret international conference. A delegate friend of his wore a hat exactly like Blouet's. At dinner time the reporter dined at the same restaurant as the heavily guarded delegates, and at the end of the meal took down his friend's hat instead of his own. Concealed in the lining was a finely written transcript of the entire proceedings of the conference. I made a scenario around this historical incident, and was about to sell it when I read a story by Richard Harding Davis, which had exactly the same plot. He and I had read the same Memoirs! Again, I wrote last year a scenario called 'The Port of the Missing Women,' and we were about to make it into a picture when Irving Cummings came out with a photoplay of the same title, and with almost exactly the same plot!

"When the cost of a production runs from three hundred thousand to a million, it is absurd to suppose that any studio would steal a plot when they could buy one for a thousand dollars. Besides, the scenario writers never see the scripts that are submitted. These are passed on by our readers who have nothing to do with the writing end."

Anyone who submits a scenario to a studio may, for fifty cents, have the Screen Writers' Guild seal a duplicate of the story in an envelope, stamp it with the date, and lock it up in a safety deposit vault. Yet in spite of these things amateur writers continue to clamor that their brains are being burglarized.

"My hero was a banker," they cry, "my heroine was his stenographer—and they fell in love just like that picture! They stole my plot!"

These threats of plagiarism are destroying the market for original stories. Most of the studios are eager for new ideas. Universal itself advertises for original plots at great expense once a week in a great national magazine, but the cost of defending themselves against these silly and unjust lawsuits has already led Famous Players and De Mille to send out word that they will not examine any manuscripts submitted to them. The convicts with new life stories, the barbers and bakers and carpenters with different plots, the ranchers' wives with the most interesting story ever written are closing the doors of the motion picture studios to writers with real picture ideas.

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The world at his feet: Nick Stuart, once a camera-boy and now a star, surveys the New York skyline from a part of it, the roof of a skyscraper

## Join the Movies and See the World!

(Continued from page 50)

"Gee, Dorothy," he said enthusiastically, "I've had some great breaks in my last couple of pictures—not only in the good parts I have had to play but in the opportunity they've given me to travel around and see the world. The Marines have nothing on the movies for covering territory."

You can imagine what that must have meant to a kid who might never have seen those far-famed and expensive locales if it hadn't been for the movies.

"New York was a revelation to me. I stood around and gawked at the tall buildings just like the proverbial hick. Believe me, I didn't let any chance go by to see everything there was to see. I went up in the arm of the Statue of Liberty and I rode up to the top of the Woolworth Building. One day I hired a taxi and rode all through Central Park. But most of the time I just walked around. Those taxis went so darn fast I was afraid I would miss something. They're cheap, though, aren't they?" observed Nick, who comes from a place where taxis are higher than orchids. "You can ride all over New York for fifty cents. The rest of the things are so high I guess they have to have something cheap there."

"I met the Honorable James Walker at a charity ball there and after talking to him a little while it wasn't hard to understand why the New Yorkers call their mayor, 'Jimmy.' He's one prince of a fellow and seemed awfully interested in the movies."

Talking to the Mayor of New York—and only a couple of years back he was doing odd jobs in Hollywood. Hey! Hey! And on my sets, too! I thought of my own recent trip to New York. I hadn't met the mayor. You can bet your savings account on that.

"Palm Beach was mighty nice, too," went on Nick, in the manner of Burton Holmes. "While we were there I had lunch with Gene Tunney and while I had

read about what a nice, quiet fellow he is, even so I wasn't prepared for his shyness. I think a lot of people mistake Tunney's quietness for the high-hat, which it isn't at all. He hasn't Dempsey's happy faculty for glad-handing everybody, but some people just can't do that—and I think Gene Tunney is one of them.

"I saw him around on the beach in his bathing suit often and I was a little surprised at his physique. He isn't as muscular as I imagined a champion would be, but maybe that was because he was out of training."

But to get along with Nick's travelogue, he found Havana a slightly dirty place of narrow streets that is worse than Paris in the practice of gypping tourists.

"The only thing they give away free in Havana is the beer," he commented. "Those free-beer gardens down there fascinated me. These gardens are very picturesque—and you can sit there as long as you like and drink all the beer you want—free of charge."

"But the thing that got me most about Havana was the graveyard! Talk about gypping—why, they even gyp the dead down there if they haven't money to keep up their payments on their lots in the graveyard. Here is the way they do: they bury all the dead and keep them buried if their families have the money to buy the grave lot. But in case they haven't the money, they dig them up several months later and make way for some other body that can afford the resting place. The bones of the others are tossed together in a huge iron vault-like thing in the center of the cemetery. This seemed almost heathenish to me. But at that it was kinda interesting to find out how the other half of the world lives."

"It's almost all settled that Sally Phipps and I are going to Europe to make a picture, sort of a sequel to 'The News Parade' called 'Touring Through Europe,'" Nick wound up our little talk.



# No Mother to Guide Him

(Continued from page 112)

years ago when her clothing caught fire from a lighted Christmas candle, and Wally's eldest son. Wallace has three sons now.

Somebody inside was playing the piano, but the rest of us sat out on the long veranda of the rambling house, in the wicker chairs and swing hammocks, under large, gaily colored sun umbrellas, underneath which the bright-colored dresses of the girls made a pretty picture.

We heard that day the discussions about the Hollywood Bowl. I forgot to say that Carrie Jacobs Bond was one of the guests. The Hollywood Bowl, since grown so famous, wasn't in existence then. But Mrs. Kerrigan was much interested.

And it was on that very veranda that the Bowl was voted into existence, a few weeks afterward, with Mrs. Carter, the president; Mrs. Bond and the other musical enthusiasts present.

"Now I don't entertain any more. I never shall. I just can't get the spirit back!"

Jack brought me out of my reverie.

This Sunday was just as bright with sunshine as that other Sunday. But everything was silence now. There were no gay sun umbrellas on the veranda, no pretty dresses, no gay talk.

Perhaps more important still to his many fans, who still write letters imploring him to come back to the screen, he has never worked since, except in a very few pictures.

## No Heart for Further Work

"I just don't care to work any more. Oh, I won't say that I won't," he explained cheerily, "but I would play only those parts that appealed to me—parts in which my friends could be proud of me—and yes, my mother, too!"

"You know," Jack spoke up quickly as though to loosen some flood of feeling within him, "I did not want to take that engagement in 'The Covered Wagon.' Didn't want to go on that long location trip. But Mother begged me to. After I had left, she told the others, I found out later, 'I shall never see my boy again!' I think she knew she was going to leave me. I think she didn't wish me to be with her at the last. I think she wanted me to remember her as she was, so alive!"

"It was a terrible ride home from location when mother was passing!" Jack never uses the word "death" in connection with his mother. "My brother Wally was with her. No—no, I didn't get there in time! But she left messages, many messages for me!"

It is quite plain all that is as though it were yesterday with Jack.

And ah, those messages! There was so much more meaning in them than anybody who conveyed them could know. It wasn't just the words. It was hardly the words at all, in fact. It was just the little drifting memories they roused, the poignant, cherished understandings, fleeting tendernesses that were hardly more than the trembling accent of a tone, the pressure of a hand.

"Mother was just one who will live on always," said Jack with that simple conviction of his. "But, no, that's not true of everyone. Some souls destroy their own memories in our hearts as they go along!"

Jack looked off toward the poppy-strewn hills.

"Sorrow isn't what we think it is," he said. "I thought at first I couldn't bear

it (I mean when we were putting her away), so when we came home I begged to be allowed to come into the house alone. But the moment I passed the threshold I knew she was there with me. That terrible burden was lifted!"

## There Is to Be a New House

JACK is going to sell that old house with all its memories!

"Well, it doesn't matter," he said when I half demurred. "Mother will be with me wherever I go."

And would he take her things?

Oh, yes, surely. And that little willow-tree that he planted, a little willow slip it was from one of her funeral bouquets. All the flowers he can manage.

And her room, we wondered. Well, yes, he would take that furniture with him, of course. Place it in a room to remember her by, just as it was in the old house.

"You see," he told me, "her room is just as it was when she went away. It has never been disturbed. It is never opened except when Sis comes. Sis loves the room. She prefers it to her own."

"I couldn't leave that furniture of hers nor sell it. I used always, you know, to tuck mother in of nights. Even if it was three o'clock in the morning when I came home, I'd always have to go into her room, and tell her good night."

"And the mornings sometimes, too, still seem lonely. She always insisted on having breakfast with me. Even when she could hardly get about, before she took to her wheel-chair for good, she insisted on making my breakfast. She thought it wouldn't be just right unless she fixed it herself."

And Jack never plays the piano nor sings since his mother "went away."

Who can explain the holy mystery of that "closeness" with the thing itself so rare that no words have ever been invented to describe it?

"I haven't," Jack went on, "missed my work at all! You see, I have a few business interests, and I take entire care of this half-acre about my house. No hand except mine touches these plants."

"I have occasionally a friend here, and I have my fox-terriers. One of them has just had pups, great little beggars," he pointed to the basket presided over by their importantly anxious and growling mamma. "And there are the birds. Why, the quail in the hills up there bring their young right down here to my shrubbery."

"I never go out anywhere, because I don't care for night life. I have my books. Sometimes I read all night!"

"I mean to travel. After I sell this place and before I build my new home, I'm going to travel around the world, spend a year or two at it."

Was Jack's father still alive? Yes, he was alive. He had been so jealous of Jack's mother's love for her children. Maybe a little jealous, too, of the way in which Jack had helped support the family.

"But he wrote me not long ago," said Jack. "He wrote that he understood. Isn't that wonderful?"

Well, Jack's father would have something fine about him, one thought.

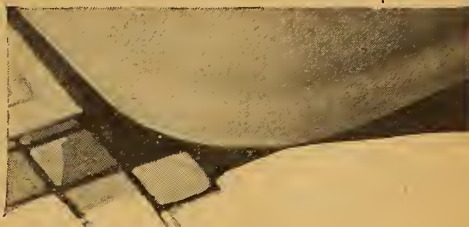
In spite of Jack's brave words and his brave smile, I think there is still a great loneliness in his soul.

Will Jack ever marry? I don't think so. He has still his invalid brother to care for.

"One sees too much unhappiness," he said.



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## Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 6)

great amount of applause which has hitherto been unwillingly confined and would instil a feeling of satisfaction in the audience. I offer this idea to the producers of our moving picture for what it is worth to them.

Very truly yours,  
Sam Levinkind.

### Hollywood Divorces

**HOLLYWOOD, CAL.**—There is no question that moving pictures have a very vital part in influencing the morals of a vast number of movie fans, and the lives of favored actors and actresses are scrutinized with great care by their admirers. This is rather hard on these people, but it is, unfortunately, the price of fame.

Therefore we believe the mad scramble for divorces that is sweeping our country is in some measure due to the fact that divorces are the rule rather than the exception in Hollywood. There they change their mates much as they change their clothes. They even forget at times, no doubt, just who their present husband or wife is. They seem to think the situation is a great jest.

Because the lives of those who have become famous belong to a certain extent to those who have elevated them to that position, their morals should be supervised, if they are not capable of looking after them themselves. The present standard is anything but high, and its demoralizing effect is being reflected in our courts.

Sincerely yours,  
N. M. Elliott.

### Glorious Gloria

**NEW YORK, N. Y.**—For five years there has been one actress on the screen who has given us great performance after great performance with never a faltering step.

She has had her share of poor pictures, but her work in those pictures has never been characterized by phlegmatic indifference. She has never allowed a mediocre picture to dominate her; she has dominated it, for whatever any of her pictures have lacked in interest and conviction, she has more than made up for with her marvelous acting and irresistible personality.

I speak of Gloria Swanson, that superb artiste. When she made "The Humming Bird," she gave us an unforgettable performance, which was her first potent bid for acting supremacy. Since then each of her pictures, whether drama or comedy, has been characterized by a performance notable for its depth of understanding, subtle interpretation and spontaneity. Her versatility is amazing.

Miss Swanson has never failed to strike a responsive and enthusiastic chord in her audiences.

Her portrayal of *Sadie Thompson* is the greatest bit of acting I ever have seen; it is vivid, forceful and thrilling, a perfect portrayal by the greatest actress on the screen.

There never has been another *Glorious Gloria* and there never will be.

Truly yours,  
Ethel D. Sipperly.

### Appreciation of "Old Ironsides"

**BIRMINGHAM, ALA.**—May one who saw "Old Ironsides" be permitted to register an appreciation of this delightful picture? This is a notable filming of a stirring chapter in the annals of our country.

The action moves forward in true historic beat. We catch the delicate echoes of olden times; we also hear the harsh note of that long-ago sounded by the picturesque ruffians who made the high seas their stage for brawling and pilfering. Youth's lyric beauty of expression is afforded by Esther Ralston and Charles Farrell. Special tribute must be paid to Wallace Beery, who fairly revels in the rôle of "boson," and we may add that his audience revels with him. "Age cannot wither nor custom stale" this character actor's art as moons wax and wane. . . . Films featuring the famous "IT," those exploiting the Coney Island theme, the rodeo Romeo, the slinky night life, may boast their following, but somehow this picturization of American prowess on the maritime main stands out with a dignity and charm that cannot be attributed to all that flickers across the silversheet.

Sincerely,  
(Mrs.) Roswell H. Cobb.

### Movie Public Critical

**GLENCOE, ILL.**—Censors or no censors, the movies have made a big advance in the last few years. They give us better pictures, better actors, better photography and more capable directors.

The movie public, during the same time, has grown more discriminating, therefore more critical. It demands the best, and in my opinion, receives it. (There are exceptions, of course, to every broad statement.)

When I recall the flawless pictures I have seen, "The Volga Boatman," "Young April," "Seventh Heaven," "Sorrell and Son," "Ramona," "Ben-Hur," "The King of Kings," and others too numerous to mention, which appeal to a variety of tastes, I do not feel like criticizing but extolling an industry which has created more real enjoyment than any other.

Think of the thousands, tied to their daily tasks, who can cross the continents, via the Silver Screen, to view the wonders of the world and without losing their jobs—even, possibly, being fitted for a better one, while many of them pluck the flower of romance only from this source.

Pictures of educational character do more for our children than oral instruction in the schools and revive their elders' failing memories.

E. E. U.

### We All Profit By Good Pictures

**NEW YORK, N. Y.**—"The Ten Commandments" made a deeper and more lasting impression on me than any movie I ever saw. We so often deplore the actions of youth. Advice and lecturing on the part of older ones seem to do but little good. They have to learn for themselves, and the place where they are most apt to learn life's lessons these days is in the moving picture show.

This picture gave excellent Bible instruction, and alongside with this showed the results of disobedience and how children's conduct would in later years be brought to bear upon those dearly beloved parents who grow dearer "each step of the way."

Give us more of these good plays which we want our children to see and be educated by. And not only are they good for youth; we grownups can profit as well.

Very truly yours,  
J. G. Van Bramer.



## Our Lady of the Steppes

(Continued from page 35)

he started, and the ones who joined later. We call the old school 'the old folks.'"

They played "Carmencita and the Soldier," the Russian version of the Spanish "Carmen," "Pericola," the glamorous Peruvian actress of two centuries ago, so like "Camila, the Perichole" of Thornton Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."

"For three months in the summer I would go to Crimea for rest, but the other nine months we would be in Moscow performing every night, and in Petrograd and all over Russia. Then Dantchenko decided to give realism to opera, instead of all pomp and ceremony. He started the Moscow Theatre of Combined Arts.

"Can you sing, Baclanova?" he ask. And I say, 'Give me little time.' I go immediately to Tarian Karganova, the singing teacher, now she gives little singing lessons in Paris, and in three months' time I sing well enough to be in the opera. And then all the people, when they hear me sing 'Fille de Madame Ango,' rush to Tarian and say, 'Make me sing like Baclanova.'

"Also dancing I studied, too. From Mordkin, who was in Pavlova's ballet."

Baclanova has been in America two and a half years. She came with the caravan of Moscow Art Theatre players that held the intelligentsia of New York enraptured. She came to Hollywood, but later returned to the East. The tropical climate was enervating to our lady of the steppes.

"Then I get telegram from Maurice Gest, who has taken 'The Miracle' to Cali-



## Marvelous New Discovery Makes Hair Beautifully Wavy

### The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

A story by Winifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school Charity Winthrop and I were called the tousled-hair twins. Our hair simply wouldn't behave.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. I was ashamed of my hair.

Horribly self-conscious, I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me, and I felt that they were all laughing—or worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop, who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."

### Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed.

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodby and pressed a gold coin in his palm.

"'Hija mia,' he said. 'You have been very kind to an old man. Digemelo (tell me) senorita, what it is your heart most desires.'

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly.'

"'Oigame, Senorita,' he said—'Many years ago a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizados* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of pesos to the man who would fulfil her wish. The prize fell to Pedro the *droguero*. He brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"'Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him; go to him and tell your wish.'

"I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard met me. I stammered out my explanation. When I finished, he vanished into his store, returned and handed me a bottle.

"Terribly excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In a short time, the transformation which you have noted had taken place.

"Come, Winifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

When I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy.

The next morning when I awoke I hardly dared look in my mirror, fearing it had all been a dream. But it was gloriously true. My hair was beautifully curly.

### WAVE MODELLER INCLUDED

And with this Spanish blessing you get a simple, easily manipulated Wave Modeller which enables you to fix the size and line of the waves to your style and exact liking—finger waves or marcel—anyway you like it.

Made of handsome, durable material, the Wave Modeller alone is worth more than is asked for the combination.

### AMAZING TRIAL OFFER

Only one Order to a Family Now!

For a limited time ONLY, we are offering a full size bottle of "Wave-Sta" (Spanish Waving Fluid) and a set of our superb Wave Modellers at a price which covers merely the cost of compounding, making, advertising and selling, which we have figured down to \$2.30. (Please remember we cannot fill more than one order for each family at this price.) If you are not perfectly delighted with results after using "Wave-Sta" for 5 days, simply return the unused portion and your money will be refunded. Under the terms of special trial offer you need not send any money in advance. Simply sign and mail the coupon. Then when the postman brings this remarkable beauty aid, just pay him \$2.30, plus a few cents postage, and your hair worries are ended forever.

This offer may not be repeated. Remember, we take all the risk. If with "Wave-Sta" and the Wave Modellers you are not able to make your hair beautifully wavy, give it new life, new lustre, new silky sheen, all you have to do is notify us and your money will be returned in full. Have you ever heard of a fairer offer?



Wavy Bob

### CENTURY CHEMISTS

7 W. Austin Ave.

Chicago, Ill.

Send no money—simply sign and mail the coupon

### CENTURY CHEMISTS

7 W. Austin Ave.  
Chicago, Ill.

M.P.31

Gentlemen: Please send me, in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full sized bottle of "Wave-Sta" (Spanish Waving Fluid). And a set of new Wave Modellers. I will pay postman the special trial price of \$2.30, plus few cents' postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a 5-day trial, I am not perfectly delighted with the magic waving liquid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle and Wave Modellers and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name.....

Address.....

NOTE: If you are apt to be out when the postman calls, you may enclose \$2.40 and "Wave-Sta" will be sent to you postpaid.



Hommel

Putting Baclanova on the screen has been nobody's task. Her beauty and ability have themselves turned the trick



# Why Did Mary Do It?

Not so long ago Mary Pickford had her curls cut off. Why?

The step was too radical to be meaningless. It was due to no whim, to no flitting fancy.

As well might Adolphe Menjou announce his intention to play in westerns, Alice White be chosen to succeed Pola Negri, or Bull Montana be cast as Hamlet, as that Mary part with her spiral trade-marks.

There are those who say she did it as a last desperate move to induce Doug to stop smiling. Or, by force of sweet example, to get him to cut off his mustache.

But nobody really knows.

Yet this much may be said: When anyone does know, the readers of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will, too.

For this is the periodical devoted to the interests of the screen which gets the news first, gets it right—and spreads it broadcast.

There are some big new features in the next—the October—issue of MOTION PICTURE. And it will be on the newsstands August 28th. Make a date with yourself now to be there, too—just to be sure that you get your copy of the October MOTION PICTURE.

*It's the Magazine of Authority*



fornia. He had me onder contract. He say, 'You are going to play *The Nun*. Lady Diana Manners play it one performance and you play it next.' And I say, 'But I have not rehearse, I do not know the musical score. It iss all in pantomime that iss harder to learn in such queeck notice.'

**Yes, She's an Actress**

"MAURICE GEST say, 'Are you actress?' I say, 'Yes.' And in four days I play part of *The Nun*. I only have four rehearsals, once with the entire company. I play it four times in Los Angeles."

Baclanova had heard of motion pictures. One day she played a small rôle, a very small rôle and her first, in Norma Talmadge's "The Dove." Then she played in "The Man Who Laughed" with Conrad Veidt at Universal.

"And I sink motion pictures are not for me."

With Maurice Gest she went to visit Pola Negri when the Polish actress was making "Hotel Imperial," directed by the Swede, Mauritz Stiller.

"Mister Stiller look at me and say, 'You like to be in motion pictures?' I laugh. 'They are not for me.' He say, 'You shall be in the Jannings picture I make.'"

That was "The Street of Sin." She was in it—superlatively.

Then with Negri in "Three Sinners."

After that they dropped the "Olga."

In "Forgotten Faces" it is Baclanova, the superb.

"I shall stay in motion pictures maybe five years. Then maybe start a school. Or sing. They do not like their women old on the screen." She paused, perhaps thinking of that other blue-eyed Russian, Nazimova. There is nothing of the egoist about Baclanova. Merely a surety of self. A fine sense of well-being.

**Woman Best at Thirty**

"AMERICAN women waste their time on little things. Little parties, little dances, little gossip, little affairs. Woman should be at her best at thirty. In Russia it iss so. They mature slower. They save themselves for only the most important things. They keep their bodies young with massage, with gymnastics."

No Hollywood parties for Baclanova. Her singing occupies her time off-screen. Her home at the beach, too.

"Have I not everything? For six months now I drive my own car. Soon, maybe in three months, I marry Nicholas Soussanin. I have my work. What else iss there to have?"

"Nicholas Soussanin, too, is Russian. So was my husband from whom I soon get a divorce. I met Nicholas in Hollywood. He is actor."

You saw him with Menjou in "Service for Ladies," in "Hotel Imperial," in "The Spotlight."

A check home to the little Russian mother. Dollars changed into rubles go far. And Baclanova is generous.

Our generous lady of the steppes.

Not only does it know what it's talking about

It talks about what it knows

Which is why the most talked-about movie periodical among those who know is

**MOTION PICTURE**

*"It's the Magazine of Authority."*

On the newsstands for you the 28th of every month.



## Making Life Louiseier

(Continued from page 114)

### The Families Next Door

WHEN Louise was a little girl, her father kept a small grocery store in the industrial district of Los Angeles. Her name was Louise Mason then. Her mother worked in the store and Louise was alone in the tiny flat which was their home for nearly all of every day. She was a shy child who did not make friends with other children easily, and she amused herself by speculating about the other families in the building.

Watching them with friendly, interested eyes, she gradually came to know a great deal about them—the motorman whose wife played bits in pictures to eke out the family income. The acrobat who was so tender with his sick little girl. The old lady whose flashily dressed young lady daughter came to see her sometimes in a gaudy car—but who never took her mother to her home.

Those families meant to Louise what story books mean to other children. She has kept track of many of them and knows where they are and what they are doing today. But it was there that the trait of friendliness grew up in her, and it was then that she decided that some day she would be a soul-doctor for sick and bewildered human beings.

She keeps a little file of her cases. There are no names on the cards in her card index, because some stranger might come upon it and read things not meant for him to see. But she puts down a date or the name of a place—just a word or two to remind her of a particular person and his particular need. She must look up number forty-six some time soon. She does not wish to lose track of her patients or to lose touch with anyone who might need her.

### Sympathy, Not Sermons

"I DON'T want to preach at people," she insists. "I am not trying to reform anybody. But people do so need friends! If you can talk things over with someone who understands and who is interested in you, it helps so much.

"I shan't announce to the world that I am making a business of giving free advice. I shall want the thing to grow of itself. One person who may be helped will send someone else who needs assistance.

"I want to have time to study and think about each individual case. When I am working, my time is limited. I can't always go to people when I am needed. After I am through with pictures, I can give all the time that is necessary.

"They shall be assured that no one shall know about anything they tell me. I shall love doing it!"

She will love doing it. And she will do it well. Louise is one of those women possessed of a tremendous maternal instinct. Her friendly wish to understand, her sympathetic feeling for human beings embraces the entire world. I think she feels (although she did not say so and probably will not like my saying it!) that the business of extending the helping hand is an individual mission for her. That she has been called to do it. So she must.

Anyhow, she is Hollywood's soul-doctor. It is an avocation now, while her profession is that of an actress. But it is her real career. And it is the one she will follow when her acting days are over.

# Rod La Rocque

## anticipates another enjoyable trip Via Union Pacific



ROD LA ROCQUE

IN A  
PATHE-DEMILLE PRODUCTIONS  
DE MILLE STUDIO  
CULVER CITY  
CALIFORNIA

Union Pacific System,  
P. E. Building,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

January 15th

Gentlemen:

It is with no little pleasure that I am anticipating the trip I plan to New York early in May. For not only has it been sometime since I have visited the East, but past trips on Union Pacific trains have been so thoroughly enjoyable as to make me look forward most happily to another cross country jaunt on the Los Angeles Limited.

In all I have made six round trips to the East over the Union Pacific System. Each remains in my memory as a journey well enjoyed. No system offers a more beautifully scenic trip, and your every feature of modern travel service, your excellent dining car fare, and your extra fast schedule combine to make your service most attractive.

Thanking you for past favors, and anticipating another enjoyable trip with you immediately upon the completion of my current picture, "Hold 'Em Yale", I am

Always,

Rod La Rocque

R LR - 00

A scene from  
"Hold 'Em Yale,"  
the new De Mille  
production featuring  
Rod La Rocque.

You will meet famous and interesting people on the Los Angeles Limited, the 63 hour, extra fare de luxe flyer Chicago to California.

C. J. Collins, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Nebr.  
Geo. R. Bierman, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Los Angeles, Calif.

# UNION PACIFIC

## THE OVERLAND ROUTE





# Shampooing this way gives hair Unusual Beauty

*In a few minutes time, your hair is soft, silky and radiant with life, gloss and lustre. Try it!—see how lovely; how beautiful your hair will look.*

**B**EAUTIFUL hair is now easily obtained. It is simply a matter of shampooing.

Ordinary, old time methods, however, will not do. To bring out the **REAL BEAUTY**, the hair must be shampooed properly.

Proper shampooing makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it can not stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

## *Just Notice the Difference*

**I**T keeps the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, glossy, fresh-looking and easy to manage, and makes it fairly sparkle with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter anywhere in the world.

A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



**MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO**

## Forecasting About

*(Continued from page 66)*

gentleman sopranos. Imagine, if you will, the effect of an ingénue with a booming voice asking a heavy, who speaks with a lisp, if he has no sister of his own! Yep, the folk of the used-to-be silent drama are afflicted with chills and fever. And between the two they are dashing madly to voice culture schools. Meantime, the old troupers with stage experience are snickering that their day has dawned.

When Ma was a schoolgirl, the popular song of the day contained a snappy, up-to-the-minute line about "Send me a kiss by wire." Ask Dad, he knows. But today the request might well be "Send me a photograph by wire." They've been doing it for three years by means of a process known as telephotography. But only this year have they succeeded in actually transmitting a motion picture from Chicago to New York over the telephone wires.

A movie filmed in Chicago in the morning was telephoned to Manhattan by noon and shown in Broadway theaters in the evening! The negative was cut into strips some seven inches long for purposes of transmission and, of course, was re-assembled in New York. It was about a hundred feet in length, and the cost of transmission approximated sixteen hundred dollars. At present it takes a minute to telephotograph an inch of negative.

This, of course, was an experiment. But it was a successful one. And there is no doubt whatever that within a few years motion pictures, let us say, of the coronation of Dave Windsor as King of England will be shown throughout America on the very same day that the event takes place.

Consider, if you please, the probability of combining telephotography, sound pictures of the Movietone type, television, radio and a few other modern discoveries! Some are not perfected as yet. But sure as shooting, we'll all see the time when sound pictures of the then current Chinese revolution will be received by us in the projection-room with which each house and apartment will be equipped! We get sound now over the radio. What is to prevent the transmission of pictures through the air?

There's something to talk about over your gin and ginger!

## The Passing of Pants-Pressers

**F**AR-SIGHTED minds, anticipating the marvelous developments just across the movie threshold, realize that the picture industry is no longer a haven for pants-pressers, penny-arcaders or other peripatetic pinchbecks. Thus one great university after another is including courses on motion pictures in its curriculum.

Thus far the University of Southern California, Columbia and Cornell offer instruction on various phases of the industry. These range from photo-chemistry and lighting engineering to dramatic construction and direction of photoplays. The courses occupy the full four-year term, and the graduates are assured of open-armed reception into their chosen branches of the picture-making art.

Yes, sir, the "good old days" of the "fillum racket" are as dead as the ancient jeer, "get a horse!" Now, like as not, the director is a doctor of psychology and a lot of other hard-to-spell *ologies*. Indeed, Berger, the German who directed Pola Negri's last American-made picture, is just that. And putting his knowledge of psychology into work, Berger introduced his quota of new ideas into movie-making.



One of them is that the vastness of many motion picture sets distracts the minds of the players so that their eyes wander hopelessly at the wrong time. Berger set up a large black screen behind his camera. On it was a white circle. And the actors were instructed to focus their eyes upon this when endeavoring to get that effective far-away look into their gaze. You may judge for yourself how well it worked in Pola's film, "The Lady from Moscow."

Some interesting things, also, in "Ladies of the Mob." Things that tend to show the decline of the ancient whoopee action drammers which doubtless inspired the composer of that classic song about "Horses, Horses, Horses." Things that tend to show the new technique of direction.

Credit William Wellman with the courage and genius to put over a difficult bit in a difficult way. Remember when Clara Bow is shot? But perhaps you haven't yet seen the picture. Anyway, Clara is shot, and Dick Arlen takes her to a physician, who probes for the bullet. The way Wellman told it was through the eyes of the three characters. Clara's are frantic with the torture of the painful probing. Arlen's are suffering in sympathy and also register maddest panic, while the eyes of the doctor are cold as the steel of his instruments. The ability to treat such a sequence in such a way is one never-to-be-overcome advantage that the screen possesses over its boastful legitimate stage rival.

### Effective Footage

As the h'Englishman said: "H'tit's not the 'eavy 'auling that 'urts the 'orse's 'oooves, but the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer h'on the 'ard 'ighway!" And the hammer, hammer, hammer of horses' hooves has been more than once effectively photographed. The hooves of humans, too. Do you recall that short subject, "A Dog's Tale," in which the entire story was told with shots of feet? Wellman uses the same idea in another thrill sequence of his underworld film. It portrays the march of a condemned man from his death-house cell, through the little green door, to the chair. Just the feet of the culprit—of the priest—of the warden—of the witnesses—of the executioner. Just suggestion, that's all. And far more powerful because it permits each of us to conjure up in his own imagination the thoughts and emotions of the characters.

### More Blood! More Blood!

FOR some reason or other, the decree seems to have gone forth that comedy is passé. Rich, red blood is the prescribed movie diet. The comics of the season past are being cast in melodramatic rôles. You'll see Wallace Beery not worrying in the least about falling trousers, but fully intent on cutting himself a piece of throat. Wouldn't be surprised to see Raymond Hatton competing with George Bancroft in some gunman part. And, who can tell, Ben Turpin's eyes may suddenly take on a sinister aspect in a portrayal of some arch fiend whose villainies will make *Dr. Caligari* seem like one of the Happiness Boys!

So there you have it. Forward to sound, telephotography, television. Backward to thrillers. It's a funny business, this trying to provide the public with entertainment. But the forward steps are more numerous than the backward ones. And so the movie world *does* move. Forward!

# TRE-JUR

## face powder and new compacts



## As enticing as a riddle

—as alluring as mystery—with a strange, seductive charm unknown 'til now. That's *Charvai*—Tre-Jur's newly created odeur for Modern Eve!

You will find it in a new series of Tre-Jur's exquisite compacts . . . in the "Little One", with its gracefully curved edge and watch-clasp spring (the price just 50c) . . . In the new "Thinnest", no deeper than a dollar (and that's precisely what it costs). And in this lovely slender compact, you will see a choice of beautifully lacquered colors attuned to your costume and to Modern Art. (Rich gun-metal too, should your dignity prefer.)

### Did you know that Tre-Jur's Face Powder is now Pre-blended?

Two powders, a heavy and a light, *pre-blended* in perfect proportions—a secret union that yields the smoothest powder ever known. A powder that never cakes or flakes—a powder that stays steadfast in its loyal adherence to your skin.

Pat a puff of Tre-Jur's *pre-blended* powder on your face. Now look closely in the mirror. Note how evenly, how delicately it satinizes and perfects! And if your reflection seems to flatter, remember that mirrors tell the truth.

This unique powder and all Tre-Jur Toiletries, in both *Charvai* and *Joli Memoire* fragrances, are sold at leading stores everywhere.

House of Tre-Jur, Inc., Paris and New York.



"Little One" Compact



# 5 months of Fashionable Dress for \$1.00

*Today more and more, Hollywood and film fashions are influencing women in the selection of distinctive clothes, possessing that individualistic touch which is chic.*



*The fashionable film favorites of Hollywood—its brilliant stars and their supporting casts—are rapidly creating a new clothes consciousness in America.*

**I**F you want to attain the ultimate in chic—the creative note which characterizes Hollywood fashions—you will require the guidance of a fashion magazine which has an eye on both Paris and Hollywood. FASHIONABLE DRESS is the only fashion magazine which has recognized the importance of this wondrous development in the past few years. FASHIONABLE DRESS guides unerringly in the selection of correct styles. Its pages present only models approved of in the current mode or glimpsed on the horizon of Tomorrow. The very frock which your favorite actress wears may be yours

even before the photoplay is shown, for often advance styles become current in the course of a picture's production.

FASHIONABLE DRESS presents in infinite variety frocks, coats, hats, shoes and accessories of distinctive smartness and practical utility. Timely hints on fabrics, furs, colors, hosiery and lingerie make FASHIONABLE DRESS an indispensable medium for the modern woman. Invaluable hints are offered monthly on the care of the skin, hair and hands. In fact any subject dealing with individual and personal loveliness is certain to be dealt with in a manner—so that you, too, can enjoy their benefits.

**FILL IN AND MAIL THE COUPON NOW!**

FASHIONABLE DRESS, 250 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed please find \$1 for which please send me FASHIONABLE DRESS for 5 months, beginning with the ..... issue.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

GOOD FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY





Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnson showing how Miss Hopper looks today.

## An Invitation

by Edna Wallace Hopper

YOU'VE heard of this woman who has been a stage beauty over forty years, and of the French beauty formulas that have kept her beautiful for a lifetime. But you never have had so wonderful an offer as she makes you here!

This is your golden opportunity to have your own beauty box of Edna Wallace Hopper's own beauty requisites. Not just a collection of stingy samples of commercial cosmetics, but liberal quantities of seven scientific aids to beauty culture; the self-same things this famous beauty spent years in searching out; the secrets once known only in France.

Look at the photograph of Miss Hopper—taken this year. At a grandmother's age, she still looks like a flapper. That's what the right beauty aids can do; what ordinary tallow creams and crude clays and starchy powders can never accomplish. Try these seven aids, in generous quantities; enough powder for six weeks, all in decorative box suitable for travel or home use; for coupon and only 50c.

**Full-sized packages would cost you over four dollars!**

Certificate for full fifty-cent tube of exquisite Quindent toothpaste will be included, so this week-end beauty case really costs you nothing!

### Complete Beauty Outfit 50c

Containing Every  
Beauty Need

Mail this special-offer coupon at once to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago—enclosing 50c (stamps accepted) for liberal trial sizes of all seven of these beauty aids, Miss Hopper's own beauty book, also certificate good for 50c tube of Quindent toothpaste.

Name.....

Street.....

P. O..... 9-M.P.M.







# Your whole Appearance depends upon Your Hair

**F**ORTUNATELY, beautiful hair is now easily obtained. You can have hair that is charming and attractive if you simply shampoo it properly.

Proper shampooing is what makes your hair soft, silky, and beautiful. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

*Without beautiful, well-kept hair, you can never be really attractive. Soft, silky hair radiates loveliness and is the most ALLURING CHARM any woman can possess. It makes the plainest features appear soft and sweet. Fortunately, beautiful hair is now easily obtained.*

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

First, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

## Just Notice the Difference

**Y**OU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. Even while wet it will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule

to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, glossy, fresh-looking and easy to manage—and make it fairly sparkle with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



M U L S I F I E D   C O C O A N U T   O I L   S H A M P O O



# Motion Picture



S-M

OCTOBER

25 CENTS

Dorothy Devore

MORRIS  
STONE

Filling *their* Shoes

So Good to Their Mothers

Baby Stars Good-bye to Curlhood

Baby Stars Learn Talkie-Talk





## Always—A Perfect Wave

By Edna Wallace Hopper

NOW you can have the thrill of a lovely, natural-looking wave that will soften your features. So much depends upon a soft expression. The captivating face is vivacious but it must be framed by a caressing wave. A rigid "corrugated" wave has a hardening effect.

To give your hair the pliability that is necessary for a flattering wave, I want you to try my Wave and Sheen. It is more than a curling fluid. It not only sets a permanent in the shortest possible time but can be used just as well if you wave your own hair, as I do. My hair must always look its best—my daily appearance on the stage demands it. Starring as a flapper in my sixties is a startling role. So whatever else I do I must look young. And one of my greatest assets is the sheen of my hair. It simply glows with life. In fact, the first comments my audiences make are about my hair.

Send this coupon and ten cents for a sample of

**WAVE AND SHEEN**

to make your hair

**Wave—Scintillate—Attract**

I will enclose with it samples of my Youth Cream and Youth Powder. Both are results of my worldwide search for the best science produces in cream and face powder. They are of French formulae.

## SEND THIS COUPON

to Edna Wallace Hopper  
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

with 10 cents for Sample of  
**WAVE AND SHEEN**  
to prove to yourself what  
a difference a becoming  
wave makes in your  
features.



**FREE!**

I will also send you a  
sample of my Youth  
Cream and Youth Powder,  
three samples in all.

Name.....

Street.....

P. O. .... State..... **10-TSC**  
10-M.P.M.



# HERE! HEAR! the Modern Movie Miracle!

WILLIAM FOX presents a

# FOX

# MOVIETONE

HEAR! and see the  
Orchestra  
play

HEAR! and see the  
Desert Sheik



HEAR! and see the  
ORIENT

HEAR! and see the  
Gondolier sing  
of Love

*Best to HEAR!! Best to SEE!!*

IT'S coming your way! Another Fox Masterpiece—FAZIL! A picture with an enthralling story dramatically narrated by Howard Hawks.

East loves West and West loves East..Greta Nissen and Charles Farrell. See these two daring lovers, who first find themselves through the song of a Venetian gondolier and then lose themselves in the maze of reckless romance. Follow them through the gay Western World—the mysterious East. See Her conquer over His harem. See Him undecided between breaking Her heart and breaking His laws! Then one of the greatest climaxes in moving picture history—the final scene beside a desert oasis—where Greta Nissen will make you forget Cleopatra!

FAZIL is indeed an amazing picture to see! And—it is also an amazing picture to HEAR! In FAZIL you will hear that astonishing movie miracle—FOX MOVIE TONE. It puts SOUND into movies—realistic, true-to-life sound! In FAZIL you hear the gondolier sing his Venetian Song of Love. You hear the voices of the desert. You hear a full symphony orchestra, as though you were sitting in a great moving picture cathedral on Broadway. Fox Movietone doubles your movie fun. You won't believe your own ears! It's as true to your ears as it is to your eyes—because the SOUND, like the scene, is PHOTOGRAPHED. Watch for Fox Movietone in your town—See a Fox Movietone, you'll hear a great show!

**FOX MOVIE TONE**—The Sound and Sight Sensation



# LOVE GAVE HIM COURAGE FOR HIS DEATH DEFYING SLIDE **WILLIAM HAINES**

## in **EXCESS BAGGAGE**

with Josephine Dunn and Ricardo Cortez

A James Cruze Production—Based on the play by John McGowan—Continuity by Frances Marion—A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture—Directed by James Cruze



### SEE—REMEMBER AND CASH IN

Mighty few people can remember what they've seen after it's all over. You can test your own memory—and possibly win a prize, by answering these five questions. To the man sending in the best answers I'll give \$50 in cash and the domino I wear in my new picture, "Excess Baggage." To the lady sending in the best answers I'll also give \$50, and Miss Dunn, who plays opposite me, will give the make-up kit she used in the back stage scenes. In addition I will send autographed photographs for the fifty next best answers.

*William Haines*

### BILL HAINES' FIVE QUESTIONS

- 1 What new M-G-M picture has a South Sea Island setting?
- 2 What two Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer World Tours are now in progress?
- 3 What does "continuity" mean in motion picture making?
- 4 In 75 words or less tell who your favorite M-G-M director is and why.
- 5 Which M-G-M actress is called the screen's leading comedienne and name two comedies in which she has played?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1542 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by October 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of John Gilbert Contest  
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WILLIAM HAINES



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"More Stars than there are in Heaven"





Volume XXXVI, No. 3

October, 1928

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### FIFTEEN-DOLLAR LETTER

#### The Crime Wave

WAXAHACHIE, TEXAS—Have the movies gone crime picture mad?

The crook play theme can be overdone, both in treatment and in number of plots given over to such a subject. Danger lurks therein.

Is it necessary that we methodically steep the show-going public's mind in thoughts of lawlessness—murder—assault? Surely this excess is not wholesome, particularly for the children who attend cinema performances.

While we would not have the motion picture flaunt the lie that life is a beautiful path of roses, with never a thorn to pain the heart and never an evil deed to change a destiny, at the same time we realize that a trend toward picturing the seamy side of life almost to the exclusion of the good and beautiful is not a good influence.

What the Good Book says about "As a man thinketh" strikes home. It is not well for one to have too much before his mind's eye scenes of deviltry. Anyway, why not hit the happy medium—fortunately just what life usually does—and mingle the sweet and the bitter?

When the cinema balances are drawn down far on the side of the sordid, it is time for an adjustment.

Sincerely,  
Floyd Casebolt.

### TEN-DOLLAR LETTER

#### Not a Bed of Roses

DAYTON, OHIO—Since my recent visit to several of the leading studios in California, where I witnessed movies in the making, motion pictures have been twice as fascinating to me as formerly. Prior to my visit to the capital of Filmland, an evening spent at the movies was an enjoyable experience, but I realize now that I did not properly appreciate all the effort put forth in making a picture.

When one views a picture in its final state of perfection, it is difficult to realize that certain scenes have been done over and over again to the entire

satisfaction of the "powers that be." At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, we watched an actor of prominence work for almost an entire afternoon until the desired expression was registered.

At Universal, we spent another afternoon, watching a banquet scene, employing a large number of extras, being made for an aviation comedy which has recently been released. From early afternoon, until hunger recalled us back to Hollywood, the diners remained seated at the banquet table, while the scene was taken and retaken, and mechanical difficulties taken care of in the meantime. It appears to be a glamorous life, but it evidently has its monotonous and tiresome moments.

Sincerely,  
Marie R. Barnes.

### FIVE-DOLLAR LETTER

#### To Talk or Not to Talk

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—No, no, no and again NO! We do not want "talking" pictures! We go to the movies to relax—to sit in a nice, comfortable seat in a dark, silent theater and watch the antics of Charlie and Kate; the conflicts, struggles, passions of John and Mary. We go to the movies to be entertained and amused without any effort on our part; to rest; not to think or use any mental energy. And to listen to conversation requires mental effort which destroys the very effect the movies are supposed to produce. And as one movie manager said—there is quite enough conversation in the movie theater without the Vitaphone!

The legitimate theater is the place for talking actors. Leave them there! We don't want nor need them in the movies!

Sincerely,  
A. L.

## Prizes for Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will award cash prizes for the three best letters published. Fifteen dollars will be paid for the best letter, ten dollars for the second best, and five dollars for the third. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 200 words or less, and let's know what's on your mind. Anonymous communications will not be considered and no letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use only initials if requested. Address: Letters to the Editor, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

### Fred Niblo is Guilty

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—I don't know who directed "The Enemy" and I don't particularly care, but whoever he is, he understands human nature and human weaknesses (witness the little children playing soldier while the elders discuss the abolition of war) and further—

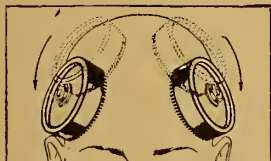
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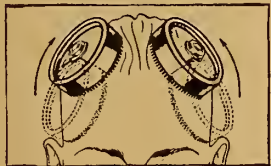
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**Adorée, Renée**—recently completed *Tide of Empire*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Arlen, Richard**—playing in *Dirigible*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Armstrong, Robert**—playing in *Show Folks*—Pathé-De Mille Studio, Culver City, Cal.

**Astor, Mary**—playing in *Dry Martini*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Asther, Nils**—recently completed *The Cardboard Lover*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

\* \* \*

**Baclanova, Olga**—playing in *Docks of New York*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bancroft, George**—playing in *Docks of New York*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Banky, Vilma**—playing in *The Awakening*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Barrymore, John**—recently completed *Tempest*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Barrymore, Lionel**—playing in *Alias Jimmy Valentine*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Barthelmess, Richard**—playing in *Scarlet Seas*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Basquette, Lina**—playing in *Show Folks*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Beery, Noah**—recently completed *Noah's Ark*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Beery, Wallace**—playing in *Beggars of Life*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bell, Rex**—playing in *The Girl-Shy Cowboy*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bellamy, Madge**—playing in *Mother Knows Best*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Blue, Monte**—playing in *Conquest*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Boles, John**—playing in *The Last Warning*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Borden, Olive**—playing in *Gang War*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bow, Clara**—playing in *The Fleet's In*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Boyd, William**—playing in *The Love Song*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Brent, Evelyn**—playing in *Interference*—Caddo Productions, Hollywood, Cal.

**Brian, Mary**—playing in *Just Twenty-One*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bronson, Betty**—playing in *The Singing Fool*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Brook, Clive**—playing in *Interference*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Brooks, Louise**—playing in *The Canary Murder Case*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Brown, Johnny Mack**—playing in *A Woman of Affairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

\* \* \*

**Carol, Sue**—playing in *Captain Swagger*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Carroll, Nancy**—recently completed *The Water Hole*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Chandler, Lane**—playing in *Dirigible*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Chaney, Lon**—playing in *West of Zanzibar*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Chaplin, Charles**—recently completed *The Circus*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

**Cody, Lew**—playing in *A Single Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Collier, Jr., William**—recently completed *Tide of Empire*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Colman, Ronald**—playing in *The Rescue*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Compson, Betty**—playing in *The Barker*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Conklin, Chester**—recently completed *Varsity*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Cooper, Gary**—playing in *The Shopworn Angel*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Costello, Dolores**—playing in *The Redeeming Sin*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Costello, Helene**—playing in *The Midnight Taxi*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Crawford, Joan**—recently completed *Four Walls*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Damita, Lili**—playing in *The Rescue*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Dane, Karl**—playing in *Alias Jimmy Valentine*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Daniels, Bebe**—playing in *Take Me Home*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Davies, Marion**—recently completed *The Cardboard Lover*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Del Rio, Dolores**—playing in *Revenge*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Denny, Reginald**—playing in *The Night Bird*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**D'Arcy, Roy**—playing in *The Last Warning*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Dawson, Doris**—playing in *Do Your Duty*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**De Putti, Lya**—playing in *The Scarlet Lady*—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Dix, Richard**—playing in *Moran of the Marines*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Dove, Billie**—playing in *The Night Watch*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Dunn, Josephine**—playing in *The Singing Fool*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Duryea, George**—playing in *Marked Money*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Fairbanks, Douglas**—playing in *The Man with the Iron Mask*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

**Farrell, Charles**—playing in *Backwash*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Fawcett, George**—playing in *The Mask of the Devil*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Fazenda, Louise**—playing in *Noah's Ark*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Ferris, Audrey**—playing in *The Little Wildcat*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Foxe, Earle**—playing in *None But the Brave*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Gaynor, Janet**—recently completed *The 4 Devils*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Garbo, Greta**—playing in *A Woman of Affairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Gibson, Hoot**—playing in *Riding for Fame*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Gilbert, John**—playing in *A Woman of Affairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Grant, Lawrence**—recently completed *The Woman from Moscow*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Gray, Lawrence**—playing in *Oh Kay!*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Griffith, Corinne**—playing in *Outcast*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Haines, William**—playing in *Alias Jimmy Valentine*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Hale, Alan**—playing in *Marked Money*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Hall, James**—playing in *The Fleet's In*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Hamilton, Neil**—playing in *Take Me Home*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

(Continued on page 12)





**HIS RUIN OR -**

**HER DISGRACE?**

*-which would  
you choose?*

Sudden lights in the sea's darkness.....  
A shot.— Confusion.— A giant dread-  
naught sinking.....

A brave commander courtmartialled for  
neglect of duty.

Only one fact that can prove his inno-  
cence..... And only the woman he loves  
can prove that fact.

Only one place where she could have  
gained the knowledge that will free her  
husband..... And that place the cabin of  
Lieutenant D'Artelle!

Facing a hundred piercing eyes that even  
her thrilling loveliness cannot soften  
..... A woman alone among vindictive  
men in the merciless high naval court

..... Trembling — nerve-torn, in the ter-  
rible hush that awaits her answer!

One word — and her husband goes to  
disgrace and ruin —

Another — and she is a woman to be for-  
ever scorned!

With two such fates in the balance, what  
would *your* answer be?

Decide for yourself. — Then see the un-  
expected outcome of this suspense-filled  
situation in "THE NIGHT WATCH", one of  
the tensest stories ever screened, with the  
famous American Beauty, BILLIE DOVE.

Presented by Richard A. Rowland and  
directed by Alexander Korda, it is a sam-  
ple of the 50 better-than-ever pictures  
coming from FIRST NATIONAL this year.

**BILLIE DOVE** *in*

**A First National Picture**

Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"



*The* **NIGHT WATCH**



# In the Starry Kingdom

(Continued from page 10)



**10 minutes  
a day  
rolls  
the fat  
away!**

**Fashion decrees that the figure be slender and graceful. Women who are fat in spots—in the abdomen, hips, throat, underarm, or elsewhere—need no longer worry!**

Simply use the wonderful Frances Jordan Reducer 10 minutes daily! It does away with massage treatments—with hot baths, dieting, strenuous exercise, and drugs. It removes the fat just where you want it removed—nowhere else. There is no discomfort—no exertion—no wrinkles nor flabby flesh!

The Frances Jordan stimulates the circulation and the fat spots are absorbed. It relieves constipation and tones up the nerves.

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**REDUCER**  
FRANCES JORDAN, INC.  
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**Haver, Phyllis**—playing in *Office Scandal*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.  
**Hersholt, Jean**—playing in *The Girl on the Barge*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.  
**Hines, Johnny**—playing in *The Wright Idea*—Tec-Art Studios, 5350 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.  
**Holt, Jack**—recently completed *The Water Hole*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.  
**Hoxie, Jack**—playing in *Men of Daring*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.  
**Hughes, Lloyd**—recently completed *Heart to Heart*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.  
**Hyams, Leila**—playing in *Alias Jimmy Valentine*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Jannings, Emil**—playing in *Sins of the Fathers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.  
**Jolson, Al**—playing in *The Singing Fool*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.  
**Joy, Leatrice**—recently completed *The Bellamy Trial*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Keaton, Buster**—playing in *The Cameraman*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.  
**Kent, Barbara**—recently completed *The Shakedown*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.  
**Kent, Larry**—playing in *The Haunted House*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.  
**Knyon, Doris**—recently completed *The Hawk's Nest*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.  
**Kerry, Norman**—recently completed *The Woman From Moscow*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Langdon, Harry**—playing in *Heart Trouble*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.  
**Lake, Arthur**—playing in *Harold of Hollywood*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.  
**La Plante, Laura**—playing in *The Last Warning*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.  
**La Rocque, Rod**—playing in *Captain Swagger*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.  
**Lloyd, Harold**—recently completed *Speedy*—Harold Lloyd Productions, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Loff, Jcannette**—playing in *Annapolis*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.  
**Logan, Jacqueline**—playing in *The Spieler*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.  
**Lorraine, Louise**—playing in *The Wright Idea*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.  
**Lowe, Edmund**—playing in *Outcast*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.  
**Loy, Myrna**—playing in *State Street Sadie*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.  
**Luden, Jack**—playing in *Sins of the Fathers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**MacDonald, Farrell**—playing in *Riley, the Cop*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**MacGregor, Malcolm**—playing in *The Girl on the Barge*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.  
**Mackaill, Dorothy**—playing in *Waterfront*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Maynard, Ken**—playing in *Cheyenne*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.  
**McAvoy, May**—playing in *The Terror*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.  
**McCooy, Tim**—playing in *Sioux Blood*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.  
**McLaglen, Victor**—playing in *The River Pirate*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.  
**Meighan, Thomas**—playing in *The Mating Call*—Caddo Productions, Hollywood, Cal.  
**Moore, Colleen**—recently completed *Oh Kay!*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.  
**Moran, Lois**—playing in *Fog*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Moreno, Antonio**—playing in *The Midnight Taxi*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Morton, Charles**—playing in *None But the Brave*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.  
**Mulhall, Jack**—playing in *Waterfront*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.  
**Murray, Charles**—playing in *Do Your Duty*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Murray, James**—playing in *The Shakedown*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Nagel, Conrad**—playing in *War in the Dark*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.  
**Negri, Pola**—recently completed *The Woman From Moscow*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.  
**Nilsson, Anna O.**—recently completed *The Whip*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.  
**Nissen, Grcta**—recently completed *The Butler and Egg Man*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Nixon, Marian**—recently completed *Out of the Ruins*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.  
**Norton, Barry**—playing in *Mother Knows Best*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.  
**Novarro, Ramon**—playing in *Gold Braid*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.  
**Nolan, Mary**—playing in *West of Zanzibar*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.  
**Nugent, Eddie**—playing in *Gold Braid*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**O'Brien, George**—playing in *Fog*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.  
**O'Neil, Sally**—playing in *The Girl on the Barge*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.  
**Oland, Warner**—recently completed *Stand and Deliver*—Pathé-De Mille Productions, Culver City, Cal.  
**Olmstead, Gertrude**—playing in *The Hit of the Show*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Page, Anita**—playing in *Gold Braid*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.  
**Philbin, Mary**—playing in *Forbidden Love*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.  
**Pickford, Mary**—recently completed *My Best Girl*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.  
**Powell, William**—playing in *The Canary Murder Case*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.  
**Prevost, Marie**—recently completed *The Godless Girl*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.  
**Pringle, Aileen**—playing in *A Single Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Ralston, Esther**—playing in *The Case of Lena Smith*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Ralston, Jobyna**—playing in *The Night Flyer*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.  
**Ray, Charles**—recently completed *The Garden of Eden*—United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Cal.  
**Rich, Irene**—playing in *Ned McCobb's Daughter*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.  
**Roberts, Theodore**—playing in *The Mask of the Devil*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Rogers, Charles (Buddy)**—playing in *Just Twenty-One*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.  
**Rubens, Alma**—playing in *The Mask of the Devil*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Schildkraut, Rudolph**—recently completed *Tenth Avenue*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Sebastian, Dorothy**—playing in *A Woman of Affairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Shearer, Norma**—playing in *The Little Angel*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.  
**Sills, Milton**—playing in *Hard Rock*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Steele, Bob**—playing in *Lightning Speed*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.  
**Stuart, Nick**—playing in *Chasing Through Europe*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Swanson, Gloria**—playing in *The Swamp*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Talmadge, Norma**—recently completed *The Woman Disputed*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Taylor, Ruth**—playing in *The Canary Murder Case*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Thomson, Fred**—playing in *Kit Carson*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Todd, Thelma**—playing in *The Haunted House*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Tryon, Glenn**—recently completed *The Kid's Clever*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.  
**Tyler, Tom**—playing in *Gun Law*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Valli, Virginia**—playing in *The Escape*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Varconi, Victor**—recently completed *The Divine Lady*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Velez, Lupe**—playing in *The Love Song*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

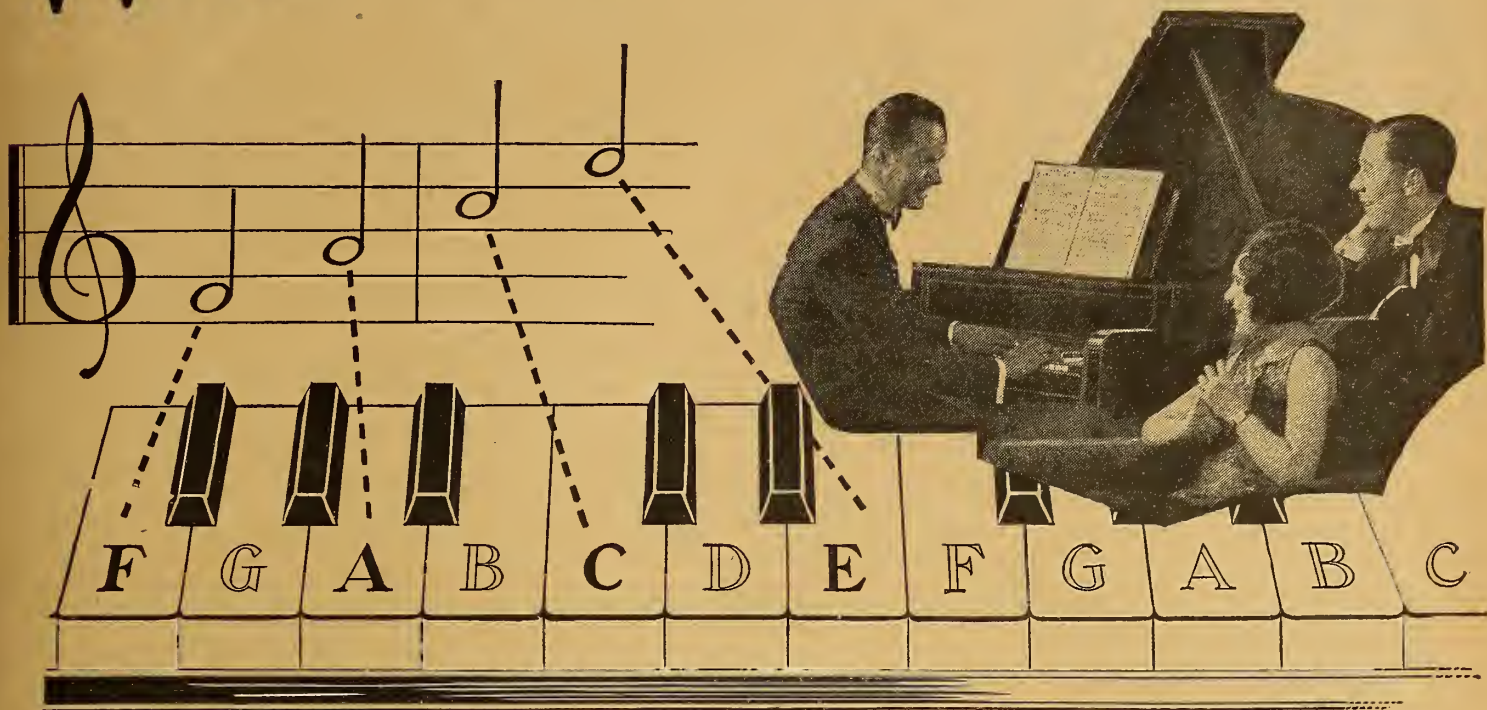
**Veidt, Conrad**—playing in *The Play Goes On*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Vidor, Florence**—playing in *Divorce Bound*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Warner, H. B.**—playing in *Conquest*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.  
**White, Alice**—playing in *Show Girl*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.  
**Wilson, Lois**—playing in *Conquest*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.  
**Wray, Fay**—playing in *Dirigible*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.



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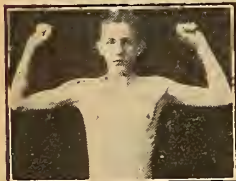
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| Guitar                | 'Cello    |
| Hawaiian Steel Guitar |           |
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30 DAYS LATER

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UPON completion of "Moran of the Marines," Richard Dix will start work on "Redskin," which will be made in color. Louise Brooks is cast as an Indian girl opposite him.

EXTERIORS of "The Butterfly Chaser," the Harold Lloyd sound picture, are now being filmed in San Francisco. This story somewhat resembles the theme of "Grandma's Boy."

ALTHOUGH he had been confined to a sanitarium for some time, Ward Crane's death on July 21 was somewhat of a shock to the film industry. His age at the time of his death was twenty-seven.

SUE CAROL has moved over to the Universal lot to play opposite Glenn Tryon in his forthcoming picture, "It Can Be Done."

LEILA HYAMS, who has been working at Warner Bros. Studios for some time, has been assigned the leading rôle opposite William Haines in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." The supporting cast includes Karl Dane, Lionel Barrymore, Tully Marshall and Howard Hickman.

KARL BROWN, who did "Stark Love" for Paramount with a cast of natives from the Ozarks, has been assigned to direct "The Wildcat" for Columbia Pictures.

TOM MOORE has been signed to make two pictures for FBO. One is "His Last Haul," which will be directed by Marshall Neilan, and the other is "The Yellowback."

FBO has also signed Noah Beery for two pictures, "The Red Sword" and "Love in the Desert."

BRITISH NATIONAL PICTURES of London has signed Gilda Gray, originator of the Shimmy dance, to make a picture which will be titled "Piccadilly," by Arnold Bennett. E. A. Dupont, director of "Variety," will be at the megaphone.



P. & A. Photo

Mayor Jimmy Walker, of New York City, received a riotous welcome when he was a guest of the stars and executives at First National Studio, Burbank, California. He was photographed while saying a few words through the microphone

BARRY NORTON, whom you will remember as the "Mamma's Boy" of "What Price Glory," will play the rôle of Emil Jannings' son in his next starring picture for Paramount, "Sins of the Fathers."

LEATRICE JOY has forsaken the silent for the spoken drama temporarily. The feminine lead in "The Equal" is Miss Joy's rôle on the legitimate stage.

"THE YANKEE DOODLE DANDY OF THE SCREEN" has been judged the winning slogan by Universal for the Glenn Tryon contest. The winning slogan was submitted by Ernest Strubbe, of New York City.

DORIS KENYON will appear in Vitaphone's film version of George M. Cohan's play, "The Home Towners."

THE cast selected to date for Universal's "Show Boat" includes Laura La Plante, Joseph Schildkraut, Alma Rubens, Emily Fitzroy, Jack McDonald and Otis Harlan. Harry Pollard is the director.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS has started production on his new film, "Scarlet Seas," a sea story based on an original by Scott Darling, which marks Richard Barthelmess' return to ocean-going productions.

JOHN GILBERT and Greta Garbo have just begun work as co-stars in "A Woman of Affairs," which is being directed by Clarence Brown who directed them in "Flesh and the Devil" and "Love." The story was written for them by Michael Arlen.

ANITA PAGE is playing the feminine lead in Ramon Novarro's new starring film, "Gold Braid." Miss Page made her screen debut in the William Haines picture, "Telling the World."

WHEN CECIL DE MILLE joins the Metro-Goldwyn organization he plans to take a number of players with him. Phyllis Haver, George Duryea, Eddie Quillan, Rod La Rocque and some technicians may go with De Mille.



# To Men Getting Bald I Say!

No matter how fast your hair is falling out—no matter how much of it is already gone—I make this amazing guarantee! I'll end dandruff—stop falling hair—grow new hair in 30 days—or you don't pay me a cent! No strings attached! No "Ifs", "Ands" or "Maybes"! New hair or no pay! And you are the sole judge!



By ALOIS MERKE

Founder of the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York

**SAVE** yourself from baldness! Stop falling hair! Grasp this "no risk" offer to grow new healthy hair in 30 days!

## Here's My Contract!

If your hair is rapidly falling out—if your appearance is spoiled by approaching baldness—if you have tried countless expensive hair treatments unsuccessfully—it makes no difference. My contract stands! I'll grow new hair in thirty days—or the trial costs you NOTHING!

## Here's My Secret!

Years of training and research and day after day experience in treating thousands of cases of loss of hair at the famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, N. Y., have taught me many valuable facts about the hair—and this, the most amazing of all—that in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead, but merely dormant—asleep!

You're wasting your time—you're throwing away money—when you try to reach these dormant roots with ordinary hair tonics, oils, massages and salves. For such measures treat only the surface

skin and never even get to the roots, the real source of trouble. How could they ever possibly grow new hair?

## My Method Reaches the Roots

It's no use trying to make a tree grow by rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark. You must get to the roots!

And that's just why my scientific treatment is so tremendously beneficial! It penetrates *below* the surface of the scalp. It quickly reaches the *cause* of the trouble—the dormant, starving hair roots. It awakens them. Hair begins to sprout again. It takes on new life and color. It becomes stronger and thicker. And in a surprisingly short time—sooner than you ever imagined possible—you have a new healthy growth of hair—OR I PAY ALL COSTS OF THE TREATMENT MYSELF!

And best of all, my system is so simple that it can be used in any home where there is electricity without the slightest discomfort—and for just a few cents a day!

## New Hair or No Cost!

Thousands claim seeming miracles for my treatment. I don't. I admit some cases of loss of hair are hopeless. Only remember this—these cases are so very rare and so many hundreds of others have regained luxuriant hair through my method,

## EVIDENCE!

### Hair Coming Back

"Having used your Thermocap Treatment for 30 days, I find a new growth of hair coming back on bald spot. It is growing in very fine. The Thermocap is a treatment that every one who is losing his hair should buy."

G. H. C., Portland, Me.

### Dandruff Leaves Entirely

"I want to tell you how wonderful your treatment is. The first week my dandruff left entirely, and by the third week a new growth of hair could be seen all over my head."

Mrs. H. S., Port Angeles, Wash.

### Partly Bald for 10 Years

"I have been partly bald for the last 10 years and have used your treatment only four weeks to date, but I can already see a new crop of hair coming in."

J. A. K., Anderson, Ind.

that I am willing to let you try it for 30 days—AT MY RISK!

Then if you are not absolutely delighted—say so. And I'll mail you a check immediately—refunding every cent of your money—and the treatment will have cost you NOTHING!

## Free Booklet Tells All

The very fact that you have read this announcement shows that you are anxious about the condition of your hair. So why not investigate? Find out for yourself. If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon I will gladly send you without cost or obligation a wonderfully interesting booklet, which describes in detail my successful system, which is growing new hair for thousands all over the country. In addition it tells all about my iron-clad guarantee which enables you to take my treatment without a penny's risk. Clip and mail the coupon today. *Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 5610, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.*



**Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.**  
Dept. 5610, 512 Fifth Avenue,  
New York City.

Please send me without cost or obligation a copy of your book, "The New Way to Make Hair Grow," describing the Merke System.

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City.....State.....



# LEFT OVERS

## HOLLYWOOD NIGHT AND DAY

By **WALTER RAMSEY**

**Thoughts While Sauntering:** Half the people on the Boulevard in riding-habits—there aren't that many horses—Bebe Daniels with her latest toy dog—brawny bearded man eating an ice-cream cone—wonder what a second assistant cameraman thinks about?—or *do* they?—a negro spittoon-cleaner muttering—just muttering—What price glory?—*do* gentlemen prefer blondes?—sometimes I wonder if there are enough gentlemen to go around—William K. Howard walking home from the Christie Hotel—why the K?—two "boys" who have gone Hollywood—not even your best friend will tell you—but "don't sell this country short"—you do and you'll wipe it up—Mary Ford looking like Mona Lisa—Louis Wolheim looking like anything else *but*—Mary Carr and George Washington should have known each other—the "mother" of an industry and the "father" of his country—what a pair!—another great team—Mr. Marquis Swanson and Mr. Prince Murray—truck-driver driving a truck—real estate salesmen looking like movie stars—movie stars looking like real estate salesmen—or worse—countless little shops—business seems to be rushing—past the door—Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor looking happy—so would I—why does Charlie Chaplin leave dime tips?—*shiny, new* dime tips—why, *Mr. Rockefeller*—Carl Laemmle being followed—by "His Relations"—eminent author asking someone how to spell "Writers' Club"—Joan Crawford trading an autographed picture of herself for a green negligée in a small "shoppe"—Doug, Jr. watching her through the window—pointing to a black negligée—and you ask me why—and you ask me why?

Hollywood, long suspected of being the home address of night life, has just succeeded in living up to its reputation. She has gone and done it. Witness the opening of our *first* night club—mind you, the *very* first! "The Pom-Pom." Where "nude" girls sway and swing out of time. Where entertainers bray and sing out of tune. Where your left hand knoweth not what your right hand containeth. Each person who enters the sacred *jernt* pays his share of the mortgage—and I don't mean in one-dollar bills. All hell is raised until 12:30 A. M. Hollywood can hardly be expected to get used to night clubs right off the bat.

Every restaurant man in our midst is going hay-wire thinking up trick-look-

ing hashhouses. One may have luncheon at the "Cuckoo Clock," tea at the "Canary Cottage," dinner at the "Zulu Hut" and a midnight snack at the "Brown Derby." Each one of these famous, little bucket-shops is built to suggest its name. The *next*, will probably be a pretzel built to resemble Lon Chaney.

These eccentric eating emporiums are like Hollywood extras. Most of them don't have enough patronage to keep going—but they hang on, bankrupt and balmy. And then there is always the chance that they may get over—and feed *enchiladas* to Gloria Swanson or Chop Suey to Charlie Chaplin.



Ray Jones

Reginald Denny and his fiancée, Isobel Stiefel, who's changed her name to Betsy Lee, posed for the photographer in this rustic scene far from the madding crowd—in the San Bernardino Mountains

But the "White Spot" goes on all night. The proprietor started with a hundred dollars borrowed capital and an idea. He ended up by having a great many thousands in the bank and still going strong. And the same idea. He sleeps, walks and talks hamburgers. *We* eat 'em! By the millions. A steady stream of people come and go twenty-four hours a day. Contented. You can see movie stars in full dress sit down next to a day laborer in greasy overalls at the counter—and love it. You'll hear: "One *with Onions*"—"Coffee." You'll see:

(on the sign outside the door) "From a *Hamburger to an Institution.*"

To the beach—! à la steaming radiator. I *love* the beach. For *other* people. Everyone was there—four movie stars and two hundred press reporters. Each reporter doing his damndest to get a different slant on the four "unsuspecting" stars. I arrived late, so I had to get mine from *below*. Lying flat on my back in wet sand, munching a cold hot dog I gathered the following dope: Sue Carol—you just *know* she wears them. Olive Borden—the less said, the better! (But for two dollars and a self-addressed, stamped envelope, I should tell you.) I was all of a bib-and-tucker at this point, MY DEAR, when along came beefy George O'Brien (Olive's fiancé) and kicked sand in my eyes. Thus endeth all operations. Can you BEAR it, my dear?

Tripping down the Boulevard, I came upon our cash-and-carry citizen—Peter, the Hermit. He's *tried* to be original, at least. Just like some of the other boys who think they have something new and eccentric to put over on the natives, it's a cinch that within forty-eight hours they'll catch themselves coming around the corner—beard, spats and all. Too bad they can't patent some of their trick get-ups. There was a time when Peter was as distinctive as Pola Negri. He was the last word in hermits. He strayed around the Boulevard, bare-headed and bare-footed—gotten up as a Sunday school picture of Moses receiving the Ten Commandments. Peter became the rage. He was wine and dined. But—just as he had the world by the tail—a couple hundred other high-class hermits sprung up and stole his thunder. They bump into each other on the Boulevard. They infest the hills. Their tents overlap. Their collies, and goats and donkeys snap and bray in confusion. How can an A-1 hermit look lonely with so much competition?

PEOPLE I LIKE: Lansing Brown. Because he's a good kid. And takes "swall" pictures. And serves good Scotch—aged while you wait. And tells good stories. And listens to mine.

Sign on the Playhouse Theater: "What A Man." Afternoons, 50c—Evenings, \$1.00. (Summer Rates.) What a man!



"We are advertised by our loving friends"



Earle Adams Hobart  
Milltown, Maine



Ellen Jane Foster, Butler, Pa.



Anna Lou Dryfuse  
Tiffin, Ohio

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Fresh sweet milk modified with Mellin's Food is a palatable mixture—all babies like it and take it eagerly.

The baby's food properly prepared from fresh sweet milk and Mellin's Food is full and complete nourishment for it contains all the nutritive elements needed for the continual building up of various cells and tissues of the body, and in such well adjusted proportions as to assure constant growth of flesh, muscle and bone.

Babies who are fed in this manner offer ample evidence of satisfactory progress by their strength of body, healthy color, regular gain in weight and good resistance.

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**Mellin's**  
Food  
**Biscuits**

Especially suitable  
when it becomes time to wean  
the baby from the bottle

**Mellin's**  
Food  
**Biscuits**

*A sample box sent free, postage paid, upon request.*

**Mellin's Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.**





## • POISE •

*Some have it and some haven't*

Some men can make their way on poise alone. Some men can't make their way for lack of it.

And yet—

When a man steps out of a bath it is with the feeling that the world is at his feet. And when he puts on clean linen from top to toe, he puts on with it a feeling of self-confidence that often will carry him far.



*There's self-assurance in* **SOAP & WATER**

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN SOAP AND GLYCERINE PRODUCERS, INC., TO AID THE WORK OF CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE





Real estate values in Chicago—particularly those in the downtown districts—are expected soon to rise as suddenly as indiscreet politicians. For Myrna Loy is scheduled next to appear on the screen in the title rôle of “State Street Sadie”





*Spurr*

George Duryea, say those who have seen the picture, has made the significant hit of his not overlong career as the boy-friend of "The Godless Girl." As Hollywood has it, George both screens and acts like a DeMillion dollars





*Spurr*

Is Sally Eilers stimulating? How could she help being with such smartness and such a provocative vivacity. And with these, how could the producers help casting her for a leading rôle in "Dry Martini"





*Carsey*

Movie studio electricians know more about lighting than anybody else in the world. And more about the charm and good-fellowship of screen stars than they do about lighting. This year, of all the players in Hollywood, they voted Doris Dawson the most popular. Are they to blame?





*Hommel*

Fraternal affection is a pretty ideal. But we have an idea that neither Karl Dane nor George K. Arthur, playing with Jean Arthur in "Brotherly Love," can succeed in keeping his heart strictly within the family





Ball

There is cause for the revival of the old song warning all young girls to look out for *Jimmy Valentine*, now that this famous crook story is to be screened again, and this time with William Haines in the title rôle, for their hearts, at his hands, will be no safer than a safe





*Ball*

The screen has been much criticized for its want of precision. But this, we think, is in many cases unfair. For all fans will agree that a new picture featuring Lilyan Tashman could have no more appropriate title than "Happiness Ahead"





*Spurr*

Anyone who doesn't believe that Richard Dix has entirely recovered from his recent illness and that he isn't his old and his own rugged self again, should keep in mind that he's undertaken right off to play the rôle of a Marine in "Moran of the Movies"



# Motion Picture

October, 1928

MAJOR GEORGE K. SHULER  
*Publisher*

LAURENCE REID  
*Managing Editor*

DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR.  
*General Manager*

## Camera!

**N**OT long after the word efficiency became the most popular in the language of the business man, there was a joke about an innovation that one firm had made.

"How has business been going since you installed that new card-index system?" a friend asked the boss.

"Oh," said the boss, "it's taken so much of my time to run the system that I haven't had much time to fool around with business."

This anecdote is not advanced as being either novel or deserving of a belly-laugh. It has been dusted off and put on the table because it presents a situation which has its counterpart today in the exhibition of motion pictures.

### SUPER-SPECIAL USHERS

**F**OR what with special stage numbers, either under the guise of prologues or frankly set before the audience as additional attractions to the photoplay, and what with the equally theatrical features of management that have been instituted, fans may well say, if asked how they liked a picture at one of the big houses: "Oh, we didn't have much time to look at the picture. But the trained seals and the ushers were especially good this week."

So much has been said about the trained seal as an adjunct to the artistic presentation of a motion picture that further condemnation of this really pleasant animal is unnecessary. The one mistake he is making these days is in waiting for his trainer to throw him a fish, when the front of the house is peopled with them. When he wants a real meal, he should flap around to the box-office.

What we wish to call attention to here is rather the off-stage entertainers: the standing army of ushers, program-handers, and no-smoking-pleasers without which no million-dollar movie palace can look itself in the face.

### THE HUMAN LAMP-POST

**T**HE actions of these attendants individually and in mass has become more and more worthy of note and attractive of attention.

Let us take the usher as representative. He is no longer merely someone who finds a seat for you. Indeed, in many cases, his function has been directly reversed: he has become an official who keeps you from

finding a seat. When you arrive in the midst of the seals' or soloists' acts, he bars the way, a stalwart and grim figure in the middle of the aisle. With a disciplinary white glove and a shush of reproof, he bars your walking down to any of the three hundred and forty-three empty seats. After the seals are through, yes. But not until then. You should know better than to try. Your manners are not of the best. Back behind the tapes, please.

### SO THIS IS SERVICE!

**B**UT even more so are his other duties, his other official self: the positive and active efforts that he puts forth when sitting is permitted. Leaping toward the patron, halting stiffly and saluting, he proceeds first to spell out the name of the theater with the little light at the end of his wand. A complicated military maneuver follows, enabling the usher to turn about. This accomplished, he races down the aisle and is completely lost in the darkness. You follow blindly until you bump into him. More saluting, more gyrations of the wand, and you push past a whole row of people until you come out into the next aisle and find a seat for yourself. It's wonderful.

It's so wonderful that the directors of the destinies of the mammoth picture houses should develop it further. They regard it already as an attraction. Why not amplify it and advertise it accordingly? Why not have the ushers speak in blank verse or, better still, sing their stuff, with a few dance steps here and there for relief?

### MORE FUN!

**W**HY not have them disappear through trap doors and reappear next to the supposed empty seat? It could be a game with the patron to see whether or not he could find the usher. If he can, he can have his seat; if not, he has to watch the prologue. There are infinite possibilities. The thing, to use a daring phrase, is only in its infancy. It is worth cultivating. For today it is a known fact that despite the rigors of the stage entertainment many people have the stamina to stick through it and see the feature. The further development of the obstructive and diverting tactics of theater attendants might put an end to this, crush resistance entirely and so attain that greatest ambition of the greatest movie houses, to obliterate entirely the importance of the movie.



# Filling

*The Hollywoods  
to the Thrones*



No one ever has been found to fit exactly the shoes of these favorites of other days. They are: Barbara La Marr, in the top corner; Sidney Drew, on her right; Rudolph Valentino, just below her; Clarine Seymour, center; Wallace Reid, to the right of her; John Bunny, and at the left Harold Lockwood

**I**T'S all very well to love one another. And, of course, we do. With reservations, as Norma Talmadge says. But it is admittedly merely human to regard certain of the brothers through eyes in which the love-light is somewhat dimmed. Those who are after our jobs, for instance.

If you work in a bank, and the fellow whose job is just below yours seems over solicitous regarding your health, or looks brightly hopeful when the old man calls you into "conference," affection, for the moment, may not be your chief emotion. Or if that new go-getter salesman is given your territory just after you have it nicely primed, your congratulatory remarks may not contain just the heart-felt ring prescribed by scripture.

Have you ever thought of the feelings cherished by a star toward his understudy? There he is watchfully waiting in the wings each time you tread the boards of that stage whose legitimacy is o'er-much protested. Of course,

he isn't exactly hoping you'll break a leg—or even catch a medium-heavy cold. Not exactly. Yet your poison is his meat. And only through your disaster may the door to his success be opened.

Or imagine a movie star. No understudy hanging around the set. But plenty of bright young faces quite willing to replace yours on the screen, in the heart of your public, and at the cashier's window on pay days.

Some stars have been so successful. Others have proved irreplaceable. In many cases the patience of those "who only stand and wait" has been repaid by an opportunity for fame before the dead—or alive—man's shoes were ready for occupancy. They have won fortune on their own by the establishment of their own individual personalities on the screen. Again, every effort to usurp the box-office affections of the customers has proved abortive, and the carefully groomed pretender has been thrust into the outer darkness.

## A REPLICA OF RUDY

**W**HILE Rudy lived, he had some business differences with the producers which resulted in temporary banishment from the screen. This, you recall, was the time he toured the country on a dance contest project. Latin lovers had been made the last word in romance through the Valentino vogue. What, then, could be more simple than to dig up a similar type and through the power of publicity create his successor. That's how they figured it. And that, so they say, is how young Ramon Novarro made his debut before the kleigs.

Of course, Ramon carved a little kingdom of his own which still endures. But he never took Rudy's place. Nor did anyone else. Wisely enough, the producers have quit any attempt to fill it. With Valentino, the passion of the fans burned so brightly that his passing was the direct cause of an entirely different sort of hero being evolved. With increasingly few exceptions, the day of the languishing Lothario has passed. Names like Vic McLaglen, Eddie Lowe, Jack Gilbert, Ronald Colman are more on marquee. Anglo-Saxon and Celt are having their innings.

Perhaps Pola Negri's flame burned brightest about the time Rudy's star was in the ascendent. Now it seems that Pola is through. Here, at any rate. And the air is thick



# Their Shoes —

*Are Full of Persistent Pretenders  
of the Established Great*

By

HERBERT  
CRUIKSHANK

with conjecture regarding her successor. Baclanova, the talented Russian, is among those mentioned. She's a fine actress and should find her niche. But she'll never be a second Negri. There never will be one. Pola stands alone. She is unique and inimitable. Putting aside the question of mismanagement, if Pola has passed, it is because the characterizations with which she became identified have ceased to find favor with the fans.

When Tom Mix quit Fox, there was great fanfare and flourish in announcing Tom's successor, one Rex King—and later a Rex Bell. But Tom returned from Elba in record time, and so the result of the experiment must remain in abeyance.

There have been challengers for Chaplin's throne. But the crown of his triumphs remains securely upon his greying locks. He, too, is among the immortals. The world will never see his like again.

## JANNINGS AND JEAN

PERHAPS the greatest dramatic actor of the hour is Emil Jannings. Certain rôles are typical "Jannings rôles." No one else can play them. Yet, were the mighty German "taken for a ride" by Elijah, say, the sort of portrayal associated with his name might still be given to the public through Jean Hersholt. For the versatility of the durable Dane makes it well within the scope of possibility that he could fill Jannings shoes. Meantime, of course, Hersholt goes his way, serenely contributing top-notch performances in mediocre pictures. With now and then a good one thrown in—by accident.

Mary Miles Minter was groomed as carefully as "Man o' War" to replace Mary Pickford. But "Our Mary" is still with us—and the other Mary, well, she may be in vaudeville. It is odds against Douglas Fairbanks' relinquishing his regal robes to a usurper. Doug isn't the best actor in the world, but he occupies a unique niche—and always will.

Gilbert Roland took his very name from a combination of the names of Jack Gilbert and Ronald Colman. Which may or may not give an idea of what the producers

had in mind for him. But Roland, thus far, doesn't seem to have evidenced sufficient strength to justify elevation to stardom.

From the very beginning of the movies, there have been substitutes lurking just around the corner. When John Bunny had a falling out with

(Continued on page 117)

New aspirants for the laurels of the old: at the right, George Duryea; just below, Sue Carol; at her right, Matty Kemp; on Sue's left, Edward Nugent; at the extreme left, Ann Page; at the bottom, Paul Vincenti—left—and Rex Bell—right







C. S. Bull

## *Pan-Handling*

Marceline Day confesses to this as an avocation. But she doesn't do it for money, but for altruism, merely in the interest of bigger and batter pancakes



# A Kid that Looks Like a Gun

Or Two That Look Like Richard Barthelmess Twice: Mrs. McQuoid Can Find Them

BY LAMAR TROTTI

**I**N these days of hard-boiled virgins and soft-boiled yeggs, of gentlemen who prefer blondes, and of blondes who prefer gin, it's an exceedingly wise casting director who knows his crop of extra onions.

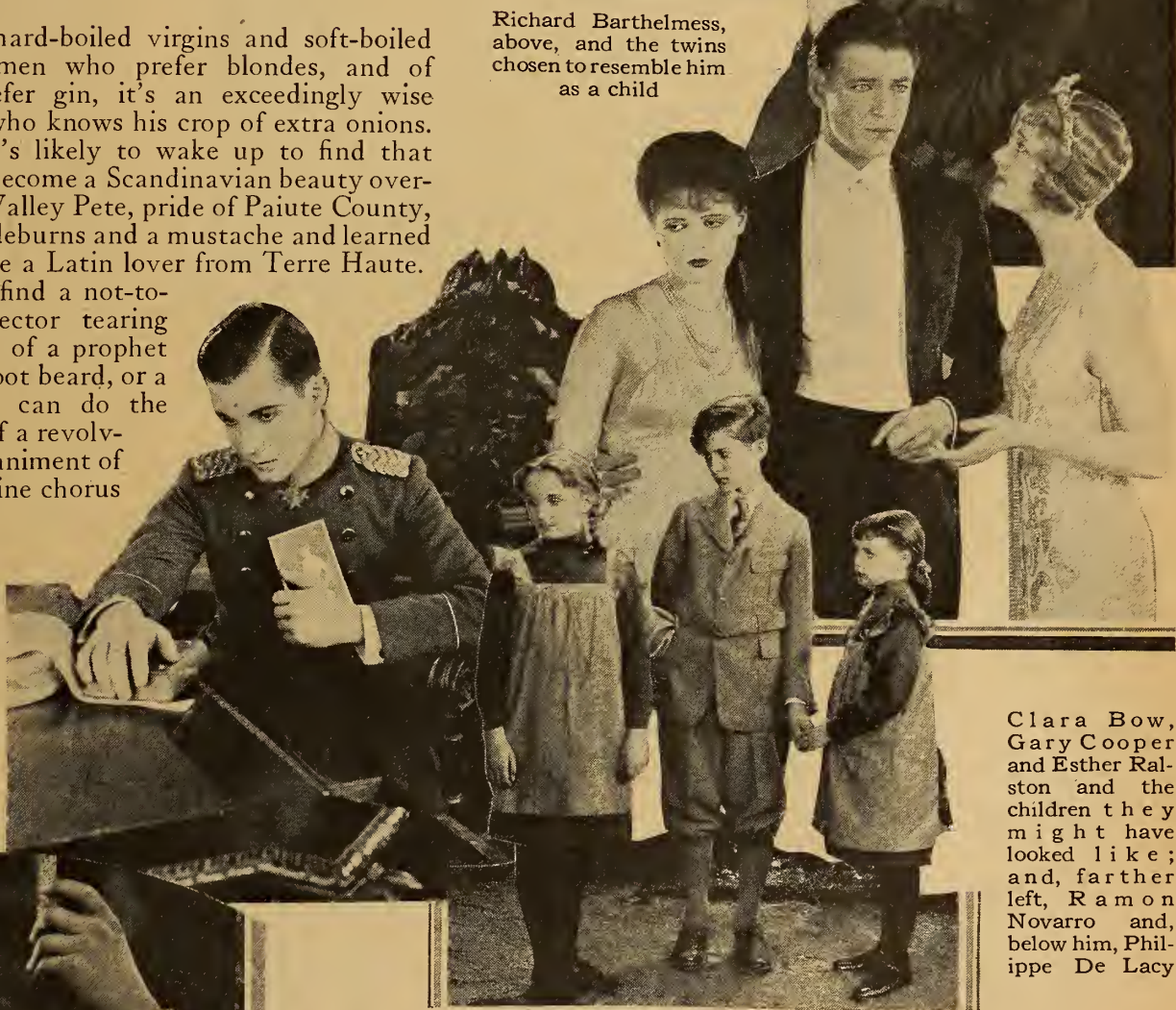
Almost any day he's likely to wake up to find that Minnie Gesticulo has become a Scandinavian beauty overnight, or that Death Valley Pete, pride of Paiute County, has suddenly grown sideburns and a mustache and learned to heave his bosom like a Latin lover from Terre Haute.

Either that or he'll find a not-to-be-answered-back director tearing out his hair in search of a prophet with a twenty-seven foot beard, or a lady lion-tamer who can do the black bottom on top of a revolving ball to the accompaniment of positively the only feline chorus in captivity.

Yet it's this very uncertainty that makes casting for pictures in Hollywood what it is—one of the most fascinating jobs in Christendom,—or, that is to say, in Flickerdom. It's a



Richard Barthelmess, above, and the twins chosen to resemble him as a child



Clara Bow, Gary Cooper and Esther Ralston and the children they might have looked like; and, farther left, Ramon Novarro and, below him, Philippe De Lacy

hundred times more amusing than chasing elusive words for a diagramless crossword puzzle, though, come to think of it, that's exactly what the casting director is doing when he fits human beings, with peculiarly shaped noses and missing front teeth and sparkling brown eyes, into little four and three and eight letter spaces, which when completed, solve his puzzle, the motion picture.

## CASTING IS SO JOLLY

**T**O carry on this idea,—there is an average of nine hundred and five jobs, or squares, a day to be filled by the casting bureau; and nobody knows what those squares are to contain until the diagram is drawn and the across and the down keys are listed at the end of a seven-dollar-and-a-half day.

(Continued on page 119)





# *A Moral Leopard*

He was just that, the animal that so considerately agreed to provide his skin to shield Nancy Carroll from the gaze of the prehistoric public. The occasion of this is Nancy's part as leading woman for Jack Holt in the Zane Grey story, "The Water Hole"

*Dyar*



# The Screenless Screen

*This is One Marvel that Clarence Brown,  
Wizard of Profits and Prophecies,  
Foresees Clearly*

BY BURT KNIGHT



An every-day name but not an every-day mind has Clarence Brown: his visions of the future outdo in imagination these paintings by Warren Newcombe

plants, made him an aeronautical instructor during the war. If so, then surely the sun of the South must be

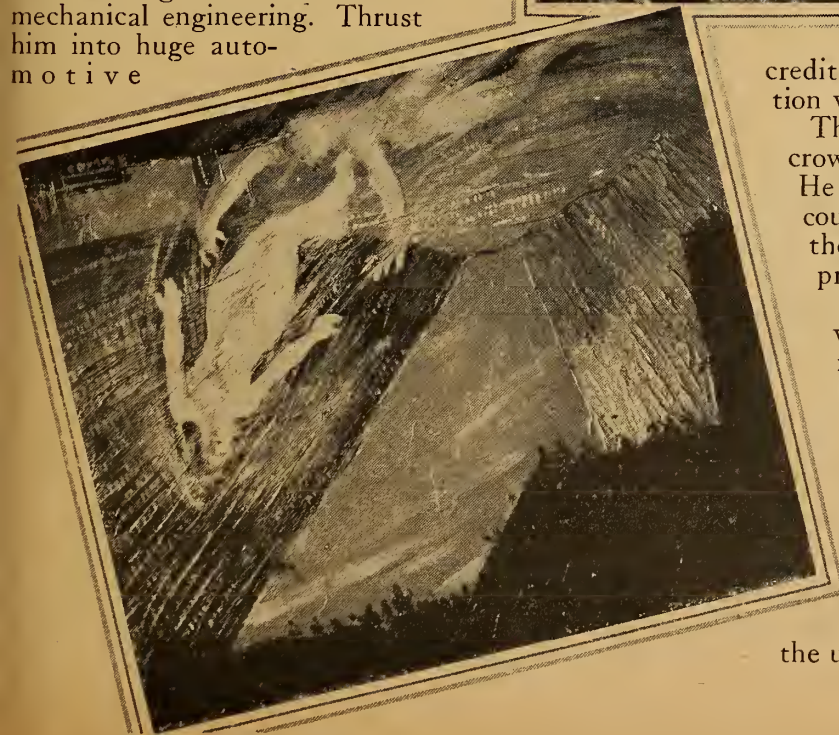
credited with having branded him a dreamer whose imagination vaults the moon.

This same happy combination is again to the fore in crowning Brown the box-office ace of cinematic art. He never misses at the pay-stile. Yet, four times the country's critics have nominated his photoplays among the year's ten best. He makes art pay. He is a very practical dreamer.

So often ability and appearance are at wide variance. Not so here. For Brown is a figure for fiction. Tall, stalwart, bronzed, immaculately clad, he has directed many an allegedly handsome hero who would have to bend the knee in defeat if Paris offered another golden apple. He is modest to a point approaching diffidence. He likes to laugh, and it is not necessary to diagram the point of your pun. In pictures he believes the story is the thing. And that the mechanical, the physical, side of the industry is miles beyond its human elements. He gives the impression that

the use of filmdom's mammoth

(Continued on page 112)







Murray

## So Good to their Mothers!



Louise

**I**F you think marrying a big Butter and Egg Man puts you on Easy Street—you probably think right. But there is an easier way. And by that I don't mean anything censorable.

All you have to do is give birth to a movie star. The rest is pie and cream. Not a full-fledged one, you know, just a potential movie star. Now don't say you can't. You never know. And it's encouraging to remember that it has been done.

Of course, after the movie star is born a certain amount of exertion will be required of you.

The pattern usually runs like this: A Little Mother has one, two or three children. In the Pickford family there were three. In the Gish family, two. But one is better. More dramatic. And easier for me to write about.

So far so good. The babe is born and papa, whoever he may be, does half a Houdini. Which is to say, he disappears, but does not reappear. You will note upon reflection that movie papas are rarities. Whither

he goes, nobody seems to know. He must have existed once upon a time, but he exists no longer. For all working purposes, he is shrouded in a decent veil of obscurity. One doesn't ask about him. One knows better.

The Little Mother then begins to labor in the vineyard. She is self-sacrificing, brave and tender. She keeps the wolf from the door by innumerable pitiful expedients. She takes in sewing or boarders.

If the little dolling has golden ringlets and a lisp, the little Mother teaches her "pieces." By the light of the midnight oil. She instructs her in gay little dances—and sends her on the road. Thus is the first step accomplished.

### BRAVE, PROUD LITTLE MOTHER

**I**F the little dolling shows no aptitude for anything but pigging food and scrapping with the neighbors' children, the Little Mother may do a piece of acting herself. But always she declines all

Sky-high in the affections of their stellar sons and daughters: at the right, Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, with Bebe; just above them, Mrs. Menjou dining with Adolphe; Mrs. George Haines, with her son, William; and Mrs. Margaret Talmadge, between Norma and Constance







## *Pampering Parents Is Hollywood's Greatest Greatest Weakness*

By GLADYS HALL

offers of help from Distant Relatives. She says, "We will stick together. We will not be separated while I have a pair of willing hands. I will keep my little brood intact."

The Little Mother's brave words ring, a clarion, in the little dolling's ears. For all time to come. And if you don't think the brave words bear golden fruit, you are no Luther Burbank.

Eventually, the Little Mother treks to Hollywood. A Break breaks. And more quickly than I can tell you, the little dolling is rollsing about and the Little Mother is entrenched behind butlered doors that no mere wolf would dare to sniff at.

There is a sacred and profane side to every weighty matter. And this devotion of the screen stars to their mothers has its sacred side.

In many a piece of fact and fiction you have heard of the base ingratitude of daughters, sharper than a serpent's tooth. You have heard of profligate sons who have let Mother go over the still to the poorhouse. But you have never heard of such a happenstance among the movie stars.

It is true that the aforementioned horrors are more or less infrequent. Most children are more or less decent to their progenitors. But the movie stars exceed the bounds of expected decency. They are fanatic. Their loyalty runs like fire through their veins and through their pocket books. Mother comes first to the movie stars—and let no man or women think otherwise.

I know whereof I speak. I have had it by word of mouth and by sight of eye. Time and time again.

And try as one will to be flippant about it, it is really rather beautiful. It is a commentary worth making on the gelatin gods and goddesses who are, both rightly and wrongly, accused of character bankruptcies.

When Mrs. Charlotte Pickford's will was read, there were few dry eyes in Hollywood. For the mother spoke in hallowed words of the devotion of her daughter Mary. She forever (Continued on page 86)



Parted at times by circumstance, but always inseparable in spirit, are Gary Cooper and his mother—at the left—and Pola Negri and hers. Higher up, the late Mrs. Pickford and Mary; Mrs. Barthelmess and Richard; and Mrs. Gish, with Lillian and Dorothy



# In and Out

## Gossip of the



Ball

Estelle Taylor's skill with the skillet, they say, is one big reason why her marriage with Jack Dempsey has panned out so well.

**MILT GROSS**, author of "Nize Baby," is the Hollywood wise-cracker of the moment most frequently quoted at the Montmartre. They are telling this one which Milt introduced at the last dinner of the Wasps, the lady publicity purveyors:

"You should see what mine Abie brings by the house yet," said Mrs. Baumberg of the Second Floor, to Mrs. Finklebaum of the Third Rear, "a lous pikker, if you belief me!"

"Oy, oy!" said Mrs. Finklebaum, amazed, "A lous pikker already? They don't told me they should allow monkeys in the flets!"

"A lous pikker ain't a monkey," reproved Mrs. Baumberg. "A lous pikker, Miz Finklebaum, is *naturalish*, a radio!"

### A Linguistic Mistake

**THE** one laugh at the solemn ceremony of laying a cornerstone for a new laboratory at Fox. As an argument for fewer titles and clearer pantomime, the speaker was telling of the difficulties of translating thought accurately from one language to another.

"I saw one of our big feature pictures in a Mexican theater in Los Angeles the other day," said he. "A zealous translator had done his best to put the English captions into Spanish, but the result was not all he hoped for. 'The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak' was one title. This put literally into Spanish informed the audience that 'The ghost is ready, but the meat is bad!'"

### Maybe He'll Say Hen

"**H**AS he laid that cornerstone yet?" asked one of the guests of a newspaperman. "Can't see him, but I



We've never tried to get Renée Adorée's goat; and so we regard it as uncalled for that, by clasping him here so enviably close, she should proceed to get ours

The impudence of the modern young woman has come in for much disfavor. But Donald Reed—at the right—seems to have little fault to find with Billie Dove's cheek



Carsey



# of Focus

## Stars and Studios

don't think so," came the reply, "he hasn't *cackled* yet!"

### Unfurnished Rumor

**T**WO Hollywood extras met on the street. "Are you going to May's wedding?" asked one flapper. "May married?" amazed the other, "why I didn't even know there was any scandal about her!"

### She Didn't Ore Dentist

**"S**HE was a miner's daughter," said the title writer, "she had gold in her teeth."

### The Pity of It!

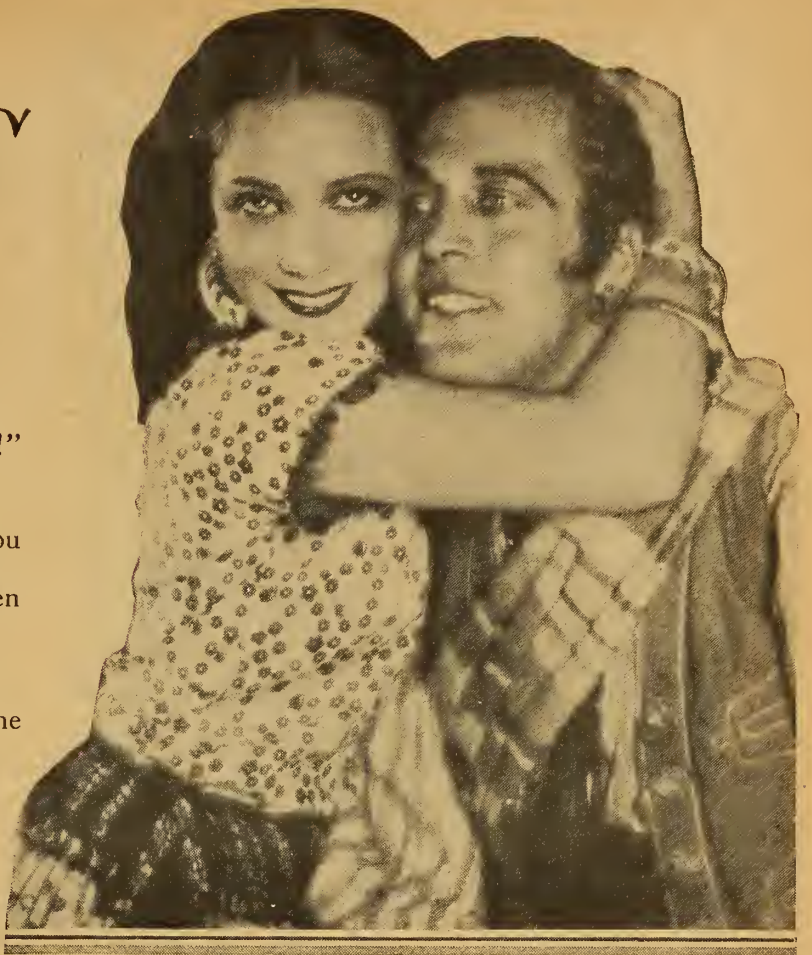
**"I**T WAS one of those *compassionate* marriages," sighed the vamp.

### He Wants His Name Untullied

**I**T'S different when one gets a taste of his own medicine. Jim Tully has never hesitated to tell Hollywood just what he thought of it, and Jim has stepped on some famous toes in his time. Behold, then, Tully, when his own wife sued him for divorce, calling up all the newspapers with the plea, "Keep it out of print, won't you?"

### Vive la Deutschland

**I**T WAS the first preview of "Lilac Time" at a little theater in a country town. The screen was showing the different armies on the eve of the Big Push. First the British soldiers. The organist, a bushy German who runs the delicatessen in the daytime, played *Tipperary* half-heartedly. Then the camera shifted to the German troops. Beaming, Herr organist pulled out all the stops on the



Ball

For more than her beauty Dolores del Rio—above—should be celebrated. She has succeeded, if our imagination and Le Roy Mason's expression are a guide, in making strangulation a pleasure



Bachrach



Wyckoff

It's all very well for Mary Brian to have a garden. But, with a budding beauty like hers she should not, in consideration of the vanity of her flowers, be pictured with them

The face that launched a thousand pineapples: Olive Borden, at the left, as she appears with Jack Pickford in "Gang War"





Hesser

Speaking—if anyone has been—of the command to love, here in pantomime Jeanette Loff utters it: Right shoulder, arms



Apeda

Norma's sports costumes are modest, for all that they are—all of them, and this one in particular—most decidedly of the Shearer sort

Unlucky for some, perhaps, but not for itself; this black cat statuette has gone and got itself not only owned but admired by Laura La Plante

## All the Gossip of the

organ at once and sailed powerfully into *The Watch on the Rhine*. The scenes changed to the American troops, the French, the Italians, but the organ continued to boom *The Watch on the Rhine*. It was the first time in years the player had had the chance to express his patriotism, otherwise than in selling sauerkraut.

### Canny Connie

CONSTANCE TALMADGE was marveling over the fact that Dorothy Gish and James Rennie after five years of marriage were still husband and wife. "Though I suppose," said Connie thoughtfully, "the reason they're still together is because they're apart so much. They really haven't lived with each other long enough to *separate*."

### Probably Money

"WHAT are they going to use for money?" was once the repartee when the Warner Brothers spoke of their plans. "What a town Hollywood is," exclaimed Georgie Jessel at a preview, "the Warner Brothers came out here with only fifty cents in their pockets and look at them now. They owe forty millions." But the joke is on the other producers now. The Warners have slipped in ahead of the rest with the Vitaphone and are reaping a fortune from their foresightedness.

### The Wholesale Host

AND speaking of the talkies they are likely to make trouble for one actor. In the trailer to "The Lion and the Mouse," Buster Collier beams from the screen and issues the following invitation, "I hope you will like me in the picture, and if any of you ever come to Hollywood I want you to *come to my home and have dinner with me!*" A group of wags in the audience got together after the premiere and started out to rustle up some guests for Buster. Two days later a crowd of thirty-two hungry tourists from Iowa and Kansas stormed the Collier villa in Beverly Hills, telling the perturbed butler they had been invited to dinner.

### Tie that One, D. W.

FEW PEOPLE know that William Jennings Bryan's daughter, Mrs. Owens, once had screen ambitions. She made a motion picture with her own money, and it wasn't such a bad picture at that. At the finish of its preview she turned to a famous critic seated beside her. "It may not be Griffith," said she with a twinkle, "but I bet I did something in that picture that Griffith never could do. He never made a motion picture and nursed a baby at the same time. I did."

### So Do Von Stroheim's

IT IS SAID that Cecil B. De Mille will make "The Darling of the Gods" as his first United Artists picture, which of course has started the saying: "De Mille's of the gods grind slowly."



Freulich



# Stars and Studios

## Ringling the Belle

**DICK GRACE**, the daredevil film aviator, according to one enthusiastic admirer, "isn't afraid of *anything* at all. He's engaged to Alice White."

## A Band of Sammynoles

**THE** roadhouse had an Indian name and an Indian orchestra in feathers and war paint. "Are you real Indians?" asked the film ingenue. "Sure, lady," replied the leader, a brave in buckskin, "we should be Indians, ain't it? Fool bloud Indians."

## Naturally, She Kicked

**TEXAS GUINAN** has a dark secret in her life. No, not what you mean at all. Her dark secret according to Harry Carr is that her real name is Mamie. The Queen of Broadway once savagely rebuked friends from back home who called her that in her night club. "Don't you call me Mamie," said Texas, "it sounds like I was an old blind mule."

## Just a Duplicity Man

"I don't like Lon Chaney," said the visiting fan, "I think he's just a two-faced thing!"

## Speeding the Hostess

**ESTELLE TAYLOR** is famous for her entertainments, and her guests always hate to go home from her parties. At a recent affair at the Dempsey home it grew later and later, and still everyone was reluctant to leave. Finally one young man approached the hostess. "Estelle," said he desperately, "*will you please go to bed so we can all go home?*"

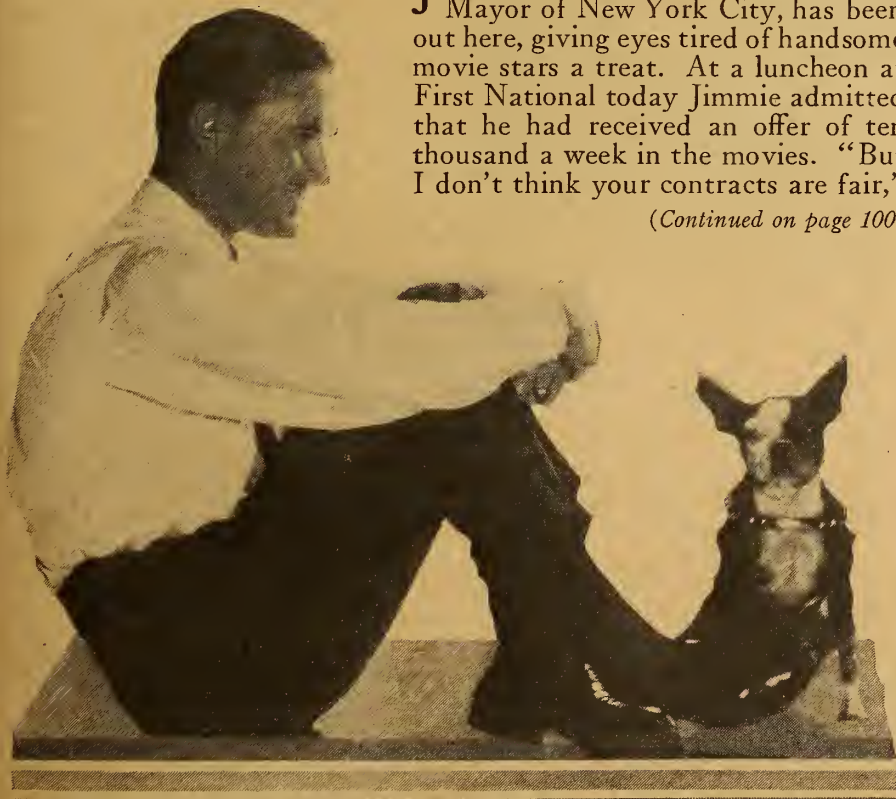
## The Maebe Baby

**HAS** Mae Murray a baby or hasn't she? That is the question. Mae certainly gives the movie colony plenty to talk about. As usual, Hollywood has taken sides. Anyway, her husband the Prince says she has a baby and she hasn't come out and denied it.

## His Belated Birth

**JIMMIE WALKER**, the sartorial Mayor of New York City, has been out here, giving eyes tired of handsome movie stars a treat. At a luncheon at First National today Jimmie admitted that he had received an offer of ten thousand a week in the movies. "But I don't think your contracts are fair,"

(Continued on page 100)



Lansing Brown



Ball

Perhaps to get herself attuned to a mildly marine mood, Alma Rubens, soon to appear in "Show Boat," has donned a middy blouse and taken to standing near fountains



Cleveland

No, Vera Reynolds—above—hasn't just caught sight of a mouse or a horrid, horrid bug; she's merely going into dainty girlish ecstasy over a flower

Three dogs, two being tan and the other being brindle-and-white. And all being the property of Lloyd Hughes



# Your Neighbor

*Betsy Musser, of Lancaster,  
Thinks of Hollywood and the Chances*

By WALTER



Lansing Brown



Top is a photograph of Betsy Musser, of Lancaster and directly above is the Watt & Shand Department Store Building and to the right is a typical street scene in Lancaster, Pa.

**S**HE'S the treasurer's daughter. Yes, sir. But not the President's daughter. No, ma'am.

A couple of administrations back she was just a little schoolgirl in a small town in Pennsylvania. She's young, oh, about nineteen or thereabouts, but you couldn't exactly call her a flapper. She looks like Lila Lee in a way. Tall and dark and willowy. You get the idea? You probably know her in your town as Sally or Ruth or Helen. In this case, her name is Betsy Musser and her father commutes to his office in the State Treasury Building, Harrisburg, from their home at 102 Ann Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

It's a long jump from Lancaster to Hollywood in more ways than one. For instance, Hollywood is Hollywood and Lancaster is, well, *different*. Hollywood has her flappers and Lancaster has religion. Hollywood has Japs and Lancaster has Dutchmen. The only thing they have in common is their hills. But even at that, Hollywood's are bare and Lancaster's are flowery. How do I know? Betsy told me—and Betsy is kinda proud of Lancaster.

The idea ought to be pretty well planted by now that Betsy is just a home-folks girl visiting in Hollywood and

**T**HIS is the second of a series of articles giving the impressions that Hollywood makes upon people from various parts of the country.

Not people in the movies. Not people in the real estate business. Not people making money out of sensational stories. Not people allied with any civic boosting association. But people from the home-towns. People next door. Neighbors.

Last month the neighbors of N. R. Dawley, of Charleston, West Virginia, found out what he—from the viewpoint of himself and of his city—thought of Hollywood. This month neighbors of Miss Betsy Musser, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, will find out the same things. Next month—well, we don't know. We never know whom our interviewer is going to capture. Maybe somebody in your street, or your town, or the town next to yours.

And it'll be interesting. Because you'll get the real inside story of how Hollywood looks to a newcomer. The true, unbiased story.

Not merely the things that other people think you would be interested in. But the things that you'd be interested in. Because they're the things that interest someone from your town. Watch this series. The next neighbor to come forward may be yours.—*Editor's Note.*

now, maybe, you might like to know what she thinks of our little town. And the movies.

And Jack Gilbert. And other points of interest. Would you? I thought so. Step right into Betsy's parlor (they call 'em that back in Lancaster). A couple of houses away, where Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor live, they call it a drawing-room. But that's Lancaster for you—and Hollywood.

Betsy was dressed like a well-bred movie star. More of the Florence Vidor stuff and less of the Alice White. Not that she reminded me of either one. Betsy has no "dear public." She has relatives instead.

"I'm visiting my aunt out here," she said, after we were seated. I'm glad it was an aunt instead of a mamma. All movie stars have got mammas. "I've been out here about three weeks and the first two weeks I was troubled with extreme lockjaw and paralysis of the heart. Hollywood hits you that way at first—but I'm just about recuperated now.

## BOURBON FOR BABIES

**"M**OVIE stars? Oh, I've seen lots of them. Jack Gilbert, Lawrence Gray, Buddy Rogers and Charlie Farrell. I suppose I'll be the envy of all the girls back in Lancaster now because I have actually seen them and they have just dreamed about them. I also saw quite a few of the well-known actresses. But after all, what girl can bother about the actresses when the actors are around.





# Says—

Betsy was quite thrilled to have Colleen Moore pose with her when she visited the star at her studio

## Pennsylvania, Tells What She of Girls Who Want to Go There

RAMSEY

"I remember what I used to think Hollywood was. Just about the wildest spot on earth and anyone who went there was wild too. I had the idea that it was just a little world all by itself—just a playground overflowing with handsome men and beautiful women—and they used bourbon for the bottle-babies. Or maybe all the babies got bourbon. And as for the movie stars, everyone said that they believed in companionate marriage—minus the marriage. And they wanted their love free (inexpensive). Oh, yes, and the idea was very well fixed in Lancaster that murder was a daily occurrence in Hollywood and that entertainment was just another word for intoxication. We had a hunch that it was a place where one could do anything and get away with it. Old Dame Criticism was never supposed to have lived there."

Betsy laughed a nice, Lancaster laugh and added, "I suppose that is the reason all the girls at Shippen, where I went to school, wanted to get to Hollywood."

"We girls at school used to get together and talk nothing but Hollywood. Of course, we didn't let our parents or the teachers know it. They wouldn't have understood. But anyway we were well posted on the latest movie divorces and we could name Constance Talmadge's husbands in their proper order. Colleen Moore was our favorite girl-star and Charlie Farrell the chosen boy. Hollywood had it all over Paris for fascination to us. It seemed just about as far away, too. So you can imagine the high excitement and fever when I announced to the Beta Sigma sorority that this summer vacation I was coming to Hollywood." Betsy paused, giving me a chance to imagine it. "Why, Kitty Kraedy nearly died."

"After what seemed like about nine thousand years on the train I finally got here. 'Los Angeles!' yelled the porter but I was already about half out to Hollywood by that time. My aunt wanted to fix me some lunch but I couldn't



Above is the Griest Building and a Lancaster street scene showing how the Mennonites wear 'em



be bothered. I just wanted to get on Hollywood Boulevard and stay there the rest of the day.

### BLONDES AND BLONDES

"I DON'T know just what I did think of the Boulevard at first. It was so different from what I had expected, with its gay little shops and the background of the hills. Pepper-trees and palm trees and all that. It seemed so peaceful and calm. Almost like Lancaster on Sunday. Only there was a difference. The street didn't seem to be so different from my own Ann Street, so I figured out that it must be the people."

"I noticed the girls. They all seemed to have taken Anita Loos too seriously—blondes to the right of me—blondes to the left of me—powdered and blundered. That's one thing the girls in Lancaster wouldn't do. I surmised that these girls must be movie extras and it seemed that they had just as soon pull up their stockings in a traffic congestion as in the privacy of their rooms. Nobody else but me paid much attention to them, though. So I guessed it was merely a quaint old Hollywood custom."

"The men seemed equally elaborate. As I passed the Montmartre Cafe, Tom Mix's yellow custom-built roadster whirled by with Tom. All I could see was an enormous sombrero and initials, T. M., at every place you could put an initial. Somehow or other, it didn't seem gaudy, though. It

(Continued on page 104)

### Among the Things That Betsy Says—

I used to think all movie stars believed in companionate marriage—without the marriage.

All the girls have taken Anita Loos too seriously.

For a girl to pull up her stockings in a traffic congestion is a quaint old Hollywood custom.

It's a great place to commute to from Lancaster—often.

If all movie stars were like Noah Beery, it would be easy to believe press-agents.

Because you're a hit in a school play, don't get yourself mixed up with Noah Beery.





Russell Ball

# Laugh that Off

*Donald Reed's Sense  
of Humor Has Reconciled  
Him to Hollywood*

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

particular reason to trade on the Latin stuff, especially when he had no accent to back it up.

UNBROKEN ENGLISH

"I'VE been in this country about fourteen years and so it's a little late for me to spring up with an accent. Besides, what would my schoolteachers think? I always got an A in English when I was going to the Pasadena High School. Every now and then I make a grammatical error. But so do a lot of Americans."

Donald was born in Mexico City about twenty-five or six years ago. When he was just a kid, his family moved him up to California for several

(Continued on page 102)

"I WAS being interviewed once before, and this fellow and I had talked a couple of hours when all of a sudden he looked over at me and asked, 'What's your name?' I said, 'Donald Reed.' 'Well, for the love of God,' he said, 'I thought you were Gilbert Roland.'"

Laugh that off.

That's what Donald Reed has been doing ever since he hit our little suburb of the cinema. Donald, who used to be Ernest Gillen, and before that, Ernesto Guillen, figures that if you don't take Hollywood with a couple of chuckles and a shaker of salt, it will make a character man out of any juvenile.

"I guess he figured it didn't make much difference which of us Mexican boys he talked to," explained the youthful Mr. Reed. "He could use his Spanish adjectives on one as well as the other."

Having made sure that I was talking to him under no illusion that he was Gilbert Roland or even George Lewis, he seated himself back of a desk in the First National publicity office ready to reveal all. He looked as romantic as a press agent's blurb. But he talked Yankee. I gathered that he was rather proud of his Americanism. He pointed out that he photographed strictly "typical young American" and that's the reason he had picked the sound name of Donald Reed instead of Jose Carramba or Enrico Tamale for professional purposes. He said he saw no



With Donald Reed making love to her, Billie Dove can be wearing furs solely for the sake of appearance



*A  
Pout  
to be  
Kissed*

And not only once, but several times—the party of the second and enviable part being Rod La Rocque in a new photoplay. No wonder, when his performance includes such an achievement with Sue Carol, that he's named the picture they're in "Captain Swagger"



Lansing Brown



# Baby Stars Learn Talkie-Talk

By  
CEDRIC  
BELFRAGE

**W**ELL, it has come to this at last. It couldn't have been postponed much longer anyway, I suppose. The movie stars have got to learn to talk.

A small group of kind-hearted souls in Hollywood, deeply touched by the facial and bodily contortions into which the stars have had to go, owing to their inability to speak at personal appearances on the stage, has for some time been trying to raise interest in a fund to bring the light of language to the studio fraternity. Nothing, however, could apparently be done to give them the benefits of conversation

with their fellow-men. They preferred to go on as

they had always done, talking among themselves in their strange native sound-language.

And now the wheel of circumstance has taken the matter out of their hands. The talking picture has arrived, and nothing will do but that the movie boys and girls should abandon their private vocabulary of sounds and pick up a few words, as the outside world calls them. By hook or by crook they have got to make themselves understood to Mr. and Mrs. Brown, of Brownsville, or go and have their contracts spanked by the head-master.

It is welkin-time for teachers of voice culture. They are buckling on the belt of confidence and announcing that, having now concluded their prolonged engagement with the Metropolitan Opera or what have you, they are prepared to coach select pupils in voice culture and diction for talking pictures.

## SILENCE NO LONGER GOLDEN

**P**RACTICALLY anyone in Hollywood who knows that "woid" should be pronounced word is on velvet. The studios are beginning to comb the city for geniuses graced by a kindly Providence with this knowledge. The tiny handful of actors already knowing how to talk have been snapped up on temptingly generous contracts. Lionel Barrymore, for instance, who in "The Lion and the Mouse," proved to be the only player that didn't speak through his nose and whistle his s's, was pounced upon by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who shortly before had lost interest in him and turned him loose.

The first two eminent teachers of voice to the stars are Felix Hughes, brother of Rupert Hughes; and Mrs. Paul Sloane, wife of the director. Hughes, for some years one of the foremost singing teachers of America, bases his talkie voice course on the opinion that with the average movie star it's not the nasty things 'e sez but the nasty way 'e sez it. He feels that many more stars than one would think really do know how to talk but use such husky, nasal voices that nobody but their own tribe can make out what they're talking about. He is setting out to get what he calls point into his pupils' voices, a ringing quality without which, he says, no voice records well, either on phonograph or talking movie. His prize exhibit is Virginia Bradford, who hails from the South and has, in Hughes's opinion, the most beautiful natural voice in Hollywood. She is one case in a thousand of a star who would improve on her personality in talking pictures. After







Drawings by C. Mulholland

## All the Movie Kiddies Are Learning the Fascinating New Word Game

hearing Virginia's voice and diction I raise my right hand to remark that she is the first good argument yet for talking movies.

Mrs. Paul Sloane is going to combine with Andres de Seguro, the monocled chappie from the Metropolitan, and will conduct a big three-ring voice school for the Demmy Lamson actors' agency. She is another old hand at the singing game, but she believes much more training is necessary to make movie stars talk than is contained in Felix Hughes's philosophy. Quality of production is only one factor in her program. Mrs. Sloane has set her jaw firmly for the task, which she obviously considers pretty Herculean, of putting honeyed words into the mouths of screen celebrities. Her prize pupils, for whom she has high hopes that one day they will speak practically like Julia Marlowe, are Carmel Myers and Nancy Carroll.

### DOUBLING IN CELLULOID

THE studios appear to be buoyed up by the hope that they can get most of their players talking understandable English in a few months. Whether or not they are grand optimists, there is undoubtedly going to be trouble when it comes to some of the Hollywood foreign colony. Many foreign-born importations have never taken the trouble to learn any English beyond the useful phrase: "Garbo (or who-have-you) want more salary." They will look upon any attempt to teach them the rest of the language as an infringement of their rights.

The difficulty set up by players who cannot or will not learn English is calmly dispelled by the producers' idea of employing "voice doubles." This scheme is for the actor merely to mouth the words as he goes along, the sounds being produced by another voice at another time and synchronized. "The Jazz Singer" had portions done in this way. Some of Jolson's songs were sung (although by Jolson) at a different time from the pictures accompanying them, and the Jewish hymn was sung by a "voice double" for Warner Oland. However, let us remember, please, that Oland wore several layers of face fungus hiding

the movements of his lips. Warners', Paramount and other studios are now experimenting along this line.

Just when we all thought there was nothing further that could embarrass a movie star, comes the talkie with this brand-new idea in embarrassing moments. There will be all sorts of fun and jollity under the voice-double régime. Lookit:

Gus Doakes, who has an impressive *basso profundo*, will be signed on a five-year, guaranteed unbreakable contract to speak the lines for Emil Jannings. But Samous-Warnwyn-Piffany, who are badly in need of someone to talk English for their new importation from the Bronx, will come under cover of night to Gus and offer him twice as much money to desert. Will Gus accept? Well, will a swim duck?

### VOCAL HI-JACKING

EMIL and his employers can sue all they like, but it will be months before there's the remotest chance of getting Gus back. Meanwhile, it's checkmate for poor Emil, who has been galvanizing the entire world with his beautiful voice and accent, which were really Gus's. To put it tersely, Emil will be left speechless. All the studio magicians in the world won't be able to create another *basso* exactly as *profundo* as Gus's. Emil will have to get a new voice, and it will sound like Marilyn Miller using Ethel Barrymore's vocal chords.

Even if we admit (and by all means let's be generous about it) that there might be a chance of putting a voice under ironclad contract not to desert to another better-paying face, nobody can contract a voice not to get asthma, colds in the head, bronchitis and similar afflictions. In fact, if I were a voice double—and I admit it looks a soft proposition for someone of my build—I would make a point of having asthma just as soon as one or two of my talkies were released. I would

(Continued on page 105)





# Charmingly

Colleen as *Madame*  
as *Cherry-*

Dainty in stature, quaint little figure  
Seems to have stepped down  
Straight from a screen—

—From *Madame Butterfly*

Specially posed for Motion





# *Moore-iental*

## *Butterfly* Is as Fresh Blossoms

Let not my beauty's lingering bloom  
Be faded quite! Farewell, beloved.  
All is dead for me. All is finished!

—From *Madame Butterfly*

Picture by First National Pictures

*Freulich Photos*





# Dressed to *Kill*



Anybody aimin' to be ornery had best not encounter Mary Brian. Else he's likely to find his peace of mind abbreviated as abruptly as Mary's blouse. Not that she'd use her six-shooter. Why should she, with the double-barreled beauty of her eyes all set to slay?

Richee



# Nijinska

## Dances Alone

*Once an Intimate of Empresses,  
She is in Hollywood a Magnifi-  
cent Nonentity*

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

**T**HOUGH all the roads that lead to Rome be dull as the dust of Caesar's long dead legions, the sombre world still holds a road to romance. It circles round and round our sorry sphere like a silver ribbon on a ball of clay. And those who follow it find—Hollywood. Amazing Hollywood! To the shadows of its cloud-kissed hills, to the sands of its summer seas come wanderers from far places, adventurers of the rainbow trail.

Hidden unsuspected in its towers of alchemy, where modern wizardry turns celluloid to gold, lie hearts in which are locked a second thousand tales for fair *Scheherazade*. A torrent of words in many tongues falls at the feet of any genie with the key. And the stories tell themselves.

On a movie set where a sudden star was shining for her little hour, a slight figure stood apart from the flotsam of atmosphere drawn from the nation's sculleries. Despite the weary droop of her shoulders, she was graceful as a slender tree, bowing, but never breaking, before the rough caresses of a fateful storm. Her face was beautiful. Not with the broad, robust vigor of some farm-spawned milkmaid, but with the cameo pallor of the aristocrat. The sensitive, imperious mouth, the trembling nostrils, the line of the throat, the eyes. Ah, the eyes. Pale blue, sad as an ocean of tears. And veiled by lashes which drooped as though to hide the tragedy of memories.

Perhaps, as she stood there watching the mugging of the movie queen among the tawdry trappings of the scene, she thought of other queens whose pearls were real as their royalty—Alexandra of England; Victoria of Spain. Of days when the Castilian King and the Emperor of India and old Franz Josef, last of the Hapsburgs, were but few among many, who were proud to bend their noble knees in homage to her art.

For this was Nijinska!

You smile politely, or you shrug your shoulders. What, don't you remember?

Surely you cannot forget the shower of roses and jewels which greeted her at the Metropolitan and for twenty tumultuous minutes



Manuel Freres

heaped the stage! How the flower of France tossed its wealth in her lap at the Theatre des Champs Elysees! How the torpid blood of Britain thrilled at Covent Garden and Drury Lane! How all Vienna came to adore her at the Hofoper—how madly the dons cheered in Madrid's Theatre Royal—the crowds at the Colon in Buenos Aires—how Rome applauded until the Constanza trembled!

And this was only yesterday. But now Romola Nijinska, danseuse of the Ballet Russe, wife of Vaslav Nijinsky, ward of the Czar and greatest dancer in all the universe, stood on a movie set in Hollywood playing a minor part in a picture featuring an upstart from nowhere.

She was born in that cradle of genius, Budapest. Her family was of the Hungarian *noblesse*. Her father a *connoisseur* of art, Director of the Royal Gallery of Beaux Arts; her mother, Hungary's finest dramatic actress; (Continued on page 88)



At the left, Nijinsky, as he danced in "The Afternoon of a Faun." The brilliance of that bright day is pale now. But one, yet forever steadfast, ray still shines: the devotion of his wife, Nijinska, pictured above



# The Star— Diggers

## Samuel Goldwyn Chooses Women Trained to Please Men

BY GLADYS HALL

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Edna Ferber once wrote a story about a great theatrical manager who sent his protege and assistant abroad to find a new star. The boy cabled back from Budapest and brought the great man to watch a girl carrying mortar up the scaffolding of a new building there. They transplanted her to Broadway and she took it by storm.

How did they know? What did they look for? What did they see in her that was not in thousands of other girls? What is the quality that makes a star?

To answering these questions, a series of articles is to be devoted. This is the first one. It tells what can be told by the man who found Thomas Meighan, Mae Murray, Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Lili Damita and Walter Byron. His name is Samuel Goldwyn. Whether you're wondering how some people become stars, or whether you're wondering how you yourself may become one, you'll find what Mr. Goldwyn relates to be well worth reading.

**I**N Hollywood where producers knead film like bread, run out features like the parts of a Ford car, spend millions in rehashing the same old plot or buy classics and best sellers only to distort them beyond recognition, manufacture stars out of tin and tinsel overnight—in this mart of callow commerce one man stands forth an artist. This man is Sam Goldwyn.

It is only necessary to remind you of "The Dark Angel" and of "Stella Dallas" to point my premise.

It is only necessary to call to your minds those figures of beating blood and moon-magic, those darkly thrilling figures of defeat and desire, Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman, to drive the premise home—to stay.

Sam Goldwyn works like an artizan and like an artist. An unbeatable combination.

His finest, surest instinct lies, first, in spotting star stuff, and second, in perfecting the material he selects.

He seldom uses raw stock, so to speak. Making, as he does, few pictures and using, as he does, few stars, these pictures and these stars must be memorable. They are. Mr. Goldwyn has never chosen a second-rater.

Like a painter of fine portraits, he first selects his subject. His unerring eye works for him here. Then he makes it his business to know his subject. Not only the physical contours but the mind and the soul as well. He puts in his

background carefully. Not everyone can do the same story, the same type of work. Not everyone feels the same things in the same way.

Mr. Goldwyn knows this. He next chooses his colors, his perspective, his line—and when the work is done you have had a Banky and a Colman and you are about to have a Lili Damita and a Walter Byron.

Mr. Goldwyn's star-digging dates back. Back to the days of the Laskyan connection when he found Tom Meighan and, by Tom's own admission made a few weeks ago, "changed the course of my whole life for me."

### TRANSPLANTING TOM

**T**OM was playing in London, in stock or something. Mr. Goldwyn was also in London. He ran into Tom at a dinner party given, I think by



Lois Moran crossed the lens of the Goldwyn telescope while she was dancing in Paris



The metal of personality, one stroke of Goldwyn genius, and a new star sparkles in the cinematic skies





Edna Goodrich. There was a brief encounter of the Meighan and Goldwyn eyes—and a new star was made.

Mr. Goldwyn sent Tom to Hollywood. No one else saw in him what his discoverer had seen. They weren't handling him right. They weren't bringing him out. A few of the Goldwyn touches and—but you all know the Meighan career, second to almost none.

It was Mr. Goldwyn, of course, who saw the unforgettable mother in Belle Bennett.

It was Mr. Goldwyn who saw Lois Moran, dancing, in Paris.

It was he who saw Mae Murray dancing in the Ziegfeld Follies and told her she had a cinematic career ahead of her.

It was also Mr. Goldwyn who went up in a hotel elevator with Fannie Ward one day and said to her, "I have something in mind for you."

It happens just like that. Not through planning or forethought—a chance encounter in a restaurant, an elevator, on the streets, a gleam of recognition—and a career is made.

"In Hollywood today," said Mr. Goldwyn, "there is one great bet, badly handled, poorly storied, crudely handled, not given the right chance—that bet is Joan Crawford. I'd like to have that girl—she has everything—Fire. Excitement. Drama. She has everything that Pauline Frederick had and everything that Gloria Swanson has. She could be made tremendous. It isn't being done."

We went to the spacious Goldwyn offices on the United Artists lot for the specific purpose of asking Mr. Goldwyn why, with all Hollywood, all America to choose from he invariably imports from Europe. It seemed that there must be some definite reason. Why, with the gates of Hollywood battered in by young, beseeching hands, the girl-market glutted, the young sheiks tripping over their own side-burns—why do the Vilmas and the Colmans, the Lilis and the Walters come from the other side?

Mr. Goldwyn assured me that he does not deliberately prospect in Europe. It merely happens so.

"In Hollywood," he says, "what have we? Beauty, yes. The most beautiful women in the world are to be found right here in America. *But beauty is not enough.* Beauty is not the thing. It is personality. Brains. Feel. Finish. I cannot find it in Hollywood. They are all—hicks."

To prove his contention, the producer sent for Mr. McIntyre, his casting director.

(Continued on page 106)

Among the many players that Samuel Goldwyn has discovered and first made celebrated are—beginning at the top, left—Vilma Banky, Thomas Meighan, Mae Murray, Walter Byron, Lili Damita, and Ronald Colman



# Hellywood

*People Think That Should Be the Town's Name  
Before They See It*

BY WALTER RAMSEY

**I**F you want to believe the worst about Hollywood, don't read this—you'll be surprised!

Out there in the East and sundry points from California you've got the idea that Hollywood is a bad place, awfully bad. That it is the place where all young girls go wrong—and all the boys go with them. That there aren't any people there who aren't connected with pictures—and you've heard that picture people are *wild*. Everybody has a Rolls-Royce, at least. The name should be changed to "Hellywood." I know you think that, because I used to live in a small town in the Middle West myself.

Before I realized my ambition to come to Hollywood, I had some very set ideas about what I would find. I would find wild women, and plenty of liquor. I knew I wouldn't find any law or order—that was out of the question! Everyone would play in pictures—maybe an hour a day. They would have lots of money, and big cars. But, I came to Hollywood, and we were wrong! Let me tell you what they really have.

Hollywood has policemen—lots of them—too many of them, and they're just as big and gruff and Irish as the cops in your town. The jail is grey (inside and out).

Hollywood has churches on almost every corner. I'll bet there are more churches in Hollywood, for the size of the place, than in any town in the country; and tell your neighborhood pastor that the collection plates are heaping full—and many of them (he'll probably say, "See, that's what they're doing in other places"). Every Sunday morning, at a little chapel on the Boulevard, I see Conrad Nagel in morning coat and white gloves. He has been head usher for seven years! In the pews of at least twenty churches, every Sunday, a generous representation of the movie colony kneels and prays.

CRAWLING WITH LIZZIES

**H**OLLYWOOD has Fords—and Chev-  
rolets! You can't believe it—can  
you? Just come out and see! There are  
so many, you'll almost go hay-wire. Of  
course, there are Rolls-Royces, and, I  
might say, every make of car from the  
orchid motah (à la James) to the ordi-  
nary pedestrian obstacles. Yes, I  
might even say, there are some whose  
cars do not choose to run in 1928 or  
any year, until they make more

dough. We have those who walk—and not from choice.

Hollywood isn't supposed to have any horses, but you'd have a hard time convincing our street cleaners of it (some people believe they're just extras playing in the new version of "The Four Horsemen"), but I'll promise you if they are, they'll be a sweeping success—a natural.

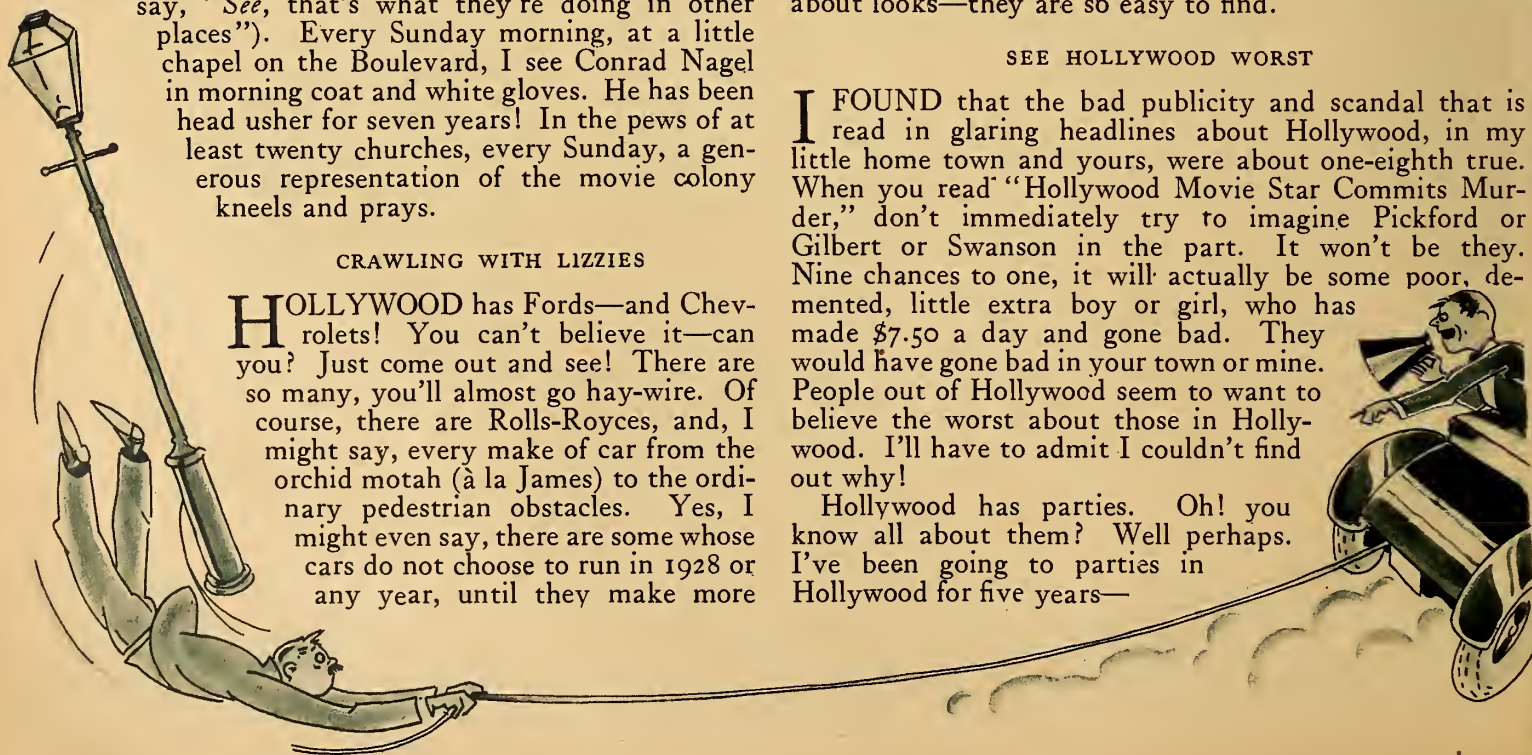
Hollywood has fourflushers, just as every other place has—only more so! To bask in the spotlight of so much reflected glory and success has been hard for some. They couldn't stand it, so they have established a front. They rent expensive cars by the day (once a month). They have one complete change of clothing from the best tailor or designer. They'll prove it to you, his name is just inside the collar—right there, see? They sit in the lobby of the Biltmore every noon after lunch—at Childs! They are like a mirror with the silver paint worn off—you can see through!

Hollywood has handsome young men (many of them are elevator boys); plenty of beautiful girls (working as waitresses in cheap restaurants). They came to Hollywood to be Valentinos and Swansons—but, somehow, they didn't click. They didn't know the right people, or for some reason they never "made it." They tried hard, until they were forced to quit theorizing and work if they wanted to eat. They found that Hollywood doesn't care if a fellow was the best looking boy in Centerville, or if all the people have said a girl was so beautiful she just *must* be a movie star. Hollywood is rather cold-blooded about looks—they are so easy to find.

SEE HOLLYWOOD WORST

**I** FOUND that the bad publicity and scandal that is read in glaring headlines about Hollywood, in my little home town and yours, were about one-eighth true. When you read "Hollywood Movie Star Commits Murder," don't immediately try to imagine Pickford or Gilbert or Swanson in the part. It won't be they. Nine chances to one, it will actually be some poor, demented, little extra boy or girl, who has made \$7.50 a day and gone bad. They would have gone bad in your town or mine. People out of Hollywood seem to want to believe the worst about those in Hollywood. I'll have to admit I couldn't find out why!

Hollywood has parties. Oh! you know all about them? Well perhaps. I've been going to parties in Hollywood for five years—







Pretty soft, this screen-acting racket! Let 'em drag you around a corner a dozen times on a rope, or just work about eighteen hours in a rain scene, and then nothing to do until tomorrow morning at six

all kinds of parties, cabaret parties, house parties, beach parties, picnics—and what have you. They aren't any wilder than the parties in New York, Kalamazoo or Evansville—they are merely better advertised. Did you know that the beautiful movie star—your favorite—wouldn't be a star long, if she didn't go to bed at ten o'clock when she was working? The movie camera picks out defects and shows them. As Johnny Walker says, "You can't get up for a seven o'clock call with rubber tires hanging under your eyes!" Picture people keep sane hours; they can't do otherwise and stay—and that's the truth.

I found out that being in pictures was a hard life! Yes, I know you thought all they did was stand in front of the camera a few minutes a day—so did I until I saw them eighteen hours in one stretch with fire hoses playing on them for a rain-effect; an aeroplane motor and propeller making a wind-effect; rain and wind and blinding klieg lights for eighteen hours. It might be fun for some, but you couldn't get me to see it. Do you remember in the comedy where you saw them drag a man around the corner by a rope? It was on the screen twenty seconds! I saw them make that scene. They dragged that man on hard pavement around that corner twenty-eight times—two and one half hours just to get one effect right. The man was almost dead; he got \$5.00 for his day's work—and life in the movies is called a *bed of roses*!

Hollywood has some ordinary human beings! They mow the lawn in their shirt sleeves. They go to Westerns. They go to circuses. They eat corn beef and cabbage. They take a bath on Saturday! They buy bum oil stock. They act just like your neighbor, Henry, two doors away.

#### MEASLES AND POPCORN GALORE

**H**OLLYWOOD has some homely women; some funny looking men; the kids have measles; the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Highland Avenue has a popcorn stand with a little old Italian shaking the popper over a gas jet; milkmen come around in the early morning; the sun shines a lot, and everybody has a good time if he can.

As for the dissipations of Hollywood, they resemble those of Eagle Rock—in whatever state you wish. The sleek sheiks you see strolling along the Boulevard are, as likely as not, bound for a high-stool and the frothy zest of an ice-cream soda. The night-lifers you see out as late as a quarter after ten are headed, in all probability, for some hamburger haunt.

And speaking of night-life, there isn't much of it in evidence. And really not much more not in evidence. Hollywood and Los Angeles, too, at midnight, look like New York at a quarter to five in the morning. The only people noticeable are the street cleaners and the cops.

#### HOLLYWOOD AFTER MIDNIGHT

**I**N regard to that an incident took place once at the end of a vaudeville show. Al Herman, the black-faced comedian on the bill, espied Ruth Rowland in the audience, and asked her if she wouldn't sing a song for the boys and girls there gathered together. Miss Rowland demurred, pointing out, in a conversation across the footlights, that it was the end of the show, and that the audience would want to be going.

"Want to be going?" repeated Herman, "Where would they go after eleven o'clock in this town?"

Which is true—or partly so. So far as small-hour amusements are concerned, Herman was right. But he wasn't entirely correct in assuming that Hollywood had no place at all to go. It did—and does—have a very definite destination: bed. And in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, that's where you'll find Hollywood after ten-thirty. They don't have a curfew, of course. But the reason is that they don't need one.

Don't you think that the idea that "Hollywood is the name of a spot where concentrated wine, women and song abound" is a bit far fetched? It's really a great little town. A town to live in, laugh in, love in, and struggle in. It's a great place to be in—and a nice place to be from.





It was with something of a shock that we learned that this picture of Vilma Banky was from a screen story called "The Awakening." We had thought that it must be connected, in some way or other, with *The Legend of Sheepy Hollow*



# A Cynic of the Cinema

*William K. Howard  
Believes in Santa Claus  
With Reservations*

By DOROTHY MANNERS

**W**ALLACE SMITH, the writer, once inscribed a book of his own which he presented to William K. Howard with this inscription:

*To Bill: The Cinderella of the cinema who still suspects the Golden Coach is a pumpkin.*

In the vernacular, Mr. Smith said it. Anyway you want to put it, Mr. Smith said it. He sized up the young Irishman who made "The Thundering Herd," "White Gold," "Gigolo" and "His Country" more neatly in a phrase or two than most people could do in the same number of pages. He hit the funny, half-ironical, half-sentimental philosophy of this young-fellow director right on the head and nailed it for a loop. And left nothing more to be said. To continue is superfluous. However—

Mr. Howard, is by ancestry, part Hollywood and wholly Hibernian. His hair is black. His eyes are blue. He is young enough to be a little bitter still about the casual events of every twenty-four hours both on and off the screen. He will never be entirely happy in pictures because he suspects that they are a very fine, very splendid, medium of expression. On the other hand, he would never be happy away from them. He has it in him to make delicate, taunting pictures that would never make a dime at the box-office. But when he wants to, he can take hold of a meaty thing like "The Thundering Herd" and clean up for his producers.

#### EVERY OTHER ONE FOR HIMSELF

**Y**OU can't quite catalogue Howard with any consistent rating at the box-office. He fools 'em. About every other production he makes to please the producers. The rest of the time he pleases himself and a certain group of sophisticated reviewers. Maybe you missed his "White Gold." It was in no sense a special, and due to indifferent efforts in bookings it was used in many theaters to round out a vaudeville program of trained seals and untrained sopranos. But there are people who hold that this picture was the most worthy contribution to the screen since



Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris." It made not a cent of profit for Cecil De Mille, who produced it, but it increased enormously the prestige of both Jetta Goudal and Bill. During the making of the picture Miss Goudal saw nothing in it. The French lady and the Irish gentleman did not fare any too well together. She

wanted to play the scenes with gestures and dramatics. He would say "No" in every language, including the Scandinavian. They spent a good deal of the time in the front office letting Papa De Mille smooth out their little difficulties.

When the picture was released and the reviewers gathered great bunches of superlatives to lay at its feet, Jetta told Bill, "You were right." She told her friends that she had had to fight to get it that way. Which may, or may not, have added to Mr. Howard's cynicism.

#### SALESMAN, SOLDIER, SUCKER

**B**ILL Howard started out in pictures as a salesman for one of the largest and cheapest (Continued on page 90)

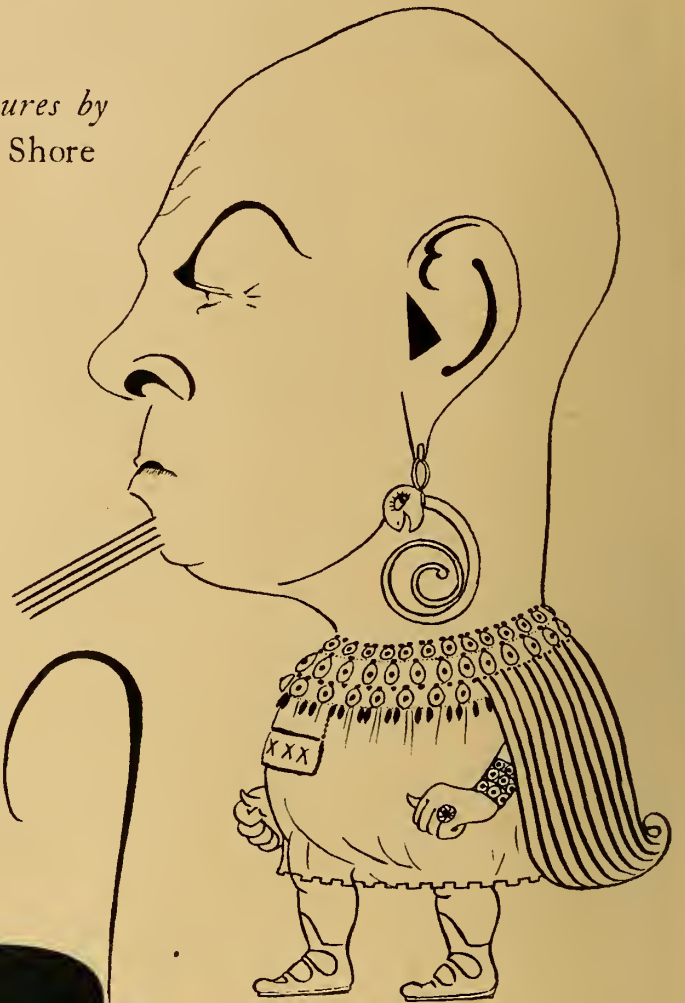


# His Infinite

Caricatures by  
D. G. Shore



Until Emil Jannings impersonated *Louis XV* of France—above—a movie monarch was about as realistic as the king of diamonds. His performance in "Passion" thus proved in more than one sense to be of sovereign worth



The great German actor's fame can hardly hang upon a hair. For as *Pharaoh*—above—he appeared as bald as the Sahara. Yet in this guise he achieved a characterization likely to endure as long as the pyramids



Even the most restrained and grudging critics waxed enthusiastic over Jannings as *Mephistopheles* in "Faust." They united in the pronouncement that he was devilish good



# Variety



As the ageing porter in "The Last Laugh"—above—Emil's strength may have failed him in lifting luggage. But his impersonation of him lifted his audiences to an exalted appreciation of his genius



Give those who saw Jannings as the *Grand Duke* in "The Last Command" free rein in Russia and royalty would instantly be re-established. You wouldn't be able to find a Bolshevik in a droskyload

At home they say that the great Jannings is just a little boy. Everyone, that is, except the hobby-horse that has to carry him. For Emil is a physical as well as a histrionic heavyweight



D.G.Shore.





*Hesser*

For sheer sensationalism, no screen star can this year rival Mary Pickford. The amputation of the celebrated curls of the most celebrated motion picture actress in the world created unquestionably the coiffure of the season



# Mary Bids Good-bye to Curlhood

*Miss Pickford Uses  
Scissors to Sign Her  
Declaration of Independence*

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

"DOUG says that it's a Scotch bob," Mary smiles, "because I wouldn't let them take off more."

It still waves about her face, golden, shining, breaking into tiny spirals, still long enough to be caught into a roll at the nape of the neck, but the fairy-story ringlets (the last ringlets in a blasé grown-up world) are gone! The most famous hair in America has been shorn at last, and not since Delilah shingled Samson has there been a hair cut of such importance.

"It came below my waist," says Mary, in the subdued tone of one speaking of a departed friend. "It took hours of my life to shampoo it and brush it and arrange it! There were eighteen curls when the barber cut them off. He laid them aside carefully in a row on the shelf, which wasn't as harrowing as if I'd stepped out of the chair into a heap of hair, like Emil Jannings when he had his beard cut in 'The Way of All Flesh.'"

The eighteen golden ringlets, she adds, are in New York now, to be mounted so that their bereaved owner may pin them on whenever she feels homesick for curls. Ever since the news was announced, letters have been pouring in from the fans, letters of protest, grief, even letters of rage. Her French maid bursts into tears whenever anyone speaks of that lost golden glory, but Mary is almost triumphant. And perhaps the least little bit in the world defiant. And probably even a little scared.

## DEFERENCE TO HER FANS

"I'VE been wanting to bob my hair for five years," she nods, "and nobody would let me. I went on trying to play the American girl with so much hair that I looked top-heavy in short skirts, while the real American girls were getting wind-blown bobs and boyish bobs and Dutch cuts that they could tuck under tight little hats. But every time I would suggest bobbing, the fans would write in and beg me not to. I had my hair (Continued on page 87)

The long and short of Mary Pickford's headdress: at the right, before the amputation of her curls; and, above, after clipping them



Photos by Hesser





# The PICTURE

By ELIZABETH



## THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES

**S**ALLY O'NEIL has the difficult job of keeping her family together in this latest Griffith opus. She has a tough time, because her daddy has let his susceptible eye rove in the direction of Phyllis Haver, and what can Belle Bennett and the children mean to a man who has known Phyllis? Belle, who is easily stunned, sits in a daze through most of the picture. But Sally, the dynamic member of the family, goes out to bring her dad back at the point of a gun if necessary. This is intended to be a poignant tale of filial devotion, but somehow it fails to touch the heart strings. Sally is splendid. But Jean Hersholt and Belle Bennett, while giving good individual performances, seem to be people from different spheres of life. They are never convincing as husband and wife. Nevertheless, there is plenty to amuse and interest you. Especially Sally.



## A WOMAN DISPUTED

**T**HIS is the story of the rivalry of two friends, a Russian and an Austrian. These boys meet and both fall in love with a little Austrian coquette. Then comes the war. And it turns out that the Russian did not love her in a very nice way. He captures her home town, sentences her and a lot of others to death, and Norma in order to save her country and incidentally her own life, is forced to make the dreadful sacrifice of worse-than-death. Her true lover comes along and for a time there is some misunderstanding, but in the end she gets the public recognition that her heroism deserves. It is all very dignified. Norma Talmadge dispenses charm and affection, and the situation leading up to the sacrifice is very cleverly devised. Gilbert Roland acts about as usual, but looks more like John Gilbert, owing to his shaved head and his uniform. I much preferred the Russian gentleman, so I couldn't feel much sympathy for our heroine.



## THE MYSTERIOUS LADY

**G**RETA GARBO'S latest picture is devoted to disproving those two disagreeable statements of Jim Tully's—that Greta is anemic and flat-chested. She darts about displaying unwonted vim and vigor, and wears gowns that might very appropriately have adorned Barbara La Marr. Greta as a beautiful lady spy is too alluring to miss. The action alternates between Austria and Russia. A Russian spy falls in love with the man she is sent to spy on, and is torn twixt love and duty, in the usual way. This is one of those plots that hinges on stealing The Papers, never a very absorbing topic. But there is a good deal of suspense. And the love scenes are numerous and all that could be desired, even though Conrad Nagel is occupying John Gilbert's usual place beside the couch. Gustav Von Seyffertitz supplies the menace. Give "The Mysterious Lady" a buzz when she shows up.



## A WOMAN OF MOSCOW

**P**OLA NEGRI starts out very vigorously as a Cossack lady in white furs and a dashing sleigh. She dances, flirts, drinks, and scandalizes the chaperons in a most promising way. But before many reels have passed she has drawn her hair over her forehead in two demure locks and is acting as girlish as Sally O'Neil. That's what love does to a woman. Pola is a lady from Moscow whose Russian fiancé is mysteriously killed. She goes to Paris to look for the murderer, finds him at the first party she's invited to, and falls in love with him. With much anguish she keeps her word and arranges to give him up to the police inspector, but at the last moment weakens. Then what with one thing and another she feels she would be better dead, and obeys that impulse. This is an incredibly slow-moving story, and I was quite unable to feel the tragedy of it. But I have seldom seen Pola look more beautiful. Norman Kerry is the hero.



# PARADISE

GOLDBECK



FOUR WALLS

**A** DRAMA laid in the underworld, interesting mostly because of John Gilbert's personality. John is a gang leader, who serves a jail sentence and there learns that the only walls that can imprison a man are the walls of his own soul. The plot concerns his struggle, after he is released, to preserve the freedom his spirit has found. This is made much harder because his hard-boiled girl friend, Joan Crawford, is pulling him in the other direction. Besides this spiritual theme, there are a gang war and other forms of action to entertain you. Vera Gordon, as the mama, does her mother stuff well, but she doesn't seem like any kin of Jack's. Carmel Myers is unusually good, as a plain spinster with an unrequited passion for Jack. The hero is supposed to be a lad who resists one temptation after another. It seemed to me he just said, "No! No!" two or three times and then quietly gave in.



CELEBRITY

**T**HIS is really Robert Armstrong's picture. He duplicates the characterization that made him famous in "Is Zat So?"—the dumb prize-fighter with sex appeal. Clyde Cook is the manager who has a few more brains than his pal, and loves Robert as he would his idiot child. Inspired by Gene Tunney, the plot has a little fun with the idea of a prize-fighter whose books are his best friends. Clyde hires a mother, a fiancée, and a ghost writer, for his moron protégé, and lands him on all the front pages as the Intellectual Athlete. Everything is going to be all right, when someone publishes the poems our hero really wrote, and the humiliation nearly costs him the championship. Clyde Cook is excellent, and Robert Armstrong is absolutely perfect. He appeals to everyone's maternal instinct or something. It would have been a lot better without Lina Basquette as the fiancée.



THE CARDBOARD LOVER

**O**UR best comedienne in her best comedy. Marion Davies has a part which gives her a chance to clown and carry on to her heart's content. She is an American schoolgirl, traveling in Paris. Of course, she falls in love with a handsome but unresponsive young Frenchman, handsomely played by Nils Asther. He loves a seductive French lady but feels she is not good for him, so, as he can't get rid of Marion, he hires her to get rid of the French lady. To this end she disguises herself as his fiancée, as a bell-hop, as a bedspread, and other absurd things, and after a long struggle she lands her man. The result is a riotous comedy which you are advised not to miss. Marion is artless and engaging and mischievous and all those other things she does so well. Jetta Goudal looks quite charming and depraved as the French lady. This is ridiculous, but nice. We advise cutting yourself a piece of cardboard and making yourself a nice time.



THE WATERHOLE

**T**HIS is one of my favorite plots—that familiar one about the pampered darling of the rich being tamed by a he-man from the open spaces. Only in this case, to my great relief, the girl simply does not respond to the treatment. You know these spoiled heroines usually end by washing the hero's shirt and singing at their work. But even Jack Holt can't make this girl give up her willful ways. The scene of their little domestic experiment is a cave in the desert, and it ends in their struggle to cross the burning sands, with parched throats and exhausted limbs. Harrowing, entertaining, and charmingly acted by Nancy Carroll, Jack Holt, and John Boles. There is a little prelude done in technicolor or some equally runny process. A dull episode in the prehistoric ages, which contributes nothing to the picture or to Nancy's beauty. You had better be a little late. It is our opinion that "The Waterhole" is disappointingly, but appropriately a bit wet.



# CURRENT PICTURES



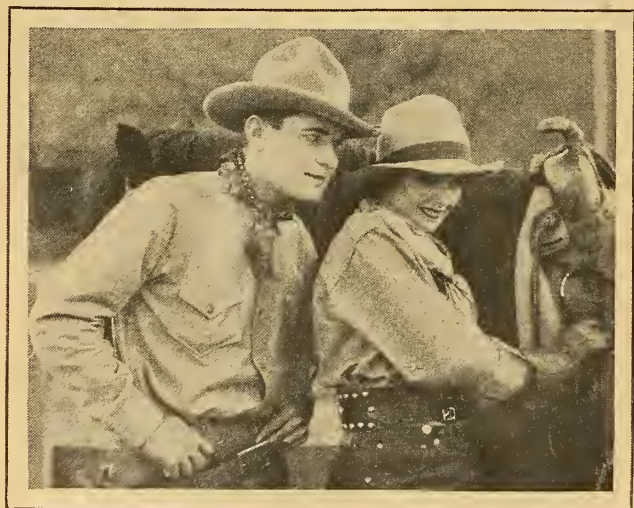
THE BELLAMY TRIAL

A MURDER story, which takes place in the courtroom where Leatrice Joy as *Sue Ives* and Kenneth Thomson as *Stephen Bellamy* are being tried for the murder of *Bellamy's* wife. The testimony of the witnesses, done in flash-backs, reveals the events leading up to the crime. This is a distinct novelty for movies, but much of it is shamelessly copied from "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Things are looking bad for Leatrice and Kenneth when a schoolteacher, who says nothing till the last moment just to keep everyone on edge, steps forth with evidence that leads to their acquittal. Then we have the revelation of who really committed the murder, which comes as a complete surprise to everyone who hasn't guessed it in the third or fourth reel. There are so many different couples and romances involved that it's hard to know just whom your interest is supposed to be centered on. Mine wandered to Betty Bronson and Eddie Nugent, who play a couple of reporters at the trial, and supply all the humor and most of the charm. This is novel and interesting and will probably give you some thrills.



THE FIRST KISS

THIS is the most romantic picture I've seen for many months. It was taken on the Maryland shore, and has a lovely lazy atmosphere of boats and trees and gently decaying homesteads. Furthermore, it is the best part Gary Cooper has ever had, and he brings to it an unexpected ability. He seems to have a real feeling for the character of the boy who gathers up the last remnants of family pride and forces his shiftless brothers back into respectability. All because the girl he loves has called him "poor white trash," in a moment of anger. There's something tremendously appealing in this lonely desperate figure, who risks his personal honor and safety to make his family one he can be proud of. Fay Wray is the girl who is the cause of it all, and Lane Chandler and Leslie Fenton are two of the brothers. The third brother and the drunken father are excellent, too. Maybe this is an improbable story, but it's so beautifully done that you'll never notice that. And above all, it's romantic. Or am I just getting fatuous? Anyway, I know you'll like Gary Cooper. And this in spite of whether you have liked him before or not.



THREE RING MARRIAGE

STILL another little drama of circus life has for its stars Lloyd Hughes and Mary Astor. Lloyd comes riding out of the West and takes a job as sharpshooter in a circus, to prove that he's worthy of the girl he left behind him. She gets tired of waiting and joins him in a rough-riding act. Meanwhile a hard-boiled bareback rider in the person of Alice White has come into his life, and Mary's head is being turned by the manager of the show. This is a muddled romance and doesn't gain much glamour from its circus atmosphere, genuine though it may be. The big punch is furnished by the well-known midget, Harry Earles, who hides himself in a suitcase. When the villain has Mary locked in his room and is just about to bite her, in the last reel, Harry steps out of the bag and holds everything until our hero gallops up on his white steed. Unless you have some particular craving for Mary Astor or Lloyd Hughes, I can't think of any reason for seeing this. Except for the acting of the miniature Mr. Earles and the personality of Alice White, it has no more freshness or savor than cold roast beef warmed up. It's considerably less fun than a circus.



SHOW PEOPLE

MARION DAVIES gives her impression of how breaking into the movies is accomplished. But I imagine very few actors would recognize her experiences as the real thing. Marion is a fluffy belle from Georgia who chugs into Hollywood with her daddy—an old Southern Colonel—prepared to sweep the film people off their feet. Only one story has ever been written about Hollywood, and this is it—the girl who lets fame go to her head, and is brought to her senses only after learning a terrible lesson. All the lessons in Marion's picture are taught by means of slapstick. Almost everyone gets a custard pie in the face before it is over. A lot of good-natured fun is poked at movies and stars, and a lot of good chances are allowed to slip by. Marion is clever and zesty, but I prefer her when she has to spend less time looking like Mae Murray. She does a lightning transformation from Mae to Gloria Swanson that is miraculous. You had better see this. Dozens of stars wander through the scenes. There are glimpses of the inside workings of the studios. And William Haines is the leading man, so what more could you want?



# IN REVIEW



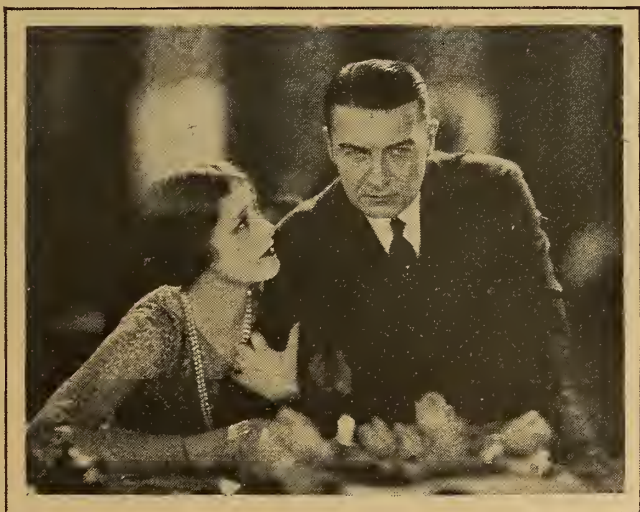
JUST MARRIED

ONE of those boisterous farces in which everyone gets in the wrong bed has been made from the famous stage play. It takes place on shipboard. The passenger list includes one honeymoon couple, one engaged couple, one swarthy vampire who is out to get the engaged man, and one intoxicated gentleman who has designs on the engaged girl. This combination of the sexes could obviously lead to nothing but a double wedding in the captain's cabin. But not before many mistakes have been made, many embarrassing moments lived through, and the screams of the audience have become louder and longer. James Hall, who ultimately gets the girl, goes through most of the scenes with his trousers missing. It's that sort of thing. Ruth Taylor is, of course, the blonde ingenue. Lila Lee is the determined vampire. Harrison Ford and somebody else whose name I didn't catch are the honeymoon couple. And William Austin is, as usual, the goat. They all play with the required hilarity. Now you can look into your own hearts and decide whether you're likely to be amused by this or not. If not, you'll be a lonely minority.



CRAIG'S WIFE

AN FAITHFUL reproduction of George Kelly's prize play. Irene Rich gives her best performance as *Mrs. Craig*, the woman whose fanatical worship of her house finally drives everybody out of it. She does this remarkably well, making you feel exactly the right balance of hatred and compassion. It is impossible to watch this spectacle of a woman trying to control the lives of everyone about her for her own selfish end without having some violent reaction. The audience practically stands up and cheers when the worm turns at last, yet they weep, if I am a good example, in the tragic moment when she is left to live her empty life alone, which shows that this must be a pretty good picture. Virginia Bradford and Carroll Nye are attractive as the young lovers. Warner Baxter, as the patient husband, and Lilyan Tashman inject the necessary dash of melodrama. This is one of the few examples to come recently to notice of the successful and intelligent and effective translation to the screen of a stage play genuinely human and finely drawn. Even at the risk of domestic duplicity, we suggest your seeing "Craig's Wife." And taking yours with you.



THE PERFECT CRIME

MR. BENSON, a great detective, is bored with crime because all criminals are such bunglers. He retires from the police department, and muses in his library on a possible perfect crime. The next step is to commit this crime himself, which he does, neatly, expertly, leaving no possible clues. Imagine his embarrassment when another man is convicted for his crime. This is a well-made and smoothly acted picture. Clive Brook is the only man I know of who could play this cold-blooded murderer and yet capture your sympathy as completely as he does. I had an uneasy feeling that one or two points needed explaining, but it is a shame to approach such a very good picture with too critical an eye. The denouement is bound up with the detective's own romance and that of the man on whom the guilt has fallen. Irene Rich, Carroll Nye, Gladys McConnell, and Tully Marshall are all good. The real ending is interesting though unhappy. But another ending has been tacked on which explains that it was all a dream—for the benefit of those who would rather go home happy. This is unworthy of the picture, and should be ignored.



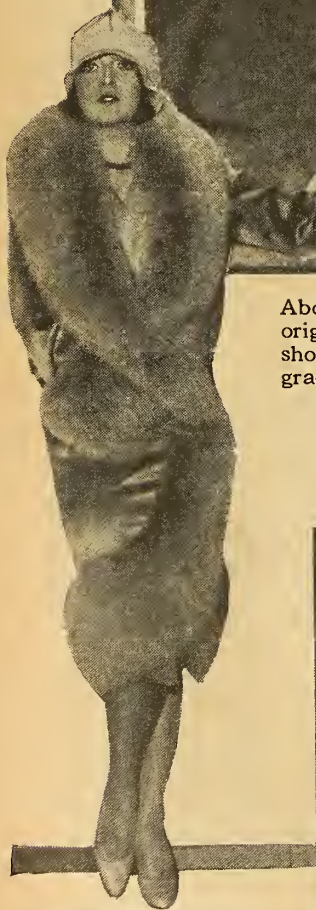
WOMEN THEY TALK ABOUT

ANOTHER Vitaphone picture that is good in spite of rather than because of its audible moments. William Collier, Jr., and Audrey Ferris are an engaging pair of youngsters who persist in their romance in spite of the feud between his father and her grandpa. These irascible fellows are Claude Gillingwater and Anders Randolph. They call each other names on the Vitaphone, and both their voices register very well, but the action furnishes most of the amusement. It's all about the indignation of everyone else in the cast over the childish behavior of the Mayor, who is an old meanie, in spite of the fact that he's the hero's father and the heroine's stepfather-to-be. Irene Rich further complicates the plot by running for Mayor, and a lot of things happen. You will like this because it is good-natured and plausible comedy, because Claude Gillingwater gives a fine performance, and because Buster Collier and Audrey Ferris are so young and appealing. It may be that "Women They Talk About" will not be one of those movies or talkies that everyone will be talking about. But it nevertheless serves as fair-to-middling and pleasant diversion.



# It for the Itless

Spurr



Russell Ball Photos

The street coat above of grey satin trimmed with grey fox fur has been very appropriately named "Park Avenue." Right, is "Quand Memé," the startling negligee of rose and blue brocade trimmed with grey fox and supported by two suspenders, and "Piping Rock" is the name of the tucked two-piece dress

Above is Howard Greer, whose original and exquisite creations shown on these two pages are so gracefully worn by Mary Duncan



**W**HERE do the stars get the lovely confections in which they dazzle the eye of the beholder? Where do they find the creations which make us Average Women gasp and say "Oh boy, if I could only look like that!"

Let me tell you a bedtime story:

There was once a little boy on a lonely, barren Nebraska farm. He was unhappy there. Starved. He wanted to see Broadway. Lights. Color. He drew pictures of beautiful ladies, beginning with their feet and working up. He drew gowns on them. Fanciful, lovely things. The way women should look. Not the way women did look on the back-breaking farmlands.

He dreamed dreams of color and fabric, lace and chiffon. His name was Howard Greer.

To-day, when the ladies of Hollywood go shopping, they do not go as you and I in our humble, departmental way. Theirs not to jostle in crowded elevators. Theirs not to finger bolts of yard materials, to try on innumerable frocks later to be seen, many times in duplicate, on the backs of every other sub-stenographer and little wife in the land.

Ah, no, the ladies of the reel world, the ladies of Pasa-

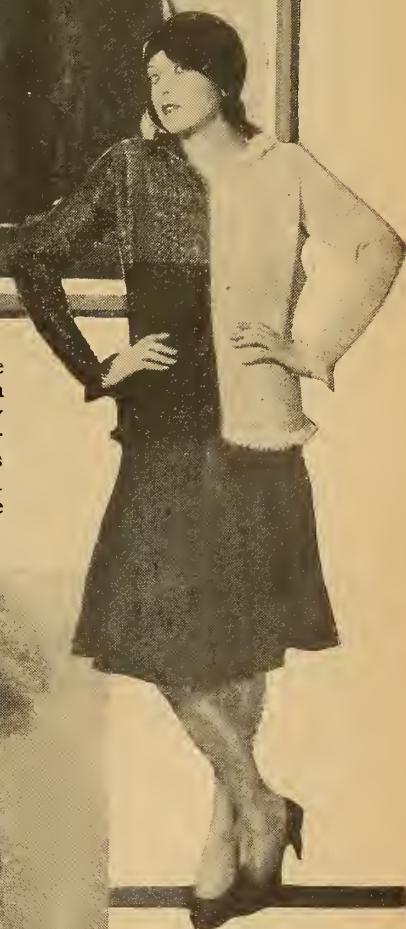


# This is Howard Greer's Mission in Life— That, and Making *Itty Women Ittier*

BY GLADYS HALL



The bodice of the evening gown above is heavily beaded on silver lace and the skirt is black taffeta edged in silver. The name is "Iaia"



Russell Ball Photos



"Checkerboard," the sports outfit above, has a jumper woven in black and white and a black serge circular skirt. To the left is a stunning printed chiffon dress called "Peggy," which has a long cape collar, and above to the left is the "Normandy," a chic suit of printed silk with white satin blouse

dena, drive luxuriously to a luxurious portal on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood. To a rambling white structure feathered with the drooping pepper-trees, dreamy with patios and gardens. A negro porter, elegantly uniformed, takes the cars and parks them. Another plum-coated servitor swings back the grilled iron doors for them. They enter a discreetly lit hallway from which a graceful circular stairway, exquisitely carpeted, branches up to the high-priced regions above. Or if the delicately shod feet are too weary to make the ascent afoot, there is a diminutive French elevator to do that service for them.

Above are three grand salons opening onto a sunny patio. Within the largest salon, hung in elegant French *torles*, carpeted and walled in the elusive greens of spring, in the decadent greens of Baudelairian fancy, parade the mannequins, Babette, Aiai and Gladys.

The name of this establishment is *Howard Greer, Incorporated*.

LUCILLE GAVE HIM HIS START

Between the beauty-starved farm boy and the creator of dreams, executed in silks and (Continued on page 84)





Above, Trader Horn, whose narrative will be re-told in motion pictures; and at the right, Eva Von Berne undergoing a scientific test to determine the effect of music upon blood pressure

**D**EEP in the dark, dank jungles of fearful Africa, where every murmur is a menace, gibbering gorillas will soon peer through lush foliage upon one of the strangest scenes in history. Hissing serpents will slither sibilantly along branches heavy with the poisoned beauty of orchids. Lions will pause in forest aisles to raise their terrifying voices in heart-stopping protest. Unseen but seeing, all the jungle folk will cause the woodland gloom to rustle with an ominous restlessness. And every sound that echoes through the mysterious gloom will be snatched from the air, safely imprisoned and carried back to the byways of civilization to give you thrilling entertainment. For they're going to make a talkie in darkest Africa.

Metro has given W. S. Van Dyke the assignment. He is the adventurous movie-man who but recently returned with an epic of silvered shores and emerald seas called "White Shadows of the South Seas." And now he will be dispatched to make a celluloid version of "Trader Horn." The picture will be made in the noisome heart of the French Congo, and his black burden bearers will pack picture lights, cameras, sound devices, and all the other paraphernalia to spots where the occasional footprint of man is soon eradicated by the padded feet of beasts.

Another jungle thriller will greet you at the local theater

# Forecasting About ---

## Views and Previews of Impending Events

### Snakes and Squeakies

### Toy Oceans and Paper Tights

### Participate in

### Film Art



BY HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

before Van Dyke returns with "Trader Horn," providing he does return. It is "Gow," made in the Fiji Islands by Captain Edward Salisbury with the assistance of those talented dare-devils, Cooper and Schoedsack, photographers of "Chang." These three musketeers of the movies actually photographed a real battle between two tribes of Fiji head-hunters. But, alas, when they departed upon their expedition, sound in pictures had not catapulted to its present prominence. However, Captain Salisbury is doing the next best thing. And when you see his picture, it will be to the accompaniment of a photophoned lecture which eliminates all titles, and gives the gallant Captain the distinction of being the very first talkie lecturer.

ing the very first talkie lecturer.

#### TRANSLATING THE TALKIES

**T**HE making of sound pictures, speakies, or as one young lady columnist, careless of her P's and Q's, has christened them, squeakies, presents many unusual difficulties. One of which is the treatment of sound for the foreign market. America is not the only country where English is not spoken. And in these lands it is necessary that the talking films speak an understandable language.

Universal is endeavoring to obviate the difficulty by an interesting experiment in "Show Boat." It happens that Joseph Schildkraut, hero of the picture, is an accomplished linguist. So it is planned that a number of important sequences will be so arranged as (Continued on page 113)



# In Love and Incog

*Because They Were the One,  
Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg  
Chose to Remain the Other*

By DUNHAM THORP

“AND what about the multitudes that turned out to greet you at the boat and the railroad station, and to storm the doors of your hotel? You haven't said anything about them!”

“Well, you see, we didn't send out any advance publicity, or try to get them worked up in any way; so—there just weren't any.”

Thus Norma Shearer and her—er, pardon, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg—established something of a new precedent on their honeymoon tour through Europe.

A new precedent that was caused only by an unfortunate oversight, an oversight that soured the cream of their pleasure, and so made the whole trip less enjoyable than it might otherwise have been? Not at all!—the thing really seems to have been intentional! Strange as it may seem, it appears that here is a real movie couple that did not look upon a triumphal procession as an element necessary to the full enjoyment of the first days of their married bliss.

“We were just a plain mister and missus. Just newly-weds honestly enjoying each other's company more than anything else in the whole trip—even though those other things were so marvelous. And the less time we had to give to functions, the more we would have to ourselves. Why—that's just simple arithmetic!”

## PERPLEXING SIMPLICITY

JUST a bit *too* simple for some of our blasé sophisticates. But even the best intentions show an occasional lapse when it comes to putting them in action. Even this strange *incognito* had its equally strange interludes. Though Gibraltar, Morocco, and the Riviera were unpublicized, and thus unsinging, there *was* the gala opening of “Tell It To The Marines” in Naples. And the trip to Sorrento.

Miss Shearer related the incident:

“The affair at the opening was really Sid Grauman's fault, the fault of the habits he has gotten us into—the habit of dressing to outshine any conceivable competitor.



R. H. Louise

If sweets to the sweet, then why not bergs to the berg? This may have suggested to Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg that they make Heidelberg one of their main objectives on their honeymoon tour of Europe. At the left is Mrs. Thalberg as Mrs. Thalberg, complete with husband; and above as her professional self, Norma Shearer

“Openings in Italy aren't like that at all. Everyone goes in quite ordinary clothes. But I didn't know that; I thought they were the same as here, and so wore my best—even to an ermine wrap. And when people wondered who I was, the manager turned showman!”

So when the lights went up, she had to rise and make her bow—and she admits frankly that she *did* enjoy this short taste of a spice she had denied herself so as not to dilute the sweets that were her main diet at the time.

Sweets to the sweet?—this time it was every sweetie for himself! Norma's husband is not—just another one of those things.

“He's my boss here—and he proved his right then. And by the simple trick of standing out beside me and raising his hand in the Fascist salute. He stole the show—you never heard such an uproar!”

A star went into eclipse that time.

But she got her revenge at Sorrento, when it was only she whom the hotel management asked (Continued on page 98)



# Leaves from a

## *Ruth Roland's Diary* *a Gilt-Edged*

By FAITH

**T**HERE are one or two interesting things still left in this jaded night club of a world.

One of them is to read about humble beginnings budding into fame and fortune. Anæmic acorns into opulent oaks, as 'twere.

The other is to read private diaries—if you can make the grade. One doesn't always get the chance. But you are going to—so don't complain.

I have got hold of Ruth Roland's diary. And there is enough material in it to put old Sam Pepys in the discard. Not that hers is that kind of a diary. Quite the contrary.

You all know Ruth. But lest you have forgot. Ruth was a stage child. Typically. She traveled the West with her mother and was everywhere known as Baby Ruth, the most popular child actress in California. She loved the stage and the stage people. Everyone was dandy to Ruth. It never occurred to her that there was any reason why not. And so it never occurred to anyone else.

When she was seven or eight, her mother died. But before her death she warned Ruth about the evils of liquor, the evils of big cities and the ogres of life in general. Ruth paid heed and heed has paid Ruth. And how! If the Barbara La Marrs, the Valentinos of the world had paid a little of Ruth's kind of heed, they might not be where they tragically are today. The straight and narrow may not lead to thrills, but it does lead to bonds and real estate. If someone hadn't beat her to it, Ruth would have coined the cliché, "Virtue is its own reward." To repeat it doesn't murder anyone.

Well, then, Ruth came to Hollywood and lived with a maternal auntie. It is characteristic of Ruth that the same auntie now lives with her. Ruth went to Hollywood High School and did parties and had beaux just like any other girl.

A STAGE GIRL, A LOST GIRL

**W**HEN she was thirteen, a stock company came to town and the grease-paint yodel reached her eager ears. She joined the company against the wishes of auntie, who held the opinion that a stage girl is a lost girl. Or ruined, as they used to say in the dear old days.

When the stock company prepared to pull up stakes, Ruth prepared to troupe along with them. Auntie forbade. Ruth defied. No harm could come to her, she said. Why should it?

Auntie was defeated, but so, momentarily, was



Ruth Roland hasn't a corner in all the valuable real estate in Los Angeles. But she has several corners that many another star would gladly trade her contract for



Two glimpses of Ruth as a little girl: at the left, just after her graduation from the high-chair; and above, just before her graduation from high school



# Lady's Diary

*Proves That Virtue Is  
Investment*

## SERVICE

Ruth. The stars and owners of the stock company decamped, leaving their cast stranded. But before decamping, the leading lady sent for Ruth. She was a lady of a one-time Broadway reputation and many bad habits. Many experiences and the dregs of human kindness that were stirred to life by the contact with Ruth's youth and freshness and *naïve* belief in mankind. She told the child never, never to take a drink and never to go to New York. "Virtue and talent don't go together in New York," she said.

Ruth's mother had likewise advised her. She never forgot. She never has.

Eventually, Ruth made the road. She had adventures and very few misadventures. Probably because of her unshakable belief that everyone was dandy.

There was the time when she was stranded in some town in Texas. She stood staring into shop windows wondering, literally, where she would sleep that night. But not worrying. Something would turn up. Something did. A magician. The man's name escapes me, but he was the rage of the town and a rage with the ladies. He saw Ruth and offered to read her palm for nothing. He read it and then offered her a job. The job was to get into a locked and bound trunk and then effect a Houdini escape. Ruth says that it took her longer to escape than it would take an army to evacuate an impasse. But she got a hand just the same. And a salary, too. And eventually a proposal of marriage. Surely one of the most quixotic ever heard of. The magician offered to send her to school, all expenses paid, including wardrobe. Or to send her to New York and pay her expenses there until she got her break. When she was old enough, and if she found she could care for him, he wanted to marry her. Ruth declined the offers. But she was grateful to him. Young as she was, she knew that his offer could well have been quite otherwise.

### SIZING UP THE SCREEN

I HAVE said a book. And so we will skip pages crammed with adventure, pitfalls from which she was always rescued, experiences that brushed her by with kindly fingertips, until we come back to Hollywood and auntie and vaudeville. Ruth did singles and doubles. She did stock and she cast an appraising eye on that new venture, the movies, just looming up over the horizon. Ruth is a business woman now and she was a business woman then. Moral integrity, a belief in mankind and financial acumen, these are the dominant traits

(Continued on page 93)



It's easy enough to discover about Ruth—as at the right and above, where she wears the flowers Mrs. Wallace Reid gave her the day her studios opened. But impossible, in her portrait at top, to find a suspicion of diminished charm







*Russell Ball*

It may be that some form of remorse has stricken Phyllis Haver for the havoc she has wrought in her recent underworld pictures. What else could account for her taking this special occasion to expose her sole for the world to see?



# Why Movies Go Wrong

## *Technical Directors Are Allowed Neither to Be Technical Nor to Direct*

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

SOMEWHERE in the welter of names on the credit-titles preceding a foreign or historical picture, may be found the technical director.

He is made officially responsible for the correctness of all atmospheric details of customs, costumes, et cetera. When indignant natives of the country portrayed begin demanding who was responsible for making their native land ze butt of ze joke, the buck is passed to the paid alibi, the technical director. With an injured look, the producers will point to the salary they paid him as evidence of the fact that all in human power has been done to preserve accuracy.

Many names carrying the utmost weight have appeared as technical directors of pictures which bubbled over with stupid errors. Men known to possess all the requisite knowledge have apparently failed to use it. The reason is that ninety-nine times out of a hundred the producers never have any intention of making their picture atmospherically correct. "Who the hell knows the difference?" is their naïve cry, assured as they are that nobody knows any more than they do. Their bankbook proves to their complete satisfaction that they are right.

A salary is paid to a technical director merely as insurance against possible attack, when he is a perfect alibi. Once engaged, he is generally forgotten about, and the director makes the picture as he wants it. The technical director is kept hanging around the set for the looks of the thing, and is occasionally asked a question. If he says "Yes," all is well. If he says "No," they just don't take any notice. If he doesn't know and asks time to look the point up, he is fired for incompetence.



Leo Rowley

### YES, NO, AND MAYBE MEN

THIS condition of things divides technical directors into three classes. Those who ask time for research are honest fools. Those who confine their remarks to that popular Culver City expression, "Yes," are wise knaves. Those who come right out with their opinion without expecting it to be acted upon are philosophers. If you are

not a knave, you have to be very philosophical indeed to hold down a technical director's job.

Two choice examples of technical direction at its best and brightest are now on their way, it seems, from the First National emporium. They are "The Divine Lady" and "The Whip." Neither of these pictures has finished its reducing treatment in the cutting-room, so criticism is out of place, but plenty of fun was  
(Continued on page 92)



Above, Bertram Johns with John Gough, displaying what the well-dressed Limehouseholder will wear. At the left, John Boles, Greta Nissen, Jamiel Hasson and Charles Farrell



# First-Day Fever

How Those Celebrated Now  
Felt--and Acted--Before the  
Initial Glare of the Camera

By HAL K. WELLS

Ball



Freulich

At the top, Sue Carol; left, Eddie Nugent; above, Marian Nixon; and below, in order, Virginia Valli, William Boyd and Florence Vidor

**E**VEN though a motion picture star may live to be as old as the combined ages of Methuselah and Fannie Ward, there is always one outstanding day in that star's career that will never be forgotten.

That day is the one when the star for the first time faced the cold, glassy eye of the camera in actual work on the set. It is a memory that usually brings very copious blushes with it.

Because they were not stars then. The most gorgeous peacock that ever strutted over a lawn had to start out in life as nothing but a small and rather dumb-looking egg, the mightiest oak that ever grew was once just a poor nut, and film celebrities are no exceptions to nature's rule of humble beginnings.

On the occasion of those momentous "first days" before the camera they were for the most part nothing but badly scared youngsters, bewildered by the unaccustomed glare of the klieg lights and the utter strangeness of their surroundings, embarrassed by the curious stare of a hundred alien eyes around the set, and awed and frightened by their first contact with celebrities whose names were already world-famous.

Under such trying circumstances the newcomers naturally did not scintillate to any extent visible to the naked eye. For the most part they acted like any other embarrassed and scared young persons would have, and proceeded to do the last possible things under Heaven they should have done.

Richard Arlen, for example, shivered himself out of a chance for a small part on his very first studio appearance. Dick was one of the Nubian slaves in an Allan Dwan production at the old Brunton Studios. He was highly elated when he was picked out of the mob for a bit—that of pouring wine

into a cup held by Rosemary Theby. Was he scared?

It was nearly midnight on a big outdoor set and very cold. Dick's costume consisted only of a loin-cloth and a coat of dark brown paint.

By the time the camera started grinding for his bit, Dick was shivering like a bowl of jelly in an earthquake. He aimed valiantly for the cup, but Miss Theby's expensive gown received most of the property wine. Dick was thoroughly bawled out and was promptly returned in disgrace to his old place with the other five hundred extras in the mob.

Where cold and nervousness spelled Arlen's downfall, it was heat and nervousness that lost Esther Ralston her chance at a bit in her studio debut. It was on a dance-hall set for a quickie Western at Universal. Esther, in cow-girl costume, was slated for a bit in a scene at the bar.

But the heat of the lights, her heavy leather costume, and her natural nervousness caused her heavy make-up to melt slowly and run like a spring snow bank.

When the time came for her scene, Esther's streaked face resembled that of a Comanche brave about to

(Continued on page 118)

Autrey



Carsey



Hommel



# "Gentlemen prefer Flattering Hands,"

says ANITA LOOS

This famous author and these smart busy women  
praise the New Cutex Liquid Polish



The bewitching author  
of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and the new  
success "But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes,"  
uses this New Cutex Liquid Polish . . .

CHARMINGLY unspoiled,  
Anita Loos has the brown eyes  
of a little girl. Amazingly petite,  
she has a habit of emphasizing her  
brilliant sallies by graceful gestures  
with her well formed, perfectly  
groomed hands.

She says: "I cannot seem to talk  
without making motions so, of  
course, everyone notices my hands  
and I don't dare neglect them.

"The New Cutex Liquid Polish  
keeps them looking nice. It flatters  
the hands and I love flattery.

"A Cutex Manicure Kit goes with  
me on all my trips. I never let a  
week go without using the Cuticle  
Remover and Cream. They bring  
out the half moons and keep the  
nail tips tip-top!"



"Driving hands . . .  
one minute at the wheel . . .  
the next at tea . . ."

says Miss Adelaide Bride

This winsome blonde of Washington  
society says: "Our social season is a mad  
whirl from one place to another.

"One minute your hands are on the  
wheel—the next you are shaking hands  
or teeing with an ambassador.

"All of us rely on Cutex Liquid Polish.  
It keeps the nails so lovely looking and  
gives them such a flattering finish!"

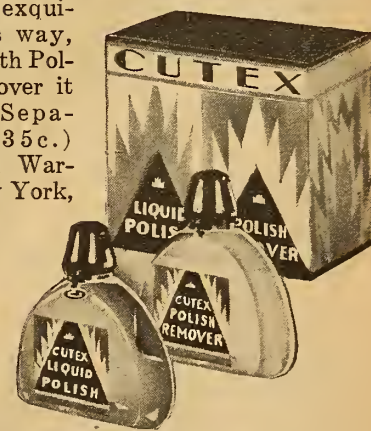


Prominent Woman Executive  
looks for  
well-groomed nails

Miss Mary D. Payne, business  
manager of the New York Ex-  
change for Woman's Work at 541  
Madison Avenue, in diaphanous  
black chiffon and pearls, is the per-  
fect example of the modern fash-  
ionable business woman who keeps  
her hands lovely with the New  
Cutex Liquid Polish.

"The New Liquid Polish," she  
says, "keeps the nail tips fresh and  
immaculate. One can go straight  
from the office to a dinner engage-  
ment and feel at one's best!"

Modern women . . . always charming . . .  
elegant . . . keep their hands strikingly  
well groomed and chic with the New Cutex  
Liquid Polish. Keep your hands lovely,  
shining, exqui-  
site this way,  
too! (With Pol-  
ish Remover it  
is 50c. Sepa-  
rately 35c.)  
Northam War-  
ren, New York,  
London,  
Paris.



Special Introductory Offer—6¢

I enclose 6c for samples of the New Cutex  
Liquid Polish and Polish Remover. (If  
you live in Canada address Post Office Dept.  
M-10, Box No. 2054, Montreal.)

Northam Warren, Dept. M-10  
114 West 17th Street, New York





Myrna Loy  
Warner Bros.



Vera Reynolds



Lillian Rich



Flora Bramley



Gwen Lee  
M. G. M.



Sue Carol

## “Smooth skin the greatest charm” say famous directors

WHAT CHARM radiantly smooth skin gives a girl—you know it the instant the close-up is flashed on the screen!

Smooth skin is more important for loveliness than anything else, motion picture directors say.

To keep their skin lovely under

the cruel lights of the close-up, screen stars guard it very carefully.

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap. There are in Hollywood 433 important actresses, including all stars. 417 of these use Lux Toilet Soap. Order some of this white, fragrant soap today.



Virginia Lee Corbin



Agnes Ayres



Leila Hyams  
Warner Bros.

96% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for by Lux Toilet Soap



Julanne Johnston



Betty Blythe

All the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms



Carmelita Geraghty



Jetta Goudal



Louise Fazenda  
Warner Bros.



Helen Jerome Eddy



Georgia Hale



Louise Dresser

Luxury hitherto found only in French soaps at 50c or \$1.00 a cake





Alice Day



June Collyer  
Fox Films



Audrey Ferris  
Warner Bros.



Sally Eilers  
Sennett-Pathé De Mille



Madge Bellamy  
Fox Films



Anne Cornwall  
Christie-Paramount



Natalie Kingston



Marjorie Daw

A few of the host of stars  
who use Lux Toilet Soap—

Lois Moran Mary Philbin Maria Corda  
Renée Gabor Billie Dove  
Anna Q. Nilsson Clara Bow Esther Ralston  
Princess Puffin Janette Davis  
Louise Mary Brian Janet Gaynor Irene Rich  
Ruth Taylor Brooks Phyllis Haver Joan Crawford  
Greta Nissen Dorothy Mackaill  
Chris Lee May McAvoy Mary Astor  
Betty Bronson Norma Kennedy Eleanor Boardman  
Adrian Pringle Betty Compson  
Jacqueline Logan Olive Borden Eve Southern  
Hilda Gray Bessie Love Leatrice Joy  
Dorothy Sebastian



Dorothy Gulliver  
Universal



Marceline Day  
M. G. M.



Dorothy Dwan



Josephine Dunn  
M. G. M.



Priscilla Dean



Enid Bennett



Viola Dana

10¢





# Gulliver Travels

Dorothy's Young, Dorothy's Pretty,  
But Dorothy Doesn't  
Want to be *Itty*

By MARY BARTOL

Johnny of the office force joined. "Gee, kid, you had oughta study dancing," he commended. "You've got it."

"Now John, be careful, or you'll grow up to be a press-agent," Dorothy warned him.

Five masculine voices joined in protest.

"He's right—you have got it," and the argument was settled for all time in my mind, for what press-agents don't know about that little pronoun which has been elevated to an improper noun in Hollywood isn't worth knowing! And when five out of five men agree on any subject, it must be true.

## DOTTY'S DIMPLES

HERE I interrupted, and Dorothy and I together walked across the lot to the studio cafe. Dorothy is the sort who could nicely be abbreviated into "Dot." She's about five feet tall. The curls with which she first started her career have been shorn. She blondined them for a picture and they just weren't becoming, so she cut them off. Now the mahogany brown bob clings around her face attractively. A dimple plays in one cheek when she smiles. Her eyes are deep brown.

She talked without affectation. Not learnedly—but interestedly—of work, and home, and the Wampas Ball and of her next picture. She likes to sketch a little, and she loves to sing. Sometimes she sings over the radio, but never has her real name announced. "Just jazz songs, of course," she explained.

At last I got round to asking her about it. Why had she never used that for advertising and publicity, and so on? She looked embarrassed.

## SHE HAD TO LEARN ABOUT IT

IT WASN'T the first time she'd heard she had it. The Gulliver child learned about having it and all that goes with it when she'd been in Hollywood—well, perhaps a week. Maybe it was all of ten days, but it wasn't long after her arrival. The effect was rather startling. She's not a bit "clinging viney" nor shy—but it frightened her.

(Continued on page 99)

"ALL aboard," yelled the conductor, and Gulliver—Dorothy in person—climbed onto the observation-car at Salt Lake City. She waved her hand in tearful farewell to her friends.

"Crocodile tears," she grinned to herself as she settled down in her Pullman seat.

"That was the happiest moment of my life!" She is still breathless as she tells of it. "For I'd won the Beauty Contest for the *Salt Lake Telegram* and was on my way to Hollywood."

Sixteen, and the world an unopened book. Small wonder the distance from Salt Lake City to California was long and wild and wonderful to Dorothy Gulliver!

That was only three years ago, but in those three years the unknown daughter of a workman in Salt Lake City has climbed from obscurity to leads in feature pictures. Her latest triumph was to be chosen as one of this season's Wampas Baby Stars. And she's still traveling.

My introduction to her was unique. I waited unnoticed in the anteroom of the publicity department at Universal. It was the lunch-hour, and five or six young press agents lounged around in the outer office while Dorothy Gulliver sat on the desk nearest the door.

"Get down offa that desk," the kid of the office force remonstrated with her, plainly scandalized. Movie celebrities do not sit on desks, as a rule.

Gaily swinging her feet, she began to sing the chorus of "I Ain't That Kind of a Baby," and the boys all joined in on the song.

Another youth sauntered in, strumming a uke. The girl on the desk sprang up suddenly and there was a clip, clip sound of the Black Bottom being danced on the bare floor. A round of applause followed, in which the critical





"Lucky Strikes, I find, thrill the taste without irritating the throat. Since I changed to Lucky Strikes several years ago, upon the suggestion of my doctor, I no longer like raw tobaccos."

No wonder more and more doctors — 20,679 to be exact — approve the toasting process.

# "It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.





## and *Chow!*

Neil Hamilton feels quite lost these days if he hasn't the company of Chang. This, too, despite the fact that the dog is at times a trial. Note here how Neil has to hold him to prevent his rushing out and annoying the whales



# Marvelous New POWER OVER MEN!

## now *any* woman can be dangerously fascinating



**P**OWER over men that you must use guardedly. Fascination so compelling that you *dare not* use even a *tenth*. The selfsame power that unthinking women have loosed upon men to control nations. The power that makes some woman *you* know the envy of her set—because she simply fascinates men. This woman—the siren type—makes no apparent effort. Often she is scarcely good looking—let alone beautiful. Other women honestly mystified, say: “I don’t see what men see in her.”

Now do *you* want power over men ten times greater than that of the *most fascinating woman you know*?

### An Astounding Thing—But Proved

That Lucille Young actually gives women fascination is a bewildering, astounding thing. But there is proof—absolute, unquestionable proof. In the past year, thousands of women have accepted Lucille Young’s amazing offer. It is that if *any* woman, young or old, beautiful or homely, does not acquire fascination she spends not a penny. Lucille Young’s *real* warning is, don’t abuse or misuse the dangerous power she places within your hands.



### How This Amazing Knowledge Came To Be

Lucille Young has been making women *physically beautiful* for more than fifteen years. She is, indeed, recognized as leading all beauty experts in the marvelous improvements she effects with face and figure. But beauty is not all. It, alone, cannot make women *fascinating*.

So years ago, Lucille Young undertook to probe one of nature’s strangest mysteries—the *hidden thing*, besides beauty, that is

absolutely necessary to fascination.



Those who know the arts of fascination so well—the famous film stars—help you realize the astounding secrets of “How to Fascinate Men.” In the above you see Patsy Ruth Miller, Marian Nixon, Dorothy Gulliver, John Boles, Edmund Burns, Buddy Rogers and George Lewis, Screen Stars in Universal Films, *We Americans*, *Red Lips*, *The Collegians* and *The Chinese Parrot*. This new book has created a furor even in Hollywood.

### The Strange Fact She Discovered

Among Lucille Young’s beauty clientele were famous actresses, film stars, noted society women—those *famous* for fascination. They were friends, intimates. They would tell Lucille Young anything. But they *did not know*—simply could not explain their own mysterious power.

Lucille Young then did the only thing possible. She studied the thousands of women she beautified. She kept records. She learned how these women thought, what they did, their ways with men. She traced the histories of unusually fascinating women back to childhood.

### And Now She Can Make YOU Dangerously Fascinating

To her utter astonishment, Lucille Young saw the actual secrets of fascination take form. As she compared thousands upon thousands of individual records and observations it became clear as daylight that **EVERY FASCINATING WOMAN HAD EXACTLY THE SAME CHARACTERISTICS**. They were there. And they could be used.

Now, in *half an hour*, YOU can learn what it took Lucille Young ten long years to discover. For the absolute, innermost secrets have been put into the most startling little book ever written. It is called “How to Fascinate Men.” A storm of protest has raged about this book—protest from *men*. **BECAUSE MEN REALIZE THAT THE BOOK GIVES INTO WOMEN’S HANDS A POWER THAT MAKES THEM IRRESISTIBLE.**

### The Magic Combination of Beauty and Knowledge

There is, however, one thing the secrets of “How to Fascinate Men” will not, *cannot* do. They cannot make fascinating an unkempt, slovenly woman—one who neglects her skin, hair, figure and all else. On the other hand, there is absolutely *no need* for *great* beauty. *Any* average woman can become sufficiently good looking with Lucille Young’s help. If she is willing to do this, Lucille Young absolutely *guarantees* to make her fascinating, or not accept a penny for the priceless gift of power she offers.

### How You May Make the Test Without Risk

The book, “How to Fascinate Men,” gives the secret information you **MUST HAVE**. It tells you exactly how to make a cer-



tain experiment to bring men flocking after you. Plus this secret knowledge, a certain amount of beauty is needed. And to make your success instant and overwhelming, the very first time, Lucille Young has drawn upon her fifteen years’ experience to give you *immediate* beauty. She has selected certain splendid beauty aids, grouped them, and named this group her Instant Beauty Arts Method. Absolutely everything needed is included.



### An Astounding Introductory Offer

Regularly, this exciting, daring means to fascination and instant beauty is \$8.00. But the **FIRST 10,000** women who now order will receive everything for only \$3.00. It is safe to say that you will consider your wonderful new power absolutely *priceless*. But if you feel that anything in the world could *induce* you to part with the book and the Instant Beauty Method aids, **EVERY PENNY OF THE \$3.00 WILL BE RETURNED IMMEDIATELY**. You are to be the sole judge of what you desire.

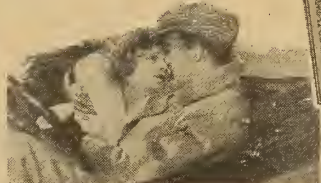
### Be Among the First 10,000 at the Low Price

This advertisement will appear in all leading magazines. So astounding is the success of the offer that the limit of 10,000 will soon be reached. So send **YOUR** order **TODAY SURE**. You will thrill, exult, glory in your new power of fascination.



**LUCILLE YOUNG,**  
91-A Lucille Young Building,  
Chicago, Ill.

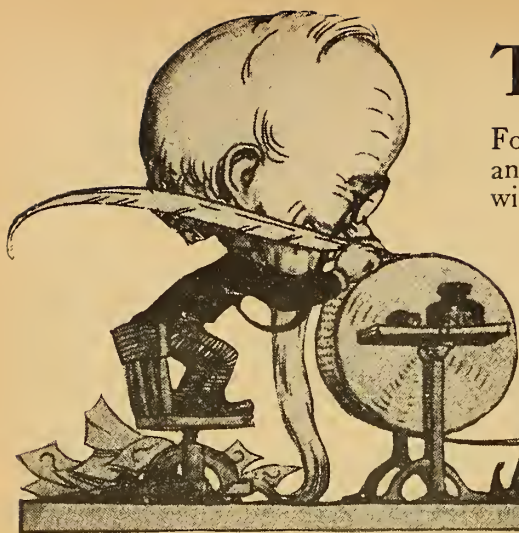
Send me your COMPLETE offer of “How to Fascinate Men” and your Instant Beauty Arts group to give me instant beauty. On arrival I will pay postman only \$3.00 plus a few cents postage. If not delighted with results, I can return everything within 10 day and receive my money back, without fail.



*Lucille Young*  
**LUCILLE YOUNG BLDG.**  
**CHICAGO**

Name.....  
St. Address.....  
City..... State.....  
NOTE: If price of \$3.00 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.





# The Answer Man

For eighteen years this old fellow has been answering questions about the movies. His wit is famous. He is a walking encyclopedia of information.



**I. L. W.**—Anna Q. Nilsson is five feet seven inches tall. Esther Ralston, five feet five. Greta Garbo, five feet seven. Joan Crawford, five four. You sure have a lot of favorites. Charles Rogers born August 13, 1904; Gary Cooper, May 7, 1901; William Haines, January 1, 1901; Charles Farrell, August 9, 1905; Ramon Novarro, February 6, 1899. Richard Arlen, twenty-nine. You're right, in the human race most flappers win by a neck. The "throw" of a projection machine? In trade parlance, the throw is the distance from the front of the projector lens in a straight line to the center of the screen.

**JINGLES.**—And you're from the "Lindy" City. Have you seen him? Nils Asther was the good-looking chap in "The Blue Danube." His latest release is "Her Cardboard Lover," starring Marion Davies. I can supply you with photos of Charles Farrell and Nils. Gwen Lee is five feet seven inches tall, weighs 131 pounds, blonde hair and blue eyes.

**LOUD SPEAKER.**—Don't broadcast it. You refer to John Patrick who played in "Love Hungry," write him at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Josephine Dunn is the blonde who plays opposite William Haines in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Can be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**WAITING BILLIE.**—It won't be long now. Write David Rollins at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. William Boyd was born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5, 1898; married to Elinor Fair. Thomas Meighan's latest is "The Mating

I'll answer as many letters in **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE** as space permits and reply by mail to the others. Write your name and address and enclose stamps or addressed envelope. The Answer Man, Motion Picture Magazine, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



Dolores del Rio occupies the place of honor this month. If my mail is any indication of Dolores' popularity, she's one of Hollywood's most popular girls

Call," Caddo Productions, Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

**I. M. PATIENT.**—That's fine; we all need a lot of it. Write Evelyn Brent, George Bancroft, William Powell and Clara Bow, Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street,

Hollywood, Cal.; Phyllis Haver, George Duryea and Sue Carol, De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.; George K. Arthur, Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Joan Crawford born in Texas March 23, 1906. Her latest picture is "Four Walls."

**CHILEAN BOY.**—Glad to hear from you again. Josephine Dunn was born in New York City, in 1910. Has blonde hair and blue eyes. Playing in William Haines' latest picture, "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Address your letter to her at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Richard Dix is "Moran of the Marines." Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

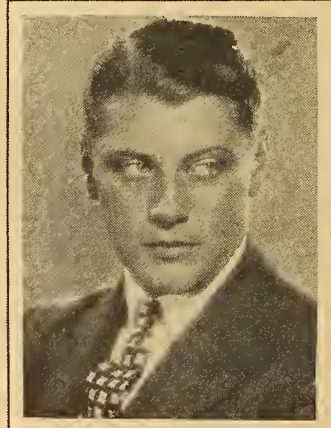
**LENORA.**—My, what a lot of favorites. Vilma Banky was born Jan. 9, 1902. Her latest picture is "The Awakening." Clara Bow, Aug. 8, 1905, five feet two and a half inches tall, weighs 120 pounds. Louise Brooks is twenty-three, five feet six and a half, has black hair. Write her, Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Olive Borden, July 14, 1907, five feet, weighs 105 pounds. Drop in again.

**COWBOY TEX.**—So you're a cowboy from New Zealand, and how. Betty Compson and Ricardo Cortez had the leads in "The Pony Express." Rudolph Valentino, Alice Terry, "The Four Horsemen." Ruth Clifford, "Don Mike." Lillian Rich, "Braveheart." Mary Brian and Alice Joyce, "Beau Geste." Claire Adams, "The Night Hawk." Stella Essex was Eileen in "Tumbling River." Clara Bow, Janet Gaynor, Mary Astor, Myrna Loy, Sally Phipps,

(Continued on page 108)



Gilbert Roland is second. Inquiries about him only ran a few hundred less than Miss del Rio's



Ralph Forbes is third. I was flooded with letters about him when "The Actress" was released



Fourth is beautiful Dolores Costello. Have you noticed that both the female leaders are named Dolores



Handsome Nils Asther is also gaining in popularity. They write and tell me he was handsome in "The Cossacks"



# As told to PRINCESS PAT by 10,000 Men

*"Women Use  
Too Much Rouge"*



THE MEN, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a

matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge *does look unreal*.

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. But there is never a question of too much, never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the *most natural rouge in the world*. And whether blonde or brunette, you can use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect—instead of being limited to one as with usual rouges.

*Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat  
Almond Base Face Powder*

Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing Almond Base imparts to

Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The Almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent Almond Base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat Almond Base face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the Almond Base to make the lighter weight powder just as clinging as the medium.

**Get This  
Week End Set  
—SPECIAL**

*The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c [coin]. Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations, including perfume. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.*



*Wonderful New Color for Lips*

Just what you've wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and that also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of color as with usual lipsticks.

*Try the Seven Famous Aids-to-Bauty in  
Princess Pat Week End Set*

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge. You will be delighted with the set.

PRINCESS PAT LTD.,  
2709 S. Wells St. Dep. 1-A Chicago

Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.

Name [print].....

Street.....

City and State.....

**PRINCESS PAT**  
PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



# The New CLARA BOW HAT

*Tri-Colored RATINÉ Silk Embroidery*



*Clara Bow*

FAMOUS STAR  
in  
PARAMOUNT  
PICTURES

Look for the Clara Bow pin on  
every genuine Clara Bow hat.

A PRODUCT OF THE WM. F. CHINIQUY CO.  
CHICAGO



# Grow-Yes grow-Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By **LUCILLE YOUNG**

*America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.*

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually* grow. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. Doubt all you want to. It does seem impossible, I know. Everything heretofore has failed. But my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. *And you are the sole judge.*

## Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works—proved it before this, my very first advertisement, appears. I have from these women some of the most startling voluntary testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a *notary public*. Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows. Every one of the women who have tried my discovery did so on my guarantee. *And not a single one has reported failure.* On the contrary all have been wildly enthusiastic.

## What My Discovery Means to Beauty

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. Merely darkening the eyelashes and eyebrows is a poor substitute. It helps. But what you really desire with all your heart, what every woman longs for is this marvelous beauty of naturally luxuriant eye-



*Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.*

lashes and eyebrows. Now you can have this beauty—impart to your loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

## Results Noticeable in a Week!

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time. *And there is instant beauty, too; for my discovery combines with its own marvelous virtue the advantage of darkeners. But it does so without messiness and artificiality. It gives the effect, but itself, cannot be detected.*

## An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made

a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely *new way*. There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know that I have given to women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded. And I have waited until I was *sure* before offering it to the world at large. The more than ten thousand women who have tested my discovery *have been my regular patrons.*

## You Can Have Proof At My Sole Risk

Remember...in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually *grow*, if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is \$1.95. Later the price will be regularly \$5.00.

## Send No Money With Order

Send no money... simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to Lucille Young, Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society women and professional beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.  
2709 S. Wells Street,  
Chicago, Illinois



Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.

Loretta Prinze,  
1952 Cudaback Ave.,  
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious. Miss Flora J. Coriveau,  
8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.

Mlle. Heffelfinger,  
240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful!

Pearl Provo,  
2954 Taylor St., N. E.,  
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearance tells the tale. Naomi Ostot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.

My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. The longer I continue to use it the better the results. People are asking me how I do it. All I say is, "I owe it all to 'Lucille Young.'" Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2,  
Box 179, Jeannette, Penn.



Lucille Young,  
81-A Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

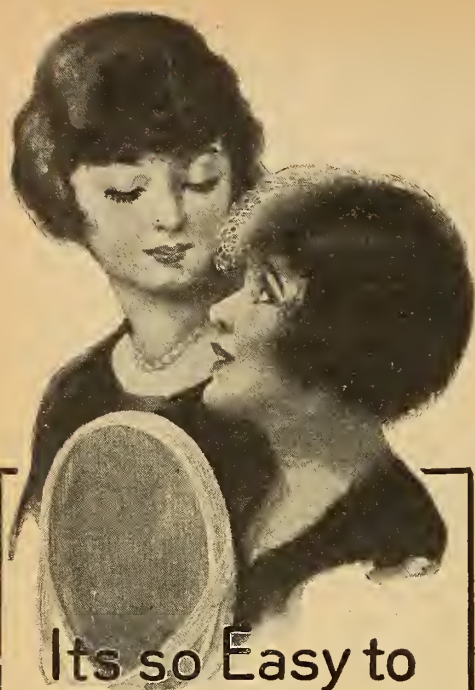
Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents postage. If not delighted, I will return it within 30 days, and you will at once refund my money without question.

Name.....  
St. Address.....  
City.....State.....

NOTE: If price of \$1.95 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.

*Lucille Young*





## Its so Easy to Remove Summer Blemishes —

Tan, freckles, muddy complexions and coarse, wind roughened skins are passé for Fall and Winter social activities. Correct this condition now. Wipe out your summer blemishes and in their place give to your skin a pure, soft, pearly appearance of alluring beauty. Let

## GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

*"Beauty's Master Touch"*

prove to you the value of "Corrective Beautifying." In a moment's time it renders a bewitching appearance to your complexion that cannot be duplicated by any Powder, Cream or Lotion. Its effective astringent and antiseptic action discourages blemishes, wrinkles and flabbiness. The weak points of your appearance are yielding to its corrective properties as you enjoy the immediate effect of a new beauty to your skin and complexion.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream is ready to add years of youth to your appearance.

Try it today. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel, also Compacts.



Send 10c. for Trial Size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son,  
430 Lafayette St.  
New York



E. R. Riche

If this scene is typical of Bebe Daniels' new picture, "Hot News," it looks as if it'll be one of those breeches-buoy-and-girl romances

## It For the Itless

(Continued from page 65)

velvets, in chiffons and regal brocades, lies a courageous road worth traveling for a couple of paragraphs.

When the Nebraska boy grew older, his sketches and his dreams crystallized. He knew what he wanted to do. He wanted to make plain women less plain. He wanted to make beautiful women more beautiful. He wanted to give "Itless" women "It." A laudable desire.

He wrote to Flo Ziegfeld and told him what he could do. Flo declined the offer, with thanks.

He wrote to Lucille, in New York. Lucille had a woman's instinct and sent an acceptance plus a salary offer of fifteen dollars a week.

Howard Greer departed for New York with a package of sketches. He worked for Lucille, rising steadily until the outbreak of the war. Then he entrained for France and spent eighteen months with the Machine Gun Company of the 307th Regiment. He was twice wounded and demobilized in France.

After the demobilizing, Howard Greer remained in France. Out of the blood and brimstone of the battlefields his dreams of beauty reasserted themselves. He went into the homes of French peasants, making himself welcome by his sketches of their homes, their children, themselves. But he had an ulterior motive. He wanted to learn at the source something new by way of color and line, background and form. From a nation's peasants does one learn a nation's aristocrats.

From the peasantry of France, Howard Greer went to the Paris of France. He worked in the French ateliers of Lucille and of Paul Poiret. He opened a studio of his own and through Elinor Glyn, the sister of Lucille, he met Cecile Sorel, Gaby Delys, the Guitrys and other notables of the *mondaine*. His fame spread and the women of Paris went forth greered for action.

When the sack of the Paris fashionables was well begun, the Nebraska farm boy

turned his thought to the women of his own land. There was where his work must be. He returned to New York, designed for the Greenwich Village Follies, for Nora Bayes, Irene Castle and other celebrities of the stage and of the dim Park Avenue drawing-rooms. Then Hollywood beckoned.

In Hollywood were congregated the world's Dreams of Fair Women. In Hollywood there was no one to raise the magician's hand and cover them with petals of lace and 'broideries of silk. To Hollywood traveled Howard Greer, an evangelist of fine feathers.

He worked for a time on the Famous Players lot designing for the Lasky *Loreleis*. And all the while he had, in his mind's eye, a vision of *Howard Greer, Incorporated*.

The dream has become a reality.

And now, when the ladies of Hollywood go shopping, they go to Greer's. They loll on couches fit for the ladies of long ago Versailles. Tea is served them in pink Sevres china by soft-footed servitors. There are cigarettes within reach on tables of cream and ivory wood, in putty-colored boxes monogrammed in green H. G's. Soft music plays. On the stage, drifting through the salons and about the sun-lit patio, parade the mannequins, Babette, Aiai and Gladys.

### GOWNS HAVE INDIVIDUAL NAMES

LET us suppose that Norma Talmadge is "shopping," if one may employ so mundane a term for so epicurean an experience. All right. Aiai appears wearing a creation of silver metal cloth banded with black and white fox. Its name will be "Indiscretion." For all of the gowns are named. They are individualities. They live. Or it may be a sheath of embroidered silver metal cloth christened "Baccarat." Or a tucked *Bois de Rose* georgette over a raisin lace slip, the name thereof "Guillotine." It may be a mere little sports frock consisting of a spotted velvet skirt. Metal cloth and spotted velvet coat titled "The Vortex."



Norma, or whoever it may be, elects to have "The Vortex." She signifies her intention to an attendant saleslady accoutred in pale gray. They discuss a few possible alterations. Norma selects the material she wishes to have. The color scheme and design. The important part of the Greer establishment is that while a model may be duplicated in design the materials are never duplicated. There is only one dress length of every sort in the place. There are never two alike. And the model may be changed to suit the individual. A different neck line. A different ornament here or there.

Norma will return for a fitting. Is she put in just any fitting-room? Ah, no. In the Brunette Room. Here the walls are covered in varying shades of yellow. An imported Austrian paper. Vermilion taffeta curtains shield the windows. Water bottle, cigarette box, perfume container, casual pair of mules, all carry out the scheme designed to make a brunette a super-brunette.

Or if Greta Nissen shops at Greer's? She goes into the Black Room where the walls are ebony, where the ceiling is gemmed with little mirrors and the curtains are black taffeta bordered with black velvet. Against this pall of night, the kind that gentlemen prefer stands forth doubly preferable. Here, no doubt, stood Katherine Carver when she had made three costumes for every day of her Menjouian honeymoon.

For the placid in temperament there is the Feather Room. Pastel in tone, with a wall-paper sprayed with gentle plumes.

For those whom age has touched with silver there is the Platinum Room. The walls are composed of squares of Chinese silver paper diagonally laid on. Silver and frost touch every ornament.

When Joan Crawford and her Titian sisters shop at Greer's, there is the Vibrant Room. Electric blue walls. A room that turns any but a Titian the color of old cheese.

Thus subtly and pervasively does Howard Greer evoke the best in every woman. Against backgrounds especially designed for them do these buds of beauty unfold and full-bloomed flowers lift petals to a new sun.

#### WORDS FROM THE FASHION WISE

**H**OWARD GREER has a few bits of wisdom concerning the attiring of women:

He says that the past few years in dress have made women too sloppy. To be casual is one thing; to be careless is quite another.

That women should wear a girdle or a corset of some kind.

That very few women know what they look well in. They think they do, but they are almost invariably mistaken.

That Irene Castle, for instance, had no idea what she should or should not wear. But she had the wise intuition to know that she didn't know and to put herself in the hands of those who did. When she was dressed, she knew how to wear her clothes.

That most of the women who come to Greer's come accompanied by husband or boy-friend or both, ask them for advice and then get what they want.

That women dress for other women and not for men.

That color is the main essential.

That a woman without "It" may be given that priceless possession by the proper kind of clothes.

Howard Greer dreams in Hollywood as he dreamed on the Nebraska farm. He gets his ideas in dreams, awakes and makes a hasty sketch or two. He designs when music is playing, as he watches Aiai or Babette walk about the salons. And from dreams and music and the rhythmic walk of women come "Baccarat" and "The Guillotine," "Biarritz" and "Balmoral," "Naïveté" and "Salamander," "Country Club" and "That's That."



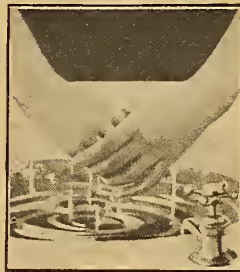
## *This Linit Beauty Bath Secret Is Almost Unbelievable~*

UNTIL YOU MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST ON  
YOUR HANDS. YOUR SKIN INSTANTLY FEELS  
SOFT AND SMOOTH AS AN ORCHID PETAL

**S**IMPLY swish a few handfuls of Linit Starch in a basin of warm water then wash your hands using your favorite soap. Soon as your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a delightful smoothness — and after you dry your hands, INSTANTLY your skin feels soft and smooth as a rose petal.

That is also the immediate and startling effect of Linit in your bath. Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub, bathe as usual — and then feel your skin.

This satiny smoothness that you feel after the Linit Beauty



Bath comes from a thin layer of Linit that is left on the skin. This almost invisible "coating" of Linit absorbs perspiration, eliminates shine from the skin and in cases of irritation is most soothing.

**S**TARCH from Corn is the main ingredient of Linit. Being a vegetable product, Linit contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. In fact the purity and soothing quality of Starch from Corn are regarded so highly by doctors and dermatologists that they generally recommend it for the tender, sensitive skin of young babies.



LINIT Starch is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let results speak for themselves.

LINIT is sold by your GROCER

**THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT SMOOTH SKIN ~ ~**





*E*ACH dab a delight—with BETTY LOU! Always soft and fluffy. Daintily fashioned from finest deep-pile velour—and sewed with seams that won't rip. Really remarkable, this puff so fine at the price so low—but made possible by the sale of thousands every day!

Four generous sizes—in White, Pink, Honeydew, Coral and Two-tone

(In Sanitary Transparent Wrappers)

For sale exclusively at  
**F.W. WOOLWORTH CO**  
5 & 10¢ STORES



A skirtless skirt: Lucy Doraine breakfasting on the verandah of her home in Hollywood. She provides a simple yet complete explanation of why porch climbers leave home

## So Good to Their Mothers!

(Continued from page 35)

sanctified and confirmed the lovely loyalty, the profound affection Mary has ever shown to her mother. An affection rooted in the twin debts of love and duty. For it was Mrs. Pickford who guided Mary's ultimate star to its high place. It was Mrs. Pickford who instituted laws and by-laws not only for Mary but for the entire motion picture industry, considerably the poorer for her going. And she began her long and fruitful labor by the toil of her heart and hand.

In days gone by, Mrs. Pickford sewed and baked and washed and taught for her three small children. There was a time when, together with Mrs. Gish, she took in sewing while the tiny Pickfords and Gishes roller-skated and shouted on the pavements. And when Mary began her unparalleled climb, it was Mrs. Pickford who stood at her side, advising, defending and planning.

The world knows of Mary's full return. All that money could buy or devotion devise was Mrs. Pickford's. Mary never made a trip abroad without her mother. And in the last illness there was never a day or a night when Mary was not at her side. Pictures were put aside and a single devotion glowed like a lamp of love from the daughter who had been more than daughter to the mother who had been more than mother.

### WARM-BLOODED GISHES

**T**HE Gish girls are another case in point. Lillian has said that she will never marry so long as her mother lives. She wouldn't leave her mother for any man alive. And when Mrs. Gish was seriously ill a couple of years ago, Dorothy and Lillian literally ran back and forth from the studio to the hospital, with their make-up on, between shots. Nurses and doctors, Europe when the trip was thought beneficial, California where she could be with Lillian—every care and attention were showered on the gentle-voiced, white-haired woman the Gish girls call mother.

The Talmadge girls never make a move without Peg, if they can help it. It is too

bad there are not three of her. One for Constance, in her Gaylord Arms Apartment, one for Norma in her beach bungalow and one for Natalie Keaton and the two little Keaton heirs. When I first came out here a few months ago, Norma was in the thick of buying her mother a bungalow atop the new Hotel Roosevelt. She was furnishing it and doing it all in secret, for a surprise. Peg rides in limousines and wears as many diamonds as a lady may.

Lupe Velez has one bond in common with Lillian Gish. She, too, declares that she will never leave her mother for any man. In loud and ringing accents she declares that she loves her mother better than any living human. And before the ink was dry on her United Artists contract she had her mother and her tiny grandmother imported from Mexico and installed in a Hollywood home and her small brother in a military academy. Her entire time and devotion, apart from the studio, is at their service.

Anna Q. Nilsson took a trip to Sweden a year or more back for the express purpose of buying her parents a new home, equipped with every modern device and furnished as luxuriously as those simple people would permit. She left a car and a banking account and so arranged matters that no dark shade of toil or worry can ever dismay them again.

### BABIED BY BEBE

**B**EBE DANIELS covers her mother with diamonds. In the midst of her very first contract she dashed downtown and bought her mother the largest diamond brooch she could find. And on Christmas and all other possible anniversaries Mrs. Daniels finds a new diamond thingumbob in the toe of her stocking.

Pola Negri supports her mother in a palatial chateau in France. Nothing less will do. Pola also endows an orphanage entirely with her own funds and her mother supervises it for her.

Adolphe Menjou recently built a new

(Continued on page 91)



## Mary Bids Good-bye to Curlhood

(Continued from page 59)

thinned several times, but it still made my head look too big for the rest of me. And I think when there's any part of a person's dress or appearance that attracts attention away from the whole, it's wrong, don't you?"

No casual experiment, no whim of the moment, this bob of Mary Pickford's! It is the penalty of great fame like hers—a fame that can never come to a movie star again—that she may not do as she pleases but must be always thinking of her public and its wishes. For the sake of her fans Mary Pickford stayed a little girl as long as she could. But even Mary had to grow up sometime.

I think that it was her mother's death that determined Mary to lay aside her *Peter Pannish* youth and become a woman on the screen as she was in life. Light-hearted curls don't go, somehow, with tragedy.

Will it, I wonder, make any difference in her career? Will her fans forgive her for the loss of the beloved Eighteen? Her small chin lifts defiantly.

"If a career that has meant years of hard work like mine can depend on a—*on a hair*, it's high time I found it out," said Mary Pickford, her eyes a blue blaze, "but I don't believe it's just my curls people have liked. It's something else we love in people—something *inside*. If I give them a good picture, if I amuse them, they won't care how I wear my hair. The grown-up pictures I've made before weren't so successful because they weren't such good stories, that's all."

Is there the faintest shadow of doubt in her voice? We wander through the gracious rooms of Pickfair and whenever we pass a mirror Mary's eyes seek her despoiled head anxiously. As she talks, her fingers go up, missing the lost curls. And all subjects, somehow, lead back to bobbed hair. Her trip, for instance.

### GETTING DOUG'S O. K.

"IT WAS what my friends abroad said that made up my mind," Mary confides. "In Europe everyone has short hair, except poor Queen Mary. She has to uphold tradition. When I went to Baron de Meyer in Paris to have him photograph me, he urged me to cut my hair. Of course I asked Douglas's *permission*," she added quaintly, "and of course he said to do as I pleased. I don't think he expected I really would get a bob, and I didn't expect to myself when a friend took me to her barber in Chicago. But when I'd talked to him, and tried on bobbed wigs, she said, 'Mary, why don't you get it over with now?' and in fifteen minutes it was done. I had it cut shoulder-length so that I can make it looked bobbed or pin it up for evening, so—"

She turns her head this way, that, studying her reflection in the Georgian mirror opposite. I sense suddenly the sadness her fans will feel when they see America's Sweetheart without her golden curls. They will be sad, not because a motion picture star has bobbed her hair, but because youth must grow up, and *Cinderella* never did find her Prince, and fairy stories are not true after all.

"It doesn't mean I am planning to make an entirely different type of picture," Mary says, "but they will be more modern, more realistic. Everything has to change. Change is *life*. The last pictures I had taken wearing my hair in long ringlets I didn't like—curls didn't seem to belong to me any more. I wanted to change the way I looked. I wanted to be *different*." (Continued on page 89)

## "Amazing—so many women must learn this from others"

—writes a Washington hostess



The embarrassment that comes with knowledge of this grave social offense is finally ended. An important phase of woman's oldest hygienic problem is now solved.

WHERE smart women gather socially ~ or in business—even the most attractive are guilty of offending others at certain times. Yet they, themselves, seldom realize it. When told, they become miserably self conscious. They try in vain to overcome the difficulty by make-shift methods. Now science offers safe and certain relief from this fear.

### Kotex now scientifically deodorizes\*

Millions of women have learned to depend on Kotex within the last ten years. It has brought them better health, greater peace-of-mind under trying conditions. Now comes an added advantage. Kotex chemists have discovered (and patented) a process that absolutely ends all odors. The one remaining problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved!

### No more bulky outlines

That awful feeling of being conspicuous because of the bulkiness of old-time methods is gone, too. Kotex pads are rounded and tapered so there is no evidence of sanitary protection when worn. You may add or remove layers of filler as needed—a thing all women appreciate. There is a new softness, because both filler and gauze have been

specially treated. Finally, Kotex is so easy to dispose of, eliminating all need of laundering.

Buy a box today, at any drug, dry goods or department store . . . 45c for a box of twelve. Supplied, also, in rest-room vending cabinets.

\*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by a patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587, granted May 22, 1928.)

### Deodorizes . . . and 4 other important features:

- 1—*Softer gauze* ends chafing; pliable filler absorbs as no other substance can;
  - 2—*Corners are rounded* and tapered; no evidence of sanitary protection under any gown;
  - 3—*Deodorizes*—safely, thoroughly, by a new and exclusive patented process;
  - 4—*Adjust it to your needs*; filler may be made thinner, thicker, narrower as required;
- and
- 5—*It is easily disposed of*; no unpleasant laundry.

# KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes





## The Right Way to remove cold cream

WHERE beauty means money—on the stage and screen—famous stars have found a new way of insuring lovely complexions. No more harsh towels and no more high laundry bills! No more germ-covered cloths, that rub dirt back into the skin.

Now, beautiful women of the theatre use Kleenex to remove cold cream. Its surface is made to absorb every trace of dirt and grime, grease and make-up. It does what no towel or old non-absorbent cloth can do. And it leaves the skin radiantly lovely.

Kleenex tissues are generous in size. They're soft, pure white, perfectly fresh. After using, you dispose of them just like paper. Absolutely hygienic! And so inexpensive that high laundry bills are extravagant.

Send for a special sample on the attached coupon, if you don't already know Kleenex. You, too, will find there's nothing can compare!

# Kleenex

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building, Chicago, Ill. Please send sample of Kleenex to

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Ranger's pride in his first family is mingled with a degree of sadness at finding that every member is, even at the age of a few weeks, addicted to the bottle

## Nijinska Dances Alone

(Continued from page 49)

her grandfather a great patriot—a familiar of the mighty Garibaldi and Kossuth.

At sixteen she spoke seven languages, had been to school in Paris and London, and was a favored pupil of the far-famed Madame Rejane. She made her theatrical debut in Paris. The play was "The Secret," by Pierre Wolff. It was a success at the Gymnase. Then followed a repertoire of Ibsen—and a call home from her mother so that the two might play together.

In Budapest she attended the Russian Ballet. For her it was a gala night. The world and all its capitals had acclaimed the Slavic artists headed by the wondrous Nijinsky, darling alike of kings and commoners. Like a million others, Romola was enthralled. That night she determined that she would dance. And when Director Diaghilev took his Ballet to ancient St. Petersburg, she went with it. Her success was instant. And as the world-tour progressed, she danced her way to the top opposite Vaslav Nijinsky, friend and favorite of the Czar of All the Russias.

With the romance of her career, another blossomed. And in Buenos Aires, Romola became a Russian, and a bride. Triumph followed triumph. There was never failure. Nor any variance in the degree of success. The lovers danced their way beneath a bower of roses that covered the world, along paths of gold studded with rarest rubies.

### TOO MANY KINGS

"IT WAS magical," she says, and her eyes sparkle a second as they must have done when Grand Duke Dimitri welcomed her as one of the Czar's household—when the Marchioness of Ripon, social arbiter of the English Court, named her a protégée—when she and her husband danced by royal command before the rulers of the world, and were acclaimed their friends.

"Kings meant little to me," she smiles, "there were so many of them. But there was real delight in the circles of great artists which we attracted in every city. Our salons were always the rendezvous of genius—master musicians, sculptors, painters, writers—there was really little room for kings."

But while these children danced upon the

greensward of the earth, the fires of fury smoldered under the caldrons of Mars, god of war. And one day the flame leaped to life and the caldrons bubbled and boiled with blood. Of a sudden these radiant sprites found themselves imprisoned like gossamer butterflies beneath a glass. They were Russians—alien enemies—and even Romola's uncle, the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, could make no exception to the stern decree of internment. King Alfonso, monarch of a neutral land, added his plea for their freedom to a host of others. But when release finally came, it was through the intervention of America and Otto Kahn and Secretary Lansing. And that is how Vaslav and Romola Nijinsky came to tour a hundred cities in the United States and Canada on what was to prove the last great round of victory.

The New World followed the Continent in its vociferous approval. Headed by the harassed President Wilson, himself, the nation added its loud huzzahs to the cheers of Britain's greatest colony. But Nijinsky, artist and aesthete, steeped besides in the doctrines of Tolstoi, was tortured in his soul to see the bright world to which he danced steeped in sorrow, its sun obscured by clouds of gory hue. He pondered and brooded. There was a journey to South America, and thence to Switzerland. And there the soul-sick artist collapsed. His fine intellect was filmed over with a haze, his perfect body warped with insidious illnesses.

### THE FLAME OF HIS ART SNUFFED

WITH the passing of the old régime, passed the triumphs of Nijinsky. Holy Russia was raped by the Red rabble. The Czar, his more than father, lay with a bayonet in his autocratic heart. Franz Josef, last of the Cæsars, his friend and admirer, had joined the rest of his unhappy house in death. The world he had known crumbled beneath his feet. The feet that danced no more. And Nijinsky's career was ended. And so, it seemed, was that of Nijinska—Romola—his wife.

There was never a doubt of duty in her heart. The glamorous days were gone forever. Her life was con-

(Continued on page 95)



## Mary Bids Good-bye to Curlhood

(Continued from page 87)

### A GESTURE OF SELF-ASSERTION

HER small hands, unjeweled except for the slim wedding ring, are restless. It must be a strange thing, I think suddenly, to be Mary Pickford, and to live always caught in the golden cage of her own Fame, stared at by curious eyes, followed by crowds. I think that bobbing her hair was a symbol to her, to prove to herself that she could do as she pleased.

She is speaking now of the boy Crown Prince of Italy whom they met on their trip. "He is only twenty-three," she says, "but everything he did, he did as though he felt that he was not a *person* so much as the representative of the whole Italian people."

The inference of comparing herself to royalty somehow does not provoke any thought of incongruity. For it is undeniably true that the world does regard Mary as emblematic of the screen, and so her conduct cannot be guided solely by personal considerations. She stands for far more than herself.

Everything that Mary Pickford does, she must do, not as herself but as the representative of the whole motion picture profession. When Valentino grew a Van Dyck beard, thousands of newspapers wrote editorials on the subject. When the Pickford curls fall, it will be a matter for discussion the world over. But there is only one person whose judgment Mary cares for.

"What," I hesitated, "did Doug say when he saw your new bob?"

A smile flashes to her lips, secret, shy. But she answers casually, "Oh, he just said, 'So you really did it!'"

After all, even a famous movie star has a right to keep some things to herself. We shall never know exactly what Douglas Fairbanks said to Mary when she showed him her golden head without the eighteen ringlets.

But, we imagine whatever it was, it was quite satisfactory.



Doris Dawson and the cup given her by the studio electricians in token of their electing her the most popular player in Hollywood—by a unanimous vote



Miss Ralston's latest photoplay is "The Sawdust Paradise" . . . a Paramount Picture.

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORPORATION  
Paramount Pictures  
WEST COAST STUDIOS  
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA

May 9, 1928.

Manager,  
Union Pacific Ry.,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sir:

Travelling on the Union Pacific is a scenic delight, a restful diversion.

I was greatly pleased with the luxurious appointments, splendid cuisine and efficient attendants aboard your Los Angeles Limited.

Anyone planning a trip to or from the Pacific Coast should think of Union Pacific first. The service is excellent.

Cordially yours,

Esther Ralston

Eight fine fast trains to choose from between Chicago — St. Louis and California; including the Los Angeles Limited\*; San Francisco Overland Limited\*; Gold Coast Limited; Continental Limited; Pacific Limited; Pacific Coast Limited. \*63 hour extra fare trains.

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THE OVERLAND ROUTE



# To have beautiful eyes —do this



IN A TWINKLING . . . wonderful Winx makes eyes enchanting pools of loveliness—by framing them in a soft, shadowy fringe of luxuriant lashes. If you want beautiful eyes that can never be denied a whim or wish, apply Winx to the lashes.

## Fashion Decrees This Cream



In this dainty compact is the bewitching lash dressing, Cream Winx, which gives to lashes and brows smart beauty. It also aids their lustrous growth. So easy to carry. 75c complete.

## Some Prefer This Cake

Safe and harmless and simple to apply, this wonderful Cake Winx, preferred by many fastidious women, makes eyes seem larger, more expressive. A flick of the brush, and it's done! 75c complete.



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Everywhere you'll see eyes made lovelier by Winx Waterproof, the liquid lash dressing which neither runs nor fades. It is safe, easy to apply and remove. 75c complete.

## Insist Upon Winx

To be sure of the loveliest lashes and brows, insist upon Cream Winx, Cake Winx, or Winx Waterproof—whichever you prefer. For Winx is now the mode. Obtained where you purchase your aids to beauty.

# WINX

ROSS COMPANY

243 West 17th Street, New York City



C. S. Bull

One white man's burden comes to two pounds. Johnny Mack Brown discovers, after emptying all the contents of his pockets on the scales, that he's been making a junk-wagon of himself

## A Cynic of the Cinema

(Continued from page 55)

movie companies in the business. It was his job to sell their program to slightly reluctant exhibitors. He put so much enthusiasm into the work that it rated him a promotion to manager of one of the eastern exchanges. He was making a pretty good salary and getting along great when along came the war. Bill wasn't born Irish for nothing. He loved a good fight, and so he went off and enlisted. The film company made a big fuss over him and gave him the glad hand and promised to keep his job open for him when he returned. His official business kept him in Europe about a year and a half. One summer day he landed back home in New York and beat it up to the home office to see about his job.

He noticed that there wasn't as much hurrah over his home-coming as there had been at his departure. A couple of the fellows came out and shook hands with him and inquired after the Heinies. Then someone told him that his job had been filled. They were very sorry. They also hoped he understood, etc., etc. If anything came up, they would be glad to get in touch with him.

Bill grinned. He shook them all by the hand, being careful to grip their knuckles to the breaking point. He said he understood perfectly—that they were a bunch of so-in-sos and dirty what-nots and lousy what-have-yous. He said he wouldn't work for their and-so-on old company if they made him president. What I mean to say is that he pushed his overseas cap on the back of his head and told them exactly what he thought of them and their an-

cestors. Before he left, the report goes, he grabbed a paper-weight and threw it through a window that had been patriotically draped with an American flag. Then he bowed himself out.

### KNOCKED HIMSELF INTO A JOB

HE was so sore he went down the street knocking people right and left and that is how he happened to bump into the head salesman of a rival film concern. Bumped into him, literally. "Hey," yelled this fellow as Bill made to pass by. "Hey! Howard! If you ain't doing anything now, I've got a job for you." That slowed Bill up, though he was wise enough in the ways of the cinema to realize immediately that there must be a catch in it somewhere or it would not have come so easily. But returned soldiers must eat. Bill accepted right on the spot without bothering to find out what his work consisted of.

He wasn't long in learning that his job was to travel throughout the country selling the worst series of pictures that has ever been made by any producing company before or after. The boss told him, "We got these cooties on our hands, Bill, and we can't get rid of them. There's a nice commission in it if you sell a few of them." Bill took a look at the pictures and realized that cooties was a polite term for them. But he buckled down to the job and set out with a determination to sell them. His energy was part loyalty to the firm that had given him a job and part anger at their rivals. Before (Continued on page 97)



## So Good to Their Mothers!

(Continued from page 86)

home for his new bride and himself. But hand in hand and nail to nail with his home went one for his mother. Neither pains nor expense were spared. The aura of the impending honeymoon could not dim Adolphe's first and dearest duty.

Clara Bow's father (she is an exception that spoils my story) lives with her in Hollywood. And she has often said that to make her father happy is the chief end and aim of her coloratura existence. One of the things needed to make him happy was an exclusive cleaning and dyeing establishment of his own. He has it.

Gary Cooper's mother doesn't need his support. But he recently gave her a luxurious car, running like a silken wind. Fay Wray's mother and William Haines's mother are also independent. But Fay presented her mother with a chest of sterling silver, long the wish of her heart. And William Haines's mother, who lives in Virginia with her two daughters, comes to Hollywood two or three times a year to be with her son. When she was ill recently, William left the studio, willy-nilly, in order to be with her.

Neil Hamilton knew a childhood of pain and privation. He was an invalid and he was cured by a miracle, at an altar. He worked with his father in the mines and his place in the sun was rarely used. After he had come to Hollywood and the long uphill climb had been rewarded, he brought his parents West into perpetual sunshine.

Emil Jannings is the sole support of his mother in Berlin.

### MORE PETTED PARENTS

**R**AMON NOVARRO has been the mainstay of his family for years. He is one of ten. He is sending one of his brothers through college and has taken another brother to Europe with him. His sister has had several movie offers, but Ramon will not hear of it.

Lon Chaney's mother and father were deaf mutes. They preferred to live alone and so Chaney maintained two separate establishments, one for his wife, his son and himself, the other for his parents. They were given every luxury that money could buy, and at his father's death his mother came to live with him.

Richard Barthelmess maintains his mother in an apartment de luxe and sees to it personally that no least wish goes ungratified.

Agnes Christine Johnson, scenarist extraordinary, has her mother right in her home with her and keeps a trained nurse for her since her illness.

Marion Davies, Aileen Pringle, Ralph Forbes, Patsy Ruth Miller, Lois Wilson, May McAvoy, Alice Joyce, Estelle Taylor—I could go through most of the reel roster, no doubt. But the boys and girls I have mentioned are known to me personally and their lives, too, enshrined in the center of which are, or have been, their mothers.

It gives one something to think about. Free of hand and heart they may be, prodigal of life and living, frequently and sometimes rightly subject to criticism. But through their lives runs the silver cord of gratitude and filial love, and surely this argues that the core is sweet and sound.



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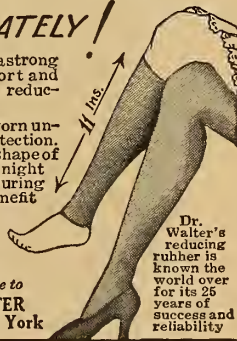
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## Why Movies Go Wrong

(Continued from page 71)

had in hashing up English customs during production. "The Divine Lady," a story of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton, had altogether some ten technical directors supposed to supervise different points of historical detail. One of these, a retired English naval lieutenant named G.A. Fealman, seemed pretty happy with the way things were going and reported that his advice was actually being listened to. His only squawk was that the sailors at the guns of the *Victory* insisted on chewing gum.

Another technical bozo named Magee, late colonel of artillery in England, was less satisfied with things. He quickly resigned himself to having his advice ignored. After spending hours arranging ship's crews in correct fighting order, he found that the men were shuffled and dealt again because they didn't show up to the best advantage. "Que faire?" said the Colonel (only not in French), and very sensibly didn't try to do anything except collect his weekly stipend and arrange matters so that his name should not appear in connection with the picture.

### KNOW OR GO

ONE of the "Divine Lady" technical directors, reported Agnes Christine Johnston, who wrote the scenario, was fired early in the proceedings because when they asked him which deck Nelson died on he confessed he would have to look it up. The studio people rhetorically wanted to know what they were paying him for. The poor fellow just didn't know that what he suggested wasn't done in Hollywood.

If half of what has been shot for "The Whip" reaches the screen, we shall have an illuminating document on life as she is lived in the rustic shires of old England. The technical director of this production was merged in the director, Charles Brabin, who happened to be born in England, where the story is laid. He secretly inquired of several fellow-countrymen, before starting on the picture, whether they could tell him anything about 'unting. Whenever his authority was questioned at the studio, however, he said that he was an English gentleman and knew 'is 'unting backwards. It

would have been better if he had known it sideways, for he had ladies dressed in side-saddle riding-habits sitting astride their steeds, and the entire hunt dressed in pink coats, when of course all but a handful should have worn ordinary riding-clothes. Another episode in "The Whip" that is going to delight the English aristocracy shows racing at Newmarket with a track of dirt instead of the invariable English grass, and with all the male spectators dressed in the grey top-hat and tails which are only worn at Ascot. With Brabin as an alibi, the producers frankly don't care whether "The Whip" portrays its subject accurately or not. Who the hell knows the difference? Only a few lousy Britishers, that's all.

### ENGLISH INNOVATIONS

POOR old England is getting it in the neck a good deal these days. Another picture purporting to be atmospherically correct was made by Paramount, "motion picture headquarters of the world," and was called "The Street of Sin." It was supposed to be laid in London. As technical director, an Englishman named Bertram Johns was engaged. Johns is an extra and bit player who did the technical direction on "Doomsday" and other Paramount pictures with British locale. It is said by those who should know that Johns was last in England over thirty years ago—i.e., when Queen Victoria was on the throne. However, this may be, it is certain that his knowledge ended at the knotty problem of how to spell "Hampstead," one of the largest sections of London, which throughout the subtitles (also on a newspaper contents bill) was spelled without a "p." At the end of the picture there is a chase and gun-fight on the roof-tops, involving a small regiment of policemen. They are all armed with revolvers, in spite of the fact that the law definitely forbids English policemen being armed, and that even the highest Scotland Yard officials have practically got to lick the king's boot before they can be allowed near a gun. How much this was due to Johns's apparently scanty information, and how much to the con- (Continued on page 103)



Don Gillum

Like taking candy from a baby—that's the way this tame deer (a resident of the higher altitudes around Hollywood) sizes up Thelma Todd



# Leaves from a Lady's Diary

(Continued from page 69)

in Ruth Roland. Ruth made the rounds of the new and somewhat pathetic studios. Brave in her blue suit, her stiff Eton collar and huge bow tie, she called on Fred Balshofer of the Bison Company. In Mr. Balshofer's office were two ladies. One sat with her nether extremities parked on a table. The other chewed gum. Both had faces not given them by God. Ruth thought that ladies who painted and powdered were—but we must think of the kiddies. Mr. Balshofer talked to her, his face close to hers, his eyes intent on her mouth. And Ruth fled the spot with horror in her heart. She never did go back. She didn't find out until much later that Mr. Balshofer was deaf, which was why he had watched her mouth. Nor did she discover at the time that paint and powder do not necessarily stain a soul.

She met Mack Sennett, then an actor. He took an interest in her. He knew that she was poor and hard working and he wanted to help her. He tried to make bets with her. Bets of silk stockings and gloves and things. Bets he knew she would win. She knew it, too, and so she wouldn't take him up.

Mr. Sennett went to New York and he wired for Ruth to come on. He would help her out until she got a start in pictures. She wanted most awfully to go. Her second chance to get in pictures. She might never have another. But there was that fateful

slogan "Virtue and talent." She knew Mack Sennett, trusted him, liked him. But . . . she didn't go.

## SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A PICKFORD

D. W. GRIFFITH saw her act and sent for her. She went to see him and he offered her a part then and there. Had she accepted it, she would have been the First Lady of the Screen in lieu of Mary Pickford. But she was booked for a certain length of time. She couldn't fall down on her word. She refused the offer.

In the theater at the time was a cranky stage manager. Everyone hated him but Ruth. She didn't hate anyone. Toward the end of Ruth's contract the cranky stage manager left and went to Kalem. He sent for Ruth.

And now we'll pick a few leaves from her diary—leaves which tell lightly of old days and old ways when the movies were very young. The words are copied from Ruth's old diary, *verbatim*. Only the parentheses are mine.

May 30th, 1911

Started today. Name of picture "A Chance Shot." Some acting! Oh, you audience! Mr. Hardigan seemed pleased all right. Oh, me arms! Some sore!

June 1st, 1911

Start new picture (two days later, you will note), "Petticoats and Cows." Oh,



Lew Cody believes in saying it with flowers, but not necessarily with his own. At the end of a social call he has fallen into the habit of snitching a rose or two for his buttonhole

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Whenever Gladys McConnell gets so excited about anything as to have it run her temperature up, she goes wading in the little rock-garden pool back of her house. She believes, she says herself, in the merit of a pond of prevention

you chaps! Ha, ha! Some cow-puncher. Rode horseback today. Some class! Sore. Oh, no; just crippled! That's all!

June 13th, 1911

No work; went to town; shopped all day; got bathing suit, etc. Met Alice Joyce. Fine girl, splendid time.

July 24th, 1911

Reported. No film. No work. Went to town shopped all day. Got back to beach 9 p. m. Oh, you Dutch Lunch! Danced a few dances; nice time at Mr. Walsh's party. Met Mr. Arbuckle, very nice, some dancer!

December 9th, 1911

Worked hard on my story, "How Bill Proposed." Marshall Neilan plays Bill (this was Marshall Neilan's very first day in pictures and Ruth wrote the story). Story great! Some tired! Went to see Montgomery and Stone.

### SHE MEETS HER HUSBAND

August 2nd, 1911

Reported but didn't work. Went downtown and got my ring. Some class! (Ruth's first diamond ring, one-half carat and one-sixteenth. Bought on time.) Rode down with Mr. Kent (Leo Kent, afterward Ruth's husband, still her business manager). Went to dance, also for ride. Enjoyed myself immensely.

June 27th, 1913

Worked on money picture, feeling great today. Came home dressed went to Photoplayers' Club with Marshall Neilan and Alan Dwan. Met Charlie Ray. Oh, you Charlie! Some time I'll tell you!

September 16th, 1913

Worked on "Sawdust Tragedy." Oh,

you Bearded Lady! Don't like a beard worth a cent. Everyone said I looked like the Lord.

October 13th, 1913

Started for San Pedro at 8 a.m. Worked on "Confiscated Count." Through at 2 p.m. Went to Madam Grant's for my dress. Dorothy and Wally (Reid) were married at 6 o'clock. Mrs. Davenport, Dorothy, Wally, Ed Brady, Mr. Bernstein and myself were present. Bless her heart, she looked so sweet. I was bridesmaid. Went to see colored pictures. Was in bed at 10 p.m. Some good child!

May 30th, 1914

Cloudy morning. Worked this a.m. Anniversary with Kalem today. Rushed home excited; ball tonight. Betty Schade came up dressed; some rushing! Countess (Mrs. Daniels, Bebe's mother) Laura Oakley, Betty and I went together. Oh, you Earle Foxe and tango contest! Some nerve! Sure acted the nut. My dress was so pretty. Certainly had some time. Came home in a limousine!

June 13th, 1914

Went to Miller's Picture Show, then Levy's. Saw Earle Foxe, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ince, Louise Glaum, Marshall Neilan and Gertie Bambrick (then Mrs. Neilan). Sure had fine time. Stayed all night with Countess (Mrs. Daniels was then studio manager for Kalem).

June 16th, 1914

Reported early. Sure worked. Chaplin part; hope it's good, trying hard. Some make-up! Over to Echo Park today, hit myself in the nose with cane; some tired tonight! (Echo Park then was the locale of

(Continued on page 96)



# Nijinska Dances Alone

(Continued from page 88)

secrete to caring for a magnificent invalid. There would be ample funds, it seemed. Surely, there must be much remaining of the gold from happier days. But as the world politic toppled, the world of finance was shattered with it. Princes were paupers, barons beggars, and the Nijinskys bankrupts.

So Romola turned her face westward, and with head erect, marched toward the setting sun. There was an offer from Hollywood to play opposite Richard Barthelmess. But before it could be realized, word from the bedside of her lover took her back post-haste to Europe. A crisis past, she returned again with Reinhardt and "The Miracle." And danced with feet of mercury and heart of lead, turning again to Europe and the man she loved when the engagement terminated.

Then came Morris Gest with his idea for "The Darling of the Gods" produced as a super-picture with an international cast including Romola and Chaliapin. Here, at least, was a straw to clutch—a means to an end—an opportunity to gain the wealth necessary to the sick man's sustenance, to the welfare of their children.

## HELP TO THE HELPLESS

OH, yes, there had been children. Two had slipped into her busy life to divide her increased love. Both were girls. Kyra came first. And five years later little Tamara had joined her sister. The baby was in Budapest. The elder, a tall girl, evidenced almost in infancy her heritage of talent, and had been made a member of the Paris Opera, with all its benefits.

So Romola came again to Hollywood to play in the picture which has never been produced. But with the courage of her kind she clung to a forlorn hope. At first it seemed there was no place for an artist, as there is no place for art, in the crass mechanism of the cinema. Then came some small parts, and a few better ones. Not productive of sufficient money for her purposes, but providing a little to help. And as it came, it went—back to Paris—to the hospital—to Budapest—to the baby.

"My husband always told me that to be a great artiste I would have to know poverty. I used to laugh. But, sure enough, here it is. Odd, isn't it?" and the soft, well-modulated, delightful voice, with its faultless, careful English, takes on a puzzled air. As though this new adventure with poverty as a companion is not quite understandable.

A suggestion of a return to the ballet or the stage meets with a little shudder.

"Oh, no, I could not. I shall never dance again. I could not face the public any more. There are too many memories. That is why I like the screen. One does not have to face the audiences."

And her friends avoid playing records of "Scheherazade," "Carnival," "Prince Igor," "L'Apres Midi d'un Faune," the music to which she danced with her god-like lover while the world worshipped.

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Neither money nor the easy life of Hollywood could hold Lars Hanson there when he found he wouldn't be allowed to act according to his own artistic standards. So he and Mrs. Hanson went back to Sweden

## Leaves from a Lady's Diary

(Continued from page 94)

all the Chaplin pictures. Ruth, of course, was doing a satire).

### MORE FUN! MORE MONEY!

June 21st, 1914

Up at 9 a.m. Reported two retakes. Came home, darned stockings, washed, took a bath and then a nice nap. Mr. Kent came by and took me to Levy's for dinner. Saw everyone I knew, almost. Came home and sent letter to New York asking for raise.

October 4th, 1914

Foggy morning. Reported at 8.30. Fixed couch cover, started series Oh, you drama! Everybody dandy. Stayed home, too tired to go out. (This was Ruth's first real dramatic stuff. Called "The Girl Detective Series.")

October 10th, 1914

Worked today in auto picture. Some warm! Gladys, Gibbie and I had dinner at Maison Marcel. Five dollars—some speed! Went to see Seena Owen's first picture—pretty good!

November 4th, 1914

Worked all day. Letter from Mr. Horkheimer. Engagement with him tonight. Very good offer if it's straight. That remains to be seen.

November 7th, 1914

Went over to Lasky's. Saw Mr. Lasky. Here's hopes! (Ruth was negotiating with Mr. Horkheimer and with Mr. Lasky and Mr. de Mille, then with Lasky. The bigger pay check won.)

November 18th, 1914

Up at 8:30. Dressed up. Went down to Lasky's at ten a.m. Took still pictures. Offered me lead in "Warrens of Virginia," a picture of Mr. de Mille's. But not enough salary. (They were quibbling over twenty-five dollars. Ruth had been offered \$150. Lasky stuck at \$125.)

November 23rd, 1914

Didn't work. Went to town. Also went and had long talk with Mr. de Mille. "Lost Paradise." Funny coincidence (the coincidence was that Ruth told de Mille she had played in "Lost Paradise" as a child.) It was her favorite play. Mr. de Mille's father had written it. Not enough money. He is going to wire Mr. Lasky.

Nov. 24th, 1914

Worked, this a.m. Went to town, called up Mr. de Mille. Nothing doing, so it's up to Balboa (Mr. Horkheimer). Don't know what to do. (If Ruth had accepted the Lasky offer, she would have been the first Lasky star. As it was, Blanche Sweet did it.)

November 28th, 1914

Worked all day. Rushed to hairdresser and had shampoo. Up to Mr. Zimmer's, met Mr. Horkheimer and signed contract. He gave me first dollar bill in lieu of contract or something. He wrote on it "Where a woman was needed, a woman was found."

### GONE ARE THE DAYS

SO much for the good old days when the stars were bearded ladies, cow-punchers or Chaplin imitators as the need and the story arose. Ruth produces on her own these days. Gone are the days when twenty-five dollars can matter one way or the other to her. She is one of the richest women in Hollywood. Acres of real estate on high-priced Wilshire Boulevard. Lots worth \$350,000 right now. Houses. A ranch. A beach place in Malibu. Cars. Servants. Investments.

And still to laughing Ruth Roland, "virtue and talent don't go together in New York." Still, for her, everything is dandy. She doesn't know the meaning of regret and she wouldn't change her life by one iota if she could.

Tell me the straight and narrow doesn't pay, and I'll bean you!



## A Cynic of the Cinema

(Continued from page 90)

he came back from the tour he had sold every one of the series to some of the best exhibitors in the country.

This record was so astounding that Carl Laemmle finally heard of him. And Carl Laemmle has a warm spot in his heart for young men who can do things that can't be done. He met Bill. He liked him. He brought him out to California with him. And the first thing you know he made him general manager of Universal City.

General managers at Universal City come and go. Bill did likewise. But he left with eternal gratitude in his heart toward Carl Laemmle.

### THEN HE BECAME A DIRECTOR

ABOUT this time Howard got a yen to be a director. No doubt he could have used his former prestige as a general manager to get himself a directorship, but he figured he ought to have a little experience. He accepted a job as assistant to Bernard Durning, then a director of specials on the Fox lot. Bill was so good as an assistant that he was soon promoted to director. He made several films for Fox before moving to the Paramount studios with a larger and better contract. It was here that he made "The Thundering Herd." It earned his recognition among the first dozen directors. Later, when De Mille split with the Paramount forces, he took Bill Howard with him to Culver City. Bill made many good pictures for De Mille, the most successful being "Gigolo," "White Gold" and "His Country." Roxy, the New York exhibitor, admires Bill's work so much that he books every one of his pictures for the Roxy theater.

With each succeeding picture his salary advanced by leaps and bounds until now, as director of one of Fox's big specials of the year, "The River Pirates," he is one of the highest salaried directors in the business.

In mentioning Bill's innate cynicism I hope I haven't left the impression of a scowling young man who sees no optimism in anything. As a matter of fact, Bill is probably Hollywood's best story-teller, best cocktail-mixer and most amiable host.



What, Josephine Dunn honeymooning? No! Yet when she arrived at a Hollywood hotel with this hobby horse, they gave her the bridle suite



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| 5  | 6  | 7  | 8  | 9  | 10 | 11 |
| 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 |

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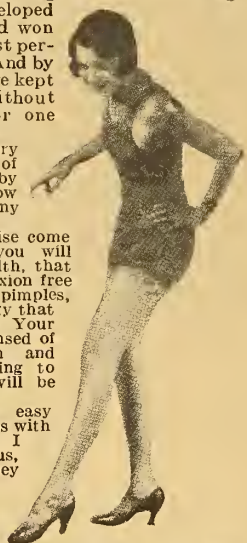
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Off the set as well as on, George Duryea and Lina Basquette are known never to forget their cues

## In Love and Incog

(Continued from page 67)

to pose where Caruso had had his picture taken—"just before he died."

"Of course, I appreciated the honor of following in his footsteps—but also decided that I had followed quite far enough!"

### DON'T KID THAT GARGOYLE

SO much for fame; if a taste of it was beginning to enter into them, it was soon to be washed away. They dropped in on Lon Chaney's old hangout—the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris.

"I don't think I've ever been so deeply moved in all my life as when I first stepped into this place from the sunshine and busy every-day life of the outside world. It seemed as though I had stepped back into the Middle Ages, or into another world. All thoughts of my own affairs, which are the only thoughts we usually have, were washed completely from me in an instant; it worked in me the magic for which it was built, and which had built it. I knew only that I was standing alone in the presence of the Infinitely Great. The serene calm of that vast interior, with its solemn twilight mellowed by the stained-glass windows. It was a void in which one must stand alone.

"Such an experience, of course, lasts in its full force only for an instant; but it stays with one, and its echo lasts a lifetime."

Even though jazz may follow.

For Paris holds other things as well—well, er, rather! And they did 'em all, and high and wide, and in ten hectic daze and dizzy. Just like that!

And Paris also holds surprises.

"Before I left I swore that I wouldn't buy a single thing in the place. I was one of those who cheer for Hollywood and New York; who feel that we have everything there is—that Paris is just a name, and nothing else.

"Well—I bought, and couldn't stop until we left!"

But if this be treason, they sure had a staunch patriot in their French maid.

Gabrielle was willing to go anywhere with them, even to Germany—until she got there!

"When she got one glimpse of the von Hindenburg we had for a chauffeur, she wanted to start back on foot to her beloved Paree!"

But a sixty-year old Alsatian woman in the hotel laundry "parlayed Francey"—and international amity was re-established once again.

And their own relations with the old home town were re-established too. While paying a properly formal and ambassadorial visit to the UFA studios, who should they unexpectedly run into but little Anna May Wong! Both shores of the Pacific thus rolled back and inward to whisper gossip in the metropolis of Central Europe!

If that had seemed like a "bit o' the ould sod," they soon saw the "little gray home" itself! Old Heidelberg is a bit older—by several time-elapses!—than its "Student Prince"; but—

"I thought someone must have brought over part of the M-G-M back lot as a memento to make us homesick. It was just like it! They couldn't have done better if they had gone to Culver City with the express purpose of copying our sets. And the most diligent search of the Central Casting Bureau's files couldn't have furnished a better lot of types—or the studio orchestra better music than the band in that beer-garden. I was half-tensed all the time, waiting to hear the equally familiar cry of "Camera!" Honest!"

And here, if ever, we get our genuine proof that this trip was bona fide *incognito*—at least, as these things go.

As *Kathe* in the picture, Norma Shearer's every appearance was greeted with dinning cheers from the multitudinous throats of the assembled sons of learning. But that was movies; now she was in the real place, and amongst real people. How did they greet this lady who had added film-fame to the

(Continued on page 105)



## Gulliver Travels

(Continued from page 76)

"You see, I'd just gone to high school dances and had a few dates here and there. And I was only sixteen. Kids can't know much when they are that young," she confessed.

But with all her fears and frights, from a forced education in sophistication, and the all-aloneness of her position here, she was determined to stay and see it through.

"I knew if others had stayed, I could."

### NOT A THRILL IN A TRUCKLOAD

SO the Gulliver child traveled some more and for a while she came near getting a complex and hating Elinor Glyn because—

"No one believed me when I said I didn't like the taste of cigarettes," was one of her wails. And her short sentences leave one much to read between the lines of many other things which seemed expected of her because she was a girl who had it. When she refused to be "a good sport," she was ridiculed and told to stop being ingénue.

Just about that time along came young Chet De Vito. Chet thought it rather nice that Dorothy neither smoked nor liked gin. In fact, Chet, who is big Bill Seiter's assistant director, thought Dorothy was it and so they got married.

Dorothy was just seventeen then and she'd traveled to the place in her career where she had been given the lead in the "Collegians," so her marriage had to be kept secret until she was well-launched in the series. Then, like all good Hollywoodites, she and Chet traveled to a photographer, had their picture taken together, and sent the news to the dailies.

### KEEPS HER FANS, THOUGH MARRIED

IT didn't affect Dorothy's fan mail a bit, either. In fact, she's been traveling faster than before. But the it fear hasn't quite left her. She is still unwilling to capitalize on the possession. "It is old stuff now," she complained. "Besides, if I have it, then why talk about what is obvious? I'd rather start something brand new. Why can't I be the first girl who makes a success without using the it they've got?" she inquired.

A camera boy told me in awed tones that Dorothy "even speaks to the electricians and camera boys when she's with executives at premières."

At any rate, she's searching for new fields to conquer, and she's still going ahead.

"Would you like to travel?" I asked her.

"I have traveled," she announced. "It may not seem like much of a distance from Salt Lake City to Hollywood, but I've come a long, long journey since the day I won the Beauty Contest.

"Like most every girl, I suppose, I always dreamed of being a movie actress, and I just couldn't go back without doing something worth while. But I guess dreams never do come true exactly the way we dream them, do they?" she ended wistfully.

She doesn't go out a lot, in spite of dancing so well. She and Chet dance and swim together. "We're still courting because we hadn't much time to do it before we got married," is the way she sums up the fact after being married to one man for two years in turbulent Hollywood.

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Say if you will that success and prosperity in Hollywood is of a mushroom sort. But Captain H. Gordon Smith, transcontinental air flyer, having tea with May McAvoy, seems to get a lot of solid pleasure out of it

## In and Out of Focus

(Continued from page 39)

he remarked, "That punctuality clause for instance. Now I have never been punctual in my life. In the Bureau of Vital Statistics it is recorded that I wasn't even born on time."

### Krishnamurti's Scenario

EVERYONE gets an offer to go into the movies. There was Krishnamurti, the spiritual leader, for instance. Several studios made a bid for him. He says that he has great faith in the films and their possibilities, but that they do not do what they can for the world. Pressed for a plot for a scenario that would teach mankind to live better, he offered the following allegory or parable:

*A woman claimed that God had forgotten her. "I am happy," she wailed, "I am comfortable. All my children are well. I have plenty to eat. God has forgotten me!"*

*She cried this so loudly and so long that one day an angel appeared to the woman, and listened to her plaint. "Go home," he said, "and see that God has remembered you."*

*The woman went home and found her eldest boy dead. And then she knew that she was no longer forgotten by God, and she was content.*

Cecil B. De Mille should do this.

### Siegmann and Smith Dead

TWO deaths in the movie colony last month. George Siegmann, the heavy, who will be remembered by fans as a huge bulk of a man, died, weighing less than a hundred pounds, from acute anæmia. Sid Smith, the comedian, died very suddenly after a beach party. He was one of the original Hall Room Boys.

### Start Doing Nothing

ON the Fox lot the other day. The second assistant director was issuing his orders to a crowd of extras on the set of "Me, Gangster."

"Them as is going to run," shouted he,

"start running. Them as is going to stand still, begin standing still. Them as is going to act, start acting now!"

### Clyding from the Public Eye

"LADIES and gentlemen," said the toastmaster at a movie night at the Montmartre, recently, "I want to introduce you to a man whose very name will start you all roaring with mirth, a man at whom we have all laughed for years, the funniest man on the screen, with the funniest pair of legs in the world." He paused impressively. "*Clive Brook!*"

Obediently all the guests laughed merrily as they applauded the blackly scowling Clive. The loudest and most enthusiastic applause coming from a small man in one corner who had been asked to be the guest of honor for the evening, *Clyde Cook!*

### Electric Protection

THIS one comes from Pauline Garon, who has a face of childlike innocence:

"A man came running into a refrigerator factory, panting and breathless. He was evidently in a great hurry, and when he could speak, he demanded an iceless refrigerator immediately. "But you'll have to wait a week for delivery," expostulated the salesman.

"I can't," gasped the man, "I've got to have one today!"

"But what's your hurry?" they asked.

"Well," said the perspiring customer, "it's this way. I came home unexpectedly and went out onto the back porch. My wife was looking into the refrigerator and I playfully spanked her. 'Hullo, dear,' she said, 'we don't need any ice today.'"

### Scintillating Genius

SAM Goldwyn was explaining his discovery of Lili Damita. As soon as she entered the famous Paris restaurant where



the Goldwyns were dining, he knew she was a great actress. "Why," said Sam earnestly, "she had on more diamonds than I ever saw on any one woman at one time in my life."

### A Polly Good Time

**POLLY MORAN** tells this one on herself. She went into a gown shop on Hollywood Boulevard the other day, and the sales girl greeted her with gushing cordiality. "My, that pink one would look swell on you, dearie, with your coloring," she gurgled, "you're looking simply grand this morning."

Polly was annoyed. "I wish I could say the same for you," she said coolly.

"You could," retorted the shop girl, "if you was such a good liar as I am."

At which they both glared, then burst into laughter and Polly carried away the pink dress.

### The Swanson Exposé

**AT** a tea at Gloria Swanson's some time ago everything was very *comme il faut*, to say nothing of swell. Butlers with marvelous chest expansion proffered edibles, and the guests were being just *too* refined. Into the midst of the company came Gloria's Pomeranian, bearing a pink silk garment of undoubted intimacy, which he laid confidently at his mistress's feet!

### Alcoholic Treatments

"**H**E writes his scenarios not by inspiration but by ginspiration," said someone at the next table at the Montmartre.

### Mr. Schenck Is Kind

**H**ERE is a story that is true even if it sounds like a fairy tale. A humble little dressmaker from the East settled in Hollywood. After working here for some

months it occurred to her that she would like to visit a studio. So she sat down, in all simplicity and honesty, and wrote to Joseph Schenck. She told him she was a dressmaker who didn't have many pleasures, but the movies were her greatest delight. She told him that she thought it would be very nice if he would let her come to his studio and see them make a motion picture, and go through the wardrobe to look at the lovely clothes which, as a dressmaker, she was especially interested in. And she added that she couldn't come Mondays or Thursdays or Saturdays because she had steady work then, but any other day that suited him would be all right for her.

And in a few days came back a letter personally signed "Joseph Schenck," telling the little dressmaker he would love to have her come to see his studio and he was sending a car for her the next Wednesday. So in state in one of the handsome Schenck automobiles the little dressmaker went to the studio and was shown about for several magic-filled hours as if she were the mayor of a city or something else equally important, then the great car carried her back to her bungalow.

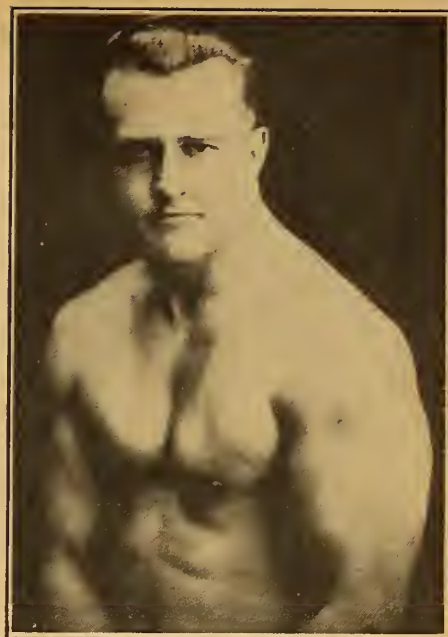
"And I do think," said she in all innocence to Alice Williamson, the English novelist who had once known her back East, "that it was very kind of Mr. Schenck—a busy man like he must be—to do it, don't you?"

Mrs. Williamson gasped, swallowed and then admitted that it had been indeed very kind of Joseph Schenck!

### More Powell to Him!

"**W**HAT are you doing now, Bill?" asked a friend of William Powell. "Oh, I'm furnishing the comedy-relief for one of the Beery-Hatton comedies," said Bill airily.

Bill will have his little jokes.



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## Does She Love You Enough?

### Give a Thought to Your Physical Self

If your wife or sweetheart acts cool and dissatisfied with you, give a thought to your physical self. A woman looks at more than a man's face. She's thinking of his ability to protect her; provide for her; of her pride in his appearance in a bathing suit, on the athletic field, on the dance floor.

When you hear a woman exclaim "Oh, what a handsome man!" she's not looking at his face alone. She's sized him up from top to toe. Those broad shoulders, that graceful athletic stride, the well-shaped neck and head, those strong muscular arms, and legs. They thrill any woman. Every wife and every sweetheart wants her man to be like that. Are you?

Well, you can be!

### I Build Strong, Handsome, Healthy Bodies

People call me the Muscle-Builder. I make men's bodies strong and healthy. My list of over 100,000 wonderful successes includes doctors and lawyers, bookkeepers and clerks, grandfathers and grandsons, fat men and skinny men, weaklings and nervous wrecks. By a method of scientific body-building I go all over your body, strengthening your internal organs, broadening your shoulders, cutting off fat, and generally turning you inside out until you're a healthy, handsome fighting be-man any woman will be proud of.

In just 30 days I add one whole inch of live, flexible steely muscle to each of your arms and two full inches of rippling, muscular strength across your chest. Your legs will become straight and strong, your head snap back erect, and little lumps of red-blooded muscle will begin to stand out on your broadening shoulders. What a bit you are going to make with that girl of yours. How proud and happy she will be.

### 90 Days and You Have One

But I'm not through with you yet. I don't make men by halves. Give me just 60 days more and then look yourself over. Now you sure are somebody! The pathway to happiness and success is easy.

People will ask to meet you. Successful business men will realize that here is another man to accept as one of their own group. Your boss will treat you with a new respect, and that girl of yours will have that look of love and affection in her eyes that in itself will more than repay you.

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Fowl play in the domestic arrangements of Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon, his wife. Mrs. Sills is pointing out to her husband that if his culinary theories are put into practice it will be impossible to cook his chicken and eat it, too





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Jeanette Loff, in an unofficial performance, sets a new world's record for the high jump for foreign women screen stars whose last names begin with L and end with FF

## Laugh That Off

(Continued from page 42)

reasons. The Mexican revolutions were among them. He went to school, got in scrapes, swiped oranges from California groves and escorted girls to dances just like *Penrod* and *Sam*. When he was in high school, he got a chance to play in some one-act skits for the Liberty Loan Drive and thus he got the idea of becoming an actor.

"I went around to the studios and got small parts and bits, but at first I couldn't stand the movie work. I worked in the cheaper studios and I didn't like the people with whom I was associated. I wasn't used to being ordered around by assistant directors and I didn't intend to get used to it. So I quit. So far as I was concerned, the acting business was going to have to struggle along without me."

For a time he turned his undivided attention to the selling of real estate. But real estate, like the movies, is full of promises. "One day I sold fourteen lots in Beverly Hills to a nice old man in a Rolls-Royce. For twenty-four hours I was a sensation in real estate circles. I practically had my commission all spent when bright and early the next morning a nurse walked into my office. 'Did you sell any property to my patient?' she asked, and told me his name. 'Well, he's as crazy as a loon,' she told me. 'That check he gave you isn't worth the paper it is written on.'"

You can imagine his embarrassment. Not the old man's. Donald's.

There's an old saying from the Chinese, "Once an actor, always an actor," and after his plans for millions in real estate had dwindled away Donald came back to the movies. This time he landed work upon the better class of studio lots and it wasn't long before he was all fired with ambition again. The first thing of prominence he did was a lead with Alice Terry.

"It was a terrible picture," said Donald, "and just by way of making things worse I developed an enormous boil on my left eye the second day of shooting. If I ever needed a sense of humor, I needed it then. Here was my big chance, playing with a fine director like King, opposite a popular player like

Alice Terry, and I had to get a boil. They didn't have time to get another leading man, so I played the rôle with my right eye entirely. Whenever I forgot and turned my full face to the camera, they had to cut out the scene.

It was along about that time that Donald got married. No, he doesn't care who knows it, in spite of the fact that he has been warned that ladies prefer actors unmarried. "I've got a beautiful wife and a beautiful little baby and I'm so proud of them I couldn't keep them a secret if I wanted to. And I don't. I think it is more or less the bunk—that idea that an actor is wrecked if he is happily married."

He worked for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, also F. B. O. and Paramount. Then First National, realizing his romantic possibilities opposite such charmers as Billie Dove, Alice White, Corinne Griffith and Colleen Moore, put him under contract to their organization.

His biggest thrill of last year, however, was when he nearly got the part with Mary Pickford in "My Best Girl" that made Buddy Rogers what he is today.

"The competition had simmered down to just Buddy and myself and I was praying prayers in all foreign languages including the Scandinavian. All of a sudden, right in the middle of the contest, First National announced that I couldn't do the part because they had me up for one of their own productions, 'The Rose of Monterey.' I tried to reconcile myself with the philosophy that everything happens for the best and that the voice with the smile wins. The Pickford picture went into production with Buddy—and right here I want to say I think he was great in it. But that isn't what I was driving at:

"Two days before 'The Rose of Monterey' was ready to start they told me they were going to use Gilbert Roland."

Yes, he laughed that off, too.

"But things are going better now," he confided. "After all, I got to work with Billie Dove and what more can any man ask than to look at Billie eight hours of the day?"



## Why Movies Go Wrong

(Continued from page 92)

ventional practice of ignoring anything he might have said about it anyway, one cannot know. The picture from start to finish showed complete disregard of the common characteristics of London slum dwellers.

Arabia gets it right where the cork gets the bottle in "Fazil," the exotic William Fox extravaganza of life in the far (very far) East. For this picture one of the greatest authorities in America on Arabian customs was engaged as technical adviser. He was Jamiel Hasson, a young man of a wealthy and important Arabian family who had only recently left his native country. The picture came out as an extraordinary jumble of modern atmosphere and that of a hundred years ago. Hasson replied to questions about how this happened with a dignified silence, which fairly well explained it. It is unquestionable that if his advice had been listened to throughout there would have been no technical errors.

AS IMAGINED, NOT AS IS

THE strange point here is that Howard Hawks, the director of "Fazil," is an intelligent and well-read man and could not possibly have been unaware of the mistakes he was making. One can only ascribe this strange piece of screencraft to the theory in his mind that the American public is more ready to believe in the reality of an Arabia à la Ziegfeld than in that of Arabia as it really is; that if the real thing were presented, they would decry it as false. In which pious sentiment there is perhaps more than a little sound common-sense.

The harem in "Fazil" was its most posterous ingredient. Even if one puts it a hundred years ago, the fact that the door was unlocked and that it was full of almost completely naked ladies of various breeds attending to such intimate details as shaving themselves, makes it ridiculous. Harems were closely guarded and could not be entered by anyone, while the inmates wore a terrible lot of clothes. Today, however, young Arabs of the better class are well-known to have abandoned the practice of taking unto themselves more than one wife—an entirely admirable restraint on their part. The effort to show *Fazil's* crudeness by putting him in a double collar with full evening dress was only one of the many absurdities, as everybody knows that Arabs and Indians of rank are the most meticulous of men when in Europe. The gondolier who sings and wears comic-opera dress is another touch going back a hundred years in the midst of a story supposed to be modern. Today's gondolier wears an old shirt and pants and all the singing he does is ex-pectorated into the canal.

"Fazil" exemplifies once more the old Hollywood idea that everything must be made up to date. If it had been played in the costumes of the last century, the romantic glamour could have been retained without sacrificing correctness of detail. As it stands, it will probably serve to convince thousands of innocent Americans that romance still lives, and will, at any rate, provide a rollicking farce for the theaters of Arabia and North Africa, where, just like anywhere else, a good laugh does nobody any harm.

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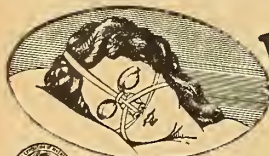
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You may wonder, glancing at this bird's-eye view of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, that the streets of this prosperous city appear so deserted. But that's simply because the movies haven't let out yet

## Your Neighbor Says

(Continued from page 41)

was just colorful. There was beauty about it—just as there is beauty about everything and everyone in Hollywood. A sophisticated beauty. Even the schoolgirls don't look like the girls at Shippen's.

"That was my first day's impression of Hollywood. By this time I had arrived at the firm conviction that Hollywood was a great place to commute to from Lancaster—often."

In the week that followed, Betsy took in all the Hollywood places of interest—to a nineteen-year-old girl. The Montmartre for luncheon—the Roosevelt for tea—Henry's for supper—the Russian Eagle for high prices. She saw them make movies on the street. Saw funny-faced comedians kick cops in the shins and get away with it. Saw Clara Bow boldly vamping Richard Arlen in front of a bank building—because the director told her to (the movie director, not the bank director). Saw an old Italian selling Yankee pop-corn. Watched Leatrice Joy buying her baby a hat. Listened to two girls discussing Joan Crawford's hennaed hair. One day someone asked her out to Noah Beery's trout ranch. But Betsy would like very much to tell you about that visit herself:

### NOAH'S PLACE LIKE HOME

"I HAD expected that all the movie stars would be there," she went on. "I rather had the idea that where one movie star went the others would be gathered around. But after driving hours out to Mr. Beery's estate I found practically no other celebrities present. Mr. Beery said he and his wife didn't care much for big professional parties and I noticed that the other guests were just plain folks like myself.

"If all the movie actors are like Noah Beery, it would be easy enough to believe what the press agents tell us, that they are just folks. Mr. Beery was so friendly and hospitable and showed us all over his property. He is typical of Hollywood, but somehow or other he is like Lancaster, too. My

own dad and mother couldn't have been more concerned about making their guests happy and comfortable than the celebrated Mr. Beery.

"We spent the entire day fishing and when evening came on we all gathered around the huge fire and waited while our catch was prepared for our dinner. Wild Hollywood party, nothing! It was more like our picnics in Maple Grove Park back home."

Betsy said she was going home in about a month and she says she has a lot of things to tell them back there—not counting the experience encountered with the democratic Mr. Beery.

She's got little personal things that are to be heard only by the girls at Shippen's. She's going to get all those anxious young ladies who want to go in the movies to one side and say something like this to them:

### ADVICE TO THE SCREENSTRUCK

"IF you think it is going to be easy to go to Hollywood and get in the movies and be a star and have your picture shown back home at the Capitol Theatre down on Queen Street, get it out of your head. You know you're lazy and movie stars have to get up at six in the morning. Besides, you know your mother wouldn't let you wear those negligees like Olive Borden wears. And you know your father wouldn't want you staying up all hours taking what they call re-takes late at night. There are prettier girls than you in Hollywood and they're doing extra work, or waiting on tables in a restaurant. Just because you are a hit in the school dramatics, don't get yourself mixed up with Greta Garbo. If I were you, I think I would marry Tom or Dick or Harry and maybe you could take a little honeymoon trip out to Hollywood."

I got the idea that Betsy felt about Hollywood the same way the hick felt about New York. In other words, "It's a great little place to visit."



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*The Magazine With the Personality*

### In Love and Incog

(Continued from page 98)

other kinds already enjoyed by their alma mater; how did they greet this most famous of all their *Kathes* who now appeared amongst them "in person, and not a picture?"

"They looked upon us as just another pair of tourists, and seemed a bit resentful whenever we wandered unknowingly into some spot where they had gathered."

And they did get one glimpse behind the scenes. They saw the inside of the university jail. No, the door wasn't locked behind them.

"You see, the town has no authority over the students, and cannot arrest them. All complaints must be made to the University authorities, and they do their own policing and have their own jail way up in the top of a mediæval tower that is fittingly grim and solitary."

Anyway: Heidelberg is probably the most famous university in Germany, and so a good portion of her great men must have gone to it—and most of them into jail!

Leaving Germany, they went to England and caught the boat and were soon—*home again!*

"YOU know that though I didn't acquire American citizenship by my marriage, I lost my British. So, for the time being, I'm a sort of 'woman without a country.' I've taken out my first papers, though; and even before that I always looked upon myself as more of an American than a Britisher—I was born in Canada, and Canada's in North America, isn't it? Well, whether it was because of this, or whatever it was, the greatest kick of the whole trip came when we saw the skyline of New York, and knew that we were safely home again. Neither of us had expected that it would be so. We had thought that we'd just take it as a matter of course; but—it came as the greatest thrill of all, just the same!

"Europe is wonderful; each country has a distinct life of its own, and a history that is great. But here we felt back amongst our own kind, and *making* a history that will be great also.

"It was like a drink of cold water after a rather weighty and exhausting lecture!"

### Baby Stars Learn Talkie-Talk

(Continued from page 45)

continue to have asthma until something very radical was done about it. And even then, there's no knowing when I might develop a touch of lockjaw.

Then there's some talk about the actors all learning Esperanto, so that talkies can be released all over the world. If you can see the average movie actress learning knitting, let alone Esperanto, you're a better man than I am and you move right up to the head of the class. Not to mention the little matter of the rough farmers on the steppes, puszas and hielands learning the international language.

One thing I do know about these talking movies. It's just going to ruin the big clinch scenes, which at present are the pride and joy of the screen. Jack Gilbert can no longer get all tangled up in Greta's hair before delivering his passionate nothings. He'll have to control himself and keep his distance, or we shan't hear what he's saying. And then who'll go and see his pictures? You can't make us believe that people would rather hear Jack say: "I love you—how about it?" than watch his gorgeous silent technique of getting all wound up in the lady on the *chaise-longue*.

The talkie? Rather rigid, we call it.



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Billie Dove goes native. Not only that, but she enjoys it. Pounding meal, she says, gives her a grind and glorious feeling

## The Star Diggers

(Continued from page 51)

"Mac," he said, "tell the young lady what your job has been for the past two years and more."

"Looking for new faces," said Mr. McIntyre, promptly and a little sadly, "trying to find new talent."

"Yes?" prompted the reel Rembrandt.

"I haven't found it," said Mr. McIntyre, "I occasionally think I have and when I do I send him or her to Mr. Goldwyn, but . . ."

Mr. McIntyre, having served his purpose, was dismissed.

"I have now," Mr. Goldwyn said, "two or three young fellows and as many girls working out in cheap companies. In many cases I pay half their salaries to keep them working so that I may watch them develop—if they do. Show something—if they can. They seldom can."

"I believe it has something to do with the fact that the European women are trained, are brought up to please men. It shows on the screen. They do please them. In America the women are trained to be pleased. That shows, too."

"The Europeans have more fire—that Continental fire. They are more finished. They seem to have more intelligence; that subtle something."

"Can't you," I said, "tell me how you make these discoveries. How you know that you are right?"

"Can you tell me," parried Mr. Goldwyn, "how you know when you have written a great story. Can you tell me how you do it?"

I couldn't—but not for the reason he implied.

"There is just something," Mr. Goldwyn said—and the nearest he came to being specific was when he said, "I look into their eyes."

He discovered Lili Damita in Paris. Saw her in a restaurant one night. Her pictures, the few he saw, were pretty bad. He would never have chosen her on the strength of them. But when he had talked

for half an hour to the golden-haired, brown-eyed, svelte Parisienne, he knew that he had found the ideal running mate for Ronald Colman. She had that something of which star-stuff is made. It isn't nameable.

Walter Byron came to see him in London, sent by Ronald Colman. A youngish looking man, clean-shaven, with a pair of eyes. Oh, yes, girls, a pair of eyes, *certainly!*

Mr. Goldwyn surveyed him. "I wonder," he said, "how you would look with a mustache?"

Walter Byron, who must believe in the parable of the virgins with trimmed lamps, immediately produced a mustache from a vest pocket and tried it on.

Mr. Goldwyn immediately signed him on the dotted line.

He brought him to America and had tests made. They were very bad. He hadn't found the right lighting, the right make-up, the right angles. It was a question of further experimentation. In one of his projection-rooms Mr. Goldwyn showed me the first tests. I had to admit that he was, even then, a charming young man—but you could take him or leave him. That is, if you were not Sam Goldwyn. Then he had the later tests shown and a few rushes from "The Awakening," the first Banky-Byron production. And lo, a man had been made! A star had been made! The Goldwyn touch had evolved a heart-breaker, consummate, sophisticated, fiery and debonaire. You won't have to watch for Walter Byron, girls, he will crash into your dreams and undo you.

The Lili Damita tests were not ready for showing. Mr. Goldwyn explained that they have, in Europe, different methods. Pictures cost far less over there. Twenty to twenty-five thousand is a goodly sum.

Mr. Goldwyn has spent hours and days with Lili Damita. There have been moments when he has been on the thin edge of sending her back. Moments when she was on the thin edge of going



back without being sent. But out of the welter of the workshop, the clash of personalities, the adjusting to new colors and new conditions, he will produce an American star with the ravishment of the Parisienne and with the photographic beauty, drama and the heart-break of a Goldwyn master product.

Her first picture with Ronald will be the Conrad story, "The Rescue," and in that story Ronald Colman will play his greatest lover rôle.

Which brought us, inevitably, to the talkies.

"Silent drama," said Mr. Goldwyn, "is not spoken drama. I am not for the all-spoken picture. But take 'Wings', for example. Without that whir and rush of wings the picture would have lost half its value. For great, dramatic close-ups, for music without which the world is cheated, for all the natural phenomena and all great moments the spoken word, the art of audiology will be invaluable.

"All through 'The Awakening' a song of Irving Berlin's, 'Marie,' will provide the motif. When it is sung, as it is, or played on the screen at lovely poignant moments, the effect is tremendous. Properly, artistically handled the talkie angle is going to revolutionize pictures. It is putting new blood into them, new life. It is a step forward. People say 'What about the connection with the stage?' That is nonsense. There is no connection. What can the stage do with a mere handful of people against a few painted props as compared to the screen with its many thousands against all outdoors?

"In 'The Rescue' Colman speaks one great dramatic sentence toward the end of the picture. In his beautifully modulated voice—and no spoken title could begin to give the effect he gives. People must know whereof they speak before they deliver verdicts."

You have watched Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. You had better watch Lili Damita and Walter Byron. And back of them you must watch Sam Goldwyn, master craftsman. He strikes straight through the nerve and sinews to the sense of beauty and to the heart. And when even the soul is stirred—what more can a man do?



Bronchial busting: Dorothy Sebastian takes a light treatment for a sore throat between scenes at the studio

# Hoodwinking HOLLYWOOD

Does ability count for anything in Hollywood?

If a girl can act, if she has the personality and the appearance, can the studios tell it?

And if they can, will they give her a chance on her merits?

This is a question that has been debated ever since the movies took Horace Greeley's advice and went west

But no one had ever settled it—except by talk until now

For now, someone most decidedly has

That someone is the greatest star on the screen today

She recently, just to find out whether she'd have a chance without her present reputation went the rounds of the studios, and asked for work

Did she get it?

Don't be funny. All she got was eased out. Politely, it is true. But rapidly and firmly

Even her own studio turned her down

This is the greatest hoax that was ever perpetrated on the film world. It wasn't done as a joke. It was done as an experiment. A testing of the discernment of those who make or break the destinies and the hearts of the thousands who come to Hollywood with ability and beauty and courage to storm the citadels of celebrity and fortune

Accompanying the great star on her tour was one of the staff writers for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE—Gladys Hall

She introduced to casting directors the woman whose name is more famous than Lindbergh's

She saw her turned down—and she has written, for the next, the November, issue of MOTION PICTURE the entire story of the affair

The article is entitled: WHO IS ROSALIE GREY?

It's a story that might be your story—or your best friend's or your daughter's story. It's the greatest story that's come out of Hollywood since the Boulevard was a cowpath

Don't miss it. Watch for the date when MOTION PICTURE will be on the newsstands—September 28th—and find out the answer to WHO IS ROSALIE GREY?

*This is just one more and spectacular instance of the fact that the liveliest and most vital news of the screen, as well as the most freshly written and pleasantly presented, appears invariably in*

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Towering above her, yet both at her feet: Gilbert Roland and Arnold Kent, who play the rivals for Norma Talmadge's hand in her newest picture, "The Woman Disputed"

## The Answer Man

(Continued from page 80)

GARY COOPER, Lane Chandler, Alice White and Margaret Livingston are a few of the stars who have red hair.

**JANET.**—You forgot to give me your address. Yes, Alice Joyce and Richard Barthelmess knew they were Mother and Son in "The Noose." Richard is playing in "Out of the Ruins." First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Am I baldheaded? I couldn't tell you right now. I've got my hat on. Madge Bellamy's latest is "Mother Knows Best."

**PARIS FAN.**—Thanks for patting me on the back. Madge Bellamy happens to have a birthday on June 30th. Sorry I'm not acquainted with Malcolm Tod. Write Audrey Ferris, Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Loretta Young, Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Ruth Taylor, Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**CHARLES ROGERS FAN.**—Charles is not married. His latest picture is "The Sophomore." Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. He is so popular I believe he has a secretary, most of 'em have. Gary Cooper and Fay Wray have the leads in "The First Kiss." Marion Davies, Nils Asther, "The Cardboard Lover." Billie Dove, Donald Reed and Paul Lucas, "His Wife's Affairs."

**E. A. P.**—Barry Norton is twenty-three years old, five feet eleven inches tall, dark hair and eyes. Richard Arlen, twenty-nine, five feet ten and a half, weighs 156 pounds, dark brown hair, blue eyes. Married to Jobyna Ralston. My dog chews everything that he gets hold of. I caught him in the garage the other day; now he's lost all of his teeth. Tough break. Francis X. Bushman is playing in "Say It with Sables." Columbia Studios, 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**CANADIAN.**—Neil Hamilton, Ralph Forbes and Ronald Colman were the brothers grown-up. Phillippe de Lacey was the only child given credit on the cast of "Beau Geste" as the children. Send me a self-addressed envelope for that list of pictures I can supply. Rod La Rocque and Sue Carol have the leads in "Captain Swagger." De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**QUENTINA.**—Joseph Striker is twenty-seven years old. He is six feet one, weighs 175 pounds, brown hair, dark brown eyes. Married, write him De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Billie Dove is five feet six inches tall, weighs 120 pounds. Joan Crawford, five feet four. Mary Pickford was born April 8, 1893.

**DOROTHY S.**—Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle are not married to each other. Betty Bronson and Marion Davies are single. You're mistaken, the United States Government has no reservation for cigar store Indians. Only a few of them left. Antonio Moreno is playing in "The Midnight Taxi." Write Hal Roach, Culver City, Cal. Joseph Schildkraut playing in "Show Boat."

**MAXINE.**—Gary Cooper has had interviews in the following magazines: June, 1927, Motion Picture Magazine; June, 1927, Classic. Pictures: May, 1927; October, 1927, and May, 1928, Motion Picture. November, 1927, March, 1928, May, 1928, Classic. Write Gary, Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Ivan Petrovich and Alice Terry playing in "Three Passions," which was filmed in Europe.

**NOTTY BUT NYCE.**—Don't be like that. Vera Reynolds was born in Richmond, Va., twenty-five years ago. "Corporal Kate" was filmed in 1927. Richard Barthel-



mess was the hero in "Way Down East." Doris Kenyon heroine in "A Thief in Paradise." Nils Asther can be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

M. R.—Adelqui Miller was *Prince Seti* in "Moon of Israel." Agnes Ayres in "The Sheik." Lila Lee and Nita Naldi "Blood and Sand." Bebe Daniels, "Monsieur Beaucaire." Nita Naldi is five feet seven inches tall. Mary Astor and Matt Moore have the leads in "Dry Martini." Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

HANS AND FRITZ.—Yump Fritz. Barry Norton, Gary Cooper, Lane Chandler, William Powell and Fay Wray were featured in "The Legion of the Condemned." Josephine Dunn was *Rosa* in "The Branded Sombbrero." You pronounce Joan's name like Joan of Arc. Write Leo Maloney, Pathe Studios, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

BUBBLES.—Alice White was born in New Jersey. Sue Carol can be reached at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Give the little girl a big hand. Charles Rogers was born Aug. 13, 1904. Joan Crawford, March 23, 1906. James Murray is not married. Arthur Lake and Lillian Gilmore are playing in "Hollywood or Bust." Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

LINDA.—The story which you are referring to in regard to Rudolph Valentino, was printed in Spanish, in a Spanish publication, "Cine-Mundial" published by the Chalmers Publishing Co. But the issues in which the story appeared have been exhausted. That is James Hall's real name.

DIE AND SOAPY.—Dorothy Sebastian was born in Birmingham, Ala., April 21, 1903. She's five feet three, weighs 114 pounds, dark brown hair, hazel eyes, single. You may write her at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Colleen Moore, Lawrence Gray are featured in "Oh, Kay." First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

A. N.—"The Four Horsemen" was released in February, 1921. Rudolph Valentino had black hair and brown eyes. "The Son of the Sheik" was his last picture. Send me twenty-five cents for the photo of Lon Chaney. Clara Bow is playing in "The Fleet's In." Joan Crawford, "Four Walls." William Collier, Jr., can be reached at the Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

ELIZABETH S.—You lose your bet. Cullen Landis played in "The Fighting Coward," also Mary Astor and Phyllis Haver. It was released in March, 1924. Barry Norton was born in Buenos Aires, twenty-three years ago. Janet Gaynor, twenty-two. "The Wedding March" has not been released as yet. Janet Gaynor has the feminine lead in "4 Devils." Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

P. K.—Sounds like chewing gum. Sue Carol is twenty years old. Real name is Evelyn Lederer. Write Helene and Dolores Costello at the Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. I'll buzz that offer along to Sue. Joan Crawford was discovered by Harry Rapf, while dancing in "The Passing Show," a stage production. George K. Arthur hails from England. Renee Adoree, France. Greta Garbo and Lars Hanson, Sweden.

CLIVE BROOK FAN.—So you're interested in Clive. You sure have a lot of rivals. He was born in England, June 1, 1891, five feet eleven inches, weighs 154 pounds, brown hair and hazel eyes. Here's the sad story, he is married, has two children but, however, you may write him at the Para-

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**Dyar**

An occasion whereat a peasant time was had by all. When Ernest Vajda, the Hungarian writer, and his bride—at the left—entertained recently, they wore the dress of their native countryside. The gypsy girl is Constance Talmadge

mount Famous Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal., where he's playing in "Interference."

**GAY.**—See "CLIVE BROOK FAN" for information about him. Mary Astor's real name is Lucille Langhanke. Mary has signed the dotted line for Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. You're puzzled to know why cactus was ever invented. Yeah, that is a sticker. Bob Steele, Frankie Darro and Lois Wilson receive their fan mail at the F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**JOAN Y.**—Why should I? Don Alvarado has a birthday Nov. 4, 1904. Wrong again, he's single. Leatrice Joy was John Gilbert's second wife. Sue Carol has black hair. John Gilbert was born in Logan, Utah, July 10, 1895. Send your note to Harold Lloyd, c/o the Harold Lloyd Productions, 1040 Las Palmas Avenue., Hollywood, Cal.

**JOAN.**—Must be a favorite name this month. Claude King played in "Becky" with Sally O'Neil and Owen Moore. Neil Hamilton was born in Lynn, Mass. He played on the legitimate stage before entering pictures. Richard Barthelmess and Marian Nixon have the leads in "Out of the Ruins." First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

**TOODLES.**—Have I a cigarette lighter? No, they're all the same weight. Jack Luden is twenty-six years old, married. You bet he'll be glad to hear from you. Send the little pink or blue envelope to the Paramount Famous Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Mary Brian is playing in "The Sophomore."

**DOLORES J.**—Rin-Tin-Tin is about nine years old. Write his trainer, Lee Duncan, at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston were married Jan. 27, 1927. They both were featured in "Wings." Jobyna is playing opposite Douglas Fair-

banks, Jr., in "The Toilers." Tiffany-Stahl Prod., 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**ANN SHIRLEY.**—Bebe Daniels was born Jan. 14, 1901, five feet four, weighs 123 pounds, black hair and eyes. Playing in "Take Me Home." James Hall, Oct. 22, 1900, five feet eleven, weighs 156 pounds, brown hair, blue eyes. Lupe Velez, July 18, 1909, brown hair, dark eyes. Corinne Griffith is married to Walter Morosco. Corinne's latest picture is "The Divine Lady."

**SUE'S OWN.**—Make yourself more explicit. Jean Arthur can be reached at the Paramount Famous Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Ruth Elder and Richard Dix have the leads in "Moran of the Marines." Charles Farrell and Mary Duncan in "Backwash." Glenn Tryon is twenty-seven, still a bachelor. Address your letter Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**SUNSHINE BLONDE.**—You must be fond of the great outdoors. Olive Borden was born in Norfolk, Va., July 14, 1907. She is playing in "The Albany Night Boat." This should be a wow. Write Olive at Tiffany-Stahl Prod., 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. You're asking me a lot in regards to the most beautiful actress in Hollywood. I think they're all beauties, no favorites.

**BILLIE.**—Lot of tourists in your town, hey, what? Charles Farrell was born Aug. 9, 1905, six feet two inches tall, dark hair and eyes. How did you like him in "The Red Dance"? Alice Lake is still playing. Her latest is "Obey Your Husband." Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Great title, this.

**JIGGS.**—I know you're of the feminine gender. Kenneth Thompson played opposite Vera Reynolds in "Corporal Kate." Lupe Velez receives her mail at the United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. She is playing in "The



Love Song." William Boyd is to be the hero. Irving Berlin has gone movie. He's to write a theme song for this picture. For instance, he's to do a number, "Where Is the Song of Song for Me," which Lupe sings to William.

A TOM MIX FAN.—Tom has been married twice. One daughter, Ruth, is about eighteen, Thomasina about seven. Why not accept his invitation? His first picture for F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal., will be "Son of the Golden West." Colleen Moore's "Lilac Time" is presented with sound effects. Great invention, this. Yes, I believe everyone enjoys it. Dolores Costello is playing in "Noah's Ark."

BLUE EYES.—Blonde, too! Send your letter to John Gilbert, Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. George Bancroft's latest is "Docks of New York." Charles Delaney, Donald Reed and Gwen Lee support Alice White in "Show Girl." First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Clifford Holland is not doing anything in pictures right now. Send that letter to him, c/o Film Daily, Warner Bros. Bldg., Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

BETTY.—So you're a newcomer! Well, let's hear from you often. Evelyn Brent was *Feathers* in "Underworld." Address her c/o Paramount Famous Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Esther Ralston is playing in "The Sawdust Paradise." Reed Howes and Betty Bronson support Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool." Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

B. K., TORONTO.—The players would have writer's cramp if they autographed all the photos they sent. Sometimes a rubber stamp is used. John and Greta Garbo are not married. John's latest is "The Mask of the Devil." Greta's, "War in the Dark." Mary Philbin, "Salvage." Here, fans is another club to add on your list, Lina Basquette Fan Club, Frank W. Leach, 4 North State St., Concord, N. H.

MARY ANN.—Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City, May 6, 1895. Jessica Sargent is his new wife. He's your weakness now. Thomas Meighan, April 9, 1887. His latest picture is "The Mating Call." Caddo Prod. Metropolitan Studios, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Charles Farrell, East Walpole, Mass., Aug. 9, 1905. Anna May Wong was *Sada* in "The Devil Dancer."

SWEET JASMINE.—And how. Joan Crawford is single. Dolores del Rio is not married. Ramon Novarro resides in California with his mother, sisters and brothers. Latest release "Gold Braid." Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Richard Dix is thirty-four years old. Marceline Day, nineteen.

AMARYLLIS.—Greta Garbo is five feet seven, weighs 123 pounds. Bebe Daniels, five feet four, 123 pounds. Madge Bellamy, five four, 110. Billie Dove, five six, 120. Norma Talmadge, five two, 110 pounds. Greta Garbo hails from Sweden. What's the joke about the horse? Let me in on it.

FLORENCE VIDOR FAN.—Florence was born July 23, 1895. She has brown hair and eyes. Real name Arto. Latest picture, "The Magnificent Flirt." Paramount Famous Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Matty Kemp and Albert Conti played opposite her.

EV. E. LYN.—Just to be different. Phyllis Haver has a birthday, Jan. 6, 1899, not married. Playing in "Sal of Singapore."

(Continued on page 116)



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|              |                  |                   |
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| James Hall   | Dolores Costello | Joan Crawford     |
| Jack Holt    | Marceline Day    | June Collyer      |
| Fred Thomson | Renée Adorée     | Vilma Banky       |
| Sally O'Neil | Eleanor Boardman | Ramon Novarro     |
| Ruth Taylor  | Charles Farrell  | Rod LaRocque      |
| Ralph Forbes | Tom Mix          | Lloyd Hughes      |

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You can't stump Clarence Brown. When Warren Newcombe gave him three guesses to name what this picture of his was about, the director identified it without hesitation as a cross-word puzzle factory

## The Screenless Screen

(Continued from page 33)

machinery in the production of puerile pictures is akin to loading a Big Bertha with buckshot. The development of panchromatic film, with its greater appreciation of light and depth and shadow, marks the most amazing progress in the march of pictures toward perfection. So Brown thinks.

### BROADCASTING MOVIES

OF course, he is interested in the sound synchronization which is sweeping the movie industry more and more surely into the control of the great electrical companies which control the patents on sound devices. And, of course, he is interested in television, which will eventually hurl motion pictures through space, past all obstacles, through the walls of your home, onto the screen in the projection-room with which every dwelling will be equipped. You will tune in on whatever picture may be desired, just as you now select your entertainment over the radio. The apparatus will probably be rented and installed just as telephone service is now arranged.

But to Brown these trivialities are just around the corner. They are so surely fixed within the realms of certainty, that little room remains for speculation. The day-dreams most enjoyed by this cinema seer carry him into far realms more strangely fantastic than imagination can conceive. Compared to his prophecies regarding the motion picture of the future, the wild flights of Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" (since come true with the advent of submarines) or Poe's preposterous yarn of mad flight through the air (written only a historical moment before Lindbergh's birth) are as common as the morning's milk.

The mind of the engineer, crammed with minute knowledge of mechanical mathematics, familiar with the phenomenon of electricity, understanding the operation of intricate natural laws unknown to the lay-

man, enables Brown to visualize uncanny achievements of the future which are, nevertheless, well within the realms of possibility—and probability, too.

So well are these ideas in mind that they may be, and have been, tangibly expressed and given to the world for the first time through the medium of this magazine, in the form of photographic reproductions of oil paintings executed by Warren Newcombe, also a gazer toward tomorrow, and head of the special creative art department established at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

The director of the future must indeed be a master mind, highly trained in a dozen highly technical professions. He must, for instance, be a painter thoroughly versed in every possible use, combination, value of color. He must be a musician cognizant of music and sound in all possible ramifications, competent to compose mighty melodies, able to express in music every varying mood.

For, as is indicated in one of Newcombe's creations on canvas, the director will at one and the same time bring into being form, color, sound and action. Newcombe has shown this idea with a huge directorial hand in the foreground of his picture. Three digits are upraised, indicating the creation of form, color and sound. Naturally, there must be action in the picture. This is understood. Above the upraised hand may be seen Beauty half-created in the form of a nude. To one side a gigantic recording engine, which takes the place of the present camera, but imprisons color and sound as well as form, both propels and attracts the mysterious Z-rays which are yet awaiting discovery by man. The music, or sound, is not produced by visible means, but simply (or perhaps complexly) extracted from the ether. This, by the way, has already been done by a youthful inventor who produces music with the wave of a hand—and the help of a machine which would surely have

(Continued on page 115)



# Forecasting About

(Continued from page 66)

to give Schildkraut center-stage. He will be surrounded in these scenes by players who are equally agile linguistically. Then Movietone will record their dialogue in English, French, German, and perhaps several other tongues.

It goes without saying that all the big pictures of the season will have sound. Not only is this true, but it is also a fact that the specials already made, some of which are now released, have been recalled for synchronization. One of these, for instance, is "The King of Kings," which in a revised edition, having sound, will be shown simultaneously in some three hundred cities. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is another. And several epics of the calibre of Emil Jannings's "The Patriot" will surprise the public with their sound effects.

Director William K. Howard is fighting hard for permission to set up a Movietone device on a New York dock some dark night to capture the eerie or Erie, sounds of the river for his picture, "The River Pirate." If he sells his idea to Fox, the opening sequences which have been filmed through a studio fog, will give you the chill thrill of mournful waves breaking against the piers, the uncanny call of river boats, the deep warning of larger craft, the splitting alarm of police sirens, and the staccato bark of gangmen-guns. Truly the picture will open with a bang!

## SCREAM TESTS

OF course, talking pictures have their drawbacks, too. Out at the Hal Roach studios, where custard pies are ordered in truckloads, the comedy team of Laurel and Hardy are practicing the art of yodeling, or, if you will, yodeling. Perhaps it remains for the squeakies to give the Tyrolian Bell-Ringers a new lease of life. Roach insists that all screen tests be accompanied by scream tests. For even the two-reelers will be noisy.

In a recent conversation Jeannie Macpherson, brilliant co-worker with Cecil B. De Mille, stated that the advent of sound in pictures has set back the development of cinema technique about ten years. But, she says, in the end it will be beneficial. Charlie Chaplin agrees that talkies have retarded the progress of pictures, although he is a bit more conservative regarding the length of time. Charlie says a setback of five years. So sound does not seem to be universally appraised as an unmitigated blessing.

Warner Brothers, whose Vitaphone pictures were the first of the sound films, are sticking close to their idea. All their feature productions, including Rin-Tin-Tin starring vehicles, will have Vitaphone sequences. And in addition to these there will be numerous two-reel features including playlets and musical numbers. Warner plans to film all sound that takes place in the action of their film-stories. Whether it be the rustle of garments, guarded whispers, or pistol shots, the noise, slight or loud, will be in the picture. In one ghostly picture, the mysterious playing of an organ in some unknown chamber of a haunted house plays an important part in the story.

The Warners now plan to enter the field with a Vitaphone newsreel. Fox's Movietone newsreel is now in wide circulation. But the Warners will be second in line, for Paramount and Metro, who also plan their own sound-newsreels, will not issue them for some time. The sound-newsreels are obtained by having fleets of trucks equipped with sound devices, held in readiness in key-spots throughout the country. These are rushed to the localities where events suitable for newsreel reproduction take place.

## A BABY OCEAN

BUT while sound goes marching on, there is no dearth of unique accomplishment in other departments of the world's greatest art-industry. One of the largest and most interesting miniatures ever erected may be seen at First National's Burbank studios. It will be used for certain sequences in "The Divine Lady," in which Corinne Griffith plays the rôle of "Lady Hamilton," fair innamorata of Admiral Lord Nelson, the British seadog.

This set includes a miniature ocean covering an area equal to four city blocks. This studio sea is peopled with exact reproductions of the battle squadrons of conflicting nations. The Lilliputian ships blaze away at one another until there is little left to be salvaged from First National's fifty thousand dollars' worth of sea craft.

There has been a lot of buzzing through the length and breadth of Hollywood about a feature-length film directed by Paul Fejos. It is called "Lonesome" and has the smallest cast yet used in a photoplay. To be exact, there are just two people in it, a girl and a boy. Fejos, who also must be credited with "The Last Moment," is in the way of becoming the current cinema sensation. He has given repeated evidence of unique genius, a quality which occasionally finds quick recognition in movieland.

Another youth who is getting himself talked about is Robert Florey. He has directed a short picture called "The Life of a Hollywood Extra." It is a dramatic subject having some forty-five sets, said to have averaged one dollar and sixty-seven cents in cost. No scene exceeds three feet in length. The sets were made from cardboard and cigar boxes. The only locations were the kitchen and bedroom of a friend's home. The lighting was a 400-watt lamp, and the camera was the type used by amateurs.

Still another of the young idea that has learned how to shoot is Sam Jacobson. Like Fejos, he is a Universal product. Jacobson, in addition to other studio duties is making a series of novelties which are already conceded among the most unusual bits of artistry emanating from Hollywood. One of his pictures is told entirely with shadows . . . another with hands, another with dolls, and so on. The first of these has been shown in the Roxy Theater, New York, which paid for it the highest price ever accorded a film of similar footage.

If you have movie ideas and ambitions, and wish to emulate the youthful geniuses mentioned, there are cameras for home use now in the market equipped with speed lenses effective in interiors without the aid of artificial light. The fast lenses make slow-motion photography possible on a hundred foot roll of 16 mm. film.

## PAPER FINERY

THE bizarre costuming of many pictures has caused production costs to soar. So now they have evolved a process of using paper costumes, especially in chorus scenes where unique effects are sought. The costumes are painted to conform and harmonize with the pictured interior, and both time and money are saved.

The latest development in color process is known as color modulation. It is used in filming color subjects and will register all hues accurately. Heretofore red has been one of the most difficult colors to photograph. Used with other colors it would interfere to an extent which would impair the entire sequence. The new process does away with this and shows each shade in true proportions.

(Continued on page 119)



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## Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 6)

more he has an abundance of moral courage with which to flaunt his principles in the face of those human parrots who preach "the glory of war." Call it propaganda or what you will. It remains an outstanding production and should have received greater publicity.

Yours respectfully,  
A College Student.

### What Is Status of a Parson?

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Will you kindly gratify the normal curiosity of an innocent bystander and tell me why motion picture producers take such delight in making the Minister of the Gospel—the Preacher, if you know what I mean—act and look like a fool, a clown, and an ignoramus—all condensed into one silly bit of humanity?

I just want to know why we cannot have a picture now and then in which he is represented as being a decent and dignified human being?

Recently I attended no less than three shows in which a Preacher played the part of a buffoon, a nincompoop, a fool. Are they really that kind? If they are, let's make them wear cap and bells. If not, let's quit insulting them.

Where does he belong—in the pulpit, or in the psychopathic ward?

Yours truly,  
E. C. Baird.

### Private, Keep Out

VANCOUVER, B. C.—Why should the movie fans give two small hoots as to the color of Gloria Swanson's boudoir pillows, the chronological order of Connie Talmadge's husbands or the brand of breakfast food preferred by John Gilbert.

Did we in the old days concern ourselves with the intimate private affairs of Maude Adams, Julia Marlowe or E. H. Sothern? Why not let us be content to worship at the shrine of perfect accomplishment instead of interesting ourselves in things that are more or less personal happenings in the lives of the moving picture players?

Very sincerely,  
Margary M.

### Nature's Background

PORTLAND, ORE.—The supreme advantage that the screen play has over the legitimate stage play is landscape, scenery, escape from artificiality. This has been impressed upon me recently after seeing "Ramona," "The Gaucho," and "Shepherd of the Hills."

"Ramona" is a classic, and I went to see it twice, but it would not have been so wonderful, even with the perfect acting of Dolores del Rio, Warner Baxter and Roland Drew, had it not been for the beautiful, romantic scenery settings and the artistic atmosphere of the landscape background. "Shepherd of the Hills" was made by the scenery and picturesque settings. "The Gaucho" depended greatly on scenery for its atmosphere.

Movie directors will do well to make the most of their great advantage over the legitimate stage. It is a field where there can be no competition, and American films can always take the lead, in this respect, for this wonderful country abounds in beautiful scenery.

Sincerely,  
Emeroi Stacy.

### Can't Remember Who's Who

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND—How do the producers (or whoever may be responsible) expect the ordinary movie fan to commit to memory, during the brief minute or so it is flashed on the screen, a cast of anywhere from eight to ten or twelve players and the parts they play? It is obviously impossible. The audience is left to grapple with their memory as to who's who in the scenes which follow.

Familiar faces of course may be recognized, but this is not enough. Fans like to know the characters such artists are playing and any doubt or confusion produces an irritating effect.

The solution is simple, and in many pictures is followed out. As the players make their first appearance in the story, present the names and the rôles.

I hope, if you publish this, those kind producers who are guilty will correct their faults and oblige

Yours sincerely,  
H. F. McC.

### Wants Fair Play for Chaney

TULSA, OKLA.—Why not change the tables regarding Lon Chaney and have him win the girl in the picture. Surely among all the story writers you could find one who could write such a play for our Lon Chaney. His stories are too much alike; of course, this is just the opinion of one mere person. But I really think, in order to continue to hold his public popularity, he should have a change in his pictures.

LET'S GO—and give the Hero of "The Miracle Man" his rights.

If you could just sit in the many different audiences and hear the remarks, such as "I surely hope he wins the girl—he deserves to," I feel sure you would give him fair play.

Yours very truly,  
(Miss) Patricia Ward.

### A Call for Variety

ST. LOUIS, MO.—When an unknown extra suddenly becomes a star overnight, because she has made a successful picture—why is it that this star's producer can't grasp the idea that she has the ability to portray other types than the one in the picture which "made" her. This applies to men as well. For instance, Emil Jannings won fame by playing rôles in pictures heavy with plot and sentiment. "The Way of All Flesh" and "The Last Command" are wonderful pictures, and Mr. Jannings did some wonderful acting, but why continue to cast him in the same kind of pictures? To be sure, he isn't the handsome hero type, but he can take other parts as well. The public is tiring of him already. Then look at Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor. This young team won the hearts of the moviegoers in the picture "Seventh Heaven." But the producers weren't content. They had to be cast in another almost identical in plot, called "Street Angel." Then there is the actor, William Haines. Can he portray the smart-alec type only? We moviegoers, especially we of the younger generation, still cling to the old adage that "Variety Is The Spice of Life." We think if a person can really A-C-T, then that person is capable of taking the part of more than one type or character. What do you think?

Sincerely,  
Margaret Browne.



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# CONSTANCE TALMADGE's

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Watch for Constance Talmadge's real story. It will reach you October 12—the day when your newsstand will have for you your copy of the November

## MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

It's the Magazine with the  
Personality

## The Screenless Screen

(Continued from page 112)

had him burned as a wizard a few years ago. Another of Newcombe's works portrays a corner of the motion picture studio in which will be produced entertainment and inspiration for your son's sons. The topless towers, three in number, which parade across the canvas, are lofty perches for technical screws (for even in Brown's conception mere men still guide the machines). There are more recording engines on these elevations, which, of course, are mobile and may be raised, lowered, or otherwise moved by silent signal. And all must be silent, for the machine which projects from side of the picture is so sensitive that every slight noise is recorded. Or perhaps there is a filtration system by which only the sounds desired are to be caught up by the god in the machine.

### THE THEORIES, 2928 A. D.

PERHAPS the most difficult to understand, or to make tangible, is the conception of the theater fifty—a hundred—a thousand years hence. It will be a mighty colosseum, in which every seat will be equidistant from the screen. But hold! There'll be no screen! That is very elemental. To you and me, unused to toying with infinity, it may seem quite logical that when pictures are projected it is necessary to project them upon something. But this idea just shows how dumb you are. And me too.

The picture will be projected from one place but to a thousand others, then in mid-air these light rays will be drawn together again, and the figures of the play materialized in the air. There is third dimension, of course, and the phantom forms have depth—thickness—as well as length and breadth. They are camera ghosts—alive, yet non-existent!

Realism is decidedly out of vogue for the future photoplay. For art that is realistic ceases to be art, and becomes a mere perversion.

### WHAT MEN THINK, THEY CAN DO

SO, take it from Clarence Brown, that anything which may be conceived by the human mind is capable of execution by man. The most fantastic dreams of the night may be made realities in the morning. It's worth pondering on. For "there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in our philosophy." Just for instance, have you ever watched pictures on their way through the air to the screen? Well, watch some time in a smoke-filled auditorium, and you'll see the figures leave the projection-booth and hurtle down a ladder of light and land upon the screen.

For fear of getting lost somewhere in the middle of the next million years, let's listen to Brown as to whether or not television, and the projection of pictures in the homes will do away with theaters. The response is, certainly not, because there is a peculiar psychology which makes folks want to do things and see things together—en masse. Therefore home movies will not cut theater attendance or keep people from going places any more than the radioed description of the big fight (broadcast by courtesy of the Eureka Hand-Made Noodle Corporation which makes hand-made noodles by hand for the Eureka Hand-Made Noodle Corporation) threatens to lower Uncle Sam's cut in Tex Rickard's income.

So now, perhaps you have a general idea of Clarence Brown, and what he thinks of between big box-office artistries. If you can figure what it's all about, you're a better man than the editor, not to mention the lowly members of the staff.



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## The Answer Man

(Continued from page 111)

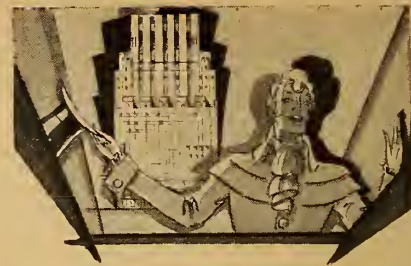
Write Phyllis and Sue, Pathe-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Hugh Allen is twenty-six. Single, also at De Mille Studios.

**SALLY.**—Myrna Loy was born in Montana, twenty-two years, red hair, light eyes, Scotch and Welsh descent. Latest release, "State Street Sadie." Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. The players you mentioned are Americans. Jack Holt and Nancy Carroll have the leads in "The Water Hole." Paramount Famous Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**WILLIAM HAINES ADMIRER.**—He's got plenty. Gloria Swanson was born March 27, 1897. She's five feet three. Her next picture will be "The Swamp." William, Jan. 1, 1901, six feet one. That's his real name. Playing in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Mary Brian played opposite him in "Brown of Harvard." Anita Page, "Telling the World." David Powell died April 16, 1925. Alice Day is twenty-one.

**AMBITIOUS NARCISSUS.**—Regular flower garden this month. Nick Stuart is a Romanian, twenty-two years old. Write him at Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Eve Southern is playing in "The Naughty Duchess." H. B. Warner and Gertrude Astor also in cast. Tiffany-Stahl Prod., 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Ruth Chatterton, Zazu Pitts in "Sins of the Fathers" starring Emil Jannings.

**TOMMY CAT.**—Not wild, are you? Lya de Putti is playing in "The Scarlet Lady." Don Alvarado and Warner Oland supporting. Columbia Studios, 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Lupe Velez was born in Mexico, July 18, 1909. She's a baby Wampus Star of 1928, has brown hair and dark eyes. United Artist Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.



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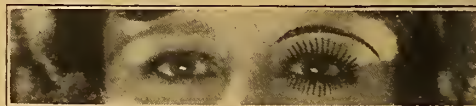
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## Filling Their Shoes

(Continued from page 29)

Vitagraph, Hughie Mack was taken from his job on a street-car, and the threat to use him in place of Bunny wielded as a club to bring the beloved John to terms. But if Bunny ever had a successor, it was "Fatty" Arbuckle. Since Arbuckle's heyday, various weighty comedians have been brought to the forefront. But their fame, if any, has been very transient, indeed.

Flora Finch, Bunny's sliver-like team-mate, has had no follower. Nor has it been possible to continue the sort of comedies which Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew made famous. Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle, perhaps, come closest to filling these shoes. Baby Peggy still stands alone. But Wesley Barry and Jackie Coogan have Frankie Darro, "Buzz" Barton, Philippe DeLacey and a host of others in a mad scramble for their places.

Wally Reid and Harold Lockwood left their seven-league boots of popularity to be occupied by Richard Dix, and perhaps Rich as much as anyone also occupies the heart-corner once reserved for Bryant Washburn.

Today in every studio, on every set, one sees youth awaiting its turn. Girls and boys, seldom if ever noticed upon the screen are being trained to take the places of the older players. Meantime, they are given bits here, extra rôles there, now and then they play second leads, or third. But one day their names will be in lights, and the stars who fall from the movie heavens will be but memories.

These unknowns will be the Charlie Farrells, the Dolores del Rios, the Janet Gaynors, the Lina Basquettes, Sue Carols, George O'Briens, Gary Coopers, Buddy Rogers of tomorrow. And the present crop of youngsters will then have advanced into the glare now illuminating the Talmadges, Swansons, Gilberts, Pickfords, Barrymores, and Meighans. And in their turn be preparing for the final oblivion which is inevitable.

If you're interested, make notes of a few names. Names, some of which will be known the world around within a year, or two, or three. Not all, mind you, but some. For many must fall by the wayside through inability, the dreadful ogre of studio politics, inefficient management, poor vehicles, illness, scandal—a thousand different barriers to be overcome before one may bask in fortune's smile.

But the making of pictures requires other ingredients than those supplied by players. There must be Laskys, Zukors, Laemmles, Schencks, Mayers. There must be the Griffiths, Von Stroheims, Cruzes, Lubitschs.

Metro has Irving Thalberg, still under thirty, and occupying one of the loftiest positions in the industry. At Universal there is Carl Laemmle, Jr., just turned twenty-one, born in the business and carefully trained in all its branches. At other studios, hidden in nooks and crannies are the potential leaders of the future—waiting, waiting. And on the lots are assistant directors, publicity men, cameramen, even electricians, who one day will call through their own megaphones instructions similar to those now given them.

Perhaps in no other field of endeavor is ambition so vaulting. Deep and devious machinations to gain advancement are everywhere in evidence. The air is electric with the energy of striving. Maybe this is because the goal, though difficult to reach, is so clearly seen. Mansions, yachts, and fleets of motor cars are obvious rewards. Then again the restless movie giant makes constant changes. Today's star is thrown to the Poverty Row lions tomorrow. Overnight an idol tumbles. A great executive passes from the picture, and the picture business, in an hour. Their places are filled. And who knows whose turn is coming next?

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### ACTRESSES

Adoree, Renee  
Astor, Mary

Banky, Vilma  
Basquette, Lina  
Beebe, Marjorie  
Bellamy, Madge  
Borden, Olive  
Bow, Clara  
Brent, Evelyn  
Brian, Mary  
Bronson, Betty  
Brooks, Louise

Carol, Sue  
Carroll, Nancy  
Collier, June  
Claire, Ethelyne  
Corda, Maria  
Costello, Dolores

Daniels, Bebe  
Davies, Marion  
Dana, Viola  
Day, Alice  
Day, Marceline  
Del Rio, Dolores  
Dove, Billie

Garbo, Greta  
Gaynor, Janet  
Gish, Dorothy  
Gish, Lillian  
Griffith, Corinne

Joy, Leatrice

Haver, Phyllis

Kent, Barbara  
Kenyon, Doris

La Plante, Laura  
Logan, Jacqueline

Mackaill, Dorothy  
Marchal, Arlette  
McAvoy, May  
Moore, Colleen  
Moran, Lois

Negri, Pola  
Nissen, Greta

O'Day, Molly  
O'Neil, Sally

Pickford, Mary  
Philbin, Mary

Ralston, Esther  
Ray, Allene  
Reynolds, Vera

Sebastian, Dorothy  
Starke, Pauline  
Shearer, Norma  
Southern, Eve  
Swanson, Gloria

Talmadge, Constance  
Talmadge, Norma  
Taylor, Ruth  
Terry, Alice

Valli, Virginia  
Velez, Lupe  
Vidor, Florence

White, Alice  
Windsor, Claire  
Wray, Fay

### ACTORS

Acord, Art  
Alvarado, Don  
Allen, Hugh  
Asther, Nils

Barrymore, John

Barthelmess, Richard  
Boyd, William  
Brook, Clive  
Brown, Johnny Mack

Carewe, Arthur Edmund  
Chaney, Lon  
Chaplin, Charles  
Cody, Lew  
Colman, Ronald  
Collier, William, Jr.  
Coogan, Jackie  
Cooper, Gary  
Cortez, Ricardo  
Chandler, Lane

De Lacey, Philippe  
Delaney, Charles  
D'Arcy, Roy  
Denny, Reginald  
Dix, Richard

Fairbanks, Douglas  
Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.  
Farrell, Charles  
Ford, Harrison  
Forbes, Ralph

Gibson, Hoot  
Gilbert, John  
Gray, Lawrence

Haines, William  
Hall, James  
Hamilton, Neil  
Hanson, Lars  
Harlan, Kenneth  
Holt, Jack  
Hoxie, Jack  
Hughes, Lloyd

Jones, Buck

Keane, Raymond  
Keith, Donald

Kerry, Norman  
Kent, Larry

Landis, Cullen  
La Rocque, Rod  
Lease, Rex  
Lewis, George  
Lyon, Ben

McLaglen, Victor  
Meighan, Thomas  
Menjou, Adolphe  
Maynard, Ken  
Miller, Walter  
Mix, Tom  
Mix, Tom, and his horse  
Tony

Moreno, Antonio  
Mulhall, Jack

Nagel, Conrad  
Norton, Barry  
Navarro, Ramon

O'Brien, George

Petrovich, Ivan  
Pidgeon, Walter

Reed, Donald  
Rogers, Charles  
Roland, Gilbert

Steele, Bob  
Stone, Lewis  
Stuart, Nick  
Striker, Joseph  
Sills, Milton

Thomson, Fred  
Tyler, Tom  
Tearle, Conway

Valentino, Rudolph  
Varconi, Victor

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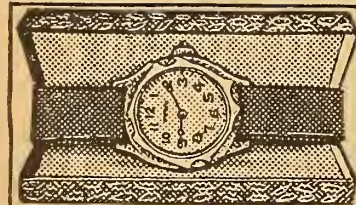


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# First-Day Fever

(Continued from page 72)

go on the war-path. The director was in too big a hurry to stop and allow Esther to apply new make-up, and the bit was ruthlessly eliminated. Esther spent the rest of the day adding tears to her already weirdly streaked countenance.

## MURDERING MONTE

JACQUELINE LOGAN almost committed murder in her first appearance on a movie set, with Monte Blue as the innocent victim. Allan Dwan, the director, had plucked Miss Logan direct from the Ziegfeld Follies to sign a picture contract as a leading woman in Hollywood.

Jacqueline was as nervous as a cat in her first scene, one which required her to hurl a small paper-weight at Blue's retreating figure. Anxious to do the scene properly and knowing nothing whatever of the picture technique of pulling throws, she let the paper-weight fly with the velocity of a three-inch shell. It caught Monte squarely in the back, and it required first-aid treatment for five minutes before he could draw a full breath again. To this day Monte still refers to Jacqueline as Christy Mathewson Logan.

William Boyd's first day before the camera was featured by an entirely unpremeditated swan-dive that came as just as big a surprise to Bill as to everyone else. The picture was "Love Insurance," with Wallace Reid as the star. Boyd was supposed to rush furiously across the set, fling a closed door open, and dash on out.

Bill dashed across the set and through the door all right. It was only when he was completely through the door that he realized that it opened on a sheer six-foot drop to the next stage. Bill vainly tried to walk on air for one frantic second, then his momentum carried him on to a far from graceful landing on the back of his neck. Even now, as soon as Boyd arrives for work on a new set, he very carefully inspects what is on the other side of every door in the walls.

Many of our present-day stars were saved from visible blunders in their first day's camera work by being members of mobs so large that the embarrassment of any one individual would have been about as conspicuous as a grain of salt in the ocean.

Florence Vidor made her screen debut as an extra in a big Colonial ball scene at the old Thomas Ince Studios. She was horribly nervous and the bulky weight of her Colonial costume made her still more awkward and self-conscious.

## SCARY GARY

GARY COOPER'S first camera costume included a pair of green tights, a cap with a feather in it, a wig of long hair, and a bow and arrow. He was one of a group of two hundred in Douglas Fairbanks' "Robin Hood." Gary to this day thanks the gods that the mob was big enough to hide his embarrassment, because no self-respecting young man fresh from Montana could be expected to appear in public in a set of green tights without blushing like a California sunset.

Most of those "first day" checks fell rather short of being enough for a down payment on either a Rolls-Royce or a Beverly Hills estate. They ranged from three dollars to seven-fifty.

Marian Nixon got five dollars for her first day's work in a Monty Banks comedy. Two dollars of it went to give Marian and a girlfriend the first square meal they had eaten in weeks, fifty-six cents more took the two of them to a picture show, and the remainder was held as a reserve fund for the future.

Virginia Valli got three-twenty-five for appearing as a very youthful extra in "The Palace of the King," a Nell Craig starring picture made in the old Essanay Studios in Chicago. But Virginia lost a thirty-dollar brooch while at work on the set, so her balance for the day was a net deficit of twenty-six dollars and seventy-five cents.

## SUE WAS SORRY

TO Sue Carol, however, must be given the unique credit of trying to refuse her first day's check for screen work. Sue happens to be the possessor of something like a million in her own right, and had embarked on that first day's work only for the thrill of it. It was as an extra in Fox's "Is Zat So?"

When five o'clock came, an assistant director told Sue to report back with the rest of the mob for more work that evening. He got the shock of his young life when Sue sweetly, but regretfully, told him, "Oh, I'm sorry, but I simply can't! I have a social engagement this evening. Give my check to someone else."

But Sue in her brief work that day had already shown every sign of being a real find, and the combined arguments of the director and his assistants finally persuaded her that her first day before the camera really should not be her last.



# A Kid that Looks Like a Gun

(Continued from page 31)

"That's why casting is such fun," said the vocative member of the Central Casting Bureau. "Nobody ever knows in advance what's going to be needed today in the way of Russians and grandmothers and doll-faced flappers. Every day there's some new demand."

"In fact," the vocative member added with lifted eyebrow to denote that the conversation had gone high-brow, "we're beginning to feel that Hollywood is just like the literary pastures of Upper Morven in which James Branch Cabell stages his slightly Rabelaisian amours. In other words, it's one of those places where anything is rather more than likely to happen, and usually does."

Mrs. Ruth McQuoid, who never submits to interviews when she knows they are interviews, nodded her head in agreement. I don't know whether Mrs. McQuoid reads Cabell or not. Probably she doesn't. She's a nice, good looking, slightly gray, motherly sort of woman to whom you confide instinctively stories about the girl-friend and the job and the prospects of a raise if the old man ever gets over his spell of sciatica. Maybe she never even heard of Cabell or Jurgen or the Shirt of Nessus or Morven. But that's no great matter. She knows plenty of things. I've got an idea she was born knowing things. She's that kind of woman.

She has charge of the children's division of the Central Casting Bureau. Mothers consult her about Johnny's stubbed toes and little Mary's trouble with adenoids; and sometimes it's more important to know about salves and hay fever remedies and paying jobs than it is to know about places that never existed and people that never lived and shirts that were never worn.

Anyhow, she nodded vigorous agreement.

"If you think fitting adults into the pic-

ture is hard work," she said decisively, "you ought to know something about the trials of casting the children."

## CHORELY PRESSED BY DIRECTORS

"DIRECTORS can think of the queerest things. You'd almost think they sit up late at night trying to find impossible chores for me."

"Just the other day I had a fine example of this: My telephone rang and I answered it. The casting director of one of the companies, I don't remember which one right now, was on the wire."

"Say, Mrs. McQuoid," he said, "we need a baby that looks like a gun. Suppose you got anything like that in your files?"

"What's that you want?" I asked, thinking maybe I was getting a little hard of hearing. "Did you say a baby that looks like a gun?"

"Sure, that's it. We need a baby that looks like a gun. One about four years old will do."

"I still thought I was hearing a funny story and I kept trying to think back to see if I'd ever heard that one before. When I couldn't remember, or see the point, I sounded a note of warning to the effect that I am a busy woman and, that while I appreciate a good story, I haven't time for such foolishness during office hours. If he wanted me to laugh, he'd have to telephone my home about supper time and I'd do my best to giggle."

## NO KIDDING ABOUT THE KID

"LISTEN, Mrs. McQuoid, I'm not kidding," he complained. "I'm wide awake, and I didn't say we wanted a little son-of-a-gun, either. I said a kid that looks like a gun. You know. No, I'm not crazy!"

(Continued on page 120)

# Forecasting About

(Continued from page 113)

A sort of Mohammed and the mountain idea has been used by William De Mille. In his recent picture, "Craig's Wife," the director has done away with shots in which the camera follows characters as they walk to and fro before a background, and in place of such shots has had the camera and actors remain stationary while the background is moved. And De Mille says this is far more satisfactory than to try to catch action with a moving camera.

The very first picture to have both sound and color will be called "The Thrall of Leif the Lucky." It will be produced by Technicolor and deal with the adventures of a Viking some thousand years ago. It is interesting to note that the Technicolor film which has always been double coated, will have but one coat in this picture. The double coat might have interfered with the recording of sound.

## STAGE PLAYERS AT A PREMIUM

IT is rumored here that United Artists will go Fox Films one better in making a sound picture using stage players instead of screen celebs. Fox has declared that the all-talking picture, "Behind That Curtain," will have a mixed cast, the principal characters will be recruited from the stage, the atmosphere from the movies. But, if report is true, the next John Barrymore vehicle will find Handsome Jack surrounded by a troupe formed entirely of stage players.

"Talkies, Talkies, Crazy Over Talkies,"

describes the Hollywood situation regarding sound films. And as usual the industry is leaping into the swirling new waters without knowing the depth or strength of current, the quicksands or the undertow. An evidence of this is in a questionnaire recently broadcast in an effort to obtain opinions from screen writers upon the new baby. Among the queries were some asking whether the present instruments are adequate to record voices, and if not, where they fall short. Whether sound adds or detracts from the realism of the picture. Whether voice reproduction is desirable, and whether substitution of voices may be made. Whether talkies should be rehearsed like plays. What kind of dialogue is best fitted. Whether talking pictures slow up the story. Whether there is a shock to the audience in changing from sound to silence and vice versa. As well as many other groping queries which somehow suggest a drowning man and a straw.

It is well-established that some pictures have already been made and doubled for voice. The action has been filmed in Hollywood, and the players have spoken the lines called for by the story. But there has been no sound device present. The completed film has then been sent to New York, where stage players with trained voices have doubled for the sound effects, carefully rehearsing the timing so that when the lips of the screen actors move, the words of the double seem to emanate from them.



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## A Kid that Looks Like a Gun

(Continued from page 119)

At least no more so than usual. You heard me all right. A kid that looks like a gun! You know—small head, long drawn out thin body, like a gun barrel. That's the chief's order, and you know the chief," he added significantly.

"Yes," I said, "I know the chief, I'll see what I can do."

"You can imagine how I felt over that order. You see I usually have at my fingers' ends everything the studios want in short pants and long curls, but for the life of me, I didn't know where to find a child that looked like a shotgun. Can you beat it? I sat down in front of my registration cards and photographs with fear and trembling. The faces of boys and girls winked up at me in that exasperating way they have of saying: 'How about that job, Mrs. McQuoid?' Yet none of them seemed to fit. I was beginning to think the studio had at last dropped a dud at my door step.

"But all of a sudden, I remembered a child. You know they make a great impression—some of them. I remembered a child who looked just like what that order called for. I remembered that at the time he came in, I had wondered what it was he looked like. Now I remembered he looked exactly like a gun. I could have shouted for joy. I rushed to the telephone and the next morning this human gun, aged five, was at the studio, and at work. He fitted perfectly in the part; and no one was the least bit surprised. The Central Casting office is expected to do things like that. The producers pay about two hundred thousand dollars a year to support us and if we reported 'nothing doing' a few times, we'd be taking our own advice and go looking for jobs as waitresses or A-1 stenographers. When they told me they wanted a child that looked like a gun, I simply knew we had to find one."

### GROWN-UPS BEFORE THEY GROW

FINDING babies who look like guns, however, isn't all that Mrs. McQuoid is called upon to do. Lord, no! Anything, from collecting a hundred six-months old babies for a baby revue to advising mothers how babies' ears may be brought into line, devolves upon her.

And always, and above all because of its frequency, there is the problem of finding the child who can assume the rôle of a star in a sequence calling for the star's appearance as a child. Now there's really where the fun of casting children actually begins.

First of all, you've got to have a child who resembles the grown-up star. Then the child must know how to act. Third, the fundamental characteristics of one must be the fundamental characteristics of the other. Relative size, general facial expression, eyes and hair that conform, are Alps that have to be crossed by this Hollywood Napoleon before she may reach the Italy of a director's approval.

One day not long ago, Richard Barthelmess began a picture called "Wheel of Chance" in which the star assumes a dual rôle. In one character he is black haired, clear eyed, handsome; in the other he is red headed, vicious looking, hardened by his environment—difficult rôles at best.

The opening scenes are laid in Russia. Twin boys, one known as the Black, one as the Red, are caught in the unreasoning fury of a pogrom. The Red, believed dead, is left in a water trough with his little head cut and bleeding. The other, saved, is brought to America.

Here, then, was a problem for Mrs. McQuoid. Twin boys resembling Dick Barthelmess had to be found. Hours were spent in checking through registration

cards, staring at photographs, interviewing prospective young actors. At last Ray and Roy Berendzen were selected for the parts. How well the casting office succeeded is instantly revealed in a study of the photographs of the youngsters and the photographs of Barthelmess in his two characterizations.

ANOTHER day Chester Conklin needed ten children to appear as his offsprings in a current picture. The children had to be like steps in size, and each had to bear a certain resemblance to their celebrated screen papa. After much puzzling, the crossword request was solved, and Chester was satisfied.

A producing company, another day, needed three child-actors to appear as Clara Bow, Esther Ralston, and Gary Cooper, when these three stars were in the early teens. This particular call was in connection with "Children of Divorce." The order just went in in the routine way one night and the Casting Office was expected to meet the requirements by the next morning.

When that order came in, Mrs. McQuoid set up before her photographs of Gary, Clara, and Esther. She noted carefully the features, the height, the eyes, hair, and general appearance of each.

Cooper is tall and thin, with grey eyes that look out from a lean, serious face; Clara Bow twinkles; Esther Ralston's is a calm blonde beauty that has something of the maternal about it.

Mrs. McQuoid began to think. Occasionally she consulted her files of photographs. At last she made her selections.

She chose Yvonne Pelletier as Esther Ralston, Joyce Coad as Clara Bow, and Don Marion as Gary Cooper.

Yvonne has the same relative height to the other children as Esther Ralston has to Clara Bow and Cooper. Her face is soft, her eyes half-sad, her hair golden. Joyce is smaller. In her piquancy and life that is fire—Clara Bow for the world. Don Marion is taller, and more serious. His hair is tousled, and his manners are those of Gary Cooper. The director was delighted with the selections.

A harder job awaited Mrs. McQuoid when a director called for a child who looked like Harry Langdon might have looked when Harry was a boy.

"Only an offspring could look like Harry Langdon," Mrs. McQuoid remarked.

### HE PHILS MANY BILLS

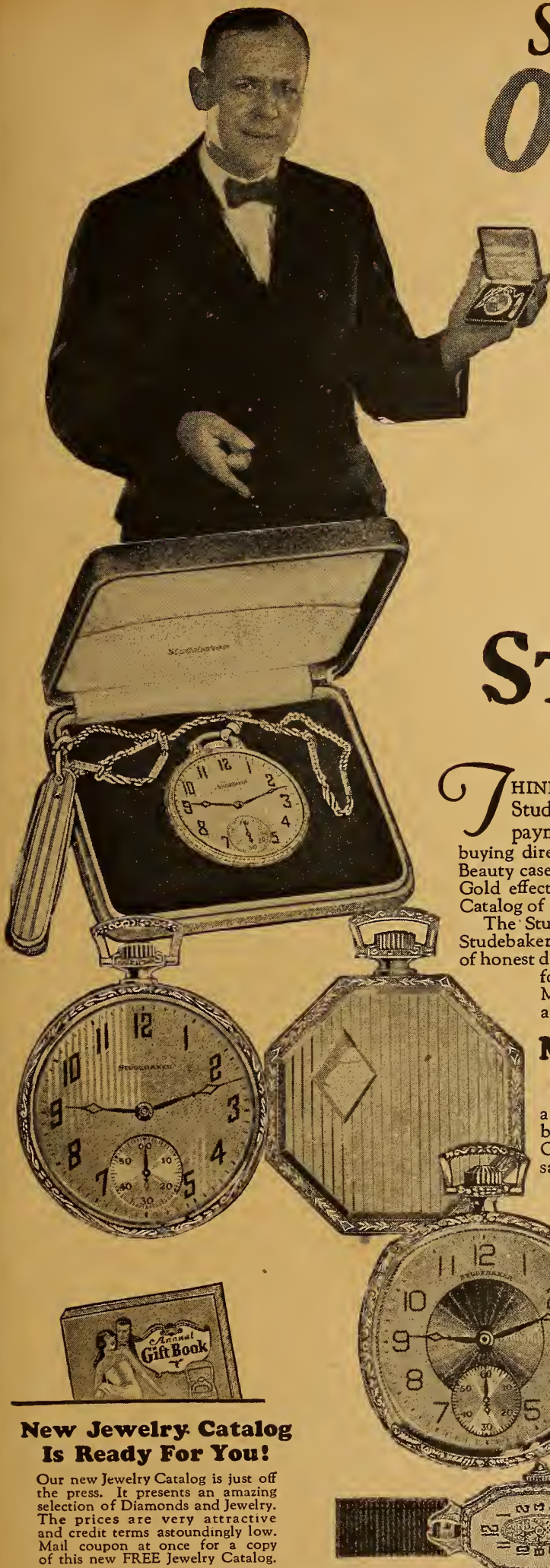
BUT she didn't give up trying and the result was Billie Webb, who was accepted by the director for the part.

Little Philippe DeLacy has been called upon time after time to play important rôles in the child sequences of plays more often than any other child actor. John Barrymore found him an excellent youthful *Don Juan*; Neil Hamilton saw in Philippe an Irish lad in "Mother Machree"; most important of all, perhaps, was young Philippe's portrayal of the young prince in "The Student Prince." There was something about his face and the expression of his eyes which brings a vivid picture of Ramon Novarro. It was not difficult to see Ramon as he was as a child.

"Sometimes the demand is even more exacting," Mrs. McQuoid said. "Now take the case of 'Sorrell and Son.' Here we had to have a boy who looked like Nils Asther who was cast as *Kit Sorrell*. Then *Kit* had to look like his father, H. B. Warner. And, by deduction, the boy *Kit* had to look like both men."

So it goes, from day to day. Fascinating, yes, but tough—well, rather.





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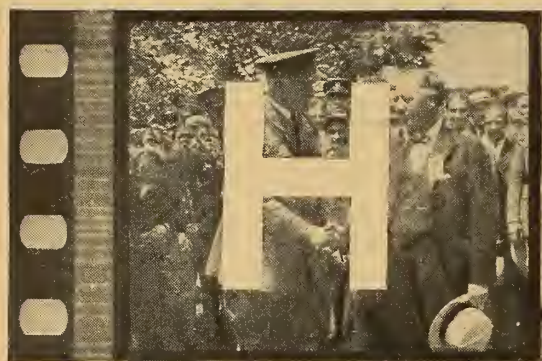
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Now the livest news becomes *living* news! Now you not only see it happen—you *hear* it! Now Fox Movietone captures the

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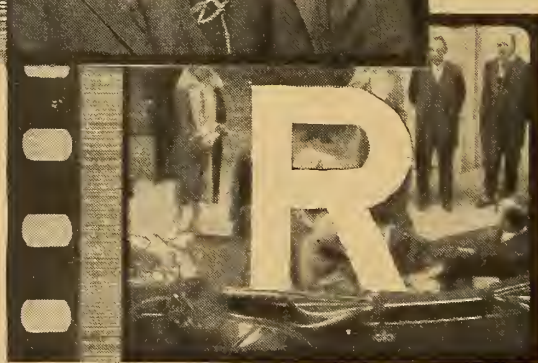
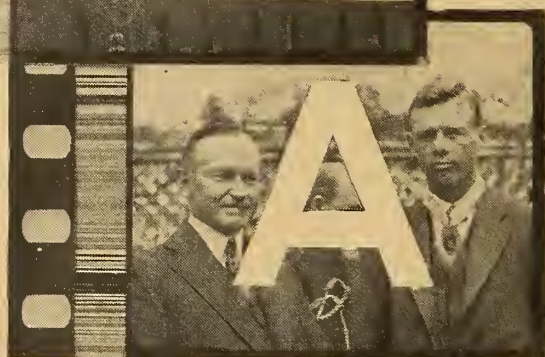
...The roar of the crowd which

is half of football's thrill—the blare of martial music as the troops wheel past—the thunder of unleashed horsepower as the plane speeds through the air-lanes—all these come to you in Movietone! They make you an

ear-witness as well as an eye-witness! *They really take you there!*

... *Have you heard the news?* ... If not, go today to the theatre showing Fox Movietone News, and prepare for the thrill of a lifetime!

*It  
speaks  
for  
itself!*



# FOX MOVIEEYETONE NEWS

—developed and  
presented by  
WILLIAM FOX



# Keep your hands lovely by protecting them this way all day long ...



*A gesture may live longer in the memory than words...*

Few hands these days can be kept in idle luxury for their beauty's sake. For all day home-keeping hands are *doing* things! How is one to protect them, then, to keep them charming—and young?

Has it occurred to you that work may not be as hard on your hands as the use of harsh, common soap? Crude soap robs the skin of its natural oils, parching it into tiny lines. That is why so many hands look older than they should.

To keep your hands young, why not use Ivory whenever your hands must

touch soap? Ivory is so bland a *toilet* soap that doctors recommend its use for very sensitive complexions. Naturally, then, it will protect your hands, too.

Gentle as Ivory is, don't be afraid to put it to all sorts of tasks—from washing dishes to cleansing bathroom enamel. Launder your printed tub frocks and fine tinted linens with Ivory, to keep their colors like new. Clean your painted furniture and woodwork and expensive linoleum with Ivory, too, to protect their glossed surfaces.

But most important—Ivory guards your hands so that their every gesture may tell a story of youthful charm!

For your hands' sake, isn't it fortunate that Ivory is so reasonably priced?

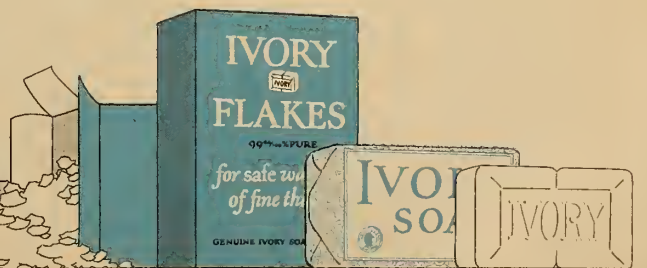
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"IT FLOATS"







## P. A. Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion

The natural charm that men admire is not beyond your reach. Here is the simple daily rule that results in natural beauty, and a lovely skin:

Youth is charm, and youth lost is charm lost, as every woman instinctively realizes.

To keep youth, keep the skin clean and the pores open. Banish artificial ways in skin care. Natural ways are best.

Use soap, but be sure it is a soap made basically for use on the face. Others may prove harsh. That is why, largely on expert advice, women the world over choose Palmolive for facial use.



3959

WHERE beauty is concerned, an ounce of precaution is worth pounds of costly "cures."

For thousands have learned it is comparatively simple to keep beauty . . . while there is nothing more pathetic than the futile attempts to regain natural charm by artificial means.

The most effective way to natural beauty, is Nature's way. The beauty men admire is natural, and women whose complexions retain natural charm have learned this.

*Do this each day if you would keep that schoolgirl complexion*

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry,

apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

*Avoid this mistake*

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Illinois.

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KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION



# Motion Picture

NOVEMBER

25¢



The Greatest Hoax  
Ever Worked  
in Hollywood

*Madge Bellamy*

Clara Bow's  
Love-Life





# He remembered— That Schoolgirl Complexion

YOUTH is charm, and youth lost is charm lost, as every woman instinctively realizes.

To keep youth, keep the skin clean and the pores open. Banish artificial ways in skin care. Natural ways are best.

Use soap, but be sure it is a soap made basically for use on the face. Others may prove harsh. That is why, largely on expert advice, women the world over choose Palmolive for facial use.

THE beauty that men admire—and remember—is *natural* beauty.

And that may be yours whether you use powder and rouge—or not—if you observe one simple beauty rule.

Washing the face for beauty is the recommendation of all leading skin specialists today. Make-up, grime—the greasy exudations of the pores—can be removed thoroughly only by careful warm water washing. Women whose charm is natural, know this.

*Soap and water daily—but not just ANY soap*

The lather of Palmolive Soap, widely urged for proper care of a good complexion, is a blend of famous beauty oils—the oils of olive and palm.

These gentle cleansers soothingly penetrate the pores, remove accumulations which, if left, would form into blackheads, or, becoming inflamed, would cause unsightly blemishes.

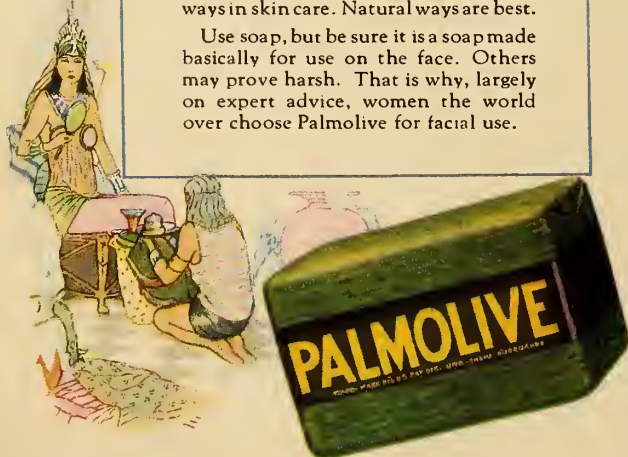
They bring the charm of natural loveliness because they keep the skin cleansed *Nature's* way. To keep that schoolgirl complexion through the years, do this at least once daily.

*This simple beauty rule*

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin with your two hands. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. Dry by patting with a soft towel—never rub the gentle skin fabric.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on overnight.

And Palmolive costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today, then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Company, Chicago, Illinois.



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KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION



The Movie Miracle!

# MOVIE-TONE

*... you won't believe your own ears — it's so amazing to hear what you see on the screen—to hear a film that's as TRUE to your ears as it is to your eyes — because the SOUND, like the scene, is PHOTOGRAPHED on the film!*



**HEAR the joys and sorrows of Humanity!**



**HEAR music—laughter—life!**



**HEAR tense, reckless Drama!**



**HEAR the song of Romance!**

Imagine yourself tucked away in the darkness of your movie theatre. A beam of silver light plays from the gallery—the screen before you shimmers with life—your eyes are fascinated by the picture—and your ears...

... your EARS!...

... you can hardly believe your ears! You are HEARING—actually HEARING—the scene on the screen. There before your eyes are people—and here in your ears are their voices. There before your eyes is a mob—and into your ears comes its roar! Love and laughter—death and sorrow—men and women—the winds

and the waves—EVERYTHING that you see you HEAR!

It is a movie miracle—FOX MOVIE-TONE. It brings you pictures with sound! The sound of reality—of life itself! Not the twangy, metallie sound of early and even recent experiments. Fox Movietone is the climax of moving picture drama. It is a reel-thrill that's a REAL thrill.

Watch for the first Fox Movietone in your favorite theatre. It's twice as good as any movie you ever have seen! It will double your film fun. Don't miss it!

William Fox presents

Movietones as follows:

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THE RED DANCE

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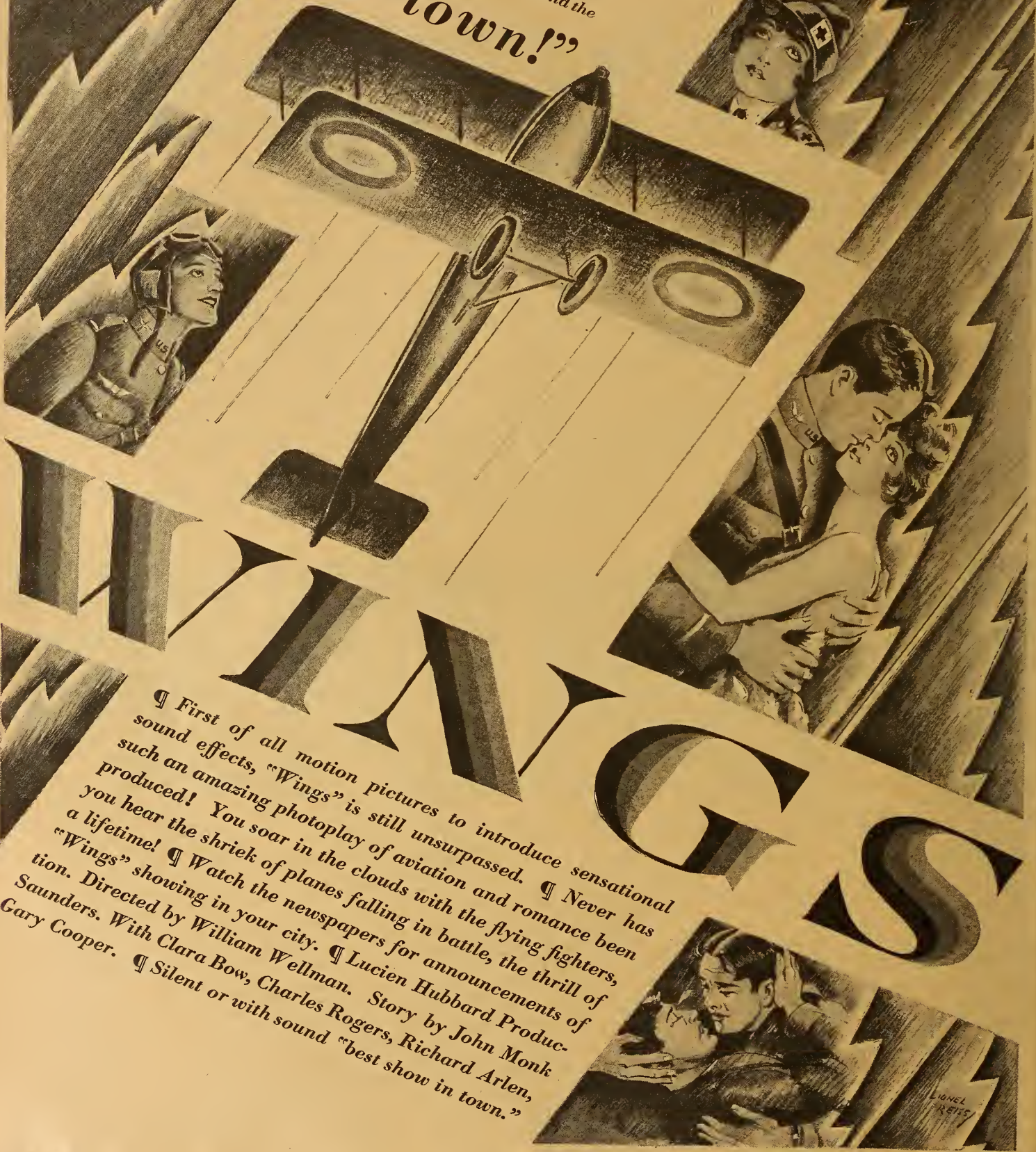
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Volume XXXVI, No. 4

November, 1928

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COLIN J. CRUICKSHANK, Art Director

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, Western Editor

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# CONSTANCE TALMADGE's

## Certified Confession

Blanche Sweet's disclosures concerning the secret passages in her life, made public for the first time in the October issue of Motion Picture CLASSIC, were startling

But they constitute only the beginning of a series of revelations equally astounding by a number of stars equally notable

Next month's—the November—CLASSIC will bring to you the second of these confessional articles

It will be the story, the courageous and simple and outright story, the hitherto hidden phases of the career of CONSTANCE TALMADGE

This astonishing magazine feature will relate to you, exactly as Miss Talmadge has related it to us, the intimate chapters of her life's history which up to the present have been jealously withheld

They comprise things not only, until now, never before published, but things never before told—to anyone

And this, as well as their truth, is certified by Miss Talmadge's own affidavit, properly witnessed, notarized and sealed

Watch for Constance Talmadge's real story. It will reach you October 10—the day when your newsstand will have for you your copy of the November

## MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

*It's the Magazine with the  
Personality*



### FIFTEEN-DOLLAR LETTER

#### *Keep the Movies Quiet*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—America progresses—progress accompanied by noise. Our streets and homes are filled with it. There was once an escape, into the cool, "silent" movie. But, alas, the very movies are becoming noisy.

Are those behind the talking picture thoroughly considering the situation? Are they applying the fundamentals of physiology and psychology? Do they know that the eye is keener to interpret than the ear? The eye apprehends a sentence at one reading, the ear only after repetition or time for "soaking in."

Do they take into account the dialects of the various parts of the country? Do they consider the moral depreciation caused by the spoken parts of certain movies? Do they know that the voice heard through vitaphone or radio is detrimental to the nervous system?

Talking movies may appear to be progress—I would say, progress in the wrong direction.

God grant that we shall still have the literally "silent" drama.

(Miss) Ella E. Warren.

### TEN-DOLLAR LETTER

#### *Give Them Time*

YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND—Some of your correspondents do not appear to like the letters published criticizing plays and players, but there is no surer sign of the hold motion pictures have on every class of person.

We go to the Opera and hear perhaps wonderful singers, but see (to say the least of it) faces and figures which must be totally unlike the composer's idea of them; or to the Musical Comedy with stories so thin you can't find them, and perhaps one good actor in ten, and we leave it there; but let us see a picture with a single character miscast, one trifling detail wrong, or a star who does not appeal to us quite as much as usual, and what happens! Do we excuse them? Certainly not, we write to the papers about them, and put

in black and white exactly what we think about everybody concerned.

The fact of the matter is that we know if we complained about the Opera or the Musical Comedy they couldn't be improved very much because the talent is so limited, but not so with the Movies, there is no end to their possibilities, new talent discovered almost every day, Directors broadening their outlook, and more attention paid to details.

After all "What's wrong with the Movies"—nothing they won't grow out of, given a little time and patience.

Yours Truly,

Elsie Fraser.

### FIVE-DOLLAR LETTER

#### *A Worthwhile Diversion*

WENATCHEE, WASHINGTON—How can anyone with a sense of justice and fair dealing condemn the movies? Of all forms of amusement, they are the least harmful, to my way of thinking. Drinking, dancing, card playing—these can easily lead to crime, but the movies—never! Moving pictures are far more uplifting than some of the magazines that are flooding the news-stands today.

I have yet to see a picture without a moral. The law of retribution is faithfully adapted to the silent drama. Yet there are people who stoutly maintain that pictures are a menace to morals. Absurd!

Instead of being harmful, they are beneficial. They educate, they furnish wholesome entertainment to young and old, rich and poor, and they help us to understand and appreciate the beautiful things of life.

We learn about peoples of other countries, and about people living in other sections of our own United States. We see how people spoke and dressed and conducted themselves in other times. Then, too, we cannot fail to note the flawless English employed in the subtitles.

Oh, I could go on indefinitely naming their good points.

Sincerely,  
Marie Tippin.

(Continued on  
page 114)

## Prizes for Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will award cash prizes for the three best letters published. Fifteen dollars will be paid for the best letter, ten dollars for the second best, and five dollars for the third. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 200 words or less, and let's know what's on your mind. Anonymous communications will not be considered and no letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



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Arlen, Richard—playing in *Manhattan Cocktail*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Armstrong, Robert—playing in *Show Folks*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Astor, Mary—playing in *Dry Martini*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Asther, Nils—playing in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

\* \* \*

Baclanova, Olga—playing in *Avalanche*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bancroft, George—playing in *Docks of New York*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Banky, Vilma—playing in *The Awakening*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barrymore, John—playing in *The King of the Mountain*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Barrymore, Lionel—playing in *Alias Jimmy Valentine*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *Scarlet Seas*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Basquette, Lina—playing in *Show Folks*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Beery, Noah—recently completed *Noah's Ark*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—playing in *Beggars of Life*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bell, Rex—playing in *The Girl-Shy Cowboy*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bellamy, Madge—playing in *Mother Knows Best*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Blue, Monte—playing in *Conquest*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in *Romance of the Underworld*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Borden, Olive—playing in *Stool Pigeons*—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bosworth, Hobart—playing in *A Woman of Affairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bow, Clara—playing in *Three Week-Ends*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Boyd, William—playing in *The Love Song*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Brent, Evelyn—playing in *Interference*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Brian, Mary—playing in *Just Twenty-One*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brice, Fanny—playing in *My Man*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Bronson, Betty—playing in *The Singing Fool*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Brook, Clive—playing in *Interference*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brooks, Louise—playing in *Redskin*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brown, Johnny Mack—playing in *A Woman of Affairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Byron, Walter—playing in *The Awakening*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

\* \* \*

Carol, Sue—playing in *Chasing Through Europe*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Carroll, Nancy—*Manhattan Cocktail*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Carver, Kathryn—playing in *His Private Life*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chandler, Lane—recently completed *The First Kiss*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chaney, Lon—playing in *West of Zanzibar*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Chaplin, Charles—*City Lights*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Cody, Lew—playing in *A Single Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Colman, Ronald—playing in *The Rescue*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Collyer, June—playing in *A Slice of Life*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Compson, Betty—playing in *Docks of New York*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Conklin, Chester—playing in *The Haunted House*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—playing in *The Wolf Song*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Costello, Dolores—playing in *The Redeeming Sin*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—playing in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

\* \* \*

Damita, Lili—playing in *The Rescue*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions—De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dane, Karl—playing in *Alias Jimmy Valentine*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Daniels, Bebe—playing in *Take Me Home*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

D'Arcy, Roy—recently completed *The Last Warning*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Davies, Marion—recently completed *Show People*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Day, Alice—playing in *Red Hot Speed*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Day, Marcelline—playing in *Stolen Love*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Del Rio, Dolores—recently completed *Revenge*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Denny, Reginald—playing in *Red Hot Speed*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Dawson, Doris—playing in *Do Your Duty*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

De Putti, Lya—recently completed *The Scarlet Lady*—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dix, Richard—playing in *Redskin*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dove, Billie—recently completed *The Night Watch*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Duncan, Mary—playing in *The River*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dunn, Josephine—playing in *The Singing Fool*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Duryea, George—playing in *Marked Money*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

\* \* \*

Fairbanks, Douglas—playing in *The Man with the Iron Mask*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—playing in *The River*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Fawcett, George—playing in *The Mask of the Devil*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Fazenda, Louise—playing in *Outcast*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Ferris, Audrey—playing in *The Little Wildcat*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Foxe, Earle—playing in *The Case of Mary Brown*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

\* \* \*

Gaynor, Janet—*Sweet Fair*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Garbo, Greta—playing in *A Woman of Affairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gibson, Hoot—playing in *Riding for Fame*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Gilbert, John—playing in *A Woman of Affairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Griffith, Corinne—playing in *Outcast*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

\* \* \*

Haines, William—playing in *Alias Jimmy Valentine*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

(Continued on page 12)





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During the filming of "The Divine Lady" 38 make-up experts painted 1300 wounds per day with artificial blood.

3,654 regular sailors and extras were used in a single day's "fighting."

29,960 pounds of gunpowder were fired.

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A LOVE SO MIGHTY IT SWAYED THE FATE OF NATIONS

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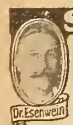


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# In the Starry Kingdom

(Continued from page 10)

Hale, Alan—playing in *The Spieler*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hall, James—recently completed *The Fleet's In*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hamilton, Neil—playing in *Take Me Home*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Haver, Phyllis—playing in *Sal of Singapore*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hersholt, Jean—recently completed *The Girl on the Barge*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Hines, Johnny—playing in *The Wright Idea*—Tec-Art Studios, 5350 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Holt, Jack—recently completed *The Water Hole*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hoxie, Jack—playing in *Men of Daring*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—playing in *Alias Jimmy Valentine*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Jannings, Emil—playing in *Sins of the Fathers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Jolson, Al—playing in *The Singing Fool*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Joy, Leatrice—recently completed *The Bellamy Trial*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Keaton, Buster—recently completed *The Camera-man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Kent, Barbara—recently completed *The Show-down*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Kent, Larry—playing in *The Haunted House*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Kenyon, Doris—playing in *Interference*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Kerry, Norman—recently completed *The Woman From Moscow*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Langdon, Harry—playing in *Heart Trouble*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Lake, Arthur—playing in *Harold of Hollywood*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

La Plante, Laura—playing in *Show Boat*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lloyd, Harold—recently completed *Speedy*—Harold Lloyd Productions, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Loff, Jeannette—playing in *Annapolis*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Logan, Jacqueline—playing in *The Spieler*—Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lorraine, Louise—playing in *The Final Reckoning*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—playing in *Outcast*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Loy, Myrna—playing in *State Street Sadie*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Luden, Jack—playing in *Sins of the Fathers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lyon, Ben—playing in *Air Legion*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

MacDonald, Farrell—playing in *Riley, the Cop*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *Changeling*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Mann, Margaret—playing in *The River*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Maynard, Ken—playing in *Cheyenne*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

McAvoy, May—playing in *Stolen Kisses*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

McCooy, Tim—playing in *Six Blood*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

McLaglen, Victor—playing in *The Wastrel*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Meighan, Thomas—playing in *The Mating Call*—Caddo Productions, Hollywood, Cal.

Menjou, Adolphe—playing in *His Private Life*—Paramount Studios—5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mix, Tom—playing in *Son of the Golden West*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Moore, Colleen—playing in *Synthetic Sin*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Moore, Owen—playing in *Stolen Love*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Moran, Lois—playing in *The Case of Mary Brown*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Moreno, Antonio—playing in *The Air Legion*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Morton, Charles—playing in *Street Fair*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Mulhall, Jack—playing in *Ritzie Rosie*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Murray, Charles—playing in *Do Your Duty*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Murray, James—recently completed *The Show-down*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *A Slice of Life*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Negri, Pola—recently completed *The Woman From Moscow*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Nixon, Marian—recently completed *Out of the Ruins*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Norton, Barry—playing in *Sins of the Fathers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—playing in *Gold Braid*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Nolan, Mary—playing in *West of Zanzibar*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Nugent, Eddie—playing in *Gold Braid*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

O'Brien, George—playing in *The Case of Mary Brown*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Neil, Sally—recently completed *The Girl on the Barge*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Oland, Warner—recently completed *Stand and Deliver*—Pathé-De Mille Productions, Culver City, Cal.

Olmstead, Gertrude—playing in *The Hit of the Show*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Page, Anita—playing in *Gold Braid*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Philbin, Mary—playing in *Eric the Great*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Pickford, Mary—recently completed *My Best Girl*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Powell, William—playing in *The Canary Murder Case*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Prevost, Marie—recently completed *The Godless Girl*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Pringle, Aileen—playing in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Quillan, Eddie—playing in *Show Folks*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Ralston, Esther—playing in *The Case of Lena Smith*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Roberts, Theodore—playing in *The Mask of the Devil*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Rogers, Charles (Buddy)—playing in *Just Twenty-One*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rubens, Alma—playing in *Show Boat*—Universal Studio, Universal City, Cal.

Schildkraut, Joseph—playing in *Show Boat*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Sebastian, Dorothy—playing in *A Woman of Affairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—playing in *The Little Angel*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sills, Milton—playing in *Hard Rock*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Southern Eve—playing in *The Haunted House*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Steele, Bob—playing in *Captain Careless*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Stone, Lewis—playing in *A Woman of Affairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Stuart, Nick—playing in *Chasing Through Europe*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Swanson, Gloria—playing in *Queen Kelley*—United Artists, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Talmadge, Norma—recently completed *The Woman Disputed*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Taylor, Ruth—playing in *The Canary Murder Case*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Thomson, Fred—playing in *Kit Carson*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Todd, Thelma—playing in *The Haunted House*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Tryon, Glenn—recently completed *The Kid's Clever*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Tyler, Tom—playing in *The Avenging Rider*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Vallie, Virginia—playing in *Street of Illusion*—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Varconi, Victor—recently completed *The Divine Lady*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Velez, Lupe—playing in *The Love Song*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Veidt, Conrad—playing in *Eric the Great*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Vidor, Florence—playing in *Divorce Bound*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Von Berne, Eva—playing in *The Mask of the Devil*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Warner, H. B.—playing in *Conquest*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

White, Alice—playing in *Ritzie Rosie*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Wilson, Lois—playing in *Conquest*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Wray, Fay—playing in *Dirigible*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.





## LADY LUCK TAKES A BACK SEAT

Luck!

Sure! One smashing hit that sets all fandom talking might be "luck".

Two country-wide successes might even be wished onto Lady Luck—if you're good at wishing—

But one long unbroken parade of record-breaking wows—that's something else again!

Lady Luck didn't make Smash hits like "The Big Parade", "Ben Hur", "Tell it to the Marines", "The Merry Widow" and "White Shadows of the South Seas".

More stars than there are in Heaven, plus brilliant directors plus great stories plus the great resources of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization are some reasons for the long and imposing list of M-G-M's smash hits.

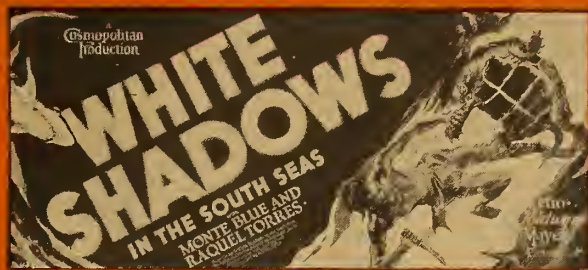
If you want a guarantee for the future it lies in the performance of the past.

When the lion roars—

**M-G-M** sound or silent, will always mean

**More  
Great  
Movies**

HERE ARE THE FIRST  
OF THE NEW M-G-M  
PICTURES—SUPERB  
ENTERTAINMENT



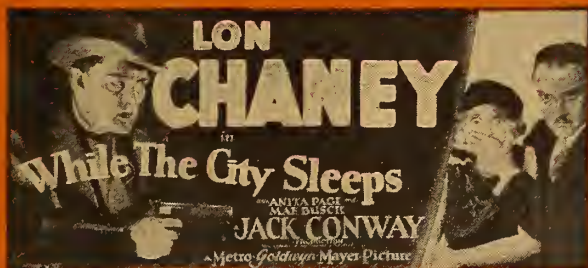
Broadway and Los Angeles hailed this flaming romance of the South Seas in Sound at \$2 admission. Sound or Silent it will be the year's picture sensation.



Laughs—tears—thrills—you'll find them all packed into the screen version of the Broadway success, "Excess Baggage." Don't miss William Haines' desperate slide for life and love in this pulsating comedy-drama. Sound or Silent—a hit!



Flaming youth de luxe—the epics of a jazz-mad age—youth! beauty! luxury! drama! You'll cheer "Our Dancing Daughters"—sound or silent.



Lou Chaney gives you another great characterization in a throbbing tale of underworld intrigue and hopeless love. See him as the fearless guardian of the public peace in "While the City Sleeps." Sound or Silent you'll be thrilled.

**\$50**  
for the  
keenest eye!

Test your powers of observation—it may bring you a prize. See how well you can answer the questions below. The man sending the best answers will receive \$50.00 and the riding crop used by Anita Page in "Our Dancing Daughters," and for the best set of answers from a lady I will give \$50 and the ukulele I play in the same picture.

And I'll also send autographed photographs for the fifty next best answers. I hope you'll find my questions interesting.

*Sincerely,  
Joan Crawford*

- 1—What M-G-M picture was filmed on an atoll?
- 2—What M-G-M picture has the title of a famous wartime ditty?
- 3—In what new kind of part has Marion Davies captivated the public's heart and fancy?
- 4—What M-G-M picture is based on the life of Sarah Bernhardt and who is its star?
- 5—What M-G-M picture with a Canadian background was a famous musical hit in a long run on Broadway?
- 6—Why do you think Buster Keaton's "frozen face" is so effective in comedies? (Not more than 75 words.)

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1542 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by November 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER**

"More Stars than the Greatest Star on the Screen" there are in Heaven"





Always Delightful —  
Restful—Different—  
Enchanting!

"The Ambassador is one  
of the most beautiful  
places I know of"

## MADAME GALLI CURCI

—declares in one of a  
large number of UNSO-  
LICITED COMMENTS  
by world famous celebri-  
ties. "Certainly no hotel  
located in any large city  
has such extensive and  
beautiful grounds."

For keenest enjoyment of  
your visit to California,  
make reservations at—

## the Ambassador

Los Angeles

NO HOTEL IN THE  
WORLD OFFERS MORE  
VARIED ATTRAC-  
TIONS—Superb 27-acre  
park, with miniature golf  
course, open-air plunge  
and tennis courts. Riding,  
hunting and all sports,  
including 18-hole Rancho  
Golf Club. Motion pic-  
ture theater and 35 smart  
shops within the hotel.  
Famous Cocanut Grove  
for dancing nightly.

Write for Chef's Cook-book  
of California Recipes

ATTRACTIVE SUMMER RATES

BEN L. FRANK, Manager

23 bx



IRVING BERLIN has signed a contract with  
United Artists to write the story lyrics  
and complete musical score of a talking  
picture to be called "Say It With Music"  
and to star Harry Richman of "George  
White's Scandals," by special arrangement  
with George White.

"CONDEMNED TO DEVIL'S ISLAND," Blair  
Niles' sensational story of the French  
penal colony in the Guineas, has been se-  
lected by Samuel Goldwyn as the next  
Ronald Colman picture to follow "The  
Rescue."

ON AUGUST 20, Florence Vidor be-  
came the bride of Jascha Heifetz, world  
famous violinist. Miss Vidor divorced her  
husband, the famous film director, King  
Vidor, in 1927. He is now married to  
Eleanor Boardman.

THE next Karl Dane-George K. Arthur  
vehicle to be filmed is "All at Sea"  
and will be directed by Charles F. Reisner.

ALBERTA VAUGHN, starring in FBO's  
"Racing Blood" series, has just an-  
nounced her engagement to William Lait,  
multi-millionaire of Pasadena, California.  
Miss Vaughn and Mr. Lait expect to be  
married during the Christmas holidays.

PATHE has borrowed Renee Adoree from  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to play the lead-  
ing feminine rôle in "The Spieler." Miss  
Adoree's rôle is that of  
a high diver in a small  
carnival show. Alan  
Hale, Clyde Cook and  
Fred Kohler are fea-  
tured, with Tay Gar-  
nett directing.

RAOUL WALSH will  
play the lead and  
also direct "The Ca-  
ballero's Way," an  
O'Henry story which  
Fox Films will pro-  
duce as an all-dialogue  
Movietone feature.  
Maria Alba and George  
O'Brien are the two  
other principals in the  
cast.

THE company of  
"Redskin," the  
Richard Dix Indian  
picture in Technicolor,  
is camping out in tents  
on a desert one hundred  
and fifty miles from  
civilization, where the

exteriors for the picture are being filmed.

ALICE WHITE, who was recently elevated  
to stardom, is to be teamed with Jack  
Mulhall in the First National production,  
"Ritzy Rosie," which Mervyn LeRoy will  
direct. It sounds like an excellent com-  
bination.

JUST to prove that the talkies will not  
relegate to the background all of the  
established stars of the silent screen, Lupe  
Velez has gone to New York to appear in a  
new single featuring Harry Richman.

GEORGE BANCROFT, representative of the  
rougher and rugged element in the  
movies, will change his outward appearance  
at least in his next photoplay. Instead of  
appearing as a two-gun sheriff or something,  
he will be seen in the tailored attire suitable  
to his enactment of the title rôle of "The  
Wolf of Wall Street." In the cast with him  
will be Fay Wray.

FANS may expect hereafter, in all the big  
pictures at least, to have music with their  
reels. Canned accompaniment is being pre-  
pared for Dolores Del Rio's "Revenge," for  
Vilma Banky's "The Rescue," for Norma  
Talmadge's "The Woman Disputed" and  
for D. W. Griffith's "The Battle of the  
Sexes."

THEY get tougher and tougher, the  
titles of Phyllis Haver's pictures. No  
sooner has she finished  
"Sal of Singapore"  
than she's cast in "The  
Shady Lady." The  
adjective in this case,  
let it be made clear,  
refers not only to com-  
plexion but mostly to  
reputation.



P. & A.

Our hero, Mr. Dempsey of the prize-  
fight ring and the cinemas, demon-  
strates he is Jack of all trades. He is  
planting a fervid right smack to the  
jaw of Estelle Taylor, his wife, with  
whom he is co-starring on the legiti-  
mate stage in "The Big Fight." This  
picture shows David Belasco coaching

SHARPER indeed than  
a serpent's tooth  
the Samuel Goldwyn  
company has found it  
to have a thankless  
Childs. For after  
seeking to have the  
chain of restaurants of  
that name to co-oper-  
ate in staging Vilma  
Banky's newest pic-  
ture, the rumor has it  
that Mr. Childs failed  
to be properly over-  
come and wanted to  
cancel all scenes taken  
in his places. The  
settings for Vilma's  
film thus will have to  
be built.





# I'll Give You Magnetic Power in 24 Hours—Or No Cost!

I'LL give you the magnetic power to attract people to you *instantly*, wherever you go—

I'll give you the magnetic power to be popular anywhere, in any society—

I'll give you the magnetic power to influence the minds of men and women, to make them do what you want them to—

I'll give you the magnetic power to become a dynamic, forceful, fascinating personality—

I'll give you the magnetic power to dominate situations—

I'll give you the magnetic power to win quick and conspicuous success in your business or profession—

*And I'll give you the secret of these magnetic powers in just twenty-four hours—or I don't want a cent of your money.*

That's my unconditional guarantee! I don't care how colorless your personality is—how lacking you are in the qualities of leadership—how timid and self-conscious you may be. Unless my secrets of instantaneous personal magnetism give you new magnetic powers within twenty-four hours—you *don't* pay a cent!

## Results Are Instantaneous

I'll show you how to sway the minds of others—how to always appear at your best—how to dominate all situations through the sheer force of your personality.

You can't expect life to bring you success when your entire attitude invites failure! You can't expect to rise to glorious heights of achievement when you are shackled by fear and worry and self-consciousness!

The moment you read my secrets of personal magnetism you can apply them. Instantly the fetters that have held you down are struck off. You are FREE. You will laugh at obstacles that once seemed unsurmountable—you will toss aside timidity and awkwardness—you will feel your powers doubled, trebled!

My methods of personal magnetism should enable you to achieve your fondest ambitions. They will give you individuality, show you how to acquire a vibrant, charming voice, a fascinating manner. With the power of personal magnetism at your command, you will be enabled to go through life supremely happy—reaping the glowing rewards which a magnetic personality—and only a magnetic personality can give you.

Personal magnetism is not limited to a fortunate few—it is Nature's gift to every man and woman! You need only release the full sweep of your magnetic potentialities to become the dynamic, forceful, fascinating person you were intended to be.

## The Facts Are Free

My secrets of personal magnetism have been put into a beautiful extra large size volume under the title of "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism."

The scope of "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism" is as broad as life itself. "Fires of Magnetism," "Sex Influences," "The Magnetic Voice," "Physical Magnetism," "The Magnetic Eye," "Oriental Secrets," "Rapid Magnetic Advancement," "The Magnetic Mind" and "Magnetic Healing," are only a few of the subjects covered in this amazing book. A magnificent book—entirely different

from anything of the kind ever published—that tells you just how to cultivate the magnetic influence of your nature.

Originally published to sell for \$5—this remarkable volume, bound in handsome dark burgundy with the title gold embossed, is being offered at the special price of only \$3. Send no money with the coupon—pay no C. O. D. You get the book first.

Remember, if this book does not do all I claim for it—simply return it within 5 days, and it costs you nothing! Otherwise keep it as your own and remit only \$3 in full payment.

You are the sole judge. You do not pay unless you are absolutely delighted. And then only \$3. You simply can't delay! Clip and mail the coupon NOW, Ralston University Press, Dept. 46-T, Meriden, Conn.

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Dept. 46-T, Meriden, Conn.

All right—I'll be the judge. You may send me the volume "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism" for 5 days' FREE EXAMINATION in my home. Within the 5 days, I will either remit the special low price of only \$3 or return the book without cost or obligation.

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City.....State.....



# LEFT OVERTS

## HOLLYWOOD NIGHT AND DAY

By **WALTER RAMSEY**

**Thoughts while sauntering:** Companionate marriage—Hollywood should sue Judge Lindsey for plagiarism—women in white skirts—silhouette—sign on an automatic peanut machine—"Hot nuts every hour"—too automatic—Lowell Sherman taking out a cigarette and a lighter—he'll probably be smoking by next Thursday—if he's lucky—Mexican cowboy actor riding a dapple-gray horse down Sunset Boulevard—many bow-legged women—why do they insist on wearing those little turned down socks?—a funeral at the little church on *this* corner—a wedding at the one on the *next*—same thing—just change the music a little bit—that's all—an extra girl looking hard-boiled in a short blonde bob—a year ago she looked sweet in long black curls—tourists crowding the entrance of the Montmartre—watching the stars come out—sure is a big improvement on *my* home town—I used to pay ten cents to see them—through a dilapidated telescope—Eddie Brandstatter being mistaken for Adolph Zukor—Gloria Swanson in a black gown—and black hat—how can actresses look tired and in a hurry at the same time?—Lupe Velez smiling—she certainly has a mouth well filled with teeth—pretty teeth, though—hundreds of people gathered around the Chinese Theatre at three o'clock—the world's premiere starts at eight-thirty—how can they sit on boxes and wait that long?—wonder why some one doesn't invite that kid in the ten cent store to the peach?—for a tan—but at that she looks pale and interesting.

Hollywood has three great classes of struggling humanity. In this tent—the male. And over there—the female. And in that cage the yes-man. Do not feed the freaks in the cage, folks—just drop two-bits in the little tin cup and they will break into a yes-chorus.

These you-bet boys certainly have a lot of fun poked at them. But they should grow melancholy. While the world laughs, they have been making hey-hey while the sun shines. Even though they are most generally placed in a class with the nymphs and fairies, they are a thing to be reckoned with—just like talkies and general slumps.

We are blessed, in Hollywood, with several distinct types of this ever increasing breed. The common, ordinary, garden variety are first. I take them first because there are more of them. This lower tripe just feed the vanity of the higher-ups

and give vent to a lot of silly hero-worship. In return for their servitude, their flattered idols land them studio jobs and look after them professionally. There is hardly a studio that hasn't many of these boot-embracers—just a pal for star or director.

Then there is the social yes-man: The glad-hand artist. Don't be fooled. It's just a yes-man in sheepskin gloves. He furnishes the head-man with belly laughs and other diversion. And plenty entertainment. This type uses his sense of humor as a meal ticket. Just a wise-cracker *de luxe*. Usually he hasn't a cent but his *Quelques Fleurs*. But who cares about that?



Hommel

The situation in this instance is more than well in hand. Richard Dix sees to it that a complete surrender has been made by Ruth Elder—who carries on the romantic appeal of "Moran of the Marines"

A couple of years ago a prominent male star imported one of these hooligans from New York. Just for the laughs he handed him. The kid was smart. He became the life of anybody's party. His cracks had more kick than the cocktail shaker. His stuff was raw—but cheaper than the Orpheum. We know of an instance where he has rated five free dinners on one wise crack alone.

Last but not least—the highest-salaried and most despised O.-K. vender of them all. His activities are confined to dispersing advice. Advice is cheap—that's why he's out dispersing. He aids and abets his victim to break his contract, to divorce his wife, step on the children and slap the flowers. Just when everything is going along great, he reminds the hero

that he isn't getting enough footage in his close-ups—and that he had better raise hell. In his wake are strewn broken faith and broken necks. He poses as a friend—and gets paid for it.

Hollywood will never be a completely free state until the local anthem becomes, "Yes, we ain't got no yes-men."

**SAD SHORT STORY:** He was a cameraman. She was an extra girl. He was in love with her. She was in love with him. Until something better came along. One day the director noticed her. He called her "Baby," and invited her out to dinner. The cameraman protested. He warned her about directors. She went to dinner. The next day the director took a test of her. Who should photograph it but her old sweetie? Of course, I wasn't there, and I wouldn't want to insinuate, but they say she didn't photograph well.



# A Few Months Ago I Couldn't Play a Note

## Now I Can Play Anything—Ballads Classical Numbers and Jazz

I ALWAYS liked music. I envied people who could sit down at the piano and play.

But I never considered taking piano lessons myself. I couldn't afford to pay a teacher and I didn't have much time for practice.

But a few months ago I heard about a system of learning music which *didn't require a teacher*—a system by which you could *teach yourself* to play the piano or the violin or any other musical instrument by note in half the usual time.

I made inquiries. I found out that this system was called the "Print and Picture" method—that it had been successfully used for 28 years by the U. S. School of Music in New York City—that it had taught half a million people to play musical instruments. When I found out that the cost of the lessons averaged *only a few cents a day*, I decided to try the course in Piano Playing.

### My Big Surprise

What a revelation that course was! Music isn't difficult! It doesn't take long to learn. The "Print and Picture" method makes it wonderfully easy—wonderfully simple!

I was amazed at my rapid progress! Before I knew it I was playing simple tunes.

And now I can play anything I like—stirring marches that make the blood tingle—haunting melodies that hold folks spellbound—snappy, jazzy numbers that start feet shuffling and shoulders swaying.

What fun it is to play! And what good times I have playing at parties and dances! The minute I sit down at the piano I'm the center of a laughing, singing, jolly crowd. I've made scores of new friends. I'm sought after—invited everywhere! Honestly, I'm getting more fun out of life than I ever thought possible!

### What Learning Music Does for You

This story is typical. Hundreds of thousands of people have learned to play musical instruments by the "Print and Picture" method. You can do the same.

There's real enjoyment in knowing how to play. You can entertain yourself for hours at a time—especially during evenings at home. You can entertain other folks—play at parties—make yourself popular.

You can play with friends in amateur bands. Or you can join a professional orchestra or band and make money. Good musicians earn \$60 to \$150 a week playing in orchestras. Always a demand for them. Many pupils of the U. S. School of Music now have good-paying positions.

### How This Method Works

The "Print and Picture" method makes every step clear and simple. First you are

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C. B. Hesser

There was a time when it was difficult to recruit life-guards. But not now; their profession has become uncomfortably overcrowded. This, of course, since the announcement that Lili Damita was to participate in "The Rescue"





*Ruth Harriet Louise*

The girl in Ralph Forbes's next photoplay, "The Mask of the Devil," has to choose between him and Jack Gilbert. The part is as yet unfilled, for so far no young woman has been found capable of resisting either of the gentlemen





*L. Brown*

If this picture is representative, Olive Borden's screen activities are racing along at a fast and coiffurious pace. And the titles of two of them, "Gang War" and "Caught in a Whirlpool," strengthen the impression





Seely

The beauty of Mary Philbin is as fresh and as wanting in artifice as that of the flowers she holds. And it is to be seen again soon on the screen in a story called  
" Eric, the Great "





*Hommel*

The problem of selecting a leading woman for Adolphe Menjou is hardly a problem at all, when the picture is "His Private Life." The fortunate and inevitable choice is, of course, Kathryn Carver, alias Mrs. Adolphe Menjou





*I. Chidnoff*

They say that in "Me, Gangster," June Collyer is called upon to impersonate a laundry worker who goes to the dogs. Meaning, we are led to suppose, that she simply becomes collier and collier





*Ruth Harriet Louise*

Many a young actor has offered himself to play opposite Marceline Day in her newest picture. But none can be found who will promise not to try to violate the consistency of its title, this being "The Single Man"





Carsey

The ranks of stage-struck girls promise to increase amazingly now that it has been decided to cast Donald Reed for one of the most important parts in "Show Girl."  
This is a photodramatization of J. P. McEvoy's novel



# Motion Picture

November, 1928

MAJOR GEORGE K. SHULER  
*Publisher*

LAURENCE REID  
*Managing Editor*

DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR.  
*General Manager*

## Camera!

IN "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter," the picture which about two years ago brought both its director, Malcolm St. Clair and its leading woman, Florence Vidor, very much to the forefront of public attention, there was a subtitle which seems to relate to motion picture producers today.

The story of the photoplay, fans may recall, had to do with the affairs of a Continental noblewoman who had had to seek safety from an uprising of her countrymen. She had gone to Paris to be out of their reach. But this rather against her own will. She saw no reason why she should not return to her no longer loyal domain; she did not understand the situation at all—or at least, if she did, she would not admit it.

In explaining the grand duchess's attitude in the matter, some one said:

"Her country is in a state of revolt but she refuses to know it."

This is the subtitle which might well be applied to the situation which undoubtedly exists today in the business of making films. The fans are in a state of revolt, but those who pretend to serve them refuse to know it.

The fans are not, of course, bloodthirsty and howling for revenge of some sort. But they are, beyond doubt, come to a state of mind which might be described as stubbornly indifferent.

### IF IN DOUBT, COUNT UP

IF anyone should question this, he has only to look at the manner in which attendance at the theatres has within the last few years begun and continued to dwindle. He has only to consider that all sorts of inducements have had to be brought forward to shepherd the public through the doors of the houses: more and more elaborate presentations, stage acts properly the province of vaudeville, a personality to act as master of ceremonies over the whole performance. And, last and certainly not least, the advent and the reluctant adoption of the talking picture.

This state of affairs has not come to exist because pictures today are worse than they were. Indeed, they are on the whole better. But they are not so much better that they can command today an admission price of from five to ten times the size demanded back in the days when Mary Pickford was at the height of her glory and Norma

Talmadge could always be counted upon for standing room.

That, for one reason. And for another, motion pictures today no longer have entirely at their disposal the casual spare time of everyone. The radio has obtained a good bit of it and, it may be added, with its regular improvement in instruments and in the character of the entertainment to be enjoyed through them, it is steadily getting more.

### A DOLLAR IS A LOT OF MONEY

IF film shows were today offered to the public for the fifteen cents or a quarter—to quote a high scale of the earlier days—people would not be so hesitant to go to them and not demand that they every one be masterpieces. But when one has to put out any amount of money from half a dollar to three times that, one expects to get quite a bit of lasting enjoyment for it. In the larger cities, where there is a stage show thrown in like a side-dish of cole slaw with the sandwich, the theatregoers still march up with their dollar bills for seats. But when the films which there charm this currency from the wallet are shown in smaller houses at not much less cost and without extra inducements, it is something else again.

To remedy this manifest objection on the part of the public to cough up rather larger chunks of money than it feels like doing, the talkies have been taken up. They can offer canned vaudeville acts and the like which can be distributed everywhere. They can pretend to be a tremendous new thing to augment the virtues of the feature pictures. They offer to the producer the greatest potential device today for maintaining admission prices which are too high.

### THE PHOTOPLAY'S THE THING

BUT the makers of movies should see that in the long run neither extra portions of vaudeville or of jazz band or noise from the screen is going to improve the appeal of the prime product of their business: screen plays. These are only expedients, and they are costly ones. And somebody has to pay for them. It would be far better that the extra money these adjuncts cost be put into the pictures themselves. Whether they be silent or sound movies does not really matter much. That they should be intelligently and carefully done, does.



# WHO

## The Greatest of Stars Perpetrates the Greatest Hoax that Ever Hood- winked Hollywood



Bachrach Photo

We said, "Well, you couldn't fool *us*! You couldn't disguise yourself so that *we* wouldn't know you."

She said, "I'll bet you!"

We went further. We said, "All right, but you certainly couldn't fool *Hollywood*."

Hollywood who knows your every angle, expression, gesture. You wouldn't *dare* go to the studios, pose as an extra, look for work."

And this Very Famous Star who is, as you will see, a more than famous good sport accepted the challenge, took the dare and thus began the greatest indoor sport the film world has ever known.

### OUTBLONDING THE BLONDES

I CALLED for her in her dressing-room, on her own lot. I can't say whether I would have recognized her or not. Probably not, if I had not been prepared in advance. She is not the type of person of whom you would ever think in a prankish mood. And probably it is fair to say that this psychology accounts for the

blindness that is to follow. It would simply never occur to anyone, that's certain.

She wore, this distinguished lady, a rampageous blonde wig. She out-chemical-blondined every chemical blonde in Hollywood. And they, God wot, are many. The blonde wig rioted all over her head and escaped in horrified corkscrew curls from under the brim of a somewhat unbrushed-looking blue felt hat. She wore a cheap little silk dress, dark blue with reddish flowers. A tight little dress. Deauville sandals and short socks. She carried the most pitiful little silk hand-bag stuffed with a

**H**OLLYWOOD should hold its sides and roar. With laughter. Hollywood should hide its eyes and blush. With shame.

For the greatest hoax ever perpetrated on the gelatine borough was perpetrated the other day.

When the greatest star in films applied for a job at the Hollywood studios—and *was turned down*.

She went, this star whose fame rings round the world, the run of the casting directors' offices. They looked her over. They cried "Thumbs down!"

Hollywood entertained an angel unawares.

This is the way it began:

We were lunching, Dorothy Donnell and I, with this Very Famous Star. She was recounting to us pranks she had played on her husband's best friend, on her own mother and on other intimates. She declared that she had made up so skilfully, disguised herself so thoroughly, that she had fooled those closest to her. In the case of her husband's best friend she had posed as one Gertrude Wilkey, a willing gal with a lively heart. And the best friend had rather more than flirted with the supposed Gertrude, never dreaming that she was, in reality, his reticent and unapproachable hostess. And one of cinema's Chosen Few.

Can you tell who Rosalie is from the close-up above? Or from the glimpse of her with the author at the right? If not, try identifying her from the pose below.





# Is Rosalie Grey?

By GLADYS HALL

limp pack of cigarettes, a rubber powder compact and the sundry odds and ends precious to the hearts of little nobodies. She was dressed, in fact, precisely as she would NOT have been dressed in person.

We christened her Rosalie Grey, after considerable discussion. That seemed a probable and sufficiently chorusy name. We created a background for her. She hied from Poughkeepsie, New York. She had danced in the choruses of "Kid Boots" and "Sunny." She had done one or two days' extra work on the Paramount lot in Long Island. That was all. We decided that she must, as it were, talk through her nose. She must say little and say that little goofily, to put it kindly. Just another ga-ga girl, that was all.

Prior to calling for Rosalie—as I shall call her until I make the great disclosure—I had 'phoned the various studios: Metro, First National, F. B. O., United Artists, and others. I had asked the publicity departments and the casting directors to do me the favor of passing an opinion on Miss Rosalie Grey, an acquaintance of mine from the East. And, I thought, a potential good bet. They kindly acquiesced.

We went, first of all, to the casting director on Rosalie's *own* lot.

## ROSALIE WAITS AND WAITS

**WE** were kept waiting some twenty-odd minutes. It isn't too strong a hint to say that had they known who it was they were keeping in the anteroom they would have turned on the gas then and there.

While we waited—Rosalie demure, I with a stone face—a steady stream of applicants besieged the tragic transom. A steady flow of "No casting today; no casting today," issued from the lips of the crisp lady who earns her living, perforce, by dashing wan hopes and bidding empty stomachs go emptier. A once well-known Broadway actress, an aged man, divers tid-bits of femininity, were turned sadly away, with deflated hopes and purses. Rosalie Grey's eyes filmed a little. She was learning something she had never known before. For the celebrated lady masquerading as Rosalie Grey has never been an extra. It remained for her to learn through a monstrous joke what others learn by starvation or suicide. And she whispered to me that never again could she feel the same about the crowd lower down. This was an experiment working in more ways than one. A story with many angles.

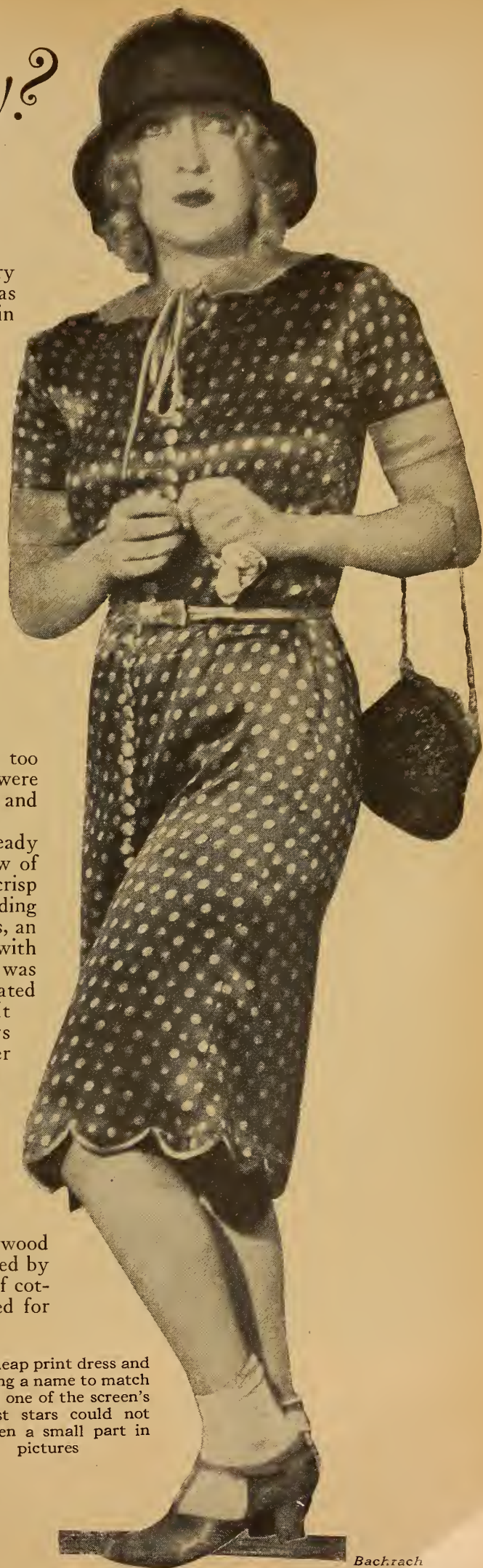
Eventually, and not until then, did the casting director admit us to the presence. We fluttered in, trembling. Rosalie kept her eyes demurely downcast. She deferred to me in a charmingly *naïve* manner. I shook like an aspen. *Would he know?* And if he didn't know, would he perceive that here was a great, if camouflaged talent? Would he recognize that for which all Hollywood professes to seek—personality? Genius? Art? Personality obscured by nothing more than a tawdry wig, a film of light powder, a wisp of cotton, a cheap attire? Surely he would rise up and call me blessed for having brought to his attention a new and sensational find.

He did nothing of the kind.

He was grave and meticulous. But he held out *no hope*. He explained that the studio was doing very little casting. Things were quiet on the lot. He inferred that blondes are a drug on the market. He would register her and he would be glad to have some pictures to put on file. He asked her name, address, weight, height, previous experience and age. At that Rosalie piped up, sweetly, "Twenty five!"

(Continued on page 92)

In a cheap print dress and choosing a name to match it, this one of the screen's greatest stars could not get even a small part in pictures



Backrach





## Spook Who's Here!

Here's a house in Hollywood that has both hot water and cold shivers in every room. Can you pick out the ghosts of these living screen stars? In the tree-tops: William V. Mong. To the right of him, Chester Conklin. In the other upper corner, Montagu Love. Below Chester, in the center Larry Kent and Barbara Bedford. Bottom center, Eve Southern; and on her left, Thelma Todd





# It Pays to

# be Homely

By DOROTHY MANNERS

**I** BRING tidings to the freckled.  
I sing solace to the bow-legged.

To the cotton-topped, knock-kneed, pigeon-toed and even cock-eyed, whose closest friends insist on telling them, I offer poems of peace.

I feel like a girl scout doing good deeds for the day.

Before this truly remarkable undertaking is completed I will attempt to prove that we buck-toothed people have just as much chance for happiness in life as our fancier brethren and sistren; that it isn't necessary to look like a magazine cover to get the fellow who will furnish the home if you furnish the trousseau.

Don't you worry, little Clarissa, about the mole on your chin. You may get your man yet. And keep him. Fear not that your feet are flat, Burton. Look at Jack Gilbert. His aren't. But he lost Leatrice Joy. Clara Bow has all the *it* in the dictionary, but she's missed out, so far, on that little bungalow for two all covered with vines and mortgages. Claire Windsor is beautiful, swell and elegant, but she's failed twice in the matrimonial race. Madge Bellamy, Jacqueline Logan, Dolores del Rio, Florence Vidor, Virginia Valli, Marian Nixon, Constance Talmadge, Evelyn Brent. All beautiful, all divorced!

On the other hand, Louise Fazenda has gone through life getting her feelings hurt about her looks. According

In Matrimony, Fortune

Favors the Freckled

to the standards set by Venus and Ziegfeld, Louise's features don't quite jibe. She's had that brought home to her almost all her life. When she was in school, no smitten youth mailed her valentines or wrote poems in the back of his arithmetic book or asked her to parties. Worse than all, even the girls rather ignored her. Louise is the first to admit that her teens were not a lovely age. She was an ungainly kid with large wrists and a mouth that spread too far when she laughed; and funny, rather crinkly eyes in place of large, dreamy ones. When she grew a little older and went into pictures, the bathing beauties over at Sennett's used to refer to her as

the homely girl. It hurt at first. It hurt something awful, as it always does with girls with hearts as lovely as Louise's and exteriors that don't match. Even after she became famous on the screen with her comedy antics, there were dark days and nights when Louise wondered if life with its lovely gifts of love and happiness was going to pass her by because she didn't look the part.

But Louise, the homely girl, has won out where the beauties have failed. For a year she has been married to the good-looking and popular Hal Wallis. Her home, her happiness, her life, is every girl's dream come true. And

(Continued on page 87)

In the top row above, from left to right, are Ernest Torrence, Zasu Pitts, Lon Chaney and Louise Fazenda. In the center, Wallace Beery; and just below him, Ben Turpin





From typing correspondence to typifying the pertest variety of flapper is the story of Alice White. Here she is in the name part of "Show Girl," and from what can be learned in advance of her performance, the skies of her career should thereafter be as free of clouds as she herself here is of stockings

# *White A Girl!*

Carsey



# *You Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet*

*This Year I'm Tellin'  
the Boys Where  
They Get Off  
an' I Get On*

Says AL JOLSON

to

HERBERT  
CRUIKSHANK

**B**-B-B-BOY, you're lookin' at a sick man. Yep, a cold. Where'd I catch it? Say, how do I know. If I'd known where it was, I wouldn't a' gone there. Say, do ya know I'm getting nutty like the rest of these Hollywood guys. I useter be all right. Honest. You remember I was okay on Broadway. Well, now I'm getting to talk and act like the rest of the goofs. Bought myself a lot—I mean a piece of acreage. I told some guy about it, and lookit, he draws me a picture of a castle I should build. Lookit, swimming pool, garage, stables. And here a playground for the maids. Wouldn't I look swell keeping a playground for the maids. Let 'em play in their own backyard.

T'aint doing this cold no good either, me working down here nights. Yep, midnight to eight A.M. Using the Warners' new theater for some of "The Singin' Fool" sequences. Have to wait for the gang to clear out after the last show. Say, some mob of customers. Looks like they got Sid Grauman guessing. Certainly giving Hollywood a Grauman holiday. B-b-b-boy, I'll say they are.

Pictures is a tough racket. Yes, sir. You get yourself all het up over a scene, and then it doesn't turn out right. If you cried real tears on the stage, you'd panic 'em. But I cry real ones here, and have to keep on crying 'em for re-takes till I feel like an April shower.

We're not trying to make a bad picture. Honest. We're trying to make a good one. And b-b-b-believe me, we are. Got a kid in it that's the goods. We got sound in it, you

*(Continued on page 96)*



*Elmer Fryer*





# I Slept In

Were the Spectres  
and Shadows Real?  
Was There Another  
*Presence* There?

Of course, I know—we all know—that Valentino himself believed in the return of the spirit. Natacha Rambova, the *one woman* in the life of the actor, imbued him with this belief. She has communed with him since he departed, if we are to believe what has been printed.

## THE EERIE MANSION

**F**ALCON'S LAIR is the home which he purchased, rebuilt and so luxuriously furnished in the hope that she would return to become its mistress. It is where his hopes reached their zenith, where his despair plumbed its lowest depths.

It stands on a jut of land in the mountains and peers down upon Beverly Hills below it as proudly as an eagle lordling over the lesser birds beneath its pinnacle of glory. Four sentinel palms cling tenaciously to the steep hillside before it, their dead fronds drooping listlessly close to the mother trunk, even when a mountain wind is blowing.

Why this house, so beautifully poised on this picturesque mountain, so well publicized as one of the show places of Southern California during the lifetime of its owner, has never been sold, is an intriguing question.

It is said that at the auction of Valentino's effects a New York man bid it in for \$164,000 and then refused to complete the transaction.

Prospective buyers visit it and go away never to return for a second investigation.

They give no reason for it.

Stories have circulated around Hollywood of one caretaker who ran down the canyon in the middle of the night yelling that he had seen Valentino. Some even say he is still running. And of the stableman



**T**HEY had told me it was haunted. They had warned me that no one would enter the house after the sun had departed.

They had related weird stories without number about Falcon's Lair—the last home of Rudolph Valentino.

Now, I am neither a scoffer nor a believer. What is beyond the grave is something no living soul has fathomed. Whether a departed soul can return to communicate with those not yet departed has never been proved, so far as I know, to a point of certainty.

I had no idea that I should prove the matter. If Rudolph Valentino returned to his bedroom—the one in which I would be sleeping—I was ready to receive any message he would deliver. If he did not return, I was even prepared to believe that I had not chosen the propitious evening. I did not know whether to believe the stories they had told me or to credit them to over-active imaginations.



The hero of "The Four Horsemen" was himself one of skill and daring: Rudolph Valentino, mounted on *Firefly*. Above, one of his last portraits



# Valentino's Haunted House

By RUTH BIERY

who left without collecting his belongings because he had seen the master petting one of the horses, early one evening.

Then there is the woman from Seattle who visited the caretakers in their quarters over the garage far to the rear of the main building. Her friends went out, when the dusk was turning to dark, to exercise "Rudy" and "Brownie," the two Great Danes that belonged to the actor. She was writing a letter in the back room of the quarters.

## SHUFFLING FOOTSTEPS

SHE paused, pen raised, sink blotting her letter. Steps shuffling up the stairs—an inner door opening. She thought it was her friends returning. She called their names. No answer. The door closing. Steps shuffling back down the stairs. Garage doors closing.

Three minutes later, her friends—the caretakers—returning.

"Why didn't you answer when you came up and I called you?" she questioned.

"Came up? Neither of us came up. You must have been dreaming."

They investigated. No one could have climbed the steep ascent from the main canyon road without passing the caretakers exercising the dogs of Valentino. No one could have hidden on the premises without being discovered.

Two days later the guest from Seattle prematurely departed.

George Ullman, manager and close friend of Valentino, feels as all intelligent folk must feel about this return-from-beyond-the-grave problem. He neither believes nor disbelieves it. When Val-



It was in these rooms that Valentino lived and it is in them, according to one legend, that his spirit still does. At the top is the entrance to the foyer; at the left one side of the library, and below is the drawing-room



entino left Falcon's Lair on that last trip, Mr. Ullman was his companion. The long train hours were spent in discussing spiritualism. A code was devised by the actor. "The one who passes on first will return and deliver this message. Then we will know definitely who is talking."

The code has never been delivered.

It is not generally known that Valentino made two victrola records of songs which he did not believe good enough to be released for the public. After his death, Mr. Ullman complied with the departed's wishes and refused their distribution. But he has the records and often turns out the lights in his own home and plays them, wondering if the secret code will be given. He has never run them, however, during the night at Falcon's Lair—the

(Continued on page 101)





# In and Out

## Gossip of the



O. Dyar



Russell Ball

Not very doggy in dress is Richard Arlen—at the top—but most decidedly so in inclination. Here he is with his pet but unpedigreed pup, Whoozit

Home to Harlan: Marie Prevost has abandoned her divorce and decided again to resume her place as Mrs. Kenneth

Benedicts were ever envious of the estate of the unshackled. But when they see Eddie Nugent thus in "The Single Man" with Marceline Day, they'll go just plain crazy

IT was a movie producer speaking around his gold banded, special-import cigar. "It don't do to be too highbrow in subtitles," said he. "Everybody ain't educated like us, ain't it, Joe? Take that word 'optimist,' f'r instance. *You* know what that word means. *I* know what that word means. But how many people are there that ain't got an idea that that word means an eye doctor?"

### The Mayor Retracts

MAYOR Walker has departed, leaving memories. There is the memory of the opening of "Lilac Time," for instance, when he spoke touchingly of Colleen Moore. "The sweetest, prettiest, dearest little Colleen in the world! Wait a minute! I've got to take that back, Colleen. There was once another Colleen as sweet and pretty and dear as you and that was my little Irish grandmother, God rest her soul."

### On the Way Down

TWO negro extras were talking on the flying field where Buck Jones is making an aeroplane-cowboy picture. "Does you prefer railroad trains to aeroplanes, Pete?" asked one. "No," responded his friend emphatically, "I does not. Because if you is in a railroad train and it breaks down, you knows where you is; but if you is in an aeroplane, where is you?"





# of Focus

## Stars and Studios

### *Canny Lauri*

**L**UPINO LANE took his eight-year old son, Lauri, to see the preview of one of his two-reel comedies. When it was completed, the screen announced that another comedy preview would follow in a moment.

"Oh, boy!" cried Lauri, gleefully. "Now we are going to see something funny."

### *There Was the Rub*

**A** FAN writer for a Swedish magazine asked for and obtained an interview with Emil Jannings. When he came out, he was beaming. "Did you get a good story?" the publicity man asked. "Story?" repeated the interviewer. "Oh, the story bane not so goot, but I sold Mister Yannings a t'ree dollar Swedish massage."

### *Those Beautiful Eye*

**J**ANE WINTON has returned from Europe leaving a trail of lovelorn counts and princes behind, to judge from the letters she has been receiving. "Since you are leave," one titled swain writes, "I no see some girl with those beautiful eye as you, so I am sure it is love in my heart."

### *Vestures and Gestures*

**A** CLERK in a Hollywood department store told me the other day that Lita Grey Chaplin



Hendrickson



Russell Ball

Richard Dix—at the top—believes in a hound of prevention. And so he coaches his dogs, as they graduate from pupdom, in the art of clearing the grounds of excess cattage

Three reasons for the likely success of "The Shannons of Broadway" in film form are the three Gleasons: James—on the right—Lucille and Russell

Raquel Torres—at the left—reads the riot act to her Chinese doll on the evils of overdressing, and points her moral with a most convincing example



Ruth H. Louise





Ball

Following the custom of her husband, Jack Dempsey, Estelle Taylor does a little ring work before breakfast. But in her case it's over the telephone



A Murphy with her jacket on, the first name being Edna and the picture being above. And, since the subject has come up, quite a delectable dish!

One court action very hotly contested is the daily game of tennis between Emil Jannings and Mrs. Jannings, who is not only his wife but his severest opponent at the game

## All the Gossip of the

is the most extravagant shopper in the city. "I only need a yard," she will say when matching some dress material, "but I'll take the bolt." To be able to afford the grand gesture, marry a famous movie comedian.

### A New Joke—to Chester

"WHO was that lady I saw you out with last night, Chester Conklin?"

"That warn't no lady. That was Lilyan Tashman."

### Friends, Clean and Unclean

PEG TALMADGE, the mother of Norma, Natalie and Connie, was telling of her children's childhood. "They had two sets of friends," said Peg, "one for when they were clean and one for when they were dirty. They would play all the morning, thick as thieves with one lot, and then when they were dressed up and starched for the afternoon, they would walk up the street flirting their skirts and just barely recognizing their morning's friends and play with an entirely different crowd of kids."

### Grilliant Sally

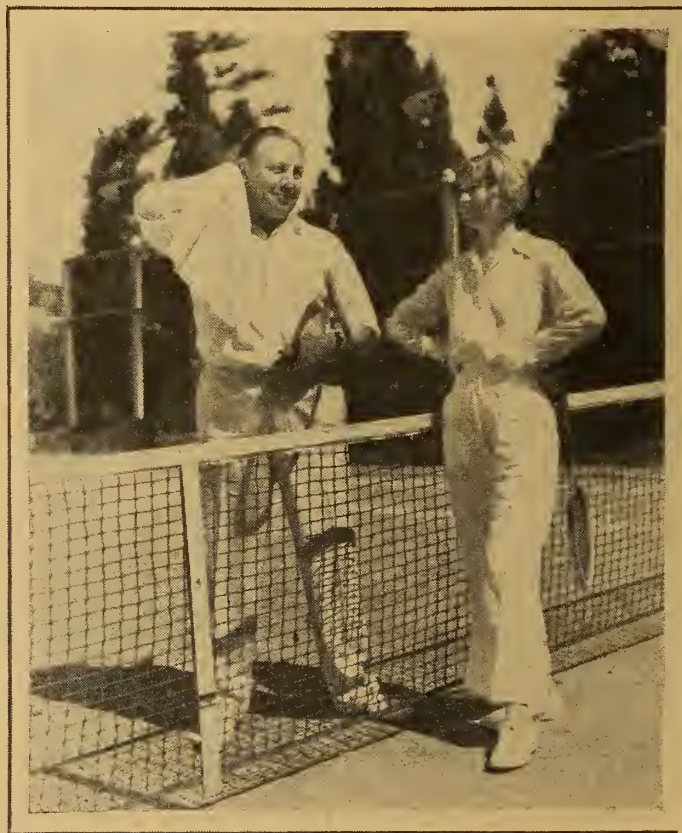
IT was Peg who greeted a visiting fan magazine writer—known among her friends to have a healthy appetite—when she appeared at a formal tea-party, with the cry, "A steak for the likes of her."

### Quips About Chips

THE talkies have already added several deathless thoughts to the world's treasury of intellect. Here is one from the Clark and McCullough patter, "The Interview," in a one-reel vaudeville act. "My brother Pete was a stone mason. He only had one arm." "How could he be a stone mason then, if he only had one arm?" "Oh, that was easy. He'd hold the chisel in his teeth and hit himself on the back of the head with the mallet."

### Mrs. Al et Al

MAYOR Walker's speech to the Wampas, claiming that the Republican party was in possession of the movies, seems justified by the news-reel pictures on all



Dyar



# Stars and Studios

the screens this week showing Mrs. Al Smith in a bathing suit. Also the talkie shot of Al making a speech, beginning "This is the foist time . . ."

## Sprinkle, Sprinkle, Little Star

"HOW do you test the sex-appeal of your players?" gushed the interviewer of the casting director. He heaved a patient sigh. "Madame," said he, "it's really very simple. We have a studio official called a sprinkler." "A sprinkler? How extraordinary!" And what does he do?" "It's this way," said the casting director. "He puts the applicants for the part in a row and sprinkles each one. When he finds one that sizzles, he brings her inside and we sign her up."

## Dollars and Pennies

**MONEY!** Nobody listens to any sum of money smaller than fifty thousand in this town. Now we hear that Joe Schenck has won two hundred thousand at Deauville and broken the bank. The report doesn't say whether it was dollars or francs. Also that Raoul Walsh and his new bride took a wedding trip to Tia Juana and Raoul won eighteen thousand in the Casino. And at a treasure hunt at one of the beach houses last week Patsy Ruth Miller won the prize, a huge bag filled with twenty-five dollars in copper pennies, and spent the evening counting them in a corner of the drawing-room.

## Not a Movie Crime

**A MURDER** in Los Angeles that they can't connect with the movies! It's unprecedented. Probably before the case is settled they will find that the butcher boy sheik had once played as extra for four days in "The Thief of Bagdad" and the headline-writers will joyously frame their favorite "MOVIE SHEIK FIGHTS FOR HIS LIFE BEFORE JURY." Incidentally, this is going to convert all the ladies into vegetarians—or perhaps it will change them from vegetarians to meat-eaters!

(Continued on page 107)



Hesser

Gauze and effect: the portrait of Virginia Bradford, above, shows the relationship between her mode of dress and certain consequent emotional disturbances experienced by her fans



Freulich

Not merely engaging, but engaged, is Mary Philbin, above. The fortunate youth being Paul Kohner and present, beside Mary, in the picture



Riches

The make-up of Bacanova—at the left—as Lesistrata, the woman-warrior of Athens, is unusually striking. We suspect her of using Greece-paint



# Aunt Arabia

Her Movie Portraits  
Are Poor Likenesses

*As Told by*

JAMIEL HASSOM

*of DAMASCUS to*

DOROTHY CALHOUN



*Wurtzel*

Above and at the side is, or, if you are a purist, are Jamiel Hassom. First and in his robes, as the sort of Arabian that movies require; and at the left, as he actually appeared as officer, on the side of the Allied forces, during the war

**I** AM an Arab, I am also, I think, the only true Arab in Hollywood.

When first I come here, they tell me, "There is one of your countrymen over there on that set of the bazaar." Quick I hurry over and begin

talking Arabic, but all he can answer is a line out of the Koran. He does not know any else of my language because he is really Hindu. But that is all the same to a studio: Hindu, Turk, Syrian, Persian, Arabian—all the same thing.

Since I am here two years ago I have seen many desert pictures suppose' to be of my country. I have seen many actors playing my countrymen. The sands are the same, the palm trees are the same, the clothes of the actors are the same as Arabia. They look the same, but they do not do the same.

In America the movies have teach the people ver' many things about Arab life that is not so. They teach that Arabs are always gallop about on horseback to steal pretty ladies, or attack French forts; that they live in silk tents, with slave girls to wait on them, and kneel down in

listen to me politely, and then they make it some other way. That is being a technical adviser.

## THE UNTRUE ORIENT

**W**HEN I first begin at the studio, I talk ver' much. I am always jump before the camera and say, "No, no; that is not the way." The assistant director says "Jamiel, I have make pictures for seven years. I know better as you," I say, "Yas, you know better as I how to make pictures; but I know better as you about my own country. The Arab womans wears much clothes, not jus' a few beads." And they say, "That may be, Jamiel, but Arabia is long off and Americans like to see skin, not clothes." Sometimes I say, "I be darn!" and go away from the studio. And they tell everybody, "Jamiel, he is tarrible." But no more now. Now I know that desert pictures are for Americans to see, not for Arabs. They would not dare send them to my country.

All the same, sometimes I couldn' see all of a desert picture. I mus' leave the theater. It is too tarrible. There was one called "The Desert Bride" which was suppose' to be in Damascus, my own city. They sell Betty Compson as a slave girl and the villain buys her for gold pieces. My gosh! Maybe two thousand years ago that happen in Damascus, but not now. They sell auto-

*(Continued on page 99)*





R. H. Louise

Blanche LeClair has every requisite for the successful bathing girl: a beach chair, a medicine-ball and a swimming suit with the good taste to be brief

# *Ball Set!*



# Clap Hands, Here Comes Conrad

*The Benevolence of Mr. Nagel, Actor and Gent, Puts Pollyanna To Shame*

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

SUCH caustic and embittered souls as hold that "perfect gent" and "in the movies" are a contradiction in terms, gaze, I beseech, upon the noble brow of Messer Conrad Nagel.

Besides being constantly called upon to represent the film colony at dinners, openings, tree-plantings and foundation - stone - layings, Conrad is the champion of the celluloid brotherhood's cause. He champions them in their battles for more and bigger pay-checks, for shorter working hours. He also champions them in conversation, should anyone dare to suggest in his presence that there is no health in them.

He was at the bottom of an institution with that unmistakably genteel name, "The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences." So genteel is it, in fact, that it is bruited that less than twelve movie actors could find it in their hearts to turn up at the last meeting, out of a round two-hundred invited by phone, letter, cable and other persuasive devices.

Conrad not only shuns the uncharitable in his remarks about mankind in general and the film folk in particular, but does it in a beautiful, resonant accent that bespeaks perfect breeding. He lives in a Colonial style house, and it seems utterly wrong that he should not have a corps of negro slaves to call him "Massa."

"God," Conrad says in effect on behalf of Hollywood, joining the swelling chorus of a thousand Elk, Optimist International, Kiwanis and Rotary

fraternities, "loves us." So convincingly does he say it that local Rotary clubs compete to have him reassure them about it.

HE BELIEVES IT

CONRAD is probably quite sincere. You should just see his wine-colored Rolls-Royce (imported).

It was in this princely barouche that he swept me the other day from Warner Brothers studio. We left its polished flanks exposed to the dust of a nearby street, and went into a cafe for lunch.

And this is what he told me about the film colony.

"Such nice, sincere, honest, kind people. You couldn't possibly find a better set anywhere. Generous, hospitable." So far as is consistent with good-breeding, he seemed almost to choke with emotion.

"Not even a suggestion of snobbery about them. Look at Marion Davies, for example. What a sweet girl! Everybody just loves her. Why, if you go to dinner with her, you're as likely as not to be sitting at table next to one of the electricians on her picture."

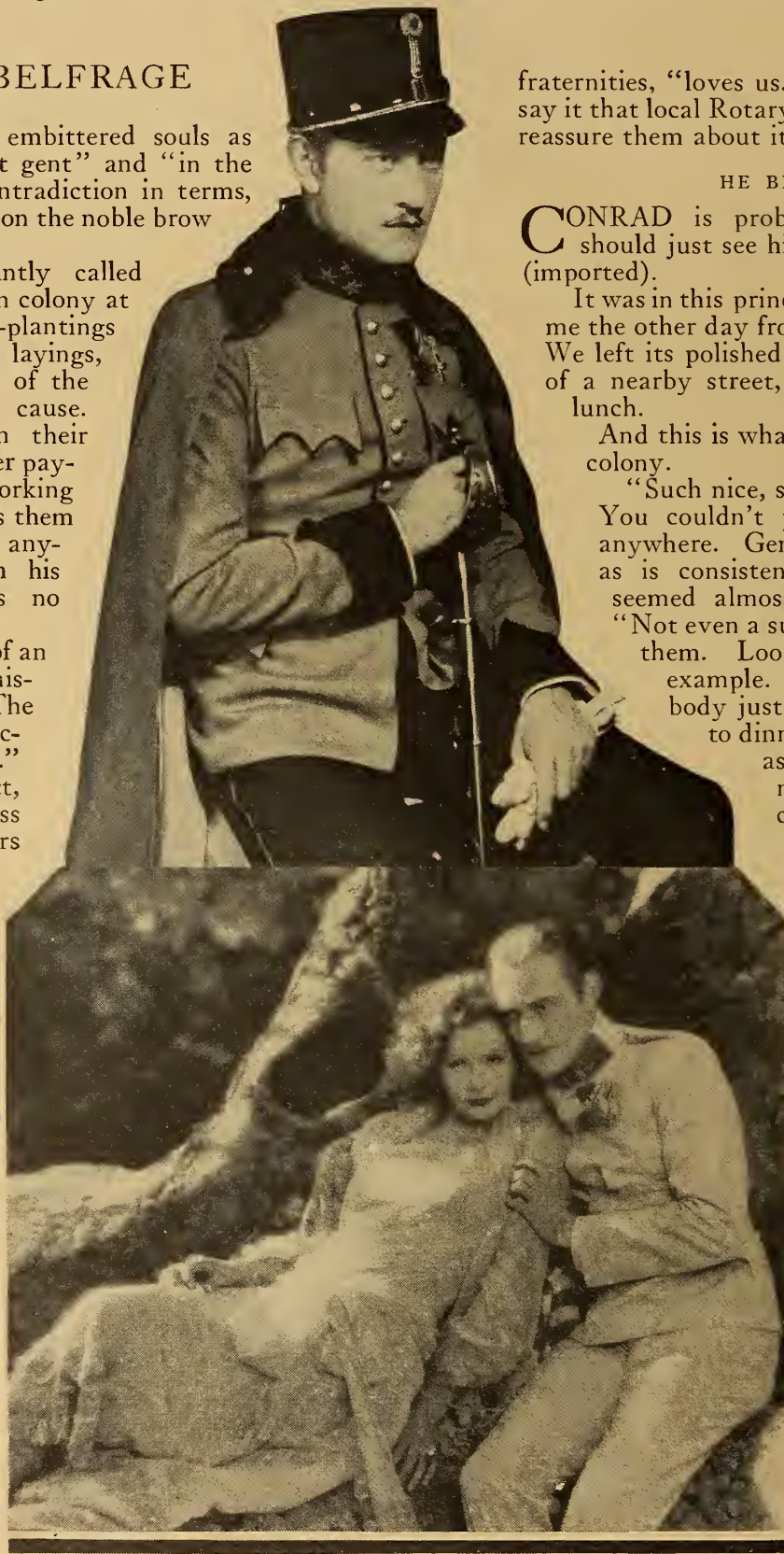
I boggled across the table.

This was news indeed.

"Take Jesse Lasky," he continued. I was about to accept him when Conrad pursued: "When Mrs. Nagel and I went down to his beach place last week, there he was *playing with the kiddies* on the sand, just as human and simple as you please. And then do you know what he did? He knew we were interested in Colonial antiques, so he left his guests and took us right through every room in the house, showing us every piece of furniture and telling its history."

Then there was another point on which Conrad was very definite.

"As to my public speaking," he said, "I (Continued on page 94)



R. H. Louise

They say that Conrad Nagel, above in two poses, one with Greta Garbo—has with the advent of the talkies developed a type of S. A. that may or may not stand for sound appeal





*Kenneth Alexander*

Looking down on his job—and forward to it: Walter Byron, the British actor, finds his professional duties in Hollywood as attractive as Vilma Banky is, in this scene from her forthcoming feature, "The Awakening"





Hommel



The

## *The Ittiest Girl on the Screen Tells Every Detail But One*

By  
**RUTH BIERY**

**T**HE kind of girl men never forget. We had often heard this appellation for Clara Bow. Her thirty-six thousand fan letters last month proved that she is the kind of girl that men like to remember.

Yet we could never understand why men feel this way about Clara until we sat on the beach before her Malibu home one windy, high-tide afternoon and listened to her relate her heart-life story without a qualm.

Her breeze-rumpled hair, a riot of waves as free as the waves of the sea beneath us; her two-petal lips as red as the underlining of the sun-reflected cloud above us; her almost bare body as brown as the sand about us—she personified love as mysteriously and elusively as the Chinese sage personifies the unfathomed secrets of the Orient.

Yet she talked of love as frankly as you or I would talk of ways and means of earning our bread and butter.

"Why, of course, I'll tell you my love-life story. There is no secret about it.

"When I was sixteen we moved to Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn. Until that time I had been just one of the gang with a big mob of boys. When one of them tried to kiss me, I slapped him because he had thought me different enough from

Above and below is Clara Bow (poem); and a few of the men who have meant something in her young life. From left to right they are: Gary Cooper, Gilbert Roland, Ben Lyon and Victor Fleming

the others to want to try it. "But in Sunday School, at Sheepshead, I met a tall, blond, terribly good-looking fellow named Billy Burns. All the girls were crazy about him. He was the head of the Boy Scouts and came from one of the wealthiest families. I came from one of the poorest. He liked me. We started meeting each other after Sunday School, then on week days after school. We'd go to the beach and ride on

Richee





# Love Life of



# Clara Bow

the roller-coaster. I was proud to be seen with him, to have the other girls know I could get him. It was a feeling of conquest, not love.

"I instinctively knew that if he were to continue to like me better than the others, he must kiss me. So I let him. It didn't mean a thing. His kisses didn't thrill me like the kisses of a boy should thrill a girl.

"Then, one day when I was on the beach with my mother, I met another Billy. Billy Ormsby. We were on the carousel. He made eyes at me, I smiled at him. We got to talking. He went up and introduced himself to my mother. He was her favorite. She would like to have had me fall in love with this Billy.

"But I couldn't understand this falling-in-love business. I thought it was sort of fun when they wanted to kiss me, but I couldn't understand all the fuss the girls made about it.

"There were a number of boys like these two Billys. I don't even remember their names. Mother's illness, her death, my working to get a break in pictures—I didn't have time to think about boys and what they might mean in my life.

"Then I came to California.

## TRYING TO FACE LOVE

"**B**EN LYON lived in the same house with me. We ran around together. And George O'Hara took me a couple of places. And Garret Fort, the writer. He was the first boy I *wanted* to love so I might marry. And that wasn't because of Garret, but because of his mother. I was crazy about her. I'd lie awake nights, thinking, 'Oh, if I could only fall in love with Garret so I could always have his mother.'

"But I couldn't. He was nice but he didn't have whatever it is that makes me fall in love with a person. I was

eighteen and I began to wonder if I'd ever meet that kind of person.

"Then it happened.

"I was making 'The Plastic Age.' Mr. Ben Schulberg sent for me. 'We are thinking of signing a boy and want you to see his test and give us the woman's angle,' he told me.

"I discovered the men hadn't liked him so well, but the studio people felt he had something which might appeal to the women.

"I went into the projection-room and saw a young boy who looked something like Jack Gilbert. Young, romantic, appealing.

"He's a marvelous boy. Why don't you sign him up?' I asked Mr. Schulberg.

"His name was Luis Alonzo. They signed him.

"A few days later I was sitting on a box on the set with my make-up kit in my lap. I looked up over the mirror. There stood the boy whom I had, in a way, chosen. He was in a yachting outfit. Our eyes met, held for a moment. We both looked away.

"But in that one brief moment something had happened. My heart, my head, my whole being felt a completely new sensation. I was a little dizzy. I can't exactly describe it.

## CHANGES OF NAME AND HEART

"**T**HAT afternoon they introduced us. His name had been changed from Luis Alonzo to Gilbert Roland.

"That night when I went home to my little house in the canyon all I could think of was that boy. I wanted to know him better.

"My dressing-room was next to his. About three days later he called me in and told me his life story. He had a funny, cute little accent. He was dark—handsome. His eyes burned into mine while he was talking. I had always

(Continued on page 104)





R. Ball



There is no intimation that the movies are to make "L'Aiglon," the story of the brave but futile career of Napoleon's only son. But once the powers that be have seen how effective she is in this guise, it is not at all unlikely that they will be prompted to screen the play; for May's appearance here, like her many appearances before, guarantees a performance of uniform excellence

# *The* did not

May McAvoy  
Who Failed To

R. Ball



Of the 4,347 actors who, since the British brought his story to a close, have impersonated Napoleon, George Hackathorne—at the right—certainly ranks among the first ten for the strength and authority he has imparted to his characterization



R. Ball

# *Son that Also Rise*

As The Second Napoleon  
Further His Father's Tradition



R. Ball





*Photos by Richee*

## *The Floor Vamp*

And one beside the radiance of whose enchantment few beauties of the screen can hold a candle: Ruth Taylor. She doubtless knows this. But when a girl can recline as gracefully as Ruth, why shouldn't she have her share of divanity?



"Something in a sheik, madam?" The escort exchange in Hollywood has a wealth of wealthless young men to offer the discriminating dowager



# Gigs in Clover

BY

MARCELLA S. GARDNER

*Hollywood Is the Happy Hunting Ground  
of Professional Boy-Friends*

**L**ADIES must dance and gentlemen must carry on. In this day of sturdy vines and clinging oaks, more than ever before, it is the woman who pays and pays and pays. What's more, she liquidates both with the piper and with her dancing partner, using the cold, hard coin of the realm.

No, the members of the rocking-chair brigade no longer spend all of their waking and most of their sleeping hours in conjecture over the financial problem of the seven-fifty-per-day extra girl. It is the ditto extra boy who now looms up. He is a problem involving higher mathematics and still higher financing on the part of the ladies.

For Hollywood and its environs are full of wealthy, romantic ladies of an uncertain age, and the Boulevard is infested with impecunious young men. The latter feel that the world owes them their daily caviar and champagne. And they get it, via the rocking-chair brigade.

What a touching sight it must be to the uninitiated, for the first time in Hollywood, to see all these handsome

youngsters take their "mothers" and "maiden aunts" for an airing in their smart roadsters. To see them dining and dancing together, or at the theater!

C. O. D. COURTSHIPS

**D**URING a *the dansant* last winter at one of the exclusive hotels, a foreign actress was heard to exclaim: "Parbleu! When I am an old lady, I hope I shall be able to leeeve in 'Oollywood or Pasadena!"

For, nearly every woman there, over the age of forty, was surrounded by a bevy of young men. Middle-aged wall-flowers were few and far between.

As for the boys, they take full advantage of a standard that is no longer double. What was once sauce for the goose, is now gravy for the gander, and rich, creamy gravy, at that!

With an ingenuity bordering on naïveté, they stalk their prey, these twentieth century Hollywood replicas  
(Continued on page 86)



The streets between the sidewalks of New York never held throngs greater than those who wanted to entertain Mayor Walker in Hollywood. But he stopped the traffic long enough to have lunch with Alice White at the studio

Jimmy—what with his receptions to celebrities—has probably faced the movie camera nearly as often as Colleen Moore. But never before, until she wheedled him into the idea, with an elaborate screen make-up



P. & A.

# Boys And Girls Together

*After Lunch With Jimmie, Everyone  
Would Walker Mile For A Mayor*

**U**S kids got together the other day, for a jamboree. I mean, this isn't a story or anything. It's just giving you a look-in at a joy-fest. All the Iowans and other folks were there so I didn't see why you all shouldn't be, and this is the best I can do about it. You can come or you can stay away, as you see fit. I mean, if you haven't anything to wear or something.

By us kids I mean Jimmie Walker and C. Chaplin and the Marquis and Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray and Louella Parsons, who was our hostess, and Connie Talmadge and her side-kick, Buster Collier, and Leon Gordon, the artist who was painting Jimmie; and Mrs. Billy Sunday, who doesn't say a thing about Hell and Damnation, and James de Tarr and two or three others.

The party was a luncheon and it was given, of course, at the Cafe Montmartre. Oh yes, and Polly Moran was there, too. Very much there. The repartee between her and Hizzoner was nobody's business but theirs. Come see me some time and I'll tell you about it.

Jimmie was on time. Maybe he wasn't well—or didn't

By GLADYS HALL

know it. Or maybe he knew what was in store for him. Gloria and Connie and Polly and what-not. After all, you don't get gals like these down to City Hall every day in the week.

LOUIS B. NAPOLEON

**C**HARLIE stole Jimmie's stuff and came in late. His hair is growing gray simply beautiful. Sort of like a zebra's. And he waved an histrionic hand at Jimmie and said, "The Mayor of Hollywood greets the Mayor of New York." He also suggested to Jimmie that if any of his friends should want a job out here all they have to do is tell Louis B. Mayer he resembles Napoleon. L. B. rather fancies himself in the rôle of the Little Corsican. You know what's said about *that*!

Folks were having Jimmie on about being a movie actor. As you probably know, if you keep up with "Our Times," as the phrase goes, Jimmie made a short-reel film with Colleen Moore while he was out here. Colleen, at the opening of "Lilac Time" announced that she had

(Continued on page 117)





Ball

We ask you, but not so confidentially. Because no one could—even if he wanted to—conceal his admiration for Marian Nixon. Especially as she appears here, arrayed charmingly enough to Hallowe'en any man's heart from even the girl who hitherto has ranked at the top of the first ten

*Ain't  
She Toot?*



# The Northernmost

BY CEDRIC BELFRAGE

**H**OLLYWOOD'S longest tentacle stretches up into the snowy wastes of Lapland to spread its gospel of sex-appeal, two-gun justice and glycerine-daubed virginity.

In a tiny log-cabin settlement without a name, a hundred odd miles north of the insignificant village Rovanneimo, one Olle Jopalla owns and operates the world's northernmost movie show. Not only can Olle claim to run the nearest theater to the North Pole, but also he can boast the longest run of any picture anywhere. He has beaten the Astor (New York) run of "The Big Parade" and made "Wings," "Ben-Hur" and "The Four Horsemen" look like one-day entries at a daily change theater. More remarkable still, the picture that made itself this record is an old William S. Hart Western. It is so old that the main title has been lost and nobody knows what its name is. This extraordinary attraction is still running and there is little likelihood of its being taken off for the next year or so, at least.

It will, in fact, continue its epoch-making run until such time as Countess Geneva de Malroy returns to Lapland with a new film in her grip. But so far as Olle Jopalla's business is concerned, there is no hurry. There are still probably a few thousand Lapps left who have not seen his William S. Hart feature. His only anxiety is as to the ability of the film to hold together until a reinforcement arrives.

## THE POLAR COUNTESS

**C**OUNTESS DE MALROY, owner of the land on which the theater stands, is Lapland's only link with the outside world. A Russian by birth, she came to live in her family's country estate in Lapland when she was still a child. She is now the only remaining member of the family who still makes periodic visits to the place. Her latest travels brought her to Hollywood, where for the first time she told the story of the world's northernmost movie show.

The Hollywood gospel has not moved the stolid Lapps. On the contrary, they have become only more convinced, since seeing the movies at Jopalla's place, that Lapland is the only country fit for gentlemen. They can read no language (their own cannot even be written) and therefore have not been edified by the sickly moral lesson generally contained in the sub-titles. The pictures themselves only assure them the more firmly of their conviction that America is a strange, primitive and ridiculous country. Most of the common ingredients of movies either disgust them or tickle their sense of humor. Women in eve-





# Movie

Where Meat Buys A Set  
and Films Run Themselves Ragged

Illustrations by ELDON KELLEY

ning dress or bathing suits they regard as a horrible and pathetic sight. Men on horses amuse them enormously. They have never seen a man sit on a horse and can see no point in doing such a thing. Guns send them into roars of laughter. They feel very sorry for the ignorant Americans who use smoke to kill and have not discovered the immense superiority of the knife. Men wearing boiled shirts and tuxedos produce veritable paroxysms of mirth. Kissing, which they have never seen off the screen, bores them so much that while it is going on they talk with their neighbors squatting on the floor, or wander to the back of the theater to examine the projector, magic source of the animated pictures.

Could Hollywood but know of the profound boredom which its most torrid embraces inspire in the Arctic Circle!

## THE MARVEL OF MOTION

ALL these details, however, are unimportant compared with the supreme and overpowering wonder of the moving pictures merely as moving pictures. After seeing a show at Jopalla's, a Lapp, traveling thousands of miles a year in pursuit of the reindeer, will never cease to think and talk about it. Wherever he is, he will tell other nomads of his race about the wonderful movies, and ultimately the others will drift into the settlement and see them for themselves. Thus Jopalla has not got to worry, like the American exhibitor, about publicity. The whole of Lapland is a network of word-of-mouth advertising, all of which ultimately has its effect in sending new customers. All Jopalla has to do is sit in his log-cabin theater mending the breaks and gaps in his film, like a fisherman mending his net, and wait for enough Lapps to congregate in the settlement to make it worth his while to put on a show. Sometimes he gives as many as one a week. Sometimes weeks even pass before any men of this strange nomad race are to be seen at the settlement.

In spite of its possessing no name, the settlement is found without difficulty by Lapps in search of it. Directions are given in terms of days' sledding north, south, east or west. Once near the settlement, the men leave their families behind in camp and proceed alone. The women are not allowed to join in any festivities,

(Continued on page 89)







*Photo by Dyar*

# *Taking A Wallyday*

After shooting scenes, shooting ducks comes as a welcome diversion to Wallace Beery. Nor do apprehensions of the hazards of the talkies intrude upon his ease, for he is a star who knows already how to speak lines as deftly as he casts them





# Passing The Bookplates

## The Crests and Cravings of Richard Dix and Other Literati

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

**I**T all happened because of that newspaper person. He asked a certain explorer what three books he would want with him if he were cast upon a desert island, or an ice-floe, as we say in the spirit of these conquering times.

And now that the matter is brought up we might as well carry it to a finish.

The explorer said the Bible, a dictionary and a telephone book.

Clara Bow prefers "Jalna," "Men Without Women" and "But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes."

We were all sitting on Clara's patio. No, no, Hector! Patio is Spanish for courtyard. Where on earth do you get such ideas?

And Richard Dix, gently rub-

bing a sunburned nose, said he was a Ludwig fan. With "Napoleon" tucked under one arm and a packet of waterproof biscuits, no Papeete patootie could tempt Richard from the Little Corporal and Josephine.

He'd like to have, too, "The Greene Murder Case," and for gaiety and charm when the evening shadows hang heavily upon the banana and breadfruit trees, he'd crave nothing more, or less, than Dorothy Parker's "Sunset Gun."

SHE REALLY LIKES SOMETHING

**E**VEN Dorothy Parker, who wrote them all herself, has her likes, in case she should suddenly be tossed upon an island in the far Pacific as she pursued the merry muse.

(Continued on page 112)





# Playing

*And Why Not? At  
Supernatural*



Louise



Richee



Bull

It's true that Josephine Dunn, in the upper corner, isn't frightened right now. But obviously she realizes that she might be. So if there's any occasion for running, she's dressed to make the most of it

If she ever sees another like this shadow on the wall, Mary Brian, above, vows that she will change her name to Nightmary

Not a girl to hide her light beneath a bushel: Joan Crawford—in the center—prefers to conceal it in a pumpkin and herself behind it

Take it from Gwen Lee and Anita Page—at the left—who've been blotting up ghost stories and letting the fire die down, too many spooks spoil the evening

Bull



# Spooky

*Hallowe'en, It's The  
Thing To Do*



One of the broomstick-busters above is Dorothy Sebastian and the other is Gwen Lee. But can you tell witch is witch? The one sitting down is Gwen. You'll have to guess the other

After meeting 5,677 kinds of terrifying insects in the South Seas, Raquel Torres — above — finds hobnobbing with a goblin pumpkin restful and reassuring

If ever Gwen Lee, on the right, can't make a living on the screen, she has another profession to fall back on: she can always get a job like this one, in a skultery

*Photos by Bull*





Nothing short of candlelaborate, this new portrait of Doris Kenyon. She is henceforth to be affiliated entirely with no particular producing organization, but will essay her flight toward further celebrity on the wings of her own endowments alone—a step suggested perhaps by her recent occupation of an important part in "The Hawk's Nest"

Russell Ball



# Says—

*Gives His Impressions  
Men—and Women*

AMSEY

his business activities, and as we sat on his shady porch overlooking Hollywood Boulevard he compared Hollywood's business organizations with Houston's. Yes, Hollywood has business organizations.

"Funny thing I've noticed about the difference in the Rotary Clubs here and in other places. The boys out here in Hollywood get together and the first thing they attend to is a little close harmony. How these Hollywood Rotary boys sing! It must be the climate. This Hollywood Rotary Club has a quartet that could hold its own against Al Jolson, John McCormack, Werrenrath and Ted Lewis. I mean it. We don't do much singing at our meetings in Houston. I guess that's the climate, too. I'm proud of the fact that the boys in Houston asked me to be their President, but I have to spend so much time in Hollywood I'm beginning to like the Hollywood Rotary Club just as well. It's just a little club, it isn't a Class-A Club like the Rotary in Houston, but clubs can't have everything, and these boys have voices. Next to the Rotary Club, the Community Chest is my favorite side-line. Houston is always over the top in her Community Chest drives for a half-million or so. I've noticed Hollywood can't boast such a record." He added with pardonable pride, "I guess they have to keep up their payments on their Rolls-Royces out here, though.

## LONE STAR STATE STARS

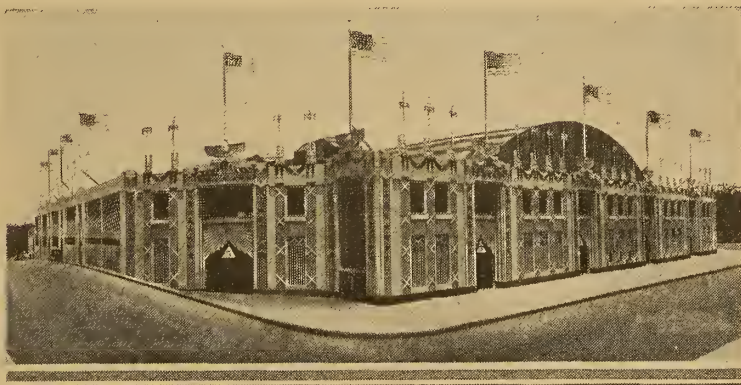
"I'VE been coming out to Hollywood six or seven times a year for a good many years. I've watched this little town grow from an orange grove to a little city. They've got the movies to thank for that, and the movies have Texas to thank for a lot of their stars. Did you know Corinne Griffith, Bebe Daniels, Madge Bellamy, Mary Hay, Joan Crawford, Dorothy Devore and many more of Hollywood's favorites are from the old home state? And Houston is proud to be the home city of Florence and King Vidor. King comes of a fine family. His father lost some money in unfortunate investments just about the time King

A hotel whose lobby recently swarmed with lobbyists: at the right, the Rice, in Houston. Below is the Democratic Convention Hall where Al Smith was nominated



was growing up, and it must have made King ambitious to come out to Hollywood and make a fortune in the movies.

"Howard Hughes, the producer of Thomas Meighan's pictures, is another Houston boy. I guess I helped raise that youngster. He is one of the finest kids I have ever known. Even his enormous fortune hasn't turned him. His income amounts to about two million a year, and if he keeps on making successful pictures like 'Two Arabian Knights' and 'The Racket,' I guess it will amount to about two million more. Everything he touches turns to gold. He is one of the few who have come to pictures untrained and practically inexperienced and made a go of them.



## Highlights of Jack Dionne's Comment:

The Hollywood Rotary Club has a quartet that could hold its own against Al Jolson, John McCormack, Werrenrath and Ted Lewis.

The movies have Texas to thank for a lot of their stars: Corinne Griffith, Bebe Daniels, Madge Bellamy, Mary Hay, Joan Crawford, Dorothy Devore, and King and Florence Vidor.

I thought Louis Wolheim was a mean boy in the movies. But you ought to see him play bridge.

The thing that's wrong with the movies is the stories.

Hollywood's flapper skirts are a couple of inches longer than the girls' in Houston.

You can be as close to Hollywood in Chicago as you can walking down Sunset Boulevard.

## HE TRUMPS A NASTY ACE

"WHENEVER I come out to Hollywood, Howard and I spend a lot of time together, playing bridge, golfing and chinning about Texas. I've had some great bridge games with movie stars up at Howard's home. Of the bunch Louis Wolheim is the best brider. He may be a mean boy in the movies, but he plays a sweet game of bridge. Bridge is the greatest game on earth—and golf is the next.

"I belong to the Houston Country Club down home, and out here I play at the Wilshire. Harold Lloyd is the only player who belongs to this club. I've never met this boy whom I consider to  
(Continued on page 119)



## WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS

This is the first feature film from the Metro studios to be synchronized for sound effects. The synchronization has not been done especially well, and except for one or two instances adds nothing to the merit of the photoplay. One of the spots where sound has been effectively used is in a sequence depicting Monte Blue teaching Raquel Torres the art of whistling. And even here the action and the sound do not altogether match up. In other scenes wailing noises have been injected where the natives mourn. But as a whole, the sound lessens rather than heightens the illusion. The picture itself is in the epic class, and is well worthy of inclusion on your list of films that must be seen. It deals with the vicious exploitation of a splendid pagan people by the death dealing civilization of white men. Filmed on the original location in the South Seas, it has the additional charm of authenticity. The picture is all Monte Blue, with the newly discovered Raquel Torres offering promise in rôles of a similar nature.

## SUBMARINE

This picture emanates from the studio which gave us "The Blood Ship" last season, and it is a decidedly better cinema than its predecessor. Some sequences are reminiscent of earlier pictures, but the big idea is thrillingly original. With a minor motif of the love of two men for a maid, the main theme deals with the rescue of the crew of a sunken submarine by a naval diver. Jack Holt is the diver, Ralph Graves his pal who is imprisoned on the floor of the sea, and Dorothy Revier the girl who almost destroys their friendship. The drama is thoroughly engrossing throughout its length, the undersea shots and the scenes within the submerged hulk being especially impressive. Each of the players has been given such a fat rôle that it is difficult to say which does the finest work. However, the well-demonstrated ability of Dorothy Revier is a revelation, at least to one who has seen her infrequently in the past, but is determined not to miss any of her future efforts. The picture is synchronized with sound effects which heighten the illusion.

## THE SCARLET LADY

Despite its deficiencies, this photoplay provides its star, Lya de Putti, with the best opportunities the sensational European player has enjoyed since "Variety." The vehicle is a bit cumbersome and creaky getting under way, but once started, it unfolds a rapid-fire action drama of the Red revolution in Russia. The suspense is well-built and carefully maintained. The climax provides a greater kick because it comes with surprising suddenness. Lya is a daughter of the people who falls violently in love with the aristocratic Prince Nicky in the person of Don Alvarado. Two very excellent actors, Warner Oland and Otto Matieson, provide the menace. Lya is impressive in the dramatic sequences, but is not the type for the now-you-chase-me moments which occasionally intrude. Given proper story and direction, De Putti is the peer both in beauty and in talent of any of the highly publicized imported stars. This effort should start her on the upward trend.

## LIGHTS OF NEW YORK

This is the world's first full-length talking picture. And as such is intensely interesting. The story itself is trite, except for one unusual sequence holding nothing of originality. This shot depicts the placing of the body of a murdered man in a barber's chair in order that the police may be foiled. The plot deals with bootlegging gangsters and the victimization of a country boy. The dialogue is marred by the apparent inability to record "s" sounds, and by the monotonous sameness of the masculine voices. It is difficult to say which of several characters is speaking—it is thus far impossible to have the actors speak with their backs to the camera and the recording device. Nevertheless, because of its novelty, and the promise it holds of great accomplishment in the realm of sound films, the dialogue is fascinating. Cullen Landis and Helene Costello play the leading rôles unimpressively. Gladys Brockwell as a cast-off sweetheart, Wheeler Oakman as the villain, Robert Elliott as a detective, and Tom Dugan as the barber, contribute the most creditable performances. The voices of Elliott and Miss Brockwell recording particularly well.

Talker-tape: a strip of Movietone film. The pictures are in the squares on the left; the sound-record is on the narrow right-hand margin

# Soundings

News, Views and Previews  
of the Speaking Screen

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK



Many a woman speaks of moments when she wishes she might have dropped through the floor. But this actress, who's actually had the experience in "The Last Warning," a new talkie, isn't one of them

THE Smithsonian Institute is busy sweeping out a vault which will preserve Warner Brothers' picture, "Lights of New York," for our great-great-grandchildren. It will always be of interest. It is the very first full feature-length talking picture ever shown to the public.

Of course, there will be hundreds—thousands—to follow. And they will emanate from every studio in America. But the Warner boys and their "Lights of New York" will be remembered as the first.

And incidentally, it is wise to remember that there is a difference between sound pictures and talking pictures. Even now, practically all films in the making will be synchronized to noise effects. But for some time to come there will be a scarcity of real talking pictures: pictures in which the players speak.

Paramount's Richard Dix film, "Warming Up," has sound. So has First National's "Lilac Time" and Metro's "White Shadows." But so far, no speakies have been released. The Fox people declare that they will have five one-hundred per cent. talking pictures ready by the first of the year. Their first is called "Behind That Curtain," and the second, "Through Different Eyes." There will also be a comedy and an underworld story. The Fox sound device is Movietone.

One of the interesting developments is the use of Vitaphone by Warners in announcing on the screen their coming attractions. These "Coming Next Week" reels are called trailers. Warner has introduced the talking trailer. For instance, in telling of their film, "The Terror," which has both sound and dialogue, Alec Francis, who plays one of the characters, appears on the screen and talks about

(Continued on page 120)



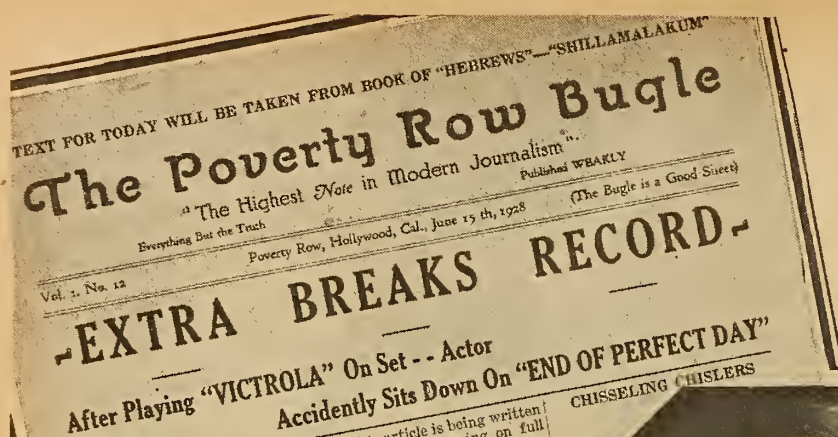


Russell Ball

## *A Squeezy Job*

Let other players on the screen dwell lugubriously upon the trials and hardships of their craft. But Barry Norton will not. After such moments as this one with Madge Bellamy, in "Mother Knows Best," he declares that being a picture actor is nothing less than a perfect clinch





# The Pleasures

BY MIGNON RITTENHOUSE



The official organ of the extra colony is, as may be seen in the corner, a bugle; and among those whose praises it has tooted are these three queens and one king of the quickies. On the left, Aileen Dee, the Corinne Griffith of Poverty Row; below her a now unknown aspirant to be another Madge Bellamy; a gentleman regarded as the next Menjou; and, on his right, a Mary-Duncan-to-be



**Y**OU know about the lavish entertainments given by the stars in their million-dollar Beverly Hills homes? Of course. About their annual Wampas Ball, their almost unanimous attendance at first-night pictures, their numerous dances at the Coconut Grove, their afternoon teas at the Montmartre, their dinners at Henri's, their club activities, their recreations? Naturally. Thanks to press agents, magazines and newspapers all over the country keep you informed about the minutest social happenings of the picture colony—that is, of the colony's Four Hundred.

About the social life of its other four thousand plus, you probably haven't heard so much. Possibly you weren't even aware that they had such a life. For instance, did you know that the extras held their own Wampas Ball this year? Have you ever heard of the Trouper's Club? Do you know who is the present Mayor of Poverty Row? Do you know that the extras have their own blue book, which has nothing to do with table manners, family escutcheons, or Haldeman-Julius? Are you acquainted with Al Marsh's poolroom, with George's Little Store, Bill Ring's Barber Shop, Denny's Cafe, or with the dozens of other favorite meeting places of the extras that correspond with the swankier restaurants and night clubs frequented by the stars? Had you any idea that the extras publish several newspapers of their own?

## THE SUNSET SET

**N**EITHER had I until I investigated. I discovered then that although Hollywood Boulevard may be the place to go when you want to see the stars showing off their latest sport models, you can learn a whole lot more interesting things about the picture industry if you visit that section of Sunset Boulevard on which Poverty Row faces.

Not that the social activities of the extras are confined exclusively to this portion of town. Wherever a studio is located, somewhere not far distant you will find



# of Poverty Row

## The Extra's Life Is Lowly But Lively

extras. In the outer rooms of casting offices, in next-door barber shops, lunchrooms, candy stores. But nowhere will you find them so abundantly as in their native haunt—along Poverty Row. For the row is the hub of the extra's irregular universe. It has half a dozen eating places and hangouts which are frequented for every one that you will discover elsewhere. It is here that their biggest social club for men extras is located—here that many of their parties are arranged—here that one of their two newspapers is published—here that the largest group of independent studios is to be found.

The row stretches from somewhere in the vicinity of Dad Kelly's Corned Beef Parlor on down the street to Christie's Studio—the oldest in Hollywood—then across to Raphael's Drug Store, with its flagrant "Mourners' Bench" out front for weary-footed extras—past the "Poverty Row Bugle"—on past Al Marsh's poolroom, presided over not so long ago by the genial Al. He was so popular with extra people during his lifetime that they flocked by the hundreds to his funeral services.

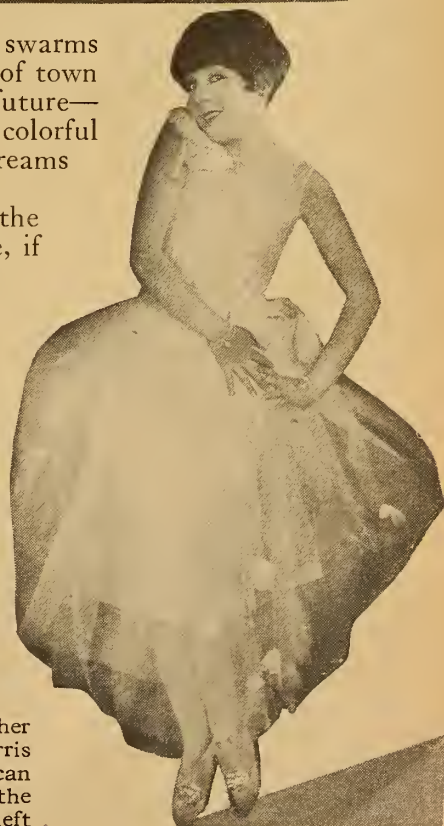
### THE SLUMS OF PRODUCTION

THE row ends as vaguely as it begins. Its symbol is cheapness. Cheap yellow stucco studios thrown hastily together—flat, monotonous, uninspired edifices erected for the making of flat, monotonous, uninspired pictures mostly. Cheap food. Cheap cars parked along its curbs. Cheap screen labor straggling up and down, or gathered on corners keeping alert ears open for sign of activity in the buildings across the street or around the corner.

It is a section which is colorful in spite of its exterior, because it swarms with men and women who are striving. In other parts of town men have achieved things. Here everything lies in the future—a hazardous, perhaps even nefarious tomorrow. It is colorful because its people, even the has-beens, dream impossible dreams along its streets, and occasionally realize them.

Halfway down Gower Street off Sunset Boulevard, the Struggler's Club meets in an ambling, quite comfortable, if not very decorative house, donated to its several hundred men members by Mr. Chadwick, a proven friend of the extra. Like everything else on the row, the club was begun on a shoestring. It was started last February by two former extra boys, Jimmy True and Roy Caylor. There was considerable doubt felt as to whether or not it would survive even a mild California winter, but apparently it did. And grew. In addition to having a clubhouse where men engaged in picture work can congregate to talk shop when not employed, and where they can be reached or located by the different studios at any hour, the club

(Continued on page 118)



Above, in the corner: Leona Leigh, with and not with her bathing outfit. Standing by the Mourners' Bench is Morris Raphael, the Mayor of Poverty Row. The girl at the right can play any part that this costume, her only one, calls for; and the same holds good for the debonair insolvent at the left.





## A Modern Modern

Eva Von Berne, Metro-Goldwyn's new Viennese star, selects these stunning Sally Milgrim creations. The picture above shows her wearing a corn-flower blue chiffon dress trimmed with crystals. Drapes of plain chiffon are caught through the plaited girdle at the hips

The newest in fall sports attire is shown at the left. The seven-eighths length coat and the wrap-around skirt are of grey tweed and are worn with a rose-tinted blouse and hat. Directly above it is an exquisite white chiffon evening gown. The skirt, shorter at the front than the back, is a cascade of petals and is attached to a fitted bodice trimmed in crystals







All Photos  
by APEDA



# Eva's Leaves

The costume above of beige crepe Roma with a diagonal stripe of gold threads worked through the material is just the thing for afternoon wear. Note the interesting scarf and girdle of self material. To the right of it is an evening gown of distinction. It is of white satin with fitted bodice and a skirt of three flared tiers with a drape at the back

And here, to the left, Miss Von Berne has gracefully gathered around her a very smart wrap for evening wear. It is made of ermine and has a sable collar

Directly above is a frock of navy blue flat crepe, which is worth admiring. It features the uneven hem line and is trimmed with rows of rhinestone buttons



# Nancy Comes Out of the Kitchen!

*Miss Drexel Finds The  
World As It Finds Her  
—Awfully Nice*

By DOROTHY MANNERS

me Nancy. I'm not so sure that I like it." She took a small bite of her luncheon salad and waited politely for me to ask her another question.

Not under any circumstances, or either name, could Nancy be called a talkative child. She answers questions courteously but they don't seem to suggest more than the answer. She speaks slowly and carefully much after the manner of an obedient pupil replying to her teacher. Because it is your business, you take stock of her round, baby face, her soft smile, the timid samples of blonde hair at becoming intervals under her hat.

Here, you say to yourself, because it would not be polite to say it aloud, is no vibrant Joan Crawford or *chic* Sue Carol, or peppy Sally Phipps. Neither is she, off screen, the strain of melody that Fay Wray suggests, or the clash of the cymbals that is the madcap, Lupe. Stacked up against these other new girls, Nancy, in her meek little way, might have wandered into the studio by mistake. But the laugh of it is that I felt the same way about the colorless little kid that Janet Gaynor used to be when I first met her. You can never tell about who is, and who isn't, screen magic. Nancy's youthful, undeveloped personality may smoulder with charm back of some Murnau camera-angle.

NICE AND FUNNY

NANCY found the great Master Technician "a funny man" but, she was quick to add, "awfully nice." No, she hadn't been particularly surprised about getting the part in the big production. She had had so many disappointments about pictures and she was so sure she wasn't going to get it, that she hadn't felt excited about making her tests. When they told her that she had been selected out of the hundreds of girls who were being considered, she was just numb. It was unbelievable.

"Out at Universal they had never tried to do anything for me," she said. "Maybe it was because I came to them as a beauty-contest winner and they are never good for

(Continued on page 119)



Autrey Photos

ABOUT a year ago a meek child named Dorothy Kitchen was playing ingenue to horses and cowboys out at Universal.

Now, as Nancy Drexel, she is enjoying all the prestige of a new name, a Fox contract and a Murnau schooling in "The Four Devils." Sort of bringing Nancy out of the Kitchen.

"It seems so funny after being called Dorothy Kitchen all my life to answer to Nancy Drexel," she said. She says everything softly. "Sometimes I forget to reply to the new name. It seems oddest of all to hear my mother call



# Sue Carol appears in "The Air Circus"



*Sue Carol and Arthur Lake  
in "The Air Circus"*

In December the Fox Films release a timely and striking picture entitled "The Air Circus." Sue Carol and Arthur Lake play the leading parts. In the same month they release another comedy picture in which Sue Carol appears with Nick Stuart. The title is "Chasing Through Europe."

## How Stars Shine

WE publish the above announcement because Miss Carol tells us how she makes up for her pictures. And she sends us a photograph to show.

First she applies Boncilla clasmic pack. She rests while it dries. At once she feels it draw from the skin all that clogs or mars it. The dirt and grime, the dead skin, the hardened oil, the old powder in the pores.

She washes off the Boncilla and sees a radiant, animated face, a rosy glow. She sees a skin that is clean to the depths, that is clear and soft. The very sight inspires her to appear at her best, she says.

Then she applies Boncilla Cold Cream and wipes it off. Then Boncilla Vanishing Cream for a powder

base. Then Boncilla Powder of the proper shade.

Just a 30-minute treatment. As a result she enters the studio glowing, beaming, at her very best.

So do many other movie stars. We have pictures and letters from scores of them. These stars of the screen never neglect themselves. They never do less than the utmost to bring out every charm.

They teach a lesson, in this respect, to women everywhere. Why should any girl or woman who in 30 restful minutes can multiply her beauty, fail to do it?

The answer is, they do not. Not many of them now. All the world over the women who care are using clasmic pack.

### These Results in 30 Minutes

A radiant glow.  
An animated look.  
A really clean skin.  
A clear skin.  
A soft, smooth skin.  
All the foundations of  
beauty.



*Sue Carol Applying  
Boncilla Clasmic Pack*

## What About Your Career?

YOU also have a career, remember, as important to you as a movie star's to her. With any girl or woman, that career depends largely on charm and appearance.

Any evening may affect it. Tonight, for instance. Perhaps somebody is coming whom you like to see. Perhaps you are going where you wish to shine. Why not spend just 30 minutes with Boncilla clasmic pack? It will multiply your beauty. It will supply the only right foundation for your make-up.

If you are past girlhood, there are other reasons for Boncilla. It erases little lines, combats wrinkles. It firms up sagging muscles, reduces enlarged pores. Many women in 30 minutes seem to drop ten years.

And there is no other way. Boncilla is the only clasmic pack. Nothing else even compares. This is so well known that beauty experts the world over use Boncilla as their chief aid. Over fifty countries import it for this purpose.

Try it for one evening. See the results in your mirror. You will hardly believe that such a change can come so quickly. Then listen to the compliments you get. "I never saw you look so charming as tonight." After that you will need no urging.

All toilet counters supply Boncilla Clasmic Pack. Or the coupon will bring you a week's supply with the three aids which go with it. Clip it now.

*Boncilla*  
CLASMIC  
PACK

### Four Beauty Aids

The coupon, with 10 cents for mailing, will bring you a week's test of Boncilla clasmic pack. Also of the three aids which go with it—a box of beauty. If you live in Canada, mail coupon with 10c to Canadian Boncilla Laboratories, Ltd., 77 Peter Street, Toronto.

### One Week Test

BONCILLA—Indianapolis, Ind.

Mail me a one-week treatment of Boncilla with the three helps which go with it—four samples. I enclose a dime.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_





Carmel Myers  
Independent



Mary McAlister  
Independent



Kathryn McGuire  
Independent



Josephine Dunn  
M. G. M.

“Smooth skin even more  
important than beautiful features”  
*say Leading Directors*



Sally Phillips  
Fox Films



June Marlowe  
Universal



Aileen Pringle  
M. G. M.



Nancy Phillips  
Independent



Claire Windsor  
Tiffany Stahl



Dorothy Phillips  
Independent



Elinor Fair  
Pathé De Mille



Margaret Quimby  
Independent



Rita Carewe  
Independent



Jean Arthur  
Paramount



Marie Prevost  
Pathé De Mille

*There are in Hollywood 433 important screen actresses, including all stars. 417 of these use Lux Toilet Soap.*

96% of all the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for with  
**Lux Toilet Soap.**

Luxury hitherto found only  
in French soaps at 50¢ or  
\$1.00 a cake . . . now—





Nancy Carroll  
Paramount



Pauline Starke  
Independent



Betty Francisco  
Independent



Yola d'Avril  
First National



Gertrude Olmsted  
Independent



Doris Hill  
Paramount



Gwen Lee  
M. G. M.



Mae Busch  
Independent



Vera Voronina  
Paramount

# “Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin like velvet” say 9 out of 10 Screen Stars

BECAUSE they must face the all revealing lights of the close-up, smooth skin means even more to them than to other girls! Screen stars guard it carefully.

They use Lux Toilet Soap in their own luxurious bathrooms and also in the dressing rooms of all the big film studios.



Sally Rand  
Independent



Thelma Todd  
First National



Evelyn Brent  
Paramount



Marion Nixon  
Universal



Olive Tell  
Independent



Sally Blane  
Paramount

~ All the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms

10¢



# Lya the Lion-Hearted

Bad Advice and Bad  
Breaks Fail to Cause  
Miss De Putti  
to Falter

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

well as the right one. Otherwise the marcher remains marking time, the procession passes, and the band plays on.

Many an artist has a brilliant future behind him because of failure properly to guide his career. They say that advice is cheap. But there are persons in the picture profession who will testify that advice is a most costly commodity. When it is wrong. And the list of their names extends from A, for Arbuckle, all the way through the alphabet.

More than one big fish of the films has floated downstream to oblivion rather than fight the good fight necessary to win back the footlight lost through crazy counsel. Others, confused, bewildered at being cast-up high and dry from the cinema seas, have threshed the sands in futile fashion and expired from sheer exhaustion.

"They never come back," say the wisenheimers. And occasionally an exception proves this rule. But it does indeed take a heart of oak to overcome errors due to heeding heads of the same material.

## HANDING HER A HAND

THAT'S why little Lya de Putti merits the name of Lya the lion-hearted. That's why all of fickle filmdom is awaiting an opportunity to give the little gal a Texas Guinan welcome. She got off on the wrong foot. And it took her a while to get untangled. But now she has caught up with the parade.

Lya came to us following her exquisite portrayal in that memorable film, "Variety." That was her first error. She mistook the siren clinking of cinema gold for the voice of the Oracle. She was promised many things. And all unaware she set her dainty feet in a hell. Quite properly paved, perhaps, with good intentions. But a hell nevertheless.

(Continued on page 120)



Hesser

THERE'S a story ancient as a title-writer's humor about the drill-sergeant and his squad of super-dumb rookies. The babes of Mars didn't know their right feet from the left ones. So to lend a helping hand on the feet, so to speak, the top-kick tied a bundle of hay on one pedal extremity and some straw on the other. Then following the command to march, the veteran kept his men in step by shouting, "Hay foot—straw foot! Hay foot—straw foot!"

The chances are that none of these embryonic warriors ever threatened to deprive General Pershing of his job. For one doesn't get far along the paths of progress by starting off on the wrong foot. And that goes for the movies as well as the marines. In the picture parade it is particularly necessary to put the best foot forward—as





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The Studebaker Watch Company is directed by members of the famous Studebaker family—known throughout the world for three-quarters of a century of honest dealing. Studebaker Watches have 21 Jewels, 8 Adjustments—Insured for your lifetime! Insurance Policy FREE! Ladies' Bracelet Watches, Men's Strap Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry also sold at lowest prices and easy monthly payments. Send coupon for details.

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Let us send you a copy of our beautiful new 6-color catalog. It contains valuable information on watch making. It tells how you can buy a 21-Jewel Studebaker Insured Watch direct from the maker—save big money and pay for it in easy monthly payments. Mail the coupon. Over 100,000 satisfied customers own Studebaker Watches—and saved money by buying them direct. We ship anywhere.

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For a limited time we are offering a magnificent Watch Chain Free. To all who write immediately we will include particulars of this astounding offer. Time is limited. Send coupon NOW!

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Our new Jewelry Catalog is just off the press. It presents an amazing selection of Diamonds and Jewelry. The prices are very attractive and credit terms astoundingly low. Mail coupon at once for a copy of this new FREE Jewelry Catalog.

Mail  
Coupon  
Now!

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☐ Please send me your free catalog of Advance Watch Styles and details of your \$1.00 down offer.

☐ Please send me free catalog of Jewelry and Diamonds.

Name.....

Street or R. F. D.....

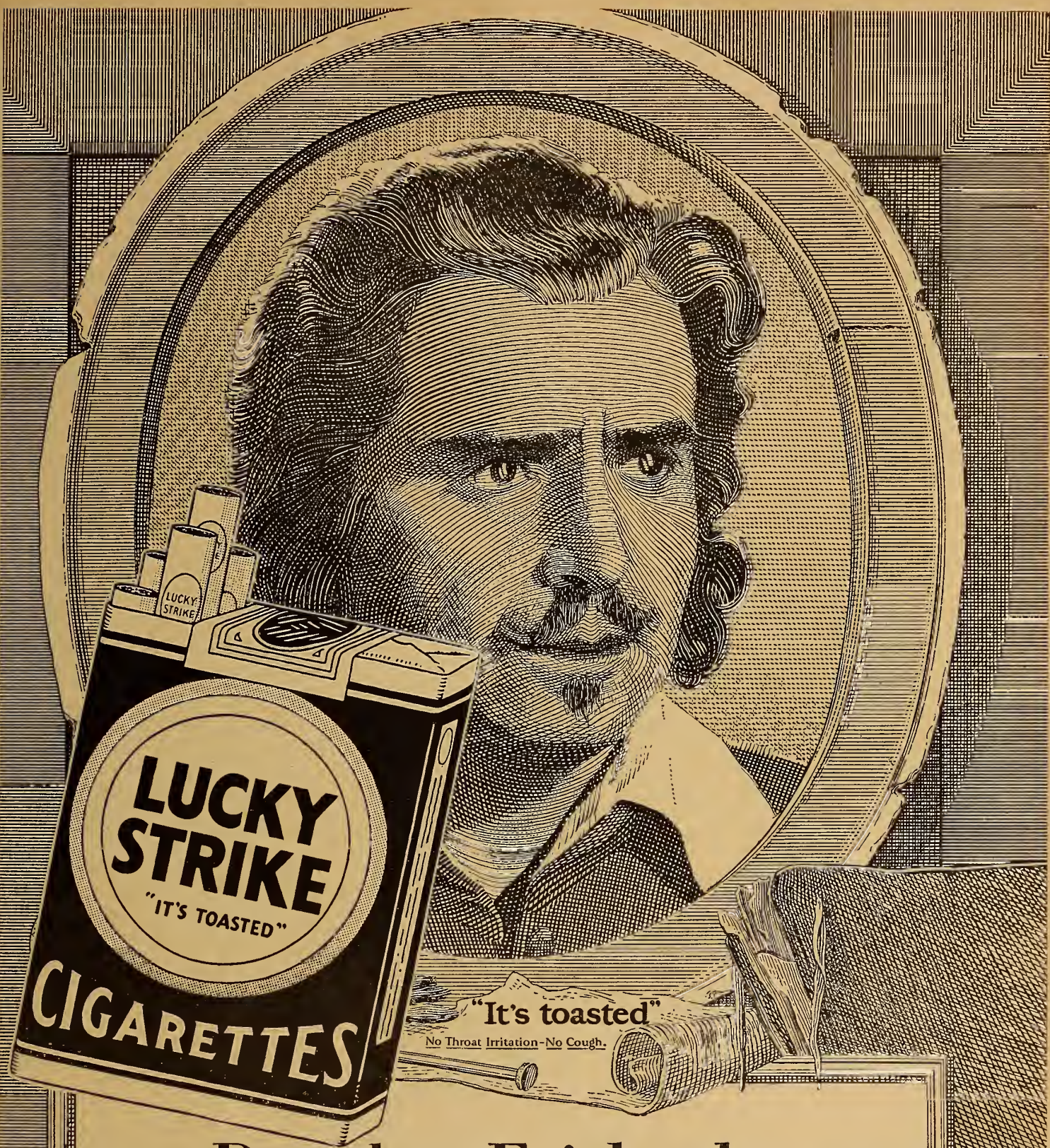
City..... State.....





When in swing, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Leila Hyams—well, it's an indication for one thing that it's headed in the prettiest of all possible directions. And William Haines, the young man involved, seems to realize this





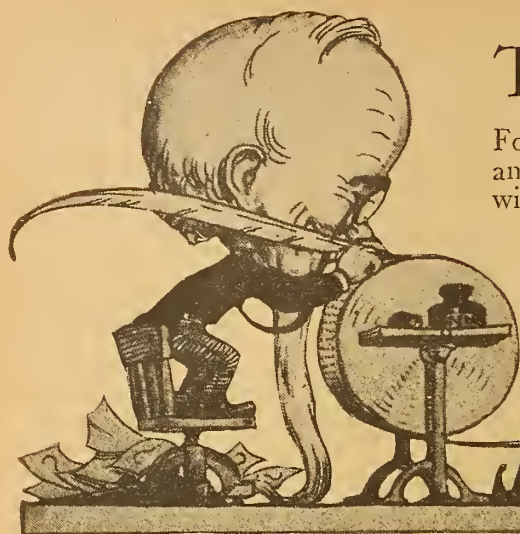
## Douglas Fairbanks

America's Motion Picture Favorite, as he will appear in his forthcoming production "The Iron Mask" says—

"I get more kick from the Lucky Strike flavor than from any other cigarette. They are easier on my throat and wind. That's why I smoke nothing but Luckies. Toasting really means a lot to me. My own experience has proven that toasting not only takes out the bad things but doubles the flavor."

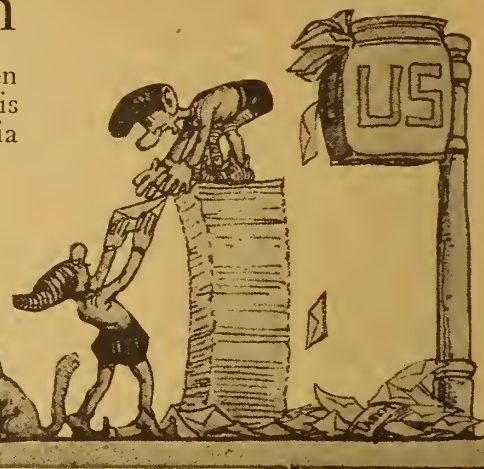
*Douglas Fairbanks*





## The Answer Man

For eighteen years this old fellow has been answering questions about the movies. His wit is famous. He is a walking encyclopedia of information.



R. B. H. D.—Let me in on the secret, what's it all about? I suppose I shouldn't be curious. Sue Carol is twenty years old, five feet five, real name Evelyn Lederer. Not married, your letter will reach her at De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Larry Kent, Sept. 15, 1900. He is playing in "The Haunted House." First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

KITANIA.—Anita Page was born in Murray Hill, L. I., seventeen years ago. She is playing in "Gold Braid," starring Ramon Novarro. Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Loretta Young is fifteen years old. Send along that note to her at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. She will be glad to hear from you. Jackie Coogan is planning to enter vaudeville, you'll probably see him dancing the Varsity Drag.

R. W.—Jack Mulhall was born Oct. 7, 1891. Was married to Bunty Manly, who died. Has a son and is now married to Evelyn Winans. His latest picture is "Waterfront," Dorothy Mackaill plays opposite. First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Robert Frazer is playing in "Sioux Blood," starring Tim McCoy, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

BETTY.—Can I name a star with a tail? You bet, Rin-Tin-Tin. John Darrow did play in "High School Hero." Norma Shearer is married to Irving Thalberg. Louise Fazenda was born in 1895. James Hall, Oct. 22, 1900. Send me twenty-five cents for each or a dollar for five photos of your favorites.

I'll answer as many letters in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE as space permits and reply by mail to the others. Write your name and address and enclose stamps or addressed envelope. The Answer Man, Motion Picture Magazine, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



Clara Bow, having brought the *Fleet In* safely, also lands first in fan-mail popularity this month. You can always bet on Clara

ADELE SOB.—Joseph Schildkraut was born in Vienna, Oct. 9, 1895. He's five feet nine, weighs 155 pounds, black hair and eyes. He is playing in "Showboat." Sorry, he is married to Elise Bartlett. Nils Asther

was born in Sweden, twenty-seven years ago. Six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, dark hair and eyes. Leatrice Joy, Nov. 7, 1899. She is playing on the stage in California right now.

A. J. S. ADMIRER.—I know Adele is a friend of yours. Allan Forrest played opposite Mary Pickford in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Louise Lorraine was *Belle* in "Circus Rookies." David Rollins and Nancy Drexel support Farrell MacDonald in "Riley, the Cop," Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

JUST ME.—Glad to hear from you again. William Haines, Norma Shearer and Lon Chaney had the leads in "The Tower of Lies." Nils Asther is twenty-seven years old, single. Colleen Moore, James Morrison played in "The Nth Commandment." James Kirkwood, who has just returned from Europe, will appear in Charles Rogers' "Just Twenty-one." Charles Chaplin's next feature will be "City Lights."

ELSIE H. P.—Well, I see you did write me again. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is not married. Ben Turpin was born Sept. 19, 1874. Jean Arthur is single. Mae Murray and John Gilbert were featured in "The Merry Widow." You may write Donald Reed at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Eva Le Gallienne has signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Studios, to appear in talking pictures.

RAMONA.—And still they come. It would take me a month of Sundays to give you a complete list of all the pictures the  
(Continued on page 108)



We can't keep Buddy Rogers off this page—he's always bobbing up. Quite irrepresible—like *Just Twenty-One* always is



Dolores Costello is another "steady" in the mail bag. We wonder what *Redeeming Sin* is necessary to deliver this lovely blonde



The fans certainly fall for these strong masterful men of the steppes and mountains. Nils Asther will soon be seen in a Balkan entanglement



Our mail bag puffs with queries anent the spritely Sue Carol. Her next picture, "Captain Swagger," should give it an extra jag



# Grow-Yes grow-Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By **LUCILLE YOUNG**

*America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.*



The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually* grow. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. Doubt all you want to. It does seem impossible, I know. Everything heretofore has failed. But my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. *And you are the sole judge.*

## **Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt**

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works—proved it before this, my very first advertisement, appears. I have from these women some of the most startling voluntary testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a *notary public*. Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows. Every one of the women who have tried my discovery did so on my guarantee. *And not a single one has reported failure.* On the contrary all have been wildly enthusiastic.

## **What My Discovery Means to Beauty**

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. Merely darkening the eyelashes and eyebrows is a poor substitute. It helps. But what you really desire with all your heart, what every woman longs for is this marvelous beauty of naturally luxuriant eye-

lashes and eyebrows. Now you can have this beauty—impart to your loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

## **Results Noticeable in a Week!**

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time. *And there is instant beauty, too;* for my discovery combines with its own marvelous virtue the advantage of darkeners. But it does so without messiness and artificiality. It gives the effect, but itself, *cannot be detected.*

## **An Entirely New, Scientific Principle**

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made

*Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.*

a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely *new way*. There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know that I have given to women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded. And I have waited until I was *sure* before offering it to the world at large. The more than ten thousand women who have tested my discovery *have been my regular patrons.*

## **You Can Have Proof At My Sole Risk**

Remember... in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not *actually grow*, if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is \$1.95. Later the price will be regularly \$5.00.

## **Send No Money With Order**

Send no money... simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to Lucille Young, Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society women and professional beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

2709 S. Wells Street,  
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.

Loretta Prinze,  
1952 Cudaback Ave.,  
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious.

Miss Flora J. Corriveau,  
8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.

Millie Heffelfinger,  
240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.

Pearl Provo,  
2954 Taylor St., N. E.,  
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearance tells the tale. Naomi Ostot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.

My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. The longer I continue to use it the better the results. People are asking me how I do it. All I say is, "I owe it all to 'Lucille Young'." Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeannette, Penn.



Lucille Young,  
81-B Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents postage. If not delighted, I will return it within 30 days, and you will at once refund my money without question.

Name.....

St. Address.....

City..... State.....

NOTE: If price of \$1.95 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.

*Lucille Young*



# Estelling Them *How to Make Love*

With Blows to the Heart, the Female of the Dempsey Is More Deadly than the Male

Of all the men she has prevailed upon to make love to her, Estelle has found her husband, Jack, at the right, the most difficult subject, for he can never bring himself to feel that it is play-acting



John Barrymore, below, found that the charm of Estelle Taylor in their romantic scenes was quite as insidious as the love-philtres concocted by *Lucrezia Borgia*, the character she portrayed



Bending to his task: William Powell, below, may be a bad man, but he's a brave one, for he enacted this scene with Mrs. Dempsey in the presence of Mrs. Dempsey's husband



Roland Drew, just above, is not of the famous theatrical family, but with Miss Taylor opposite him, he gave a performance whose intensity was the equal of its any member





## For One Dollar

*Six issues of Motion Picture Magazine and this  
gift set of twenty-four new pictures*

We have prepared another new set of twenty-four sepia finish pictures of your favorites. For a limited time we offer them as a gift to you, with the next six big issues of **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE**—for One Dollar. All new poses, of popular stars, size 5½ by 8 inches, suitable for framing. This is a big value special offer. These pictures are just fine for your collection, or your den. Tell your friends about this offer. Just send a dollar bill with the coupon, and mail today. Subscribe for your friends and we will send them each a set of pictures. Do it now.

**Subjects:—**

|                   |                      |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| Dorothy Sebastian | Louise Brooks        |
| Loretta Young     | Sue Carol            |
| Lawrence Gray     | Fay Wray             |
| Clive Brook       | Neil Hamilton        |
| Nancy Carroll     | Lina Basquette       |
| Jacqueline Logan  | William Collier, Jr. |
| Evelyn Brent      | Anita Page           |
| Lane Chandler     | Charles Delaney      |
| Lupe Velez        | Victor McLaglen      |
| Barry Norton      | Ben Lyon             |
| Gilbert Roland    | Joseph Striker       |
| Alice White       | Nils Asther          |

Canada—twenty-five cents extra

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**MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC.,  
Paramount Bldg., New York.**

11. M. P. M.

**Offer No. 4.**

For the enclosed \$1.00 please send me the set of twenty-four new pictures of motion picture stars and the next six issues of **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE**.

Name .....

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Start with.....issue.





*Harold Seton Collection*

# HELLO, SUCKERS!

Just a wholesome outdoor girl, Texas Guinan, who so recently has shifted her attention from speakeasies to the speakies. And one of the most affecting of her characteristics is her tremendous, almost strangling, love for dumb animals. What better proof of this could be found than this picture of her with two of her pets, Jack and Harry?



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Be up-to-date—know the pleasure and convenience of having one in your home. You'll be amazed at the uses everyone in your household will find for this real Underwood typewriter. Every member of the family will use and enjoy it! Don't send a cent—but do get our big special offer—our valuable book on typewriters and typewriting—FREE.

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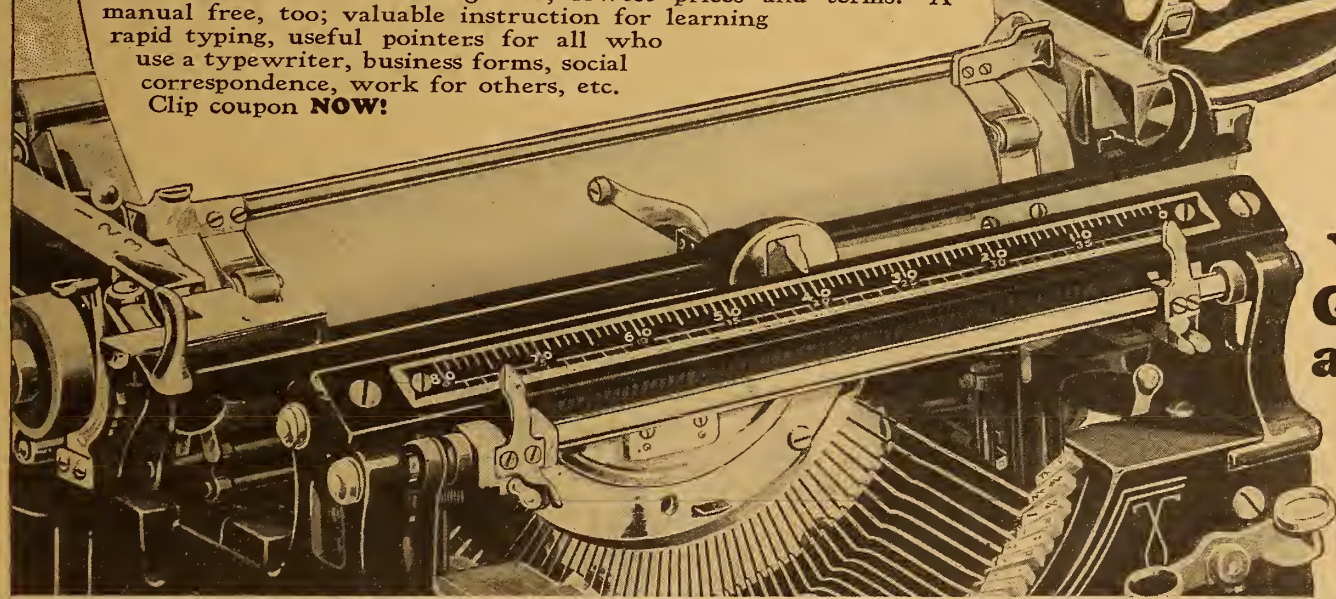
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# If you want lovelier eyes —do this



IN A TWINKLING . . . wonderful Winx makes eyes enchanting pools of loveliness—by framing them in a soft, shadowy fringe of luxuriant lashes. If you want beautiful eyes that can never be denied a whim or wish, apply Winx to the lashes.

## Fashion Decrees This Cream



In this dainty compact is the bewitching lash dressing, Cream Winx, which gives to lashes and brows smart beauty. It also aids their lustrous growth. So easy to carry. 75c complete.

## Some Prefer This Cake

Safe and harmless and simple to apply, this wonderful Cake Winx, preferred by many fastidious women, makes eyes seem larger, more expressive. A flick of the brush, and it's done! 75c complete.



## The Originator of the Smartest Mode



Everywhere you'll see eyes made lovelier by Winx Waterproof, the liquid lash dressing which neither runs nor fades. It is safe, easy to apply and remove. 75c complete.

## Insist Upon Winx

To be sure of the loveliest lashes and brows, insist upon Cream Winx, Cake Winx, or Winx Waterproof—whichever you prefer. For Winx is now the mode. Obtained where you purchase your aids to beauty.

# WINX

ROSS COMPANY

243 West 17th Street, New York City



Ethelbert, formerly come to Hollywood for the pursuance of a screen career, has abandoned his original venture for the more lucrative profession of placing his nimble feet at the disposal of the moneyed mama of uncertain years

## Gigs in Clover

(Continued from page 49)

of an earlier *Don Juan*, *Casanova* et al.

Unlike their Parisian god-father, the gigolo, they do not work in co-operation or on a percentage basis with dancing resorts. The Hollywood gigs play the game on their own hook, and when they co-operate at all, it is strictly among themselves.

Their method of approach is simple. They merely don their best bib and tucker and stick around the resorts frequented by the lonely, fair over-forty.

Take Ethelbert, for instance. To-day he no longer haunts casting offices and agencies. His screen career he has long relegated to limbo. But his social calendar is generally filled for months ahead. But if on a Saturday night he should discover himself dateless, he can invariably be found, in correct evening attire, on the galleria of our largest hotel. And before the evening is over, he is likely to guide some beaming dowager over the dance floor.

### THE GIGOLO EXCHANGE

HE originally came to Hollywood to pursue a screen career. He was considered fair screen material. One producer went so far as to offer to groom him. No, Ethelbert wanted to take a short cut to stardom. But he did not make the grade. Bits, of course, were far beneath his dignity.

When he found himself financially high and dry, he was taken under the wing of a chap who ran a sort of private gigolo exchange. This fellow provided wealthy grass widows with dancing partners at lunch, tea and dinner.

Thus, Ethelbert was assured of his Wednesday and Saturday luncheon at

the Montmartre; Tuesday dinner and Saturday afternoon tea at the Ambassador; Saturday supper at the Biltmore, not to speak of private parties in between.

He received transportation to and from these places, because the ladies' current and ex-husbands were wealthy, and they all had several cars at their own and escorts' disposal.

In return, Ethelbert places his nimble feet at their disposal and goes through the motions of the great romantic gesture, his sole heritage of a brief screen career.

One of Ethelbert's pals, a titled young foreigner, is a parallel case.

He also came to Hollywood in quest of fame and fortune in pictures. His histrionic talents consisted of the two 'uity' expressions—ambiguity and vacuity. His life in the glare of the kleigs was of a short span, and he, too, was eventually recruited to the staff of the gigolo exchange. His really good looks and old-world manners made him a favorite of the ladies, and to-day he is in clover.

For the mere pleasure of having her fingertips brushed by his lips, many a lonely soul has presented the handsome young noble with the key to her cellar.

Once in a great while the synthetic romances between May and December culminate in wedding bells, as in Rollo's case.

For two years, while he waited for his stellar contract to materialize, he carried on a lily-in-the-field existence, catch-as-catch-can. Then suddenly he disappeared for a while from the old haunts. When he reappeared once more, he seemed to be thriving on the fat of the land.

(Continued on page 95)



## It Pays to Be Homely

(Continued from page 31)

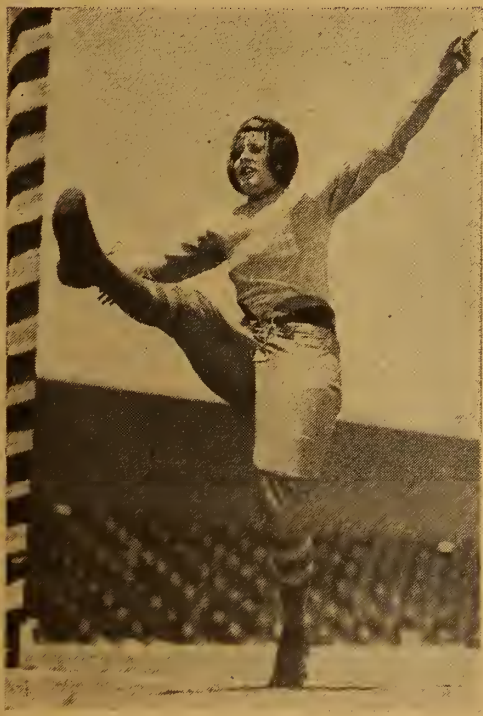
it's going to last. That's the marvelous part of it. Why? Because it's built on character and understanding and companionship rather than an illusive profile. So there! Louise tells a funny story about her romance with Hal.

HAL'S GAL, LOUISE

"WHEN we first fell in love," she said to a reporter not so long ago, "I wanted to look as pretty as possible for Hal. Even the screen's funniest looking girl couldn't help wanting to be pretty in the eyes of her sweetheart. So every night when I would come home from the studio all made up in my ugly characterization I would sneak in the back way and hide from Hal until I got my hair all curled and my face powdered and my dress changed. One day Hal caught me at it. 'Louise,' he said, 'don't you know that I can see through all that stuff to the real you?' And if that isn't about the most romantic thing a man ever said to a woman, I don't know what is."

And there's Zasu Pitts. Consider Zasu. According to Hoyle, Zasu is no beauty contest winner. But Zasu has been happily married to Tom Gallery all these years that Constance Talmadge and Pola Negri have been getting married and divorced a couple of times. While the beautiful dames of the screen have been sighing out that their life is so barren and unfulfilled, Zasu's browned, sunburned hands have been rocking the cradle and teaching little kids, "Now, I lay me down to sleep." Funny Zasu. Wistful Zasu, whose skin just won't get lily-white and whose hair slips out of place and who bumps into things when she moves about.

Before Tom Gallery met Zasu he was a handsome young leading man on the screen. A lot of awfully pretty girls smiled at Tom and invited him up to home-cooked dinners and things like that. He could have married any number of flappers or vamps or whatever type he preferred. But he met Zasu—the girl whom people had laughed at when she first told them she wanted to be a movie star—the girl whose awkwardness and plainness were her passport to the screen. And after that there weren't any more girls for Tom.



Unfair, we say. Blanche LeClair, in shorts, goes and wears—well, anyway, she hides her knees. It makes the kick kickless

## "It Flatters the most Beautiful Hands"

says NEYSA McMEIN . .

illustrator of beautiful women



The slender, able fingers of Neysa McMein, famous illustrator of magazine covers, are kept in perfect trim with the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

"BEAUTIFUL women usually have beautiful hands," said Miss McMein. "In fact, any one who takes pride in her appearance takes particular pride in her hands."

"I paint all day and by night my hands look like a coal heaver's. First a thorough washing and then I turn to the Cutex box. The Cuticle Remover and Cream come first—and then a little White under the nail really works mira-

cles. Finally, the flattering new Cutex Liquid Polish about which I am most enthusiastic, as well as about all the other Cutex preparations."

Sportswomen, artists, society women, all fastidious women—strive to keep their hands becomingly manicured. They do it with the new Cutex Liquid Polish. Applied once a week, this exquisite Polish lasts for days and days. The nails glow with a clear, dewy brilliance.

Give your hands that smart, well groomed look—that flattering finish—with the new Cutex Liquid Polish. With Polish Remover, it is 50c. Separately, 35c.

The fascinating new Cutex Gift Sets are in six sizes—25c, 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.00—in metal cases or gay Christmas wraps. Say your "Merry Xmas" with Cutex!

Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.



"Dogs and hunting never spoil my manicure"

says Anne Atkinson

"You shed your tweeds, and don your chiffons," says Miss Atkinson, society girl and breeder of famous dogs. "Barely time for a brisk wash with soap and water."

"Your nail tips come out glowing—crisp—clear! Thanks to that perfectly grand new Cutex Liquid Polish neither dogs nor hunting—can spoil my lovely manicure."

The new Cutex Liquid Polish is the most flattering finish for your nails.



Special Introductory Offer—6c

I enclose 6c for samples of New Cutex Liquid Polish and Polish Remover. (Canada address Dept. M-11, Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)

Northam Warren, Dept. M-11  
114 West 17th Street, New York





### 3 Girls Wanted!

Three girls wanted natural color. One was brunette, one a blonde, one a lovely in-between. All bought Po-Go Rouge at 50c, hand-made in Paris!

One of Po-Go's three shades delighted each: The blonde took *Brique* for her sunny complexion; the brunette chose *Ronce*, a raspberry tint ideal for dark eyes; the charming in-between took *Vif*, the bright color that's all the rage on the Rue de la Paix.

## Po-Go ROUGE

At most stores or by mail  
GUY T. GIBSON, Inc.  
565 Fifth Ave., New York City



**50c**

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## New FORREST HOTEL

49th Street just west of Broadway  
Adjoining the Forrest Theatre  
New York

A recent addition to New York's new hotels in the heart of the Theatre and business district and within easy access to all transportation lines.

The Forrest offers beautifully furnished and sunny rooms. Circulating ice water. Restaurant at moderate prices.

300 Rooms (Each with Bath and Shower)  
\$3.00 Up

Booklet with map sent upon request.  
WM. F. THOMANN, Manager

## Life's Secrets!



Amazing new book, "Safe Counsel," just out, tells you the things you want to know straight from the shoulder. Gives advice to newly married. Explains anatomy of reproductive organs, impotence, laws of Sex-Life, mistakes to avoid, diseases, pregnancy, etc. Contains 9 startling sections: 1-Science of Eugenics, 2-Love, 3-Marriage, 4-Childbirth, 5-Family Life, 6-Sexual Science, 7-Diseases and Disorders, 8-Health and Hygiene, 9-Story of Life. In all, 104 chapters, 77 illustrations, 512 pages. Examine at our risk. Mailed in a plain wrapper.

### Send No Money

Write for your copy today. Don't send a cent. Pay postman only \$1.98, plus postage, on arrival. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

FRANKLYN PUBLISHING CO.  
Dept. 6603, 800 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.



Eddie Nugent, whose personality is knocking audiences off their seats, is dislodged from his own when he comes upon one manifestation of his sudden prominence: an article about himself in Motion Picture Classic

#### MARRIED FOR KEEPS

THEY live out in a beautiful home near Brentwood and they have lived there for years and will probably be living there when Peggy Hopkins Joyce and other beautiful dames are getting their fifth and sixth divorces.

And as for the men:

Well, Lon Chaney is hardly an Adonis. Even Mrs. Chaney, who has been married to him going on to twenty years, admits that. Count 'em; twenty years! And yet the dashing and attractive John Gilbert had a hard time staying wed for three. And Ronald Colman didn't have much luck, either. But after you talk to Mrs. Chaney for a little while you get the idea that she wouldn't trade her Lon for Colman, Gilbert and Adonis combined. "It's what a man is, not what he looks like that is the only lasting attraction to women," Mrs. Chaney told a friend. "Even the fans must sense what a wonderful man Lon is or else they couldn't love him in spite of those horrible, grotesque make-ups he effects for the screen. And as for off the screen—well, I have never admired a man who is too handsome."

Mrs. Ernest Torrence must feel somewhat the same way about it because she and the screen's most genially homely villain have been married seventeen or eighteen years or nineteen or twenty years or maybe more. And somebody has yet to enter Ernest as a candidate for the screen's handsomest man.

And Wally Beery! Sometimes when Wally hasn't shaved for a couple of days, you think he is doing it on purpose just to scare the neighborhood children. And yet Wally is attractive enough to have been divorced by Gloria Swanson and married to another beautiful lady, Rita Gillman. Rita and Wally have been married four or five years now and that's better than a lot of the profile boys can boast.

I don't want to be funny about Ben Turpin's romance with the faithful little wife who died a few years ago. It was one of the sweetest stories that ever came out of Hollywood and the funny, homely little cross-eyed man was the hero in one of the finest real love stories the studios have produced.

#### PLAIN FACE, PLAIN SAILING

IT all rather gets you around to wondering if beauty, personal beauty, that is worshiped by women and desired by men is really, after all, the great gift we think it is? And if it is so all-important for happiness? And that reminds me of a talk I had on the subject with a girl who is far from pretty but one of the most lovable players on the screen. She didn't want her name mentioned because she was speaking pretty frankly. This is what she said:

"I've been married to the same man for ten years and we have been very happy, but do you know I sometimes think that if I hadn't grown up being used to the idea of my own plainness I wouldn't have stayed married so long or so happily. We plain girls appreciate things so much. We aren't used to having flowers laid at our feet and adulation and attention and the love of many men. And when we get it and realize its worth, we treasure it. Pretty girls are instinctively selfish, just as plain ones are instinctively grateful. We aren't used to having our own way all the time, either; and we can compromise. And that means an awful lot in marriage," she laughed. And then she said something I promised to tell you in the beginning. That message. She said, "If only these little girls who worry about their snub noses and their freckles would realize it, they are being trained for happiness."

Now, didn't I tell you?



## The Northernmost Movie

(Continued from page 53)

and the theater audiences are exclusively male. This should be a comforting thought for S. S. Millard, who is ever on the lookout for markets of this sort.

The average audience in the theater has about fifteen members, which is just about capacity. Jopalla, after taking the admission charges at the door, personally winds the projector, an ancient hand-machine with a flickering oil light. Admission is paid in kind, there being no money. A good hunk off a reindeer constitutes the average price paid for a loge seat on the floor. A New York cut off the loin or a nice plump intestine serves equally well. Even in Lapland there is a free list: Olle lets his very intimate friends in without paying. But these friends are dwellers in the settlement—traders who do business with the nomad Lapps, swapping bright-colored beads, coffee urns and utensils for articles the nomads have made out of slaughtered reindeer intestines.

### EVERGREEN ENTERTAINMENT

AT this rate, his audiences consisting of not more than fifteen or so a week at the outside, it can be understood that Olle hasn't got to worry about changing his program. Countess de Malroy last visited Lapland two years ago, since which time Bill Hart has held the screen consistently. He has played, it may be said, to packed houses. By this time, the Countess estimates the condition of the film must be such that the star looks about as much like Gloria Swanson as anybody. But in the Arctic Circle nobody knows the difference anyway.

A thoroughly up-to-date exhibitor, Olle also has music in his theater, in the shape of an old player-piano. This is as great an attraction to the Lapps as the pictures themselves, if not a greater, for by grouping themselves around the door while a performance is in progress a large number of men can hear its sweet strains without paying out precious portions of reindeer. It is the only musical instrument within a radius of many hundreds of miles, and is famous throughout the length and breadth of Lapland, wherever two Lapps are gathered together over a reindeer steak. However, the music is such an attraction of itself that it would almost be sacrilege to play it and the picture at the same time. Even the Lapps know the art of making their candy last.

Weather conditions do not worry Olle. For him there is no need to install a monster refrigerating plant. It's always "warmer inside." The location is far above the Arctic Circle, and more than five hundred miles north of the last point on the Finnish railway.

### LADY IN PERIL

COUNTRESS DE MALROY is now planning to make a movie in Lapland after the "Nanook of the North" model. To make arrangements for this she recently visited Hollywood. It is therefore possible that before long Olle Jopalla's lone outpost of the movies may itself get onto celluloid for all the world to see. Meanwhile the pious Laplanders gather regularly to pray for the Countess's safety while she is in barbarian America. Fed on an exclusive diet of Western films, the Lapps have fears as to her life while she is among a people that rushes about on horses shooting wildly at anything in sight, and whose men have not even enough consideration for their womenfolk to let them have enough skins to cover their nakedness.



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When she comes to the footlights to acknowledge Broadway's applause of her marvelous dancing in "Sidewalks of New York," theatre-goers sit forward to admire her youthful charms; the fresh crispness of her rose-petal skin and her gleaming black hair. She's Virginia Clark, of 143 Twenty-third St., Jackson Heights, New York City.

"When friends say I'm lucky to have such clear skin and soft, shining hair," says Miss Clark, "I have to tell them it isn't luck at all. In my case, it's the result of care. For my hair, I use the simple method that's all the rage among New York girls now. It's so easy. All you do is put a little Danderine on your brush each time you use it. This makes my scalp feel just grand and keeps away all dandruff. It keeps my hair and scalp so clean I don't have to shampoo nearly as often as I did. It makes my hair soft and easy to dress; holds it in place; and gives it more lustre than brilliantine!"

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Spurr

Hope springs maternal: Doris Kenyon's aspiration for her son, Kenyon Sills, is that he may be, whether or not he chooses the screen as a career, as distinguished as his father, Milton

## The Thrall of Fame

(Continued from page 59)

and trucked miles to grace the center of a solicitously landscaped lawn, they enjoy a garden and an orchard planted over thirty years ago! They have, amongst other things, a fuchsia bush that has grown to a height of nearly six feet, and to a diameter of nine! And so that there will be no chance of slamming into the fence when laying back for a hot one, they have built their tennis court five feet longer than the regulation championship size. And so on.

### A YEAR-OLD HOST

"YET even when one has the means of buying every material comfort wished for, I suppose there is still sometimes an inner want that must be satisfied as well; one's life itself must be filled as well as itself fill a picture, no matter how beautiful that picture may be. I think this is a driving force second only to the economic one."

To fill this need, she has Kenyon Sills, their thirteen-months-old son and heir. And he is at the age that is perhaps the most interesting of all—where he is just beginning to take an interest in the outside world.

I offered Miss Kenyon a cigarette, and she declined; I took one myself, and left the box standing open on the table. Kenyon, dressed only in his sun-bath suit, strode over, took a cigarette, handed it to his mother, and insisted in pantomime (his vocabulary is still somewhat limited) that she join her guest!

Surely there cannot be an inner void aching here!

"Even when both of these other urges are absent, there is often still the hunger for fame, of course; and even a baby will not

suffice if one wants fame in his own right. Nor do I think that one should be blamed for wanting to do something that the rest of the world will think worth doing. This is what the wish for fame really is, in its best form, when the tinsel has been stripped from it."

### POETRY THAT PAYS

AND this is just where she is probably most fortunate of all. She can write poetry that she is not alone in thinking good; poetry that is published, and paid for! Her verse has appeared in *The Forum*, *Munsey's*, *Pictorial Review*, *Good Housekeeping*, and *The Lyric*.

Nor is it merely the lazy outpouring of leisure moments that must be filled somehow. It is a thing that she was most likely born with; her father, Charles Kenyon, was a protégé of Longfellow—and that has grown steadily through many phases ever since. In fact, at the beginning she had no thought of writing; she wanted to be an opera singer.

"But it was not long before I began to see that opera is just what my husband calls it, a bastard art. It is neither one thing nor the other. So then I became interested in symphonic music; I began to feel that the highest pinnacle of art was to be able to sing the old German *lieder* as they should be sung."

Miss Kenyon travels in good company. Geraldine Farrar has recently come to the same conclusion. And she has found this form much more exacting and difficult, too. So much so that she admits that she has had to learn all over again.



"Yes, it was a lot harder than opera. There was nothing here to cover up the mistakes, no vocal gymnastics to take the place of feeling and understanding."

And the necessity of understanding this particular form, if she were to do it well, brought her a fuller understanding of art as a whole. She became dissatisfied with merely giving at second-hand the thoughts of others. It was then that she began to write, to turn her knowledge of music to the expressing of her own thoughts in the music of words; to follow in the footsteps of her father.

#### SIGHT-LIFE IN NEW YORK

SHE used to sit up all night in subway stations in New York studying the people of the different hours, in order to know them. She visited prisons, and lunatic asylums.

A thing that she has worked on so hard as that cannot be only a passing vanity of her empty moments.

"I have no delusion of grandeur; I don't expect to set the world afire, nor to change the course of literature. But I do get a great deal of joy in being able to dress my thoughts in a manner that I think attractive."

And for one who has worked so hard to be able to do so, the satisfaction must be at least as great as being able to do competently what a director tells her.

"I honestly believe that I could lead a perfectly contented life without ever going near a studio again. Living with my husband and our son in this beautiful home and its grounds, and writing as I wish, I feel that I should have everything necessary to the leading of a perfectly happy life, a life without shadows or empty spots. Can you blame me if I sometimes wonder why I don't?"

"No, I can't! Why do you?"

"Ask me another!"

"Is it the glamour of it all? The enchantment of this city of the fairy lights?"

"No. I've learned that there's no Santa Claus, and that fairy lights are only will-o'-the-wisps."

"A simple inability to tear yourself from it, then?"

#### THE BRINK OF DESPERATION

"NO, I don't think it's that, either. I've seen enough of what that eventually leads to. I think one of the most tragic and pathetic sights I've ever seen is the persistence of some of the has-beens who keep coming to the Montmartre week after week just to be seen, just in the hope of being able to grasp the edge of the precipice still a little longer."

"And when the edge gives way, they clutch at a bush below it—and then that gives, too?"

"Yes, I've seen too much of that to want to try it myself. And I have no need to, with so many other things to fill my life."

"Yet you have no thought of leaving? You intend to stick?"

"Absolutely! Just as long as they want me. But no longer."

"Why? You call your home life a dream, and the movies a nightmare. Why do you continue to break up the one for the other?"

"Ask me another!"

Even though she can find no reason for it, and many against, the lady still seems to be bound by chains that, though invisible, are plenty strong.

Else why the two hours of her afternoon, and the lunch, simply to talk to me?

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It's the Screen Magazine of Authority  
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## Ten years after

SHE takes as much enjoyment in sitting out in the brisk November air and watching a football game as he does. They are still young together, after ten years of married life.

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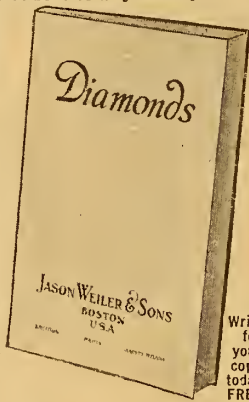
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# Who Is Rosalie Grey?

(Continued from page 29)

I looked as deprecatory as paralyzed facial muscles permit. "You shouldn't say that, Rosalie," I chided. "Never say more than nineteen or twenty."

"But someone has to be twenty-five," chirped Rosalie.

I stared blankly at the indulgent C. D. "You can see," I wailed, faintly. "She's green. Pretty green."

We were shown the door. For Rosalie Grey there was "No casting today."

We drove to the Metro Studio, doubled with hysterics.

Here, doubtless, we should encounter Nemesis. For here, several years ago, the real Rosalie Grey applied for her first dramatic job—and got it. She was well known to the personnel. She is well known to the cosmos when it comes to that.

We were met by one of the heads of the publicity department. One of the most likable, most popular and most debunking youths on any lot, anywhere.

I introduced, somewhat wryly, the sugary Rosalie Grey. I had, by this time, arrived at a point where I felt that she was Rosalie Grey and that I was being rather put upon.

The young gentleman piloted us courteously and rather sorrowfully to the offices of the casting director. En route I made bold to ask him if he didn't think Miss Grey resembled So-and-So. Said the youth, sotto voce, "Someone has told her that So-and-So is reticent and dignified and the poor mutt is trying to live up to it." I persisted. "But honestly, don't you think she has a chance?" "Not one," firmly said this perspicacious lad.

I gasped and gulped and did things with my epiglottis and stalked on, Rosalie teetering along in my wake.

We sat in the outer office. When, before, had the real Rosalie cooled her heels in an outer office? Never, I'll tell you so much. And while we waited, a tattooed, bearded, shirtless and perspiring extra breezed through. He hulked over and offered a wad of hospitable gum to Rosalie Grey. This was great stuff. She nervously refused it. After he had gone, she turned ga-ga eyes on the youth and said, "Was that Wallace Beery?"

We explained to her, gently, that Wallace was not thus adorned. I said "Wally is not tattooed like that?" and I added, softly, "Is he?"

Our escort, feeling sorry for such abysmal stupidity, assured her that she would soon become accustomed to the famous film faces. She seemed reassured.

Again eventually we were admitted into the holy of holies. Rosalie faced the head of the casting directors in the full glare of the noonday light. He inventoried her carefully, from head to foot. He asked her to remove her hat. I hastily intervened, pleading for her that she had just stepped off the train, hadn't had time for a shampoo, had hoped this wouldn't be asked of her. It was all too evident that the pleasantly polite gentleman cared not one whit whether she kept her hat off or on and that his chief objective had he voiced it, was our immediate eviction from the premises.

While Rosalie was again being registered, our escort whispered to me, compassionately, "Doesn't she ever say anything?"

I hissed back "Oh, you must be lenient. She just got off the train today. She's embarrassed."

"Embarrassed, hell!" said the forthright young man. "She's dumb!"

The affable casting director was explaining that, perhaps, in two weeks things might start up again, they were rather idle right now, there really wasn't much hope, it was only fair to say how hard

it is for a newcomer to get a start, he couldn't extend much encouragement. Things like that. It was only too evident that he saw here no second Anita Page. No find to add luminosity to his discernment. No possibility of Louis Mayer falling on his neck if he should present him with Miss Rosalie Grey, of Poughkeepsie. He said these things and others like them as decently as possible. He would keep her name and address on file. He would let her know if anything turned up. We knew that nothing would.

For the second time within the hour the greatest of the stars had been turned down.

The heaven-sent of Hollywood had run two gamuts and was listed as one of the unwanteds. No one rose electrically and shouted, "We have made a new discovery." No one saw beneath the flimsy mask the authentic genius that sat so humbly before them.

Ah, Hollywood, how many flames of genius are dampened at your doors? How much of broken beauty turned from your purblind portals? How many angels do you entertain unawares? The greatest of these was in your very midst and you cried, "Thumbs down!"

We traveled, still rigid with mirth, to the United Artists lot. Rosalie made the way merrier by telling me that I should qualify as a female Buster Keaton, so devoid of all expression was my constricted visage.

We were met, on the United Artists lot, by a young lady named Kempers. From the publicity department. She met Rosalie Grey casually enough—at first. Then she stared. She stared again. She turned a wary eye on me, looking, I trust, more innocent than I have, actually, ever been. She said, "Is this a stunt?"

I echoed weakly, "A stunt?" "Well," said Miss Kempers, "if Miss Grey isn't a dead ringer for So-and-So—then I'll swim the channel!"

"You'd better get your bathing suit on," I said. "I only wish to God she were. My task would be less thankless." I added, "No one else has thought so."

Miss Kempers continued to doubt—and said so. Rosalie stared wonderingly at me and signified that she didn't understand. I explained to her that Miss Kempers thought she resembled So-and-So. "Yes," sighed Rosalie, "I've been told that before."

"I should think it would make pleasant hearing," I said, grimly.

Being a lady, Miss Kempers didn't quite care to call me a liar. But she had her suspicions. Later on, she told me that she had been close to tears all afternoon, so upset was she by her suspicions.

On our way to the casting director's office Rosalie and I conferred in undertones. We discussed the perceptions of our own sex versus the exploited perceptions of men. Men, who claim that they can size up any woman. Women, who are accredited with the ability to see through other women. The women get it. It had taken a woman to see through Rosalie Grey.

In the casting offices the executive in charge again inventoried Rosalie Grey. Again she gave her name and address, age, weight, height and previous experience.

While he was writing down the data, Rosalie whispered timidly, "Is it always like this?"

I was cheerful. "Oh, yes, Rosalie, you've got to expect a long row to hoe."

The C. D. was majestic. He was thoroughgoing with his information. He explained at kindly length the enormous cost of United Artists productions. Such being the case, he said, staring with bland patron-





It can't be said with absolute certainty that this great star is tearing her hair after her experience of trying—and failing—to get a job under the unknown name of Rosalie Grey. But the casting directors must have torn theirs when they found out whom they'd turned down

age at Rosalie Grey, such being the case, even the extra bits must be given to *persons of talent and ability*.

Rosalie Grey seemed to muster up a meagre showing of courage. "I thought," she ventured, "I thought that Mr. Griffith likes blondes and that maybe—"

Again it was explained to us that only persons of ability have much chance. But there might, just *might* be some extra bit in the next Griffith production. He couldn't say for sure. He didn't want her to hold too much hope.

We stopped in at the Sam Goldwyn offices. There was no one in to Rosalie Grey of Poughkeepsie. We saw Mr. Kiesling's secretary. And I later learned that after our departure she commiserated over me for having a thankless job on my hands.

We betook ourselves to the famous Cafe Montmartre on Hollywood Boulevard. The Montmartre where foregather the great of the screen and newspaper worlds, the tourists of the world and of Iowa.

We fought our way through dense masses of disagreeable souls who trod on Rosalie Grey and muttered imprecations while they craned their heads for a glimpse of a star.

We passed Constance Talmadge and I introduced her to Rosalie Grey. Rosalie was properly overcome by this contact with fame.

We waited in the crowd for our table. Waited as, assuredly So-and-So has never had to wait before, in any place, for any reason. Unseeing, the eager straining crowds trod upon her, elbowed and shoved her, muttered, "Where does she think she's going?"

The great was in their very midst, too, and they never knew it. This is the content of a great and tragic truth. The great in our midst and we unknowing.

We finally reached our table. Round about us lunched friends and acquaintances of mine and of So-and-So's. They didn't know her. With one exception. Constance Talmadge. *Another woman.* Constance cast her brilliant orbs on Rosalie and sent over a note. It read: "Take off that toupee, we know you!"

Waiters and head waiters accorded us our just due of service. No more. No less. Waiters and head waiters who hit their heads upon the ground when So-and-So comes in, in person.

We finished lunching, fought our way out of the unremarking mob, boarded our car and started forth again. Nobody looked at us. And when they did, they looked away again, indifferently. They were searching for people of importance.

Now, *WHO IS ROSALIE GREY?*

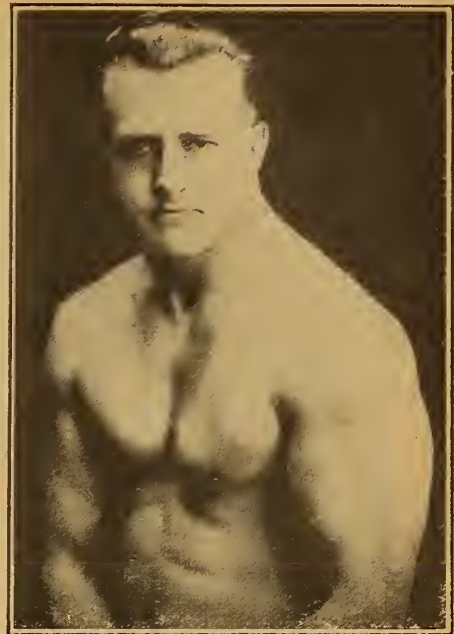
Who is the world-famous star who wore a disguise, who knocked and was turned away, who sought and did not find?

Rosalie Grey is *GLORIA SWANSON!*

Gloria Swanson looked for work and couldn't find it. Gloria Swanson asked for a chance and didn't get it. Disguised? Oh, yes. But how much of genius masquerades, perforce, under a cheap exterior, a wig, a layer of talcum? Genius, in hiding, awaiting the touch of the soothsayer, the wand of the discoverer?

Gloria Swanson, and they saw Rosalie Grey. Gold that didn't glitter and so not gold.

Gloria Swanson, we knew her as a consummate artist. You know her now as more consummate, if possible. As an artist who can so transform herself that her everyday intimates pass her by, strangers. As the world's best sport—a master masquerader.



**EARLE LIEDERMAN—The Muscle Builder**  
*Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance," etc.*

## The Man I Pity Most

**POOR OLD JONES.** No one had any use for him. No one respected him. Across his face I read one harsh word—**FAILURE.** He just lived on. A poor worn out imitation of a man, doing his sorry best to get on in the world. If he had realized just one thing, he could have made good. He might have been a brilliant success.

There are thousands and thousands of men like Jones. They, too, could be happy, successful, respected and loved. But they can't seem to realize the one big fact—that practically everything worth while living for depends upon **STRENGTH**—upon live, red-blooded, he-man muscle.

Everything you do depends upon strength. No matter what your occupation, you need the health, vitality and clear thinking only big, strong, virile muscles can give you. When you are ill the strength in those big muscles pulls you through. At the office, in the farm fields, or on the tennis courts, you'll find your success generally depends upon your muscular development.

### Here's a Short Cut to Strength and Success

"But," you say, "it takes years to build my body up to the point where it will equal those of athletic champions." It does if you go about it without any system, **but there's a scientific short cut.** And that's where I come in.

### 30 Days Is All I Need

In just 30 days I can do things with your body you never thought possible. With just a few minutes work every morning, I will add one full inch of real, live muscle to each of your arms, and two whole inches across your chest. Many of my pupils have gained more than that, but I **GUARANTEE** to do at least that much for you in one short month. Your neck will grow shapely, your shoulders begin to broaden. Before you know it, you'll find people turning around when you pass. Women will want to know you. Your boss will treat you with a new respect. You'll look ten years younger, and you'll feel like it, too. Work will be easy. As for play, why, you'll realize then that you don't know what play really means.

### I Strengthen Those Inner Organs Too

But I'm not through with you. I want ninety days in all to do the job right, and then all I ask is that you stand in front of your mirror and look yourself over.

What a marvelous change! Those great square shoulders! That pair of huge, lithe arms! Those firm, shapely legs! Yes, sir. They are yours, and they are there to stay. You'll be just as fit inside as you are out, too, because I work on your heart, your liver—all of your inner organs, strengthening and exercising them. Yes indeed, life can give you a greater thrill than you ever dreamed! But, remember, the only sure road to health, strength and happiness **always demands action.**

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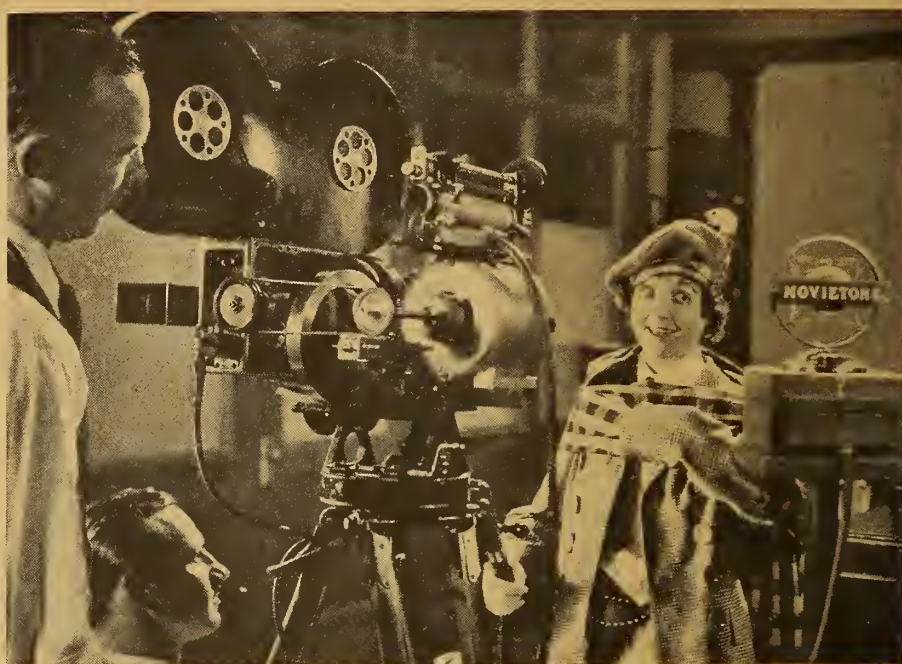
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Imitation Scotch is produced at a Hollywood studio. Madge Bellamy impersonates Harry Lauder, this being a requisite of her part in the talkie and single version of Edna Ferber's story, "Mother Knows Best"

## Clap Hands, Here Comes Conrad

(Continued from page 42)

never do anything like that for publicity. I get enough invitations to speak to keep me at it twenty-four hours a day, and the only ones I accept are those connected with what I feel are worthy and important occasions. I spoke at the opening of the Hollywood Bowl because that's the kind of thing I wish to support. When I made a speech at the opening of 'Lilac Time,' the publicity meant nothing to me and the fact that it was a First National picture did not have any significance. My appearance was one of welcome to Mayor Walker. Next week I shall address the Rotarians of Long Beach. That is an organization I believe in. I am really a Rotarian myself, only I can't attend the lunches regularly.

### USHERING UP SCANDAL

"I NEVER speak at Christian Science affairs of any kind," he went on. "Absolutely on no account. The reason is that when I used to be a member of the Hollywood Christian Science Church, and acted as usher, certain people suggested I was doing it for publicity. Now we have moved to Beverly Hills and I belong to the church there, but I have absolutely cut out all active work in connection with it."

He refused to admit that he was the only man in pictures whom outside people felt like calling upon for speeches. To have done so would have been to admit that the whole industry was not made up of perfect gents like himself. "There are plenty of picture people with fine presence and speaking ability," he said, pooh-poohing my suggestion. "Why, look at Fred Niblo, and Milton Sills—and Milton Sills, and Fred Niblo—and er—"

He switched back to the subject of the collective virtues of the film colony. "I tell you," he said, "it's quite sickening the way they go on picking on Hollywood, as though all the crooks and immoral people in the world were congregated here. Of course, I daresay that when the place first started it attracted a certain type of person, and perhaps there were happenings not altogether pleasant. But now—why, the

whole place is just as fine as could be. I don't think there's anyone of importance here that I haven't met, and I think they're a wonderful lot. Now just look at the Fairbankses, for example—kind, generous, sympathetic. Just lovely people, that's all."

I was beginning to feel the need for air as this orgy of good-feeling proceeded, but there was still the strawberry shortcake, the coffee, and a final burst of good-will from Conrad directed at the talking pictures.

### TALKING UP THE TALKIES

"DON'T get me going on talking pictures," he said (but it was too late); "it's my pet subject and I'm madly enthusiastic about the whole idea. Of course, I was the leading man in the first talking picture made, 'Glorious Betsy'; and I've played in several since, so I know something about it. Now I'm not interested in the artistic side of the thing. You can say, if you like, that talking pictures are a hopeless mixture of two opposite arts, just like opera. I won't deny it. But after all, is the picture game an art or a business?" (Where had I heard this before?) "The producers are in it to make money, and for my part I'm in it to make a decent living from acting. The public are thronging to see talking pictures and that's what they're going to get, because it will pay the producers to make them and the actors to act in them."

"European countries will have to make their own talking pictures or else go on getting sub-titles."

"As for movie actors having to learn a new technique, that's all bunkum. There is nothing they have to learn once they know how to act, and they ought to have mastered that before they started on a screen career. Voice-doubles are obviously impossible. No man can exactly follow the lip-movement of another and repeat it."

"But talking pictures? They are here to stay, and the sub-title is doomed. I am crazy about them!"



## Gigs in Clover

(Continued from page 86)

Rollo now lived at the most expensive hotel. Sartorially speaking, he resembled a fashion plate. And whenever he appeared in public, he was seen steering an old lady, teetering on her too-high heels. The lady was presented as "Awnt Ameliar, the guv'nor's sister, dontcherknow."

"Awnt Ameliar" evidently possessed, among other things, an ingrowing conscience, because eventually she did the right thing by our little Rollo. For Rollo, so-called, is now honeymooning abroad with six million dollars and a sixty-five-year-old bride, whose description tallies with that of Aunt Amelia.

As a general rule, however, the lads of luxury will not tie themselves to long-term contracts, sanctioned by benefit of clergy. Not if they can possibly help it! Especially if they can scent somewhere in the offing a good, fat contract with a studio.

It may, perhaps, sound a bit incongruous that producers should offer contracts to frivolous he-moths. Inasmuch as the dear public is constantly clamoring for new faces, it must be served at all costs. To give the devil his due, some of the boys have talent, besides their good looks.

Such a one was Tom. An astute producer recognized in him, what is known in the vernacular, a good bet.

Tom, whose earning capacity had hitherto been seven-fifty per day, when he was working—which was not too often—was making the rounds of the studios in a high-powered, high-priced car.

"Aha!" thought the producer, "there's a rich momma hidden in this woodpile."

Tom was summoned to the producer's office. A fat, juicy contract, in which his name figured as party of the second part, was dangled before his eyes. But when Tom reached for his jeweled pen to affix his name to the document, the producer snatched the contract out of his reach.

"No, you don't, young fellow-me-lad!" said that worthy, shifting his cigar. "Not until you have severed all connections with your lady bountiful and have disposed of that expensive gasoline chariot."

And Tom, wise lad, did as he was told. Until the studio increased his salary, he drove an inexpensive, but serviceable car. He no longer wined and dined in state. And as soon as he could afford it, he took unto himself a lovely young bride.

As has been said before, it is not an unusual thing to recruit promising screen material from the dance floor. Ricardo Cortez was one of many. Before he assumed his Spanish *nom de guerre*, he was known as a café entertainer in and about New York under the name of Jake Krantz.

As long as there have been or will continue to be influential women in this industry, they will be besieged by male sycophants, waxing affectionate. Goodness knows, most of the ladies are old enough to know that it is not their youth, their beauty or s. a., that inspire these chaps to hover about them and to forego meals, in order that they may send them flowers.

One of the most influential women, an international figure, famous for her Catherine the Great propensities, is always seen dining and dancing in public, surrounded by a veritable entourage of gigolos. It is no secret that it is she who foots the bill. But she also goes a couple of steps further than that. Some of the lads she has from time to time elevated to the rank of personal secretaryship; while some of the better-looking ones have been launched on successful screen careers.

And the blessed lambs by no means cherish a life-long gratitude for their benefactresses. They love 'em, live off 'em and leave 'em.

# Parents Keep Slender

*Youthful figures at all ages now*



## Science Fights Fat

*Through an important gland*

People used to think that excess fat all came from over-eating or under-exercise. Some people starved, but with slight effect. Some became very active, still the fat remained.

Then medical research began the study of obesity. It was found that the thyroid gland largely controlled nutrition. One of its purposes is to turn food into fuel and energy.

Fat people, it was found, generally suffered from an under-active thyroid.

Then experiments were made on animals—on thousands of them. Over-fat animals were fed thyroid in small amounts. Countless reports showed that excess fat quite promptly disappeared.

Then thyroid, taken from cattle and sheep, was fed to human beings, with like results. Science then realized that a way had been found to combat a great cause of obesity. Since then, this method has been employed by doctors, the world over, in a very extensive way.

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Then a great medical laboratory perfected a tablet based on this principle. It was called the Marmola prescription.

Marmola was perfected 21 years ago. Since then it has been used in an enormous

way—millions of boxes of it. Users told others about it. They told how it not only banished fat but increased health and vigor.

That is one great reason—perhaps a major reason—why excess fat is nowhere near as common as it was.

### *No Secrecy*

Marmola is not a secret prescription. The complete formula appears in every box. Also an explanation of results which so delight its users.

No abnormal exercise or diet is required, but moderation helps. One simply takes four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. Correct the cause. With lessened weight comes new vitality and many other benefits.

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"I was anxious to reduce, but everyone warned me against the ill effects that follow from the use of 'anti-fat' nostrums and violent exercising machines. I was desperate and didn't know what to do."

"Then a kind friend told me of Miss Annette Kellermann and her wonderful reducing methods. Interested at once I wrote her and soon received her fascinating book, 'The Body Beautiful,' and a lovely personal letter, explaining her course in detail and how I could easily reduce six to eight pounds a month—safely. I followed her instructions. In a few months I regained my youthful figure and have kept it ever since. Life is once more worth living."

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Although his success in "The Jazz Singer" put both himself and the talkies on the movie map in one fell whoop, Al Jolson insists that nobody ain't heard nothin' yet

## You Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet

(Continued from page 33)

know. Funny, how a lot of actors get scared when they fiddle around sound-devices. The kid doesn't though. Just steps right up and goes through his routine like the good old trouper. Don't know what it's all about. Neither do I. Maybe that's the best way.

Funny how the kid got the job. His mammy, mammy, I'd walk a million miles—oh, excuse me. I mean his mother brought the kid and his brother to the studio for the part. The brother was the big number, while he was talking to the casting director, this little hoodlum runs out on the lot and throws his arms around me. He got the job all right. We work fine together.

### CRYING HIS BEST

YOU know I'm around forty and I never had any kids of my own. In the picture he's my baby, I sing to him. He gets awful sick, and—well, I don't want to tell you the plot of the picture. But anyway he gets awful sick, and I sing to him to make him sleep, and then I leave to go on with the show. Well, we shot that stuff for a couple of weeks and b-b-b-boy, I tell you it got me. I was a wreck. I was just breaking my fool heart over that kid. It's a hard thing to get into the spirit of that kind of stuff. But it's tougher to get out once you're in.

You know the song I sing? Wrote it myself. It's called "Sonny Boy." Goes like this: "Although you're only three, you're all the world to me," la, da, de, da. Swell, ain't it? We were going to use another one. But I dunno. The music was great, but the words—I dunno. I couldn't

feel 'em. It said, "Who's that behind my chair." And the kid is on my knee, so how can he be behind the chair. I told 'em about it. I said, "Now listen," I said. "Gimme a break, will you, I've been writin' songs and singin' 'em since I was a punk kid. B-b-b-boy I know!"

Last year I didn't know a thing about pictures. I just said, "Gentlemen," I said, "Here I am just like a li'l child, do with me as you will, cause this is a new racket to me." But this time I'm speaking up some. I had a gag for the picture. They said, "That's not funny." "Hell it ain't?" I said. "It's a good gag; let's shoot it and try it out." We have lots of lousy acts in a Winter Garden show, but we prance 'em all out before the public in New Haven or somewhere. Then the bum ones get cut out. Give the customers a show to say what they like.

### HAVE HALF A DUCK

HERE'S the gag. I'm a waiter, see. This guy comes in and asks what's good. And I tell him how about a half a duck. And he says that's fine. Then the kick-line comes. I say, "Bo, you're in luck, we don't kill a half a duck for nobody, but that guy over there just ordered half a duck, so you get yours." Sure, we shot it.

Lots of little things like that. They ain't exactly according to picture formula maybe, but I know they'll go, and I want 'em in. This year I'm speaking right up. I say, "B-b-b-boys, do I have to be nasty with you fellers and dig down for the old contract?"



I lookit, right here, clause nine, that Nathan Burkan put in for me, says—"And that's how I get my way. Now, you know I ain't a bit temperamental, but some of these guys act like a lot of A.K.'s. But we got a picture. Yes, indeed.

And lookit what they've done for my appearance this year. Hand me those stills. Lookit, here's me last year. And here I am this year—no, that's Barrymore. My error. But say, here I am, look at that hair, them eyes, those nose. Who is this guy Novarro?

B-b-b-boy, you ain't heard nothin' yet. I use to make up with burnt cork. A couple of smears and there I was. This fancy picture make-up is the nuts. Gee, stuff to give you sheiky hair, stuff to give the eyes that come-hither look, lip rouge. Gosh, I feel like putting one hand on my hip and shrieking, "A wench's curse on such as you." Don't tell me the camera don't lie. This year I'm a handsome juvenile. Last year I used to take one look at the rushes and rush out of the projection-room ga-ga. Honest. I looked like something to scare the baby with.

Hear the gag about Moses and Pharoah's daughter: She found him in the bull-rushes, remember? Well, old man Pharoah says to his daughter what a fine oil-can this guy Moses turned out to be. And Pharoah's gal speaks up and says, "I can't help it, Pa; He looked fine in the rushes." Like a lot of pictures.

Say, if they stick me in any more cafe or cabaret scenes I'm going to grab a boat. I've been in more jernts than Volstead ever padlocked. Honest, I'm beginning to feel like Texas Guinan. You know they got a piece of business about a song-writer in the picture, and they got it all wrong. No real song-writer would act that way. A song-writer is the biggest pest in the world and—but anyway I told 'em, I said, "Say, you need a couple of titles in there to fix up that sequence." And I gave 'em a couple of titles.

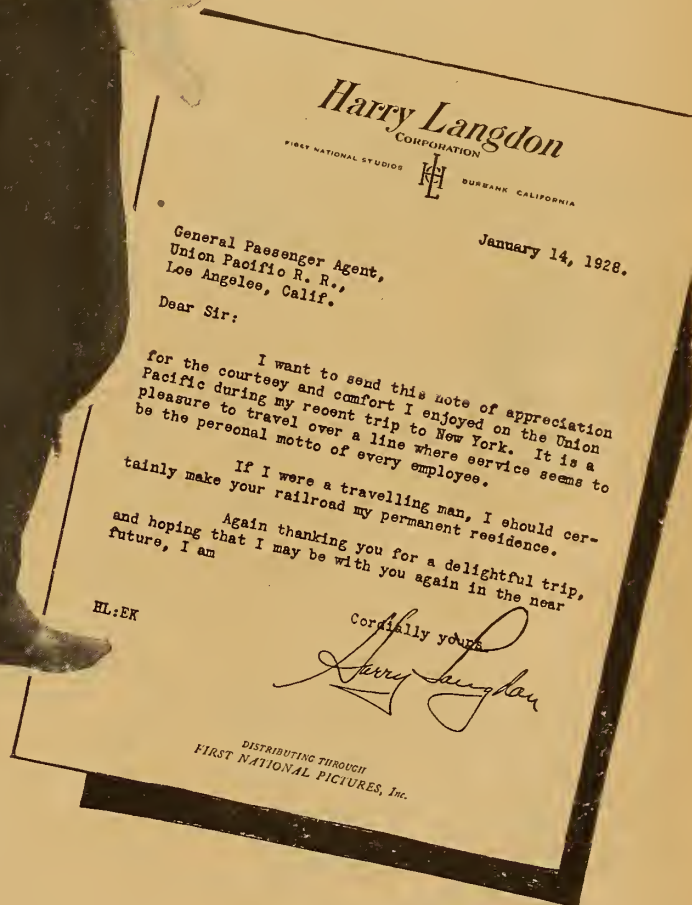


In the matter of dress as well as in the matter of posture, it's apparent that Agnes Franey believes in keeping herself posted

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A doggy star in a doggy turnout is Flash. And a canny canine, too; he has eliminated the danger of back-seat driving by dispensing with the back seat

### THE TITLES GO IN

**B**UT no. One of these guys says they're lousy. And I said to him, "Listen, what's your job around here?" And he admits he's a big shot. But I says, "Listen, you may be a big shot to Warner Brothers but you're a pain—" Well, anyway, I says, "Bo, I know songs, song-writing and song-writers. Do I have to show you my contract where it says I got a say-so in this picture, or do the titles go in?" So the titles are in. Yep. This year I'm speaking up.

I don't know anything about pictures. They told me. "Speak your titles," they said. And I said, "Sure I'll speak 'em." But, honest, I didn't know what they were talking about till a week ago. There's no use of me learning lines for these Vitaphone films. I never say 'em anyhow. You know I always ad lib my lines. So what's the good of learning a lot of junk you'll never speak?

Say, remember the guy I told you admitted he was a big shot. Do you know what that big whoziss did? In one sequence of the picture I'm made up for a bum. Made up for one, I said. Well, I let the whiskers grow and everything, and I'm standing on the lot with my hat in my hand, and this guy comes along and drops a half a buck in it. The big so-and-so!

You ain't heard nothin' yet. Wait till you see me in my "Big Parade" sequence. In the picture my wife, the big bum, takes the child away from me. And I chase the automobile, like this: Ra-ta-ta-ta, dum-dum. Say it's great. Wait till Renée Adorée sees me. She'll gnash her teeth.

Do I like pictures? Well, it's certainly a terrible racket. But I like it. Tell you why. I'm going to do something big in pictures. I just feel I am. I know it. That's why I like 'em. If they'll just leave me alone, I'll

do something big. You just wait and see.

### WATCH FOR THE FEEOLOGRAPH

**T**HE stage? I dunno. It's a cinch I can't do both. Any length of time in this racket and you forget how to act on the stage. No, I won't do a show this year; not unless it's very late in the season. Gee, I gotta get away for a few weeks or I'll go goofy. East? Sure. I haven't seen the family for a long time. I wanta go home.

Maybe I'll stick to pictures. And if the lurch for the footlights gets me too hard I'll do my stuff at some benefit or something—just to kid with the audience a while.

The toughest thing about playing in pictures? Gee, that's easy. It's the waiting around until they get all set to call you. Lookit this picture. See, that's me asleep at the switch. They lined up a couple of cameras on me when I fell asleep on the set about seven o'clock the other morning. Yep, waiting around is the hardest part. Guess it is in any racket. A guy's always happy when he's working.

This sound stuff is just the beginning of the new things they'll stick in the old silent drammer. Some feller was telling me about a new invention, the smellophone. You can smell your pictures when they get that working. Especially the bad ones. And there's the feelograph. I hear the slogan for that one is, "See and hear and feel your favorite star." We ain't seen nothing yet.

Well, I gotta be galloping along home. I wanta take a look at them lots I bought and see if they're still there. You never can tell. Then I'll shoot myself full of quinine and try to kill this cold. Yep, I know what else is good for a cold. But where're you going to get it?

B-b-b-boy, so long. Take care of yerself and look out for the climate. Pick me up in the movies. It's a great picture. So long!

### WHO ELSE ISS FOR SMISS?

Emil Jannings doesn't vote, but he has said that if he did it would be for Al Smiss. And Milton Sills, who does vote, asserts that he's for Hoover.

For the first time in its life the movie colony is genuinely wrought up over politics that haven't anything to do with the studios.

And it's just possible that the preferences the stars express will coincide with the trend of the entire nation on Election Day.

To find out what those preferences are, watch for the November issue of MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, and the article entitled, "Are the Movie Stars for Herb or Al?" It throws both a light on the coming election and personalities of the Hollywood celebrities who will participate in it.

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC for November is on sale October 10



## Aunt Arabia

(Continued from page 40)

mobiles and radio and everything ver' modern; but they do not sell slave girls. It is too bad, maybe, but it is so.

Arabia in pictures is like musical comedy. I saw "Beau Sabreur." In that picture they had an emir who was ver' effeminate. Noah Beery played the emir. He held his bloomers out at the side, and nibbled at a date, one little date, and walked on his toes. An emir is a ruler, always ver' he-man.

### SHEIKS ARE NEVER YOUNG

IN Arabia there are no sheiks like those in the movies. That word sheik means a man of more as sixty who has respect because of his age. If a young man was called sheik, he would be ver' angry. It would be like calling him names, calling him "Old Sir." A sheik is a man with a family and much lands and servants. He does not ride about capturing young ladies and carrying them away to this tent. He has date orchards and sheep to look after. Maybe he writes poetry. My grandfather was called sheik when he was an old man. He would watch from his window the wind bending the trees, and make up beautiful songs about these things. Is it to wonder that when I hear them call a young man that is handsome, with romantic eyes and bold ways a sheik, I smile at myself?

Not one, no, not one of the screen sheiks is like a young Arab of the good class. Valentino was maybe the most like. His eyes, they were Arab eyes: heavy, not so wide open as the eyes of Americans. The sun is so hot in the East. Too hot to look into with wide eyes. Valentino did everything slowly also, not quick-quick like you. He knew how to stand still, to wait. But he was too short for a high-born Arab. In my country all men who are of good class are ver' tall. A short man belongs to the servants. Any Arab will tell you this.

You can not make American college boy look Arab to put a turban on his head and a robe on his shoulders. Charley Farrell looks

## MEN

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Thighs and  
Ankles More  
Slender



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Trying vainly to cope with woman's wiles: Billy Dooley makes an attempt on the part of Marguerite Calova to rope him in



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For perfect examples of the harem favorite or aspirant to favoritism as she ain't, Jamiel Hassom, Arabian and technical director, points to this Hollywood hour on the left; and as for sheiks, Barry Norton, on the right, presents a picture of one that is never found outside Culver City

ver' handsome in Arab costume, but he did not look Arab. Americans have not the time for the ceremonies and salutes of Eastern countries. They are in too hurry. Charley practice with me three weeks just to make the salute and kneel on a prayer rug. He says, "Jamiel, show me how just once more time." I say, "Charley, you are too stiff." We go behind the set and stand there making bow to each other for sometimes one hour.

ABOU BEN GILBERT

**T**HERE is one star in Hollywood who could look like an Arab. That is John Gilbert. He has the tall figure, and the dark eye and the big bold feature. I would like to see him as the real, modern Arab young man who is sent to Italy or France to be educated, and who lives when he returns much as young men live anywhere in this day. He wears often European clothes, speaks many languages—I, myself speak five—and when he marries he takes one wife only, or maybe two, but never a whole harem like the movies.

Perhaps it is that Americans have what you say suppressed desire for many wives that they like to see harem scenes in desert pictures. But there is nothing like that in Arabia any more. Six, seven hundred years ago—maybe so. The Arabs then forgot they wanted to become conquerors of the world and became too fond of pleasure. They had as many women in their harems as they could pay for, with silk cushions and fine wool carpets and a marble pool to bathe and eunuchs to wrap them in soft towels when they stepped out from the water. In "Fazil" we put a harem of three hundred years ago into modern picture to make it nice to look at. Now there are no eunuchs. Modern Arab ladies of high class are educated ver' well. Often they do not wear the veil.

For that harem scene I make a big argument. Those extra girls did not even look like Arabic. But the director explain that this young sheik he has travel everywhere and brought a wife from all countries. They

explain this in a sub-title and then cut out the sub-title. What would you? That is moving pictures.

In comedies they have often Arab weddings where the man pulls off the bride's veil and she is ver' ogly so everybody laugh at the poor man. In Arabia a wedding is ver' beautiful. The bride is not there at all, only the mens of the families. The father of the bride presents the groom with a flower that mean he gives him loveliness. The groom in return promises five hundred camels to show he gives both honor and dignity.

HOW ARABS PRAY

**T**HE worst mistake in desert pictures is how Arabs pray. It is in every picture, how all the men and women fall down and bump their head on the ground when the muezzin calls to prayer from the minaret. Sometimes they are chasing a thief, and when they fall down on their knees and begin to bump their head he jumps over them and escapes. Never, never, is it like this. When the call to prayer sounds, the merchant goes into his stall and washes his face and hands, and takes off the shoes and kneels in a place where he may not see pass a woman. For to pray one must be clean, and if he sees a woman his thoughts might not be clean.

When we make "Fazil" I go to dinner with Charley Farrell sometimes and afterward we go to his room and practice how to kneel and pray. If anybody come in it would be funny to see us kneel and bump the forehead on the floor in the Hollywood Athletic Club.

One other little mistake most desert movies have: The beautiful white heroine is not willing marry the handsome Arab sheik. It must be that he was stolen as a boy and brought up among the Arabs. I know many marriage between European womens and Arab mens that are ver' happy. Sometime an Arab of good class is not allow by his family to marry a European lady. But the other way—no that is assuredly a mistake.





Not a single leaf in any book in the library of Rudolph Valentino has been turned since death kept him forever away from his home, Falcon's Lair

## I Slept in Valentino's Haunted House

(Continued from page 35)

beloved Rudy's beautiful home on the hill.

POET BY PROXY

**H**UNDREDS of letters pour into the Valentino business offices on Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Always, there are some from those who claim to have talked with the dead actor.

One woman had never written a line of poetry until she communed with Valentino's spirit. She traveled from a far Eastern village to Los Angeles just to visit his home and receive further inspiration for his sonnets. A lady in England writes to deliver a message given her by the spirit of Rudolph Valentino for George Ullman. He is well—he is happy. A man from a California way-side town visited the old Metro studio, also haunted, where the actor made his first great success, in "The Four Horsemen." He took kodak pictures. When the negatives were developed, queer shapes, weird figures appeared on the prints. Distinguishable on a post was the shadowy form of Rudolph Valentino.

And so on—but not one who had actually slept in the bedroom of the departed.

I climbed that perilous hill at twilight on the day before the one I had chosen to commune with his spirit. It was a spectral sight, even from the exterior, with high, massive iron grills surrounding the house-promontory and divorcing it completely from the acreage back on the mountain.

The caretakers came from the rear, led me through the great entrance gates, their key grating in the lock, now partially rusted. The two Great Danes growled a lack of

welcome at the intrusion. Peering over the long ridge of the red tiled roof, the four palm trees, their dead leaves sinisterly grue some.

We did not enter the massive front doors which Valentino had imported from Europe. We went through another iron barricade at one side of the building, down eight steps to a second courtyard leading to the bedrooms. These are carved out of the hillside beneath the living-room quarters.

### RUDY'S EMPTY ROOM

**A** GLASS door opened directly into the bedroom of the late master.

The dogs moaned in the courtyard above as the key turned in this door, for two years so seldom opened.

She paused on the threshold, this quaint, English, caretaker woman. Her eyes riveted on the floor. A trail of dried grass leading from where we were standing to—

"But I swept this out yesterday and not a person has entered." Her voice was low, troubled, as she said it.

We followed the trail. No footsteps—just dead grass from the lower courtyard through which we had entered. It led—to the make-up room of the actor.

We shuddered. We spoke of rats, of cats—but why should the trail end so precipitously if flesh and blood had trailed it?

The dogs howled in the yard above us.

We went through the house—every room, every closet, every corner. No furniture anywhere, not one thing belonging to the departed star.

"This is the black room, where Valentino

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Although there is a portrait of Wallace Reid on the wall in their drawing-room, its reality is far less than the remembrance of him that both his widow and her son, Billy, hold forever green in their hearts

loured and rested." A small place with black sills and moulding. Long French windows looking down the sheer mountainside, into the valley.

She went out. We stood at the windows. We shook our shoulders. Was it imagination or did we really feel someone standing there looking at that beautiful vista with us? We rejoined the woman. We weren't so sure about this staying-there-all-night business!

"The dogs—do they never seem to feel anything?" we queried.

"Just once——" she paused, as though unwilling to continue. We were back in the upper courtyard; the Great Danes hovered about us.

### THE RESTLESS DOGS

"LAST week! It was after midnight. I heard them growling. I got out of bed, came down through the garage. The dogs were standing still, growling, their heads raised toward the ridge of the roof." Again that perceptible hesitation. "I looked at the roof, followed their eyes from one end to the other. I could see nothing. They moaned and yowled for many minutes. Perhaps it was a rat or a mountain cat."

But, if it wasn't?

I took a cot with me. It was ten-thirty the next evening, the anniversary of Valentino's death, when I entered the bedroom of Rudy and put up my camping equipment.

I stayed in the one room until morning.

Perhaps we should say that nothing happened. But——

You have been in a house completely devoid of all furniture. You have gone to rent a house or even an apartment which has nothing but *emptiness* in it. You have felt that vacant, lonely sensation. You have mentally placed your furniture as you passed through it to counteract that *hollow* feeling.

Yet, I swear to you by any oath you might like me to take on the matter, that never once during that long, peculiarly

breathless night, was I lonely. Not once did I suffer from that vacant feeling.

Was this, indeed, a house without furniture, without habitation?

There was not even a *cold* or a *clammy* feeling.

The air outside was brisk, even biting. You know the California mountain air in the evening. The air *inside*—and that house is large with its six bedrooms down stairs, three baths and innumerable closets—was *warm*! And the porthole window—above the spot where the great bed had formerly stood—was open.

I could not understand it.

I had dreaded that vacant feeling. But I could not shake off the warmth, the sensation of being a guest sleeping in one room of a place which was inhabited.

### THE BLACK HORSE

FRIGHTENED? Yes, I was frightened. More frightened perhaps than I would have been had I felt merely desperately lonely.

There is a fireplace at one end of the room. By the flickering light of my candle, the charred black from the two-year-ago burnings appeared to me in the shape of a horse. "One of the Four Horsemen," I involuntarily murmured. In the morning, at daylight, it showed the same figure.

There were only two incidents which hinted of the unnatural or, perhaps, the supernatural. I had fallen asleep. It must have been well toward morning because I did not close my eyes until after midnight. I awakened. There was no sound. But I *felt* someone had entered the room above me. In my mind's eye I could even see the chair in which some person was sitting. I could not distinguish *who*—did not try to distinguish. The room above is the library of Rudolph Valentino. There is no chair in it.

It was dawn. I had spent the night. Why linger? I had brought a chair. It



stood by the outer doorway, facing the hall and the stairway. I stretched my limbs, sat upon the chair for a moment. I looked up. Could I be dreaming? On the stairway was a shadow.

I rose—approached. It disappeared. I sat down again. Once more, the shadow.

Now, a shadow must be cast with light. What light, in that gray of early dawn, could cast such an indistinguishable outline as I witnessed? It was not on the wall, but on the stairs in an oblique, at times almost an upright, position. When it moved, almost imperceptibly—it overlapped the stair-railing.

IT was growing steadily brighter. I rose, I approached this shadow. Was I insane—or did it retreat up the stairs before me?

I turned, picked up my cot, departed. The dogs growled, but did not molest me. I went far to the rear. The caretaker poked his head out of the second story garage window.

"Did you see anything?" His nightgown billowed in the breeze as he called down to me.

I shook my head slowly. "N—n—no——" I answered.

Had I seen anything? As I drove down the road, looking back every few moments at the great building fading farther and farther away and above me, I asked and re-asked myself the caretaker's question.

At least, he had not talked to me. But why should he? I did not know Rudolph Valentino.

Then it dawned on me! The strangest, the most unusual part of my experience had been that I had *not* heard anything. There were coyotes, wild cats, lions and rats in those mountains. Friends had warned me there would be many weird noises.

Yet not a sound had I heard. Not even the creaking of a board—not a hint of an empty place settling firmer upon its foundations. Had all the mountain folk stopped breathing, had even the two Great Danes stopped their growling for this one nocturnal experience?

I looked back from Beverly Hills. It was a mere speck hanging above the horizon. And suddenly I wished I had the money to buy it. The view alone was worth the investment.

And it was the one place in the world where I knew that no matter what happened I would never feel lonesome.



With the aid of the cameraman, and a slightly Southeast posture Colleen Moore discovers how it would feel to live in the Tower of Pisa.

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Hommel

The tears in Clara Bow's eyes may well be those shed for love. But they are there no longer, for she says that she has at last discovered a man with whom she finds complete happiness

## The Love Life of Clara Bow

(Continued from page 45)

been crazy about Spaniards and old castles, guitars and bull-fighting. His father was a bull-fighter.

"I sat there listening, a girl entranced with a dream come true. Then, all of a sudden, for no reason at all, he walked over and kissed me.

"I loved you the first moment I saw you," he told me. 'But I am going with a girl. I must ask her to release me. I have never told her that I love her. This is the first time I have said I really love anybody, Clarita.'

"I knew from that moment that I had now met a man who really mattered."

Clara paused, sifted handful after handful of sand through her fingers. She looked out to sea and shivered a little. "The sea does things to me," she said slowly. "I love it but I can't sleep at night, listening to those great waves rolling. It seems strange to sit here by that sea and tell you about Gilbert and my first really big love experience.

### THE WORLD AGAINST THEM

"YOU see, we had nothing, really, but interference. Everybody was against our getting married. My father and others. Even his family—our religions were different. Nobody seemed to understand that we really loved each other.

"He was sulky and moody. I'd try to snap him out of it. But I couldn't always

get his moods. They were foreign. We'd fight and make up, fight and make up. It was a terrible wear and tear. I suppose it almost always is with your first love affair.

"Then, we didn't have any money. I'd dream of moonlight rides and gondolas, while all we could afford was to sit at home in front of the fire and imagine gondolas.

"If Gilbert and I had met today instead of then, if we'd had the experience we have now, and the money, we'd have been married. But all we had was opposition.

"People would tell him I was flirting with other men. He was as jealous as he was ardent. I guess all foreigners are terribly jealous. Finally, we did plan to get married. We were going to Mexico. We won father over and he looked up the trains and what it would cost us. Then I had to go to Texas for 'Wings.'

"Now Gilbert didn't like to have me go out with Victor Fleming. He didn't like to have me see anyone but Gilbert Roland. And Victor was making 'Rough Riders' in Texas. The newspapers printed our engagement.

"Gilbert sent me a wire of congratulations. I telegraphed him it wasn't true, but he didn't answer. He was ill because he believed what the newspapers said about my plans to marry Victor.

"When I got back I had a terrible time convincing Gilbert that I loved him more than anybody. He finally said it was all



right if I didn't see any other men. Then along came Bob Savage."

A new light in Clara's eyes. One of— was it hatred? A sparkle, a fire which portended no good for the man whose name she had spoken.

"That was the silliest thing I ever heard of." She fairly spat out the words. "He should be . . ."

She interrupted herself, laughed a little uneasily. "He was introduced to me as a fan, a boy from Yale who wanted to know me. A mutual friend asked me to go for a ride. I thought I had to be nice because he was from Yale and said I was his favorite actress. You know we have to be careful about turning people down. They go out and say such horrid things about us."

"Bob and I sat in the back seat. He started gushing about his family and how much money he had. The minute anybody does that they kill themselves with me forever. I never had any money until I came into pictures and I think it's just a sign of bad breeding to talk about it. From that moment I disliked Bob Savage."

"But he kept on telephoning me and begging me to go out. I kept saying no. One day he showed up at a party. He kept calling me out on the porch. Finally as hostess, I had to go. He grabbed me and kissed me. I was furious, but I didn't bite his lip. He must have gone home and cut it."

"You know what the newspapers said about it."

#### TOO SELFISH FOR SUICIDE

"SOMEONE called up and said he was going to kill himself. I answered, 'Don't worry, he won't kill himself. He thinks too much of himself.' But everybody pestered me about it until I said he could pick me up at the Ambassador one afternoon. I thought it would be safe to at least ride home with him. He promised it would be the last time he'd bother me."

"He drove me to the courthouse. A lawyer came down and said, 'I'm glad you've decided to get married, Miss Bow.'"



There is, as you can see from a comparison of Clara's and the pup's, a vast difference between Bow legs and bow legs. No, James Hall did not say so

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The Magazine with the  
Personality

"I was wild. I said I was engaged to Gilbert Roland. They tried to pull me out of the car and I threatened to call the police. At two the next morning a newspaper telephoned that he had tried to kill himself and blood was running all over the floor on my pictures.

"You remember the case in court. I refused to say I thought he was crazy. But, do you know, he actually took a house next to mine in the canyon after that and wrote me terrible letters? It was just one of those things that a girl has to watch out for and guard against when she is in pictures.

"It all made Gilbert terribly jealous. He didn't seem to understand. For the second time he said I must not see any other men whatsoever.

"And two days later I met Gary Cooper."

Clara paused for a rest, looked out over the ocean. Her eyes twinkled as she turned back, with a shrug, to her interviewer.

## BECAUSE SHE COULDN'T SHE DID

"WHY is it that when someone tells a girl she just *can't* do something she always wants to do it? He had warned me twice. But Gary was such a big boy, so strong, so manly and so bashful. He was always around the studio. I wasn't fickle, really. I suppose I was just a little devilish. Women are like that. Anyway, someone told Gilbert that I was seeing Gary Cooper.

"That was the last of Gilbert Roland. He told me he had given me three chances and he was finished.

"He met my father on the street. 'I will always love Clarita,' he told him. 'If she were only twenty-six, God, how I would love her. But she is just a baby. She doesn't understand men and she doesn't understand love.' And I guess I didn't.

"I went with Gary Cooper for six months. I felt something like Gary's mother. I wanted to rumple his hair, listen to all of his troubles.

"Then he became jealous of Victor Fleming. Oh, dear, it was the same old story.

"Gary was big and strong, but Victor was older and understood me. You know I have always been terribly lonesome. I have no brothers or sisters, no mother. I need someone to soothe and quiet me. Victor was like that. I mothered Gary, but Victor mothered me.

## THERE IS LOVE AND LOVE

"IT was an attraction for brains, too. He knew everything. I admired him tremendously. You know, I think a woman can love in different ways. She can love with her intelligence, with her respect and admiration, or she can love a man because he is wistful and seems to need her. She can love another because he sweeps her off her feet with his ardor.

"I thought I loved Gilbert Roland as I would never love any human being. But I know now that it was only puppy-love because I have found the one man who brings complete happiness into living." Her voice softened; she looked over the now dark sea with a light in her eyes which only love could inspire.

"I am sorry," she spoke softly, "I cannot tell you his name. He is not in the motion picture profession. I would gladly tell you if it weren't that I must protect him.

"He is married. He has not been living with his wife. There are no children. I was sure of this before I let him come out to see me.

"I love him." As simple as that, as whole hearted.

"He has the ardor and the mystery of Gilbert. He is the same boyish type and has something of the appearance of Gary. He has the brains of a Victor Fleming and tries to steer me like Victor.

"Yet, for me, he has something more. I can't explain it. Love is so strange. You can never put your hand on it. I think a good test of love is to go away and surround yourself with really attractive new men. If you feel there is someone there, some new face which might attract you, someone with whom you'd like to become really acquainted, then you don't really love the person whom you have left at home. I feel that real love only wants the one attention. It's a palship, a friendship, an all-in-all feeling which will absorb you three hundred and sixty five days in the year and never weaken.

## HER SELF-MADE SUCCESS

"I KNOW there have been some unkind things said of me and my love affairs just as there are of all girls in pictures. But I want to say right now—" She paused to look at me with eyes cleared of all shadows—a long, direct look which was *just honest*. "It's not my success or my physical looks that I'm proud of. But I am conceited that everything I've done I've done for myself. I am where I am and there's not a person on earth who can say, 'Clara Bow owes her success to me.' And I'm proud to be able to make that statement and it does come into my heart-life story because I've never given my heart to a producer or a director who might help me to rise in pictures.

"As to my getting married," she hesitated. "I have to take the plunge sometime, don't I? If it were possible, now, I'd do it. But we can't rob the future. I don't know whether love would overcome the obstacles of having a husband who was not in the motion picture profession. I don't know.

"It's so different in this business. A girl can't be just a girl. She belongs, at least half of her—more than half of her—to the public. And another part belongs to the company for which she is working. There is so little left for a husband.

"If I'd been older, had understood better, Gilbert and I would have been married. If he were free, the man whom I love now more than all of the others and I would take the vows tomorrow. But since that can't be, who can tell what may happen?

## FEAR TODAY, GONE TOMORROW

"ALL of us in pictures are so frightened. We have such a short time on the screen. I am so lonesome. I need a husband. But I can't decide whether a girl in this business has the right to the proper ending for her heart-life story. What do you think about it?"

What could I think about it? I have said so often, I have written so often of how sorry I feel for these motion picture people. We brandish their affairs about like snow before a huge steam shovel. We delve into their hearts like a diver hunting for pearls in the ocean. We consider their innermost secrets our personal affairs, when they are, perhaps, none of our business. Yet we are of so little help to them in their life-decisions.

Clara Bow has bared her very soul to us in this story. She has told for the first time her exact feelings for the men who have loved or pretended to love her. And she has done it because she feels she owes her very heart to her public.

She feels this perhaps because the public has given its heart so entirely to her. Clara Bow has had many an individual in love with her. But it is unlikely that the regard of any one person could be as constant and dependable as has been the affection of her fans. And this she cannot wholly disregard. In return for it she must give something of her own heart.

Could she, then, really share that heart with a husband?



# In and Out of Focus

(Continued from page 39)

## A Hank Holiday

NOW the rumors start again, for Hank, Marquis de la Falaise et de la Cou-dray, has started off for Europe, and the gossips are divorcing Gloria and marrying her off again as usual. Hank, by the way, has legally changed his ornate name to Henry Falaise, and has announced that he is going into the movies himself some day.

## Sighing for Sue

NOW they say Sue Carol is going to Europe where her boy-friend, Nick Stuart, is on location. We'll wager the director cabled her to come on over; he couldn't get Nick to smile without her. When Nick was in Florida on location, he and Sue had parted in a tiff. After five days the director wired: "Make up quickly or the picture is ruined. Can't do a thing with Nick. All he does is watch for the mailman."

## Clothes' Inspection

CHARLEY ROGERS was having a portrait sitting made. "Have the photographer feature your face, Buddy," urged a friend. "Not so much emphasis on the perfectly tailored lapels and the collegiate collar and the necktie." "Oh, do you think they're really more interested in faces?" asked Charley. "Now take me, for instance: I always look at the clothes first."

## Nix on the Nightie

THE fan magazine writer was urging Charley Rogers to have a picture-

layout taken in the character of "Sir Galahad." "I don't believe," said Buddy dubiously, "that I'd look so good in one of those nightie parts."

## Faithful to Fatty

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE is always good for the front page. Now his wife is agitating for a separation. And he has bought the Plantation road house and the whole film colony is flocking out there. "Your friends have stuck by you, haven't they?" he was asked not long ago, "Oh, yes." Fatty said dryly, "I'm always invited to their larger affairs."

## An After Thought

"OUTSIDE of Hollywood" said the wisecracker, "where Fanny is still a girl's name—"

## Going to See a Lot

THE determined writer was going to do a story of the Haunted Studio, the old Metro lot where so many stars, now dead, made their fame. She was going to visit the lot in the evening. "But, my dear," a friend objected, "suppose you don't see anything." The determined writer smiled determinedly, "Don't worry," said she, "I'll see something."

## A Spankless Job

RICHARD ARLEN and Charley Farrell roomed together in their extra-work days. Richard tells this one! After weeks of (Continued on page 113)



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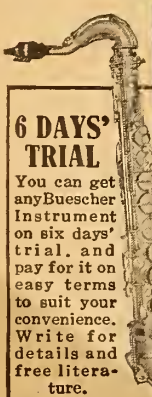
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One curtain call that was not requested: Rod LaRocque, armed with a man's-size automatic, intrudes upon Sue Carol in man's-size pajamas, in a scene from "Captain Swagger"

## The Answer Man

(Continued from page 80)

players you mentioned appeared in. However, here are their latest ones. Ramon Novarro, "Gold Braid" with Anita Page. Ronald Colman, "The Rescue," Lili Damita, new find, will be his leading lady. Alice Terry and Ivan Petrovich, "Three Passions," this was filmed in Europe. Lewis Stone, Alice Terry, Stuart Holmes, Ramon Novarro, Barbara La Marr and Malcolm MacGregor were the stars in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Released in April, 1922.

**UNDERSTAND.**—I'll try to. You may write Tom Mix at FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Baclanova was the wife in "Forgotten Faces." Address your letter to her at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Fred Thomson also at Paramount Studios. Thelma Todd was born in Lawrence, Mass. She's twenty-one years old, five feet four, weighs 122 pounds, blonde hair and blue grey eyes. Scotch-Irish and English ancestry.

**HOPELESS HATTIE.**—Joan Crawford was born in Texas twenty-two years ago. She is not married. You bet Buster Keaton can smile, but usually doesn't in pictures. John Gilbert hails from Logan, Utah, about thirty-three years ago. Real name is Pringle, not related to Aileen Pringle. Dolores Costello, Conrad Nagel, Lionel Barrymore and Philippe de Lacy will be seen in "The Redeeming Sin." Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**CAROL M.**—You may write Robert Armstrong at De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. When writing in for photos, see that your name and address are given, as I'm holding photos for the following: no name, address 41 Vandeventer Ave., Princeton, N. J. Janet Heese no address. 154 Plymouth Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., no name given. Jane Earnshaw, no address.

**MOVIE MAD.**—Renée Adorée was born in Lille, France, twenty-six years ago. Married to William Sherman Gill. Her next picture will be "Tide of Empire." Leatrice Joy was born November 7, 1899. John Gilbert, July 10, 1895, not married. Barry Norton and Jean Arthur support Emil Jannings in "Sins of the Fathers." Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**NO ONE IN PARTICULAR.**—You may write Buzz Barton at FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. He is about thirteen years old, real name so far as I know. Baby Peggy is not playing in pictures right now. Write Bob Steele, also at FBO Studios. Cornelius Keefe is playing in "The Cohens and Kellys in Atlantic City," Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**CURIOSITY.**—Speaking of famous athletes "I'm always on the team says the horsefly." Jack Mulhall was born Oct. 7, 1891. His latest picture is "Waterfront." First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Billie Dove, N. Y. C., May 14, 1903, five feet three, weighs 120 pounds, brown hair and eyes. Has been married to Irvin Willat since Oct. 27, 1923. Lina Basquette is the widow of the late Sam Warner. You pronounce her first name Lee-na.

**MORMON GIRL.**—That's a new one Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, Feb. 6, 1899. He is five feet eight inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, black hair and brown eyes. Not married or engaged. His latest picture is "Gold Braid," Anita Page co-starring. Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. You pronounce Lupe Velez's name Loo-peh Velez, the "es" in her last name is short. Gloria Swanson and Walter Bryon have the leads in "The Swamp."



**JUST EDDIE.**—Hoot Gibson is five feet ten, weighs 160 pounds. The following magazines contained interviews, Apr. 1926, (special section) in Movie Monthly. Apr. 1928 Classic. Pictures, Sept. 1925 (at home), Nov. 1925, in Movie Monthly. Write our circulation department in regard to these copies. I can supply you with his photo.

**MARY LOU.**—Barry Norton hails from South America. Twenty-three years old. Single, your letter will reach him at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Carroll Nye and Ralph Graves have been assigned rôles in "Gold Braid" starring Ramon Novarro.

**FLUFFY.**—The eternal triangle is usually caused by somebody not being on the square. You may write Dolores del Rio at the United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Betty Bronson, Warner Bros. 5842 Sunset Blvd. Anita Page, Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Sally Rand, De Mille Studios, Culver City. Ruth Taylor, Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St. All at Hollywood, Cal.

**BLUE EYES.**—John Gilbert and Lillian Gish appeared in "La Boheme." Hope Drown, George K. Arthur and Luke Cosgrave and practically all the stars in Hollywood appeared in one or two scenes of "Hollywood."

**TOOT SWEET.**—Why not Toot Toot? William Boyd had interviews in the following magazines, Nov. 1920, April 1926, and Jan. 1928 Classic. Write him at De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Kathryn Carver will have an important rôle in Corinne Griffith's "Outcast." Helene Costello is twenty-one, curly reddish hair and grey eyes.

**GLORIOUS BETSY.**—Did you like the picture? You can reach Roland Drew, United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Philippe de Lacy, Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. You refer to Pasquale Amato, who played the rôle of Napoleon in "Glorious Betsy."

**NANCY W.**—My, you sure can ask a flock of questions. Mary Brian was born Feb. 17, 1908. She is five feet two, weighs 105 pounds. Esther Ralston in 1902, five feet five, weighs 125 pounds. Evelyn Brent, 1899, five feet four, 115 pounds. Richard Arlen, twenty-nine, five feet ten and a half, 156 pounds. Mary Brian and Gary Cooper are still single. Barry's real name is Alfredo de Biraben.

**QUESTION BOX.**—Ask me a lot. You refer to Tom O'Brien in "The Chorus Kid." John Gilbert was born in Logan, Utah, July 10, 1895. His latest picture is "A Woman of Affairs." Greta Garbo plays opposite him. Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Punctuality is the art of guessing how late the other fellow is going to be. Write Mary Pickford at United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa, Hollywood, Cal.

**BOB, BING AND BUCK.**—And the three of us. My regards to Jersey Shore. Sue Carol can be reached at De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Philippe de Lacy, Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Alberta Vaughn, FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Richard Talmadge, Tiffany-Stahl Prod., 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. His latest picture is "The Cavalier." Will see what can be done about Leslie Fenton's photo.

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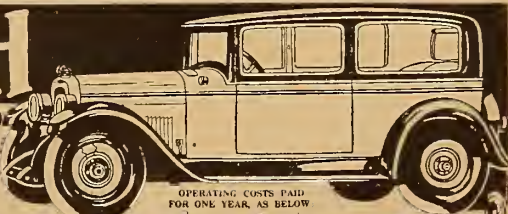
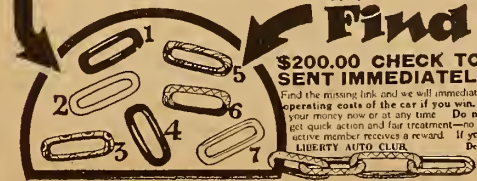


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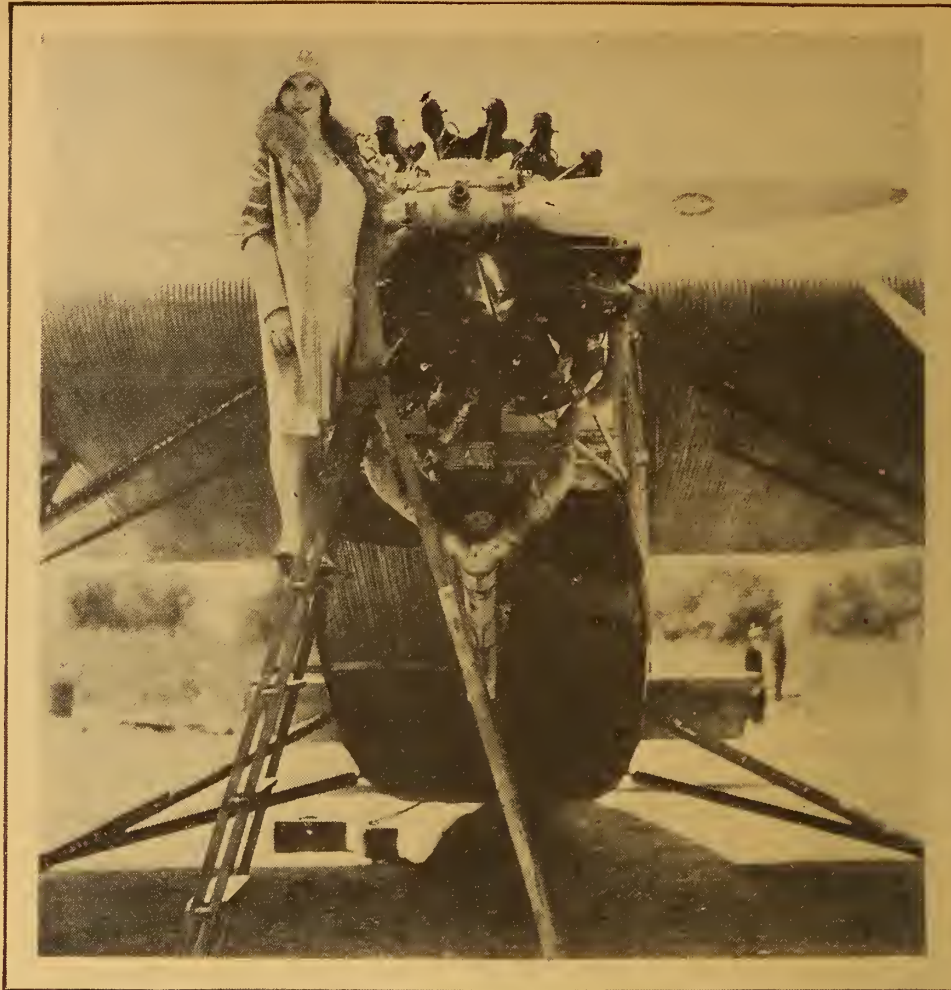


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**BOBS MERCER.**—What is college bred? They make college bred from the flour of youth and the dough of old age. Percy Marinont and Virginia Valli had the leads in "K, the Unknown." The film companies do re-issue old films, but whether this one will be is hard to say. The first talkie in color will be a Technicolor costume feature; "The Thrall of Leif the Lucky," a story of the vikings.

**MICKEY.**—Neil Hamilton played opposite Bebe Daniels in "Hot News." Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. June Collyer was the girl in "Four Sons." Janet Gaynor and Nancy Drexel in "4 Devils." Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Mary Astor is married to Kenneth Hawks. Also at Fox Studios.

**BETTY AND LUCY.**—Hello Girls. William Collier, Jr., was born in N. Y. C., Feb. 22, 1902. He is five feet ten, weighs 150 pounds, black hair, brown eyes. Send your note to Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Nena Quartaro, N. Y. C., Mar. 17, 1910, five feet three, weighs 108 pounds, black hair and eyes. You bet there is a Nick Stuart Fan Club, Katherine Berry, 2315 North 30th St., Tacoma, Washington.

**KAZOO.**—Do you play one? That's a good one about the spoons. Betty Bronson was born in Trenton, N. J., Nov. 17, 1906. Attended East Orange High School, studied dancing under Fokine. She is five feet tall, weighs 100 pounds, brown hair and eyes. She is playing with Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool," Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**ME, MYSELF AND I.**—Seems as tho you might be alone? Richard Talmadge

is not related to the Talmadge girls. His real name is Metzetti. Barry Norton played in "Four Sons." Madge Bellamy had a birthday, June 30, she's twenty-five. Lane Chandler, Gary Cooper, Barry Norton, Francis MacDonald were the chaps in "Legion of the Condemned."

**FRITZIE.**—Roland Drew was born in Elmhurst, L. I., twenty-five years ago, six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, black hair and dark grey eyes. Write Roland, United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Antonio Moreno, Sept. 26, 1888. Helene Costello is not married.

**JACQUELINE.**—Nils Asther was the Prince in "The Cossacks." Write him at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. John Westwood was the artist, and Maurice Murphy was *Pete*, in "The Shepherd of the Hills." Reed Howes, "Rough House Rosie." Richard Dix and Ruth Elder, "Moran of the Marines." Sally O'Neil and William Collier, Jr., "The Floating College," Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**MARY JANE K.**—Raymond Keane was born in Denver, Colo., twenty-three years ago. Six feet tall, weighs 168 pounds, black hair and blue eyes. Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Sessue Hayakawa, Japanese motion picture star, has been signed by Harry Sebastian to star in a picture titled "The Bandit Prince." There will be sound in the production as well as technicolor. Hayakawa is also the author of the story.

**PATTY.**—You can reach Renée Adorée and Norma Shearer at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Bebe Daniels, Gary Cooper and Fay Wray, Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood.



Harold Lloyd's next will be "The Butterfly Chaser." His daughter, Gloria, is four years old.

**DOT.**—Dot, what loud stationery you have. Bebe Daniels was born in Dallas, Texas, on Jan. 14, 1901. Made her professional debut when but ten weeks old, as the baby in the old-time play "Jane." Bebe is five feet four, weighs 123 pounds, has dark hair and eyes. Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**WINIFRED P.**—Joe Farnham wrote the titles for William Haines' "Telling the World." Norma Shearer and Nils Asther are playing in "The Little Angel." Lon Chaney, Warner Baxter and Mary Nolan in "West of Zanzibar." Virginia Bradford, Junior Coghlan and George Duryea in "Marked Money." Shirley Mason, Arthur Rankin and Alice Lake in "Runaway Girls." Columbia Studios, 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**LILA.**—Your short letter would never make me tired. But, you should see some of 'em. Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, Canada, Aug. 10, 1904. Your letter will reach her at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**A DISSATISFIED HUSBAND.**—Don't brag about it. Anita Page was born at Murray Hill, L. I., about eighteen years ago. She is five feet two, weighs 118 pounds, blonde hair and blue grey eyes. Her ancestry on her father's side is Spanish. Her great-grandfather was minister of finance to the King of Spain. She is playing opposite Ramon Novarro in "Gold Braid." Write her at Metro-Goldwyn studios, Culver City, Cal.

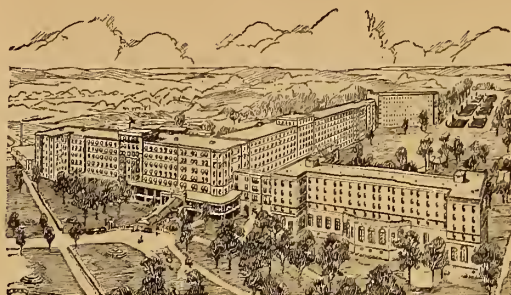
**A. L. OF CHICAGO.**—Universal has selected "The Yankee Doodle Dandy of the Screen" as the winner of the Glenn Tryon slogan campaign among exhibitors. Ernest Strubbe, of N. Y. C., submitted the winner. Laura La Plante is playing in "Showboat."

**A LOVER OF STARS.**—Of course, you mean of the screen. Gary Cooper has a birthday May 7, 1901. He's six feet two, weighs 180 pounds, red brown hair and blue eyes. Single, write him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Fay Wray plays opposite him in "Wolf Song." Ben Lyon has dark blue eyes. Billie Dove can be reached at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**DICK ARLEN FAN.**—Richard is twenty-nine years old, married to Jobyna Ralston, not related to Esther Ralston. His latest picture is "Beggars of Life." Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Barry Norton at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

**INQUISITIVE REN.**—Thirteen questions might be hard luck, but however, here are a few. Estelle Taylor was born May 20, 1903. She is playing on the stage right now. Fay Wray, Sept. 15, 1907, married to John Monk Saunders. George O'Brien is still a bachelor. Marie Prevost born Nov. 8, 1902. Florence Vidor's pictures are made at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**CHERIE CHALTAIN.**—Do you speak French? Sally Blane was born July 11, 1909, five feet four and a half, weighs 117 pounds, brown hair and hazel eyes. Nick Stuart is twenty-two, five feet nine, weighs 159 pounds, dark hair and eyes. He was in to see us a short time ago. Write him at  
(Continued on page 116)



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**Forest Rangers, Park Rangers**, \$135 month. Cahin; Hunt, Trap, Patrol. Get details immediately. Rayson Inst., T-20, Denver, Colo.

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## Passing the Bookplates

(Continued from page 55)

On the jacket of "Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing," by Samuel Hoffenstein, Dorothy says, "Were I to be cast alone on a desert island, there would be the book that out of the libraries of the world I should wish to have along with me, and I shouldn't care if I never sighted a sail."

And that's the way William Powell, tempting the goldfish in Clara's pool with crumbs from the crumpets, feels about those Hoffenstein poems, too. And Bill wants Jeffery Farnol's "Famous Prize-Fighters" and "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" by Gene Tunney's friend, Thornton Wilder, when his ship decides to hiccup and call it a day.

So you see in spite of all that has been said the stars do love their books. They love their novels, their biographies, their mysteries, their histories, their romances—more, that is, almost more, than their bank books and their little check books. Not only that, they go to no end of trouble to have their books protected and returned. They apply their family crests to watered paper, embossed, and paste stickers to inside covers of prized volumes so when Gerty Thockmorton would "just adore to borrow the latest Erskine book" or that unexpurgated edition of Casanova, Gerty won't forget it is "Ex Libris Clara Bow."

Ancestral escutcheons and others are plastered in the books. Now, for instance, look at Clara's. Pan himself, or is it a Marion Morgan dancer? Is it Pan playing the flute, or Pan playing poker, and "raising somebody five" under a jacaranda on the ancient Appian Way? "Ex Libris Clara Bow": from among the books of Clara Bow. There is, apparently, a little bit of pagan in every good little actress.

"Here's 'God Got One Vote,'" said Clara. "It belongs to George Bancroft, but you can see his bookplate."

Not unlike that baking soda ad—Arm and Hammer brand—with a shelf of books overhead. "George Bancroft—his book. Bring it back, damn ye!" If that's a family crest, George's grandpoppa must have been a blacksmith. But maybe we shouldn't bring that up.

Hector, stop tickling those goldfish! Miss Bow doesn't like that at all.

Then Clara ran into the house and returned with "Harold the Webbed," by white-whiskered Trader Horn.

"Look at Dick Arlen's bookplate," Clara said, like the perfect hostess and turned to the fly-leaf. There was an Early Rube Goldberg drawing of a volume with arms and legs in Gish-like pose and over head it read "Take Me Home." Of course, that is the way any worthwhile book would feel about it, with Jobyna Ralston Arlen waiting by the hearthside.

And, incidentally, while we're all here and on speaking terms, let me confide that Richard's favorite books, the three he'd take to island solitude, are "The Greene Murder Case," "The Hotel," by Elizabeth Bowen, and the one Clara had just showed us, "Harold the Webbed."

That other Richard, by last name Dix, also has for bookplate an Early Goldberg type sketch of a gentleman, decidedly bald, so it must be one of Richard's ancestors, sitting with posed grace under a blazing sun and eight blackbirds. A camera is perched in focus and if that doesn't reveal what Mr. Dix's craft is, you are dumber than that Intelligence Test gave you credit for being. Beneath, it bears those quaint old words, "Ex Libris Richard Dix."

Well, just as Clara was passing around the marrons for the fifth time, who do you suppose entered? Queen Marie? Of course not. She's still in Rumania. Whatever gave you that idea?

(Continued on page 115)

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# In and Out of Focus

(Continued from page 107)

discouragement Charley and he drifted around to the Lasky lot and, to their surprise, the casting director beckoned them in. They were sent to a comedy lot. "I've got a bit for you two boys," said the director, "you're to come down these stairs and spank Snitz Edwards because he's drunk." The cameras were being moved and Charley whispered to Dick, "Let's step behind the set and rehearse." They rehearsed anxiously, losing track of time in their effort to spank each other correctly and with all the art possible. At last, satisfied, they returned to the set and sought the director. "Oh, you're back," said that worthy with a nasty laugh, "you're looking older, but I still recognize you. Say, that scene was shot an hour ago!"

## Every Name Has a Use

**BEBE DANIELS** has an Irish wire-haired terrier whose name is Snoopy Horse Daniels. "The snoopy," explains Bebe, "is because he is. The horse is because he gallops when he runs; and the Daniels is to add honor to the name."

## Artless Art

**WHEN** Mrs. Art Acord came home from a visit and found a strange nightie hanging in her closet, she thought it was high time to get an explanation. And when Art wouldn't explain, she took her troubles to the court to get herself a nice divorce. And it would have been so simple to lay the blame on the laundry.

## She Sho' Sprecht American

**THERE** is a native band from Mexico City performing at a local theater this week. It is a treat to hear them singing the old Mexican folk song, "In My O-hio Home," in Spanish. Almost as much a one as Eva Von Berne's stunt of reciting the entire text of "Two Black Crows" in negro dialect with a German accent.

## The Hair or the Butter?

**MADGE BELLAMY** told this one: She was sitting (she said) next to a very correctly dressed and charming gentleman at a dinner party not long ago. This gentleman had the name of taking a drink occasionally, but Madge suspected nothing until she saw him take a piece of butter off his plate and begin to rub it over his hair. "Oh, Mr. Soandso," she remonstrated, "do you know that you are rubbing butter on your hair?" The gentleman glanced at his hand and chuckled amusedly. "Why, so I am," he said apologetically. "I thought it was spinach."

## Pinched at Pickfair

**MARY PICKFORD** was showing me around Pickfair the other day. One of the bedrooms was filled with priceless antiques. "What a lovely room," I said. "I suppose this is your room." She smiled, shy as a bride. "This is our room," said Mary. She told me that Pickfair was too small for them now that her little niece Mary was living with them, and that they were planning to move it off and build a bigger place. Which would be a pity, for Pickfair has a look of ancestral living about it—very delightful in California where all the homes look as if the carpenters and plasterers had just moved out.

## Harry Won't Be Harried

**HARRY COHN**, producer of Columbia Pictures, is going to take a vacation trip to Europe. "And believe me, it's going

to be a vacation trip," says Harry. "I'm not going to answer questions as to whether Hollywood is really a wicked place, and how much does Mary Pickford earn a year. And I'm not going to be bothered by people wanting me to get their children into the movies. I'll change my name to Ginsberg and say I'm in the junk business. Or no! That isn't necessary. I'll keep my name Cohn and say I'm in the junk business!"

## The First Talkie Suit

**LEROY SCOTT**, the novelist, is out here in behalf of the Authors' League of America to explain to the producers that when a writer sells movie rights to a novel or play it's for pictures only. The dialogue can't be used for talkies. Already the first suit for talkie plagiarism is being waged in the local courts.

## Unmixing the Mixes

**AND** now at last the gossips are justified and the Tom Mixes are on their way toward a divorce. Tom says it was his wife's friends who came to his house, ate his food, drank his drinks, smoked his cigarettes and talked against him to her. The gorgeous Mix mansion is shut up. While his wife is on her way to Paris for a divorce, Tom is playing and singing at Fatty Arbuckle's Plantation Road House, and explaining to everyone how much happier he was when he was only a simple cowboy at twenty a week and cakes.

## The Hardships of Fatherhood

**SHE** was a tiny miss of four summers, brought into my office by her father, a big hulking man who displayed her attractions and put her through her paces of curtsying to the lady and smiling pretty as though she was a mechanical doll. Her curls, ruffles and little airs and graces told of movie work even before the father spoke of it.

"But times are rotten in Hollywood, these days," he growled. "She hasn't worked for five months and I can tell you it's been pretty hard on me."

## A Legitimate Complaint

**RUTH CHATTERTON**, playing opposite Emil Jannings, was spoken to by a reporter in what she considered an insolent and rude manner. "Do you know whom you are talking to?" she demanded frostily. "Do you realize that you are speaking to an actress, not a motion picture star?"

## It Annoys Him to Breathe

**A CERTAIN** beautiful picture star who is teamed with an actor she dislikes has a unique method of revenge. She appears for their hot love scenes—having eaten liberally of onions and garlic.

## Coaching by Coghlan

**JUNIOR COGHLAN** was watching a love scene between a pretty leading lady and her new picture partner. "Better look out for her in the clinches," he advised. "Do you know what she did to her last leading man? She bit him."

## The Unbearded Boy

**CLARA BOW** was entertaining a small and select audience with imitations of her fellow players. She opened her eyes very wide and stared at them with an expression of blank innocence. "Beer?" she asked, "What is beer?" "Buddy Rogers," they guessed with one accord.

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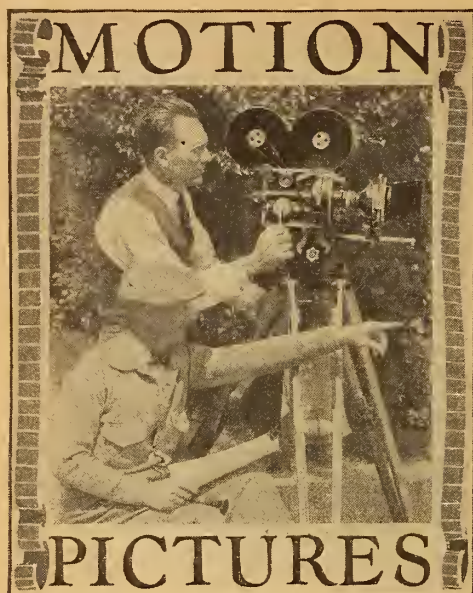


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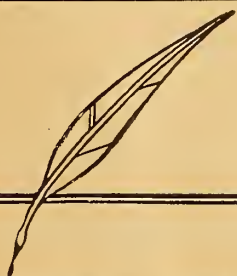
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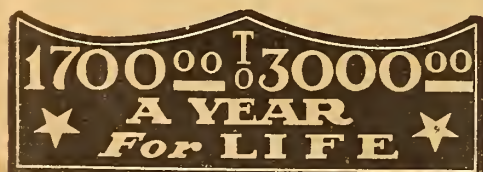
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## Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 6)

### Better Than Fashion Plates

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Every modern girl longs to possess a good figure, know how to wear clothes that will set off that figure, and be well versed in the various feminine ways of attracting men. In these respects, she could not possibly do better than to emulate Greta Garbo.

In her latest picture, "The Mysterious Lady," Miss Garbo is an inspiration and an incentive to forego chocolate caramels and potatoes forever. As *Tania Fedorovna*, unbelievably beautiful and dangerous, she gives those of us who tip the scales on the wrong side more will-power than a dozen books on Why Stay Fat. The contour of her face, her lovely profile and glorious hair do more to make girls look to their complexions and hair than one hundred beauty lectures and theses on scalp treatment.

Socially ambitious mothers wishing their daughters to annex a string of beaux could not do better than to send them to see this picture. No girl could help but imbibe some of the charm and fascination exemplified by this accomplished actress.

When you feel lazy and fat and sluggish—go see Greta Garbo; she is more of an inspiration and tonic than any described in the ads!

H. T.

### Once Is Enough

NEW YORK, N. Y.—For years I have been a movie fan—but of late I have not visited a motion picture theater once. It is my belief that those Irish and Irish-Jewish comedies turned me against the movies. They were simply disgusting. Each time I saw one the Irish in me was simply riled. How a producer could see his way to give such trash to the public is more than I can see. "ART FOR ART'S SAKE." Imagine labeling any film with such. The "Callaghans and Murphys" was an insult to the Irish race. They started out with "Cohens and Kellys" and for fear the public hadn't gotten enough of such comedies, they took those supposedly belligerent couples to "Paris" and now to "Atlantic City." The College picture lasted till the public tired of it. Then we got the "Underworld" picture. Now we've got the Russian background. It seems that Hollywood producers never know when to stop. Why not use those types occasionally and cut out pictures that involve any certain race?

George K. Moran.

### For Baclanova and the Negri

WEBSTER, MASS.—BACLANOVA! What a thrill the listener receives at the mere mention of this famous name.

Before reading the article about Baclanova in the September issue, I first went to see the picture, "The Street of Sin," which was playing in town the same day I bought the magazine. Baclanova is a gigantic personage, not gigantic in the sense of stature but in the sense of idealism. She is a superb artist. Any one would remark that she gave Jannings a run for his fame in "The Street of Sin." Her wild, reckless portrayal of Annie will live in screen history. She lives her parts and plays them with the utmost desires of her heart and soul. That is why she is so distinguished from a crowd.

But poor Pola! And we are to see her no more? Oh, what a foolish thing is happening. Pola, the artist I have been praising and whose pictures I have never missed, is to be with us no more. Please let her stay. One-fourth of the best entertainment in the

movies comes from her pictures. She and Baclanova combined will give us some rare entertainment. Why ship her off when we have so many other minor talented actresses who are raking in huge salaries every week while an artist of rare calibre has to give up her throne. My head will never lie easy until Pola comes back. I am keeping the photo she sent me as a memento of the best pictures I have enjoyed in my life.

Submitted by  
Albert Manski.

### Too Many New 'Uns

CALUMET CITY, ILL.—It strikes me that our directors and producers are "discovering" too many new faces, and consequently neglecting several actresses who were not found last month, but who possess more ability and beauty than several of the untalented youngsters now being forced upon the picture-going public. Let us consider some of these:

Lina Basquette: a mediocre actress whose performance in "The Noose" was insincere and theatrical. Alice White: a pert but unappealing flapper who constantly but unsuccessfully imitates Clara Bow. Ruth Taylor: a blonde, but so are Phyllis Haver and Greta Nissen, either of whom could have played *Lorelei Lee* better than Miss Taylor. Nancy Carroll: another blonde, and a far too determinedly saccharine one. All of these ladies have been given excellent rôles, which, in my opinion, they did little to deserve.

Someone should call the attention of our producers to Greta Nissen, Blanche Sweet, Virginia Valli, Marian Nixon, all of whom combine real ability, charm and pictorial appeal, and are neglected in favor of our "new faces."

I am not unfair. Some of the "discoveries" have proven they are an admirable addition to the screen, notably Fay Wray, Camilla Horn, Loretta Young. But I do think there should be more discrimination in this search for new talent. At present it appears, to me at least, we have so much new talent on the screen it is most unnecessary to look for more.

Yours very sincerely,  
Ward D. Seidler.

### Youth, and More Youth

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—To quote Milt Gross, "Iss diss a fect?" Here I am, with the greatest passion for writing letters; and there you are, offering money for letters that please you. It's incredible!

Why not give us young 'uns a great big hand? Give us more pictures that deal with our own particular joys and sorrows.

In other words, give us youth, and the joy of living that goes with it! The desire to live, and drink from the cup of experience until the last drop is emptied. To climb unheard of heights until we attain the success we desire. To feel that we have fashioned our own lives. After all, youth is life, *n'est-ce-pas?*

Let's have some more men like Buddy Rogers and William Haines; and more women like Joan Crawford and Sue Carol. Give us real youth instead of the would-be sophistication of our—er—elders.

"Life is short," as they say in the classics. Why not give us a reproduction of our own lives on the screen. We're not jazz-mad as people say we are, we're just chock-full of the joy of living.

Yours for better pictures,  
(Miss) Dorothy Martin.



## Passing the Bookplates

(Continued from page 112)

It was Colleen Moore and her husband, John McCormick, and, honestly, it was just as if it was going to be written up for a magazine, they each had books under their arms. And each book had the owner's bookplate, and that's how I happen to know that Colleen's is a glorified cutie that looks like a cross between a John Held, Jr., a Carl Ed and a Charlie Plumb drawing. She sits on a stepladder before a bookcase and that's no ledger on her rolled-hose knees. It's a copy of "So Big," her favorite motion picture rôle.

John's bookplate is symbolic, of course. It's symbolic of a worried producer feverishly scanning book after book in search of a suitable story for his starry wife's next film.

There was some little excitement at this point when Estelle Taylor and Dorothy Dwan, in discussing the Ludwig story of "Napoleon," discovered that they both wanted to play Josephine, and then Bebe Daniels stepped into it and said that she, too, had designs on it. It looked like it was going to be a good one, for the moment, and Bill Powell said he was glad he had read that one on "Famous Prize-Fighters," but Bebe abdicated, and said she would just as soon play "Joan of Arc," even if Josephine of Martinique and France, was an ancestor, which she is, and that left the argument with Estelle and Dorothy. They finally abandoned it when Clara rushed up with a fresh supply of marrons, and that gave everyone a chance to discuss Louise Fazenda's Felix the Cat bookplate, which was immediately adjudged the most feline.

Everyone was quite awed by Dolores Costello's. Comments were that it looked a bit like Lady Diana Manners in "The Miracle," and with all those tassels in the background it was the absolute image of Grauman's Chinese Theater on an opening night. Particularly because of those masks in the background, representing the tragic muse and the muse comic.

"It's all very a-mus-ing," remarked Hector, and Robert Armstrong had quite a bit of difficulty in fishing him out of the goldfish pond where someone had tossed him after that one.

"My fav—," commenced Robert Armstrong, but Dorothy Dwan beat him to it with—

"Have you read 'Lost Ecstasy'?" Really, she wanted a chance to show her bookplate, which was exceedingly artistic, being decked with glowing candles and books set at careless angles. And there was a poem on it, too.

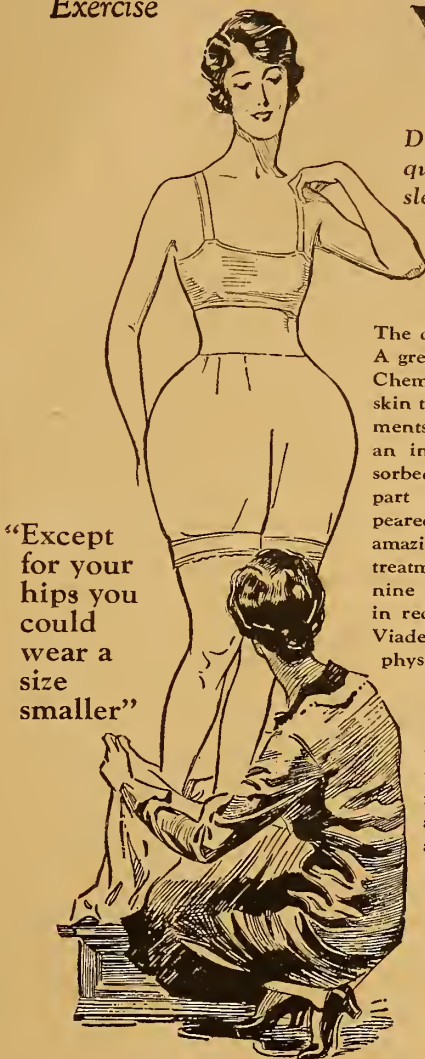
"My favor—," Robert Armstrong began again, but someone interrupted and waved aloft a book which contained a Pickford-Fairbanks bookplate.

"Lookit!" she yelled, because the goldfish were starting to sing "Sweet Adeline" and kicking up rather a bit of noise, "Here's art combined with sentiment. Here's Mary as Rebecca or Tess or one of her favorite rôles, holding daisies in her arms, with curls over her shoulder, and in the background, as belongs every doting husband, is Doug as Zorro," sword unsheathed. And here's a dear little dog. And, look, it says 'Douglas and Mary Fairbanks—from among their books.'"

"My favorite book is 'Men Without Women,'" panted Robert Armstrong, and everyone broke into applause, because Bob had been so darned sporting about the whole thing.

Then Hector picked up a copy of "Closed Garden," and whom should it belong to but May McAvoy. You knew it was May's because not only was her name written on the bookplate, but her picture, in profile, was also there.

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# Would You Sleep In a Haunted House?

MayBe. But not many people would—under any circumstances. Of course, when the house is Rudolph Valentino's, it's a bit different. But not much. Spooks is spooks, no matter how famous.

You've read Ruth Biery's story in this issue of course, about how she slept in Valentino's deserted and, according to Hollywood, haunted mansion. Miss Biery probably didn't do that for fun. She did it in order to see what there was to the rumor that Falcon's Lair was every night the scene of ghostly happenings. And she saw. She found out—and in the manner that all the writers for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE use to find out—by going right into the thing and getting the facts first-hand.

She found out just as Gladys Hall found out whether there was anything to the notion that if the greatest star on the screen were not recognized, she couldn't break her way into a job on the spot. Miss Hall got that star to try it. And the story of that is the story of Rosalie Grey.

And then all these rumors about Clara Bow's love-life? Was there anything to them? Well, we know now. Dorothy Manners went to Clara and got the real lowdown.

These are just three instances of how MOTION PICTURE gets its news. It goes right to the people or the place involved and finds out. Not just gossip; not hearsay or opinion. Facts. The real thing.

And not only facts now and then, but every time. In this issue, the next issue, and the one after that. And so on. For consistently new and startling and always authoritative material, no fan magazine in the world can approach MOTION PICTURE.

Which is doubtless why no group of fan readers, in their interest in every issue and their anticipation of pleasure at the next, can approach those of MOTION PICTURE.

You may think this is the greatest number of a movie magazine ever turned out. Well, at the risk of blushing out loud, let us not contradict you. But always remember the words of Al Jolson, "You ain't heard nothin' yet."

Wait until you see the December issue. It's not out until October 28th. And that's quite a stretch: a whole month. But even if you are impatient, always bear in mind that it's going to be well worth waiting for:

the December issue of

**MOTION PICTURE**  
*It's the Magazine of Authority*

## The Answer Man

(Continued from page 111)

Fox Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Anita Page at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Drop in again sometime.

**BUDDY.**—What's worse than raining cats and dogs? Why, hailing taxis. Gilbert Roland played opposite Norma Talmadge in "Camille." Their latest together is "A Woman Disputed." Write them at United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Lillian Gish hails from Springfield, Ohio. Anna May Wong is in Europe right now. Real name in Chinese means Wony Lew Song.

**COUNTESS.**—Ronald Colman was born in England in 1891. Molly O'Day and Sally O'Neil are sisters, their real name is Noonan. Most of the players have secretaries. Send your note to Ronald Colman, Samuel Goldwyn Prod., De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Fred Thomson is the second white man in the history of the Navajo Indian tribe to be made an honorary chief. Mr. Thomson's Indian name is Natanni Belin Lagai—meaning Chief White Horse.

**JUST RED.**—Wouldn't do unless we had a couple of red heads every month. Yes, there is a lot of 'em in pictures, too. Mary Pickford was born April 8, 1893, has golden hair and hazel eyes. Her next picture has not been titled as yet. Clara Bow is playing in "Three Week-Ends." Madge Bellamy in "Mother Knows Best."

**ALBERT TEAMOY.**—You forgot your address for a personal reply. Bob Steele was born about twenty-five years ago, six feet tall, weighs 155 pounds, brown hair and is not married so far as I know. FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**MISS LONESOME.**—Gary Cooper is not engaged. That should cheer you up. Ronald Colman was born Feb. 9, 1891. Larry Kent is also single. Lon Chaney was born April 1, 1883. Richard Arlen, who was born in Charlottesville, Virginia, attended St. Thomas College and the University of Pennsylvania, won a lieutenant's commission in the Royal Flying Corps.

**BABS.**—You see your wish has come true. Write Esther Ralston at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Nick Stuart, Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Sue Carol is twenty years old. Her next picture will be "It Can Be Done." Marjorie Bonner and Bob Curwood in "The Range Wolf." Lon Chaney "West of Zanzibar."

**QUESTION BOX.**—From California, as you will notice, there is another one with the same title. Renée Adorée is twenty-six years old. John Gilbert, July, 10, 1895. Tom Mix, Jan. 6, 1879. Beth Sully is the mother of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Monte Blue was born Jan. 11, 1890. Vilma Banky, Jan. 9, 1902. Alberta Vaughn weighs 98 pounds. Sue Carol is five feet five, weighs 120 pounds. Bessie Love five feet, weighs 100 pounds. Olive Borden, five feet one, 105 pounds.

**AUBURN CURLS.**—Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia, Pa., twenty-two years old, five feet tall, weighs 108 pounds, red gold hair and brown eyes. Latest picture, "4 Devils." Lupe Velez, Mexico, July 18, 1909. Brown hair and dark eyes. Lupe was a baby Wampas star of 1928. Not married nor engaged. Lupe's latest picture is "The Love Song."



# Boys and Girls Together

(Continued from page 50)

made a new find with lots of IT. The yeas had it. And after all, if a feller has S. A., why should he bother about A. S. Try that on your toothbrush, as the vulgar-spoken say. Anyway, I didn't go into politics. Jimmie was out for pleasure, not politics, the day I saw him. I hear tell that he spent some time at the opulent Hearst ranch, if that means anything to the Democrats.

Well, at the opening of "Lilac Time" Jimmie responded handsomely to Colleen's ovation. He said that she is "the dearest little Colleen in all the world—with one exception—my little, old grandmother in Ireland."

At which the glittering first night audience went gulp-gulp and shed tears into scented scraps of lace, being careful of removable eye-lashes. Jimmie is like that. He can play on any heart-string he chooses.

While we lunched and flung conversational tid-bits back and forth, the rest of the Montmartians gawped and yawped. Here was a look-in at High Life for fair. They were goggle-eyed to observe Hiz-zoner with one arm flung carelessly about a fair gal at his left, a glass in his other hand, a scrap of song in his evocative throat. For Jimmie up and yodeled "East side, West side, All Around the Town." And so sympatica is his Celtic voice that all New Yorkers present bowed their heads while nostalgia swept over them and they cried into the canapés.

Jimmie had been strangled into interviews ever since he landed in this city.

I much preferred to discover what he thought of being a movie actor versus being a mayor. He said he thought that "as a movie actor I'm a swell mayor."

The point being pressed, he replied that he had to be discreet so couldn't answer as he felt. He seemed to be quite wrought up about being discreet. I said "Do you regret your—ah—flippancies?"

"No" laughed Jimmie, "but the public does!"

"I've heard you're going to close the movies on Sundays," I said.

"I am not," said Jimmie. "Why should I? It isn't what I think or want, it's what the people want. And if they want open movies on Sundays and open fights, they're going to have 'em. There are many people who can't see movies or have any form of pleasure on any other day."

Jimmie is all for the people. I accused him of that and he winked and said, "Any people wise enough to elect me mayor are wise to know what they want, and get it!"

Somehow the talkies came up. They always do. Charlie observed, hopefully, that he believes them to be a novelty, like color photography on the screen, and novelties never endure, substantially. He thinks they are a pity. "Pantomime," he said, "is the oldest art in the world. It should be left alone. The talkies will make of the screen a hybrid thing, neither one thing nor the other. And they will spoil the great beauty of silence."

"Yeah," mourned Jimmie, "where will I get my afternoon naps if they come in?"

There was something in that. Though Jimmie did intimate that there were other places to nap and that he would be willing to make even that sacrifice for the people.

He thinks that the talkies, like everything else, is also up to the people. "If," he said, "you see the theaters showing talking pictures lined up with people, you can bet they're good and that they've come to stay. It is the people who make a thing or break it. The people who are actually responsible for paying the stars enormous salaries. The people who go or who stay away. And if they go, it's because they get their money's worth and know it."

The party sort of began to break up. People rushed about with menus and shirt collars and handkerchiefs for the Walkerian autograph and everyone said they'd had a swell time and would walk a mile for a Mayor.



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Tammany harmony: Mayor Walker of New York at the studio organ, assisted by Colleen Moore; General Passenger Agent Egan, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, right; Billy Seeman, seated with the violin; Charles Hand, standing above him; and Ned Marin, standing with the violin





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THE ANSWER MAN

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# The Pleasures of Poverty Row

(Continued from page 69)

supports a baseball club, swimming and rowing team, and a football team. On the grounds surrounding the clubhouse are tennis courts, handball courts, and a space devoted to the rustic Iowa pastime of throwing horseshoes.

## RUMPUS VERSUS WAMPAS

**M**ARKING the birth of the club, its members gave a "first rumpus" on the sets of the old Chadwick Studio—the same night that the Wampas Ball was being held in the ballroom of the swanky Ambassador Hotel. It turned out so well that they plan to repeat it yearly as a sort of take-off on the big Wampas Ball. The studio was lent for the occasion gratis. Everything was very jolly and informal. Perhaps it wasn't so brilliant an occasion as the real Wampas affair, but at least it was not dull. The place was crowded—much too crowded for comfort—but nobody seemed to care about comfort anyway. Excitement reached a high pitch before dawn, ending in several fist fights, but no casualties. Although a few of the stars played hooky from the big ball to hob-nob with old-time friends in pictures, most of the names present, while important in their own circle, would hardly have created a stir at the Wampas Ball. The Struggler's Ball was free for everybody—no twenty-five dollar tickets to be purchased out of slim wages! Everybody came dressed according to fancy. Some dropped in from work still in movie make-up. Unfortunately the orchestra engaged for the night was pinched for speeding en route to the ball, but while dancing was postponed until they were bailed out, the extras entertained with impromptu recitations and songs. Chester Conklin dropped in to judge the bathing girl contest—a big feature of the program—and chose Diana Daire, Margarita Andrus and Liona Lombardy as winners. Make-up kits and a Spanish shawl were the prizes, not movie contracts. This was Poverty Row!

## MEET MISS STRUGGLER

**T**HE second dance of the club, given at the Hollywood Roof ballroom about a month later, was more conventional. At that time a contest was held to determine the most popular extra girl in pictures, to be known as "Miss Struggler of 1928," and Leona Leigh was selected.

Although not located on Poverty Row, the Troupers Club is well-known to everybody in the vicinity. Its members are men and women who have been on the stage and screen for thirty years or more. There are about two hundred extras in Hollywood who can claim this distinction, I believe. The Troupers Club has been in existence for three years—starting with a handful of members who met at Moore's Cafe to talk over old times together. Of late months, they have been meeting at the Elk's Club, where a short time ago they put on a big show, casting it with their own talent. Their oldest member, aged ninety-two, took active part in it.

The Equality Club is only one of the many groups no longer existing which was once a part of the row's social life. It was formed for actors who had been on the screen five years, or on the stage for three. Like so many other row activities, it went on the rocks for financial reasons.

Apparently, outside of the Studio Club founded by Mary Pickford, there is no social organization for girls in Hollywood. This club, run somewhat along the same lines as a Y. W. C. A., is a home for girls

who are alone in Hollywood trying to break into picture work. It gives bridge parties, dances and plays for its members, and provides them with attractive living quarters for a reasonable sum.

But girls with a Bohemian flair shy away from organizations, evidently preferring to come and go as they please, to meet their friends at random in casting offices, drug stores and lunchrooms, or at the dances arranged along the row by their men extra friends.

## ELECTING THE MAYOR

**P**OLITICS plays an active part in the life of Poverty Row. There is a hot time on the old row when ballots are cast for mayor. Since everyone can vote for himself if he pleases, there's always danger of tying the score. Of course the office doesn't bring with it a salary, there aren't any duties, and the mayor has nothing to say after he's elected. Morris Raphael, son of the Raphael Drug Store owner, and originator of the "Mourners' Bench," holds the office just now. Al Marsh, who was up for mayor before he died, promised that if elected "he'd see that everyone worked." Perhaps he figured that if enough extras received employment, he would be able to get back some of the money he had loaned them.

Even journalism—though still crude—is represented in the extra's social scheme. There are two newspapers published exclusively for the edification and amusement of the extra. There is also a screen directory.

The directory is in the form of a handy vest pocket "blue book," containing names, telephone numbers and cuts of those screen extras who are willing to part with a dollar a year for its services. It also contains thoughtful editorials, clever comments on studio life, time-tables, and the complete list of studios with telephone numbers. It is really a well edited, helpful little book. Eddie Heim, known for his character portrayals in pictures, has been publishing it monthly since 1920.

"The Extra," a newspaper which refers to itself as "The Extra's Third Eye," gives publicity to the smaller-fry picture actor. It also runs a column of jokes about the film situation. Here is one: "Information Bureau—Dear Editor: How can I get into the movies? Ignacio Umberto Delarosa Maraschino Cherri . . . Dear Ignacio Umberto Delarosa Maraschino Cherri: Choose the nearest movie theater, pay the price of admission and you will get into the movies."

## PERPETUAL PANIC

**"T**HE Poverty Row Bugle" strikes a satirical note in its columns sometimes. It reveals the extra as possessed of a sense of humor, able to jibe about his difficulties in getting along in the uncertain game of his choosing. Note this headline: "EXTRA BREAKS RECORD"—and underneath, in smaller type: "After Playing Victrola On Set—Actor Accidentally Sits Down on 'End of Perfect Day.'" . . . Or this: "PANIC ALONG POVERTY ROW"—and underneath: "Disillusioned Extra Replies: 'That's not news. If there was no panic, that would be news.'"

The extra is not the isolated creature the "human interest stories" so often reveal him to be. The very traits which make him desire to act for the world, make of him also a social person. His life after working hours is if anything more alluring than the star's because his leisure is his own, to do with as he pleases.



## Your Neighbor Says—

(Continued from page 65)

be one of the finest comedians of the screen and also one of the finest characters you will find anywhere. But I admire watching him play golf. I understand he is laying out his own course at his home in Beverly.

"Most of the time I play golf with my old friend, Peter B. Kyne. I've known Kyne for so many years I don't like to stop to remember. I knew him when he was doing little stories for about fifteen or twenty dollars for cheap magazines. Now the movies pay him that many thousands for his *Cappy Ricks* yarns and other of his dandy out-of-door stories. The funny part of it is that when Pete started to bring in the big money from the "Cosmopolitan" and other big books, he just lifted the plots out of his first stories and re-wrote them under different names.

"Pete's experience gets me around to something I think is seriously wrong with the movies. It isn't the stars. It isn't the producers. It isn't the directors. It's the stories. Producers spend too much time begging writers with big names to write bad stories, and not enough in unearthing fresh material among the new writers. Some of this trash that is passed off as an Elinor Glynn original isn't worth the film it is printed on. And after all, 'The story is the thing,' isn't it?

"Sure, I'm a great movie fan. I have to be with the movie-mad family I have. My wife and my twin daughters, Betty Ann and Katherine, and my eldest daughter, Dorothy, are all rabid on the subject of the movies. They spend half of their time at the

picture shows down home. We have some very good houses there, too. Prologues and everything. The Metropolitan, Loew's State, and The Kirby, on Main street, get first-run pictures as soon as New York or Hollywood.

"Ever since the girls have been old enough to appreciate Hollywood, I have been bringing them out with me once a year. All their little flapper friends down home nearly die of envy. They make the girls promise to write long letters about all the movie stars they see at the Montmartre and the Coconut Grove, and whenever we return we all go through a regular third degree.

"A couple of years ago the girls were in a fashion show sponsored by the Christ Church on Texas Avenue, and they insisted that they wear all their new Hollywood clothes. You can imagine how surprised Houston was to learn that the Hollywood flappers wore their skirts a couple of inches longer than the home-town breed. And yet they call Hollywood a pretty wild town.

"Isn't it funny how much comment Hollywood causes? It forms the basis for a lot of conversation and gossip in Houston. In fact, in nearly every town. Every one wants to go there. People living right in Hollywood are just as curious about it as the outsiders. They get just as much kick out of seeing the movie stars as we do. The name Hollywood implies something that is impossible to explain. You can sit in Chicago, New York, or Houston, and be just as close to the real Hollywood as you can if you walk down Sunset Boulevard.

## Nancy Comes Out of the Kitchen

(Continued from page 72)

anything but Westerns and two-reel fillers."

When her contract expired, Universal did not re-new it, but Nancy need not have felt hurt. They favored Janet Gaynor, Fay Wray, Virginia Bradford and Donald Reed in the same way.

As a free-lance, she wandered from test to test. Other girls got the parts. It wasn't much fun and a couple of times her ambition threatened to die out under the splashes of cold water. The worst blow of all was when she was just as good as signed for a part with Richard Barthelmess and then they gave it to a contracted player.

"I cried and cried about that," Nancy said. "I felt that the bottom had just dropped out of everything. It was only a couple of days after that I received the call to come down to Fox and make a test for Murnau. I just wouldn't let my hopes rise again. I kept insisting to myself that I wasn't going to get it, wasn't going to get it, and I figured that would spare me any disappointment when I didn't get it.

"When I arrived at the studio and found they had tested a hundred other girls for the part, I really gave up. Murnau was there, but he didn't seem particularly interested in me. He told me what I was to do and then wandered off to lunch, leaving an assistant director to make my test."

Blues! Nothing, after that, but blues. Low-down, Al Jolson blues.

"But the next day," Nancy quicked the tempo of the story, for it was getting into the good part now, "I had another call from the lot to come down and make a test under Murnau's personal direction. He made three tests of me—and then I was signed!"

Nancy feels it was the opportunity of a life time. It was. As Janet Gaynor's sister and Barry Norton's sweetheart, she is a principal of a second love theme in the story

that is almost as strong as the romance between Janet and Charlie Morton, the featured leads. Nancy acquitted herself so well that she was signed on a term contract at Fox before the picture was half completed.

After "The Four Devils," Nancy was sent to Culver to play the lead in one of David Butler's youth specials for Fox called "Prep and Pep." It had been an "awfully nice" trip.

"They gave a big dance at the school while we were there and I had a wonderful time. I stayed up all night dancing with the boys. I was the only girl there." That's all she had to say about it, but you could see it amounted to a thrilling experience.

We discussed the thrill of the stag line thoroughly and that seemed to leave us fresh out of small talk again. As we were back at Questions and Answers, I asked if she was engaged or in love or something. That usually starts something. But Nancy was different. So far as I know, she hasn't even been rumored engaged and if she had any particularly potent observations on Companionate Marriage, or even plain matrimony, she didn't divulge them.

Question: Was she a New York girl? Answer: Yes. This was more or less surprising to your correspondent as Nancy has none of the complexes commonly associated with Broadway or even Fifth Avenue. She might have sprung from the heart of Dixie or even Kansas. But, no, New York was her birthplace and she had been educated there and even worked on the stage as a child. None of her family was professional, but Nancy had the bug. When she was right in the bloom of her teens, somebody conveniently got up a contest and Nancy won it—and a Universal contract in the offing.

She's a mighty nice little girl, even if she isn't Pola Negri to talk to.



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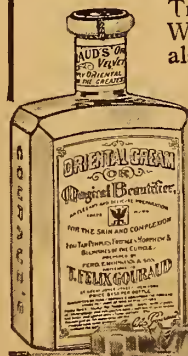
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# Lya the Lion-Hearted

(Continued from page 76)

Before entering the Land of the Tea, Lya was the toast of Europe from Berlin to Bagdad. She was supreme. But she had no conception of the newness—the difference—of Chris Columbus's country. Nor of the picture racket as run in the Home of the Rave.

So this kid from the Continent found herself hopelessly lost in the mystic maze of the movies. The enthusiastic magnates who had snatched her from one career found themselves at a loss to start her on another.

"We're paying her richly. We can't afford to have her idle. Put her to work quickly. In something. In anything." That was the ritual. And the inevitable happened. She was miserably cast in a picture pre-ordained to be a super-flop. It was. And so was she.

In the hurly-burly of factory-like production of films, Lya was shunted into another poor picture, "God Gave Me Twenty Cents." It wasn't so great a flop as the first only because it wasn't done on so lavish a scale. But that buttered no parsnips. And Lya made her second grave error.

Had she remained with Paramount and cultivated in greater degree the cardinal virtue of patience, sooner or later, by luck or good management, she would have been tumbled into suitable rôles in successful

cinemas. But she didn't know just how slowly grind the mills of the movie gods. The fragile fabric of her fame seemed threatened. So, ill-advised as usual, she made the well-nigh unheard of move of pleading for release from her remunerative contract. Adamant in her demand, they finally yielded to her. Then Lya was worse off than ever.

Straight from frying-pan to flame she leaped. With the wrong foot still forward. Her ear, long since perfectly attuned to the whispering of incompetent counselors, continued to heed. At this critical hour, when all depended upon a right decision, she made her third *faux pas*. In signing with the wrong organization she took a hop, skip and jump toward oblivion.

This butterfly of drama was tortured on the wheel of slap-stick comedy. "Buck Privates." Fanny-falls and fumadiddles for the girl who in "Variety" had caused a million hearts to stand stock still. Then another, so execrable that it is the one Universal production of its season to be rejected by the populace at the box-offices. Its name is "Midnight Rose."

Then Lya went abroad. Praaters, Prospekts, Boulevards and Bois were thronged to greet her. A queen come home. How easy

it would have been to stay there where they knew her and loved her. But even while she starred in a great Berlin studio—even as she listened to the rosy-phrased contracts presented by foreign filmdom—her heart yearned for the Land of Promise.

## BACK INTO THE BATTLE

SO she returned. Left everything for nothing. During the homeward voyage, she retraced her career step by step. She took careful stock of herself and of the situation. And through the haze Lya saw the rainbow.

Confident of her ability, strong in her new freedom from misadvice, she picked her spot with unerring skill. While the old guard gasped, she shattered stupid precedent by aligning herself with the so-called independent company, Columbia. Independent, perhaps, because its virile personnel has exiled hide-bound notions. Independent, perhaps, because it makes pictures with brains instead of money.

So Lya, the lion-hearted, and Columbia, both thoroughly debunked, rolled up their sleeves and made a picture. When you see "The Scarlet Virgin," you'll agree that Lya has kept the faith with her fans.

# Soundings

(Continued from page 66)

the show. Later he introduces the entire cast, each member of which says something about the film.

## SCREENING THINGS AT NIGHT

AT the Paramount studio there seems to be some hesitancy about building the sound-proof stages which the other companies are tumbling over one another to complete. The expense would amount to almost a million dollars. And the Paramount people are playing a hunch that in the very near future there will be an invention to soak up extraneous noises and make the sound-proof stages unnecessary.

This would, of course, be a great boon. At present those who have not the special stages are forced to assemble the casts of their pictures on the sets at night when the various noises of the daytime activities are stilled.

So sensitive are the recording devices that the players must wear rubber heels. And, more than that, the very cameras themselves must be in sound-proof booths, in order that the whirring noise accompanying their cranking may not be reproduced.

Although it was at first said that it would be impossible to have voice doubles for the talkies, the picture industry has gone right ahead and again accomplished the impossible. Soundless films photographed in Hollywood are hurried to New York. There, in one of the great studios now busy for the first time in many months, a voice cast is brought together and words are actually put into the mouths of the silent players. This in itself is a marvelous accomplishment. But it raises a ticklish point so far as the players are concerned. They are forced to speak, in voices not their own, words which they have never uttered. It is fairly easy to conceive a case in which words coming from a player's lips might offend an audience and seriously affect the actor's popularity. Although he, of course, would be quite guiltless.

At present, nearly all the sound effects are synchronized thousands of miles from

the spot where the picture is actually shot.

Another problem presented in the new field is that in the process in which sound is photographed directly on the negative instead of synchronized through the disc method, one eighth of an inch along the side of the narrow film is used up for sound. Thus care must be taken to confine the action of the sequence to a specified area, so that none of it may be eliminated from the scene by that eighth-inch.

## ARE YOU A BLOOPER?

PERHAPS the very strangest of all occurrences so far happened at the Warner Studios in the recent filming of a scene for a Vitaphone picture. The recording device was working and the record completed. But, lo and behold, when executives listened to the result, they heard, distinct as you please, the playing of a jazz band, as well as the dialogue of their actors. And, of course, there was no jazz band on any set. None of the experts are able satisfactorily to explain this startling phenomenon, except that beyond doubt the sound recording device is so terrifically sensitive that it picked a bit of radioed music right out of the ether. There has been no repetition of the uncanny happening.

A lot of new words are being heard around the studios these days. A blooper, for instance, is the possessor of a voice which blasts on the recording device. A sizzler generates vibrant sounds with his teeth so that he hisses himself. A juice sucker has a voice that whispers and must be amplified; while a growler, of course, speaks in gutturals, and a corduroy voice is one that wavers, now loud, now soft. The voice that records really well is called dynaphonic, and how the girls and boys are praying for these is simply nobody's business! The high-brow professors who have been called in to help call this type of voice dynoacousmophonic, and Sam Goldwyn agrees that is what they sound like. If you don't think the boys are going to have some fun describing the voices of their stars,

just remember that Lon Chaney's voice is "euphonic allisophonic, diction eulexiphonic; articulation euarthrophonic and rythmophonic in cadence." So if you hear any funny noises, don't shoot, because it may be Lon Chaney!

Of all actors on the screen John Barrymore should be one of the best for the talkies. Yet, oddly enough, he will be the one who won't speak in his next United Artists picture. The rest of the cast will, unless they abandon the intention of making a talker and confine themselves to mere sound devices. Barrymore can't speak because Warner Brothers have his voice under contract.

As forecast in "Classic," William B. De Mille has been signed by Paramount for their talking pictures. Mr. De Mille has divided twenty-eight years evenly between stage and screen, and while no announcement has been made, Paramount will begin its first all-talker this fall.

Columbia has synchronized sound to its undersea epic, "Submarine," in which Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Dorothy Revier appear. One thrilling sequence depicts a diver tapping signals on the hull of a sub which is sunk many fathoms below the sea. The tapping is heard faintly by the men within who are dying for air. An air-hose is brought down and attached, and the hissing of the compressed air into the chamber is audible, as are the gasps of the oxygen-famished men.

## TELEVISION LOOMS UP

WHILE sound and talking films are most sensational things of the moment in Hollywood, the next step in the industry is becoming plainer every day. This is television, the invention which will enable pictures, motion pictures, to be sent through the air like radioed programs, and with sound, too.

Recently a still picture was successfully broadcast at night from Schenectady, N. Y. to Hollywood, while not entirely clear, the image was plainly discernible.



# Marvelous New POWER OVER MEN!

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**P**OWER over men that you must use guardedly. Fascination so compelling that you *dare not* use even a *tenth*. The selfsame power that unthinking women have loosed upon men to control nations. The power that makes some woman *you* know the envy of her set—because she simply fascinates men. This woman—the siren type—makes no apparent effort. Often she is scarcely good looking—let alone beautiful. Other women honestly mystified, say: "I don't see what men see in her."

Now do *you* want power over men ten times greater than that of the *most fascinating woman you know?*

**An Astounding Thing—But Proved**  
That Lucille Young actually gives women fascination is a bewildering, astounding thing. But there is proof—absolute, unquestionable proof. In the past year, thousands of women have accepted Lucille Young's amazing offer. It is that if *any* woman, young or old, beautiful or homely, does not acquire fascination she spends not a penny. Lucille Young's *real* warning is, don't abuse or misuse the dangerous power she places within your hands.

### How This Amazing Knowledge Came To Be

Lucille Young has been making women *physically beautiful* for more than fifteen years. She is, indeed, recognized as leading all beauty experts in the marvelous improvements she effects with face and figure. But beauty is not all. It, alone, cannot make women *fascinating*.

So years ago, Lucille Young undertook to probe one of nature's strangest mysteries—the *hidden thing*, besides beauty, that is absolutely necessary to fascination.



Those who know the arts of fascination so well—the famous film stars—help you realize the astounding secrets of "How to Fascinate Men." In the above you see Patsy Ruth Miller, Marian Nixon, Dorothy Gulliver, John Boles, Edmund Burns, Buddy Rogers and George Lewis, Screen Stars in Universal Films, *We Americans*, *Red Lips*, *The Collegians* and *The Chinese Parrot*. This new book has created a furor even in Hollywood.

### The Strange Fact She Discovered

Among Lucille Young's beauty clientele were famous actresses, film stars, noted society women—those *famous* for fascination. They were friends, intimates. They would tell Lucille Young anything. But they *did not know*—simply could not explain their own mysterious power.

Lucille Young then did the only thing possible. She studied the thousands of women she beautified. She kept records. She learned how these women thought, what they did, their ways with men. She traced the histories of unusually fascinating women back to childhood.

### And Now She Can Make YOU Dangerously Fascinating

To her utter astonishment, Lucille Young saw the actual secrets of fascination take form. As she compared thousands upon thousands of individual records and observations it became clear as daylight that **EVERY FASCINATING WOMAN HAD EXACTLY THE SAME CHARACTERISTICS.** They were there. And they could be used.

Now, in *half an hour*, YOU can learn what it took Lucille Young ten long years to discover. For the absolute, innermost secrets have been put into the most startling little book ever written. It is called "How to Fascinate Men." A storm of protest has raged about this book—protest from *men*. **BECAUSE MEN REALIZE THAT THE BOOK GIVES INTO WOMEN'S HANDS A POWER THAT MAKES THEM IRRESISTIBLE.**

### The Magic Combination of Beauty and Knowledge

There is, however, one thing the secrets of "How to Fascinate Men" will not, *cannot* do. They cannot make fascinating an unkempt, slovenly woman—one who neglects her skin, hair, figure and all else. On the other hand, there is absolutely *no need* for *great* beauty. *Any* average woman can become sufficiently good looking with Lucille Young's help. If she is willing to do this, Lucille Young absolutely *guarantees* to make her fascinating, or not accept a penny for the priceless gift of power she offers.

### How You May Make the Test Without Risk

The book, "How to Fascinate Men," gives the secret information you **MUST HAVE.** It tells you exactly how to make a cer-



tain experiment to bring men flocking after you. Plus this secret knowledge, a certain amount of beauty is needed. And to make your success instant and overwhelming, the very first time, Lucille Young has drawn upon her fifteen years' experience to give you *immediate* beauty. She has selected certain splendid beauty aids, grouped them, and named this group her Instant Beauty Arts Method. Absolutely everything needed is included.



### An Astounding Introductory Offer

Regularly, this exciting, daring means to fascination and instant beauty is \$8.00. But the **FIRST 10,000** women who now order will receive everything for only \$3.00. It is safe to say that you will consider your wonderful new power absolutely *priceless*. But if you feel that anything in the world could *induce* you to part with the book and the Instant Beauty Method aids, **EVERY PENNY OF THE \$3.00 WILL BE RETURNED IMMEDIATELY.** You are to be the sole judge of what you desire.

### Be Among the First 10,000 at the Low Price

This advertisement will appear in all leading magazines. So astounding is the success of the offer that the limit of 10,000 will soon be reached. So send **YOUR** order **TODAY SURE.** You will thrill, exult, glory in your new power of fascination.



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91-B Lucille Young Building,  
Chicago, Ill.

Send me your **COMPLETE** offer of "How to Fascinate Men" and your Instant Beauty Arts group to give me instant beauty. On arrival I will pay postman only \$3.00 plus a few cents postage. If not delighted with results, I can return everything within 10 days and receive my money back, without fail.



*Lucille Young*  
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NOTE: If price of \$3.00 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.



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### FREE 13 Piece Glass Water Set

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The entire 13 pieces are decorated with a design like the 110-piece dinner set, producing a uniformity of beauty and coloring. Both the jug and glasses are in the very latest rose glow tint, and the decorations are put on practically as they are applied to the dishes, rich and colorful. Set includes a quaint shaped jug of 1½-quart capacity, with 12 8-oz. tumblers for water, grape juice, ginger ale or any other beverages.

A Complete Service for 12 People

# \$1.00

Down brings this Complete Outfit On

### Free Trial

An astounding price-smashing bargain:—think of it, 173 pieces of china, silver and glassware—a complete service for 12 people. Just \$1.00 with coupon below brings the outfit to your home on 30 days free trial. The 13 piece glassware set is included free—but only if you send at once.

Examine the value, the quality, the beauty of each piece. Then go to your local dealer and compare prices—yes, even spot cash prices. See how much you save on this amazing offer. After 30 days trial and use, if you're not delighted with this sensational bargain send it back at our expense and we'll refund your dollar plus all transportation charges you paid.

### \$2.70 a Month

But if you decide to keep the outfit start paying only \$2.70 a month until you've paid our special sale price—only \$29.95—for the entire outfit with the 13-piece glassware set FREE. Think of it, almost a year to pay. Where else can you find such a bargain and on such easy terms?

### Send Coupon NOW!

Hurry—don't delay! Remember the 13-piece glassware set is **Free Bargain Catalog** free if you order at once. 30 days sent with or without order, free trial. Send coupon now while See the coupon! this special offer lasts.

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#### 173 Pieces In All—

##### 110-piece Decorated Ivoryware Dinnerware set

Rich creamy ivory color, each piece of a distinctive shape and design, gorgeously decorated with an artistic cluster of flowers, including asters, bluebells, violets and tulips all in their natural, bright, everlasting colors, forming a magnificent contrast on the field of creamy semi-porcelain ware. Each piece is triple baked by the tunnel kiln baking process, producing a perfect glaze semi-porcelain finish. Consists of 12 dinner plates, 9-inch; 12 breakfast plates, 7-inch; 12 coupe soups, 7½-inch; 12 fruit saucers, 5¼-inch; 12 oatmeal dishes, 6¼-inch; 12 cups; 12 saucers; 12 bread and butter plates, 6-inch; one oval vegetable dish, 9-inch; one round vegetable dish, 9-inch; one sugar bowl and cover (two pieces); one platter, 10¼-inch; one platter, 13-inch; one covered vegetable dish (two pieces); one gravy boat; one gravy boat stand; one bowl, 1 pint; one cream pitcher; one pickle dish; one butter dish, 8¾-inch.

##### 50-Piece Silver Set

Each piece is heavily silver plated on nickel-silver base. The set is made up of 12 knives, 12 forks, 12 dessert spoons, 12 teaspoons, 1 sugar shell and 1 butter knife.

**13-Piece Glassware Set FREE, if you send at once. See description above.**

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# Are You Powdered to Your Satisfaction ~ and His?



Your powder! What would you do without it! Yet usual powders do have their faults—don't they? They fail—so often. Soon after powdering the distressing shine is back—just the right velvety beauty is lacking—or the fragrance does not altogether please. Still you *must use powder*.

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## *Just the Invisible Beauty You've Longed For*

It has been every woman's dream to discover a powder that would velvet the skin, impart patrician beauty, yet—as powder—remain invisible. You have dreamed of this magic powder, longed for its cool, delightful "feel," visioned its perfection under trying conditions. But have you found it? Yes, if you've used Princess Pat; no, if you haven't.

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## *The Exclusive Almond Base Is the Chief Difference*

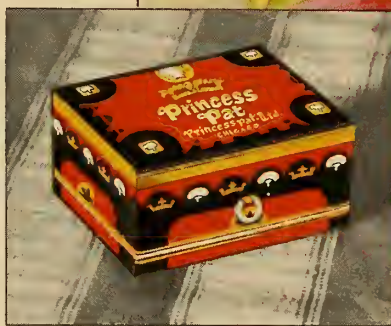
Usual powders are made with a base of starch. Princess Pat does not criticise. But believes the more costly, the more soothing, clinging almond infinitely superior. Millions of women using Princess Pat believe this too.

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Of course you select powder for the immediate beauty it gives—for make-up that is *perfection itself*. This perfection Princess Pat gives.

But, in addition, the Almond Base is *good for your skin*. Think of that, when you recall that some powders parch and dry the skin. Princess Pat, on the contrary, *soothes and softens*, is delightful to the most sensitive skin—is loved by women who had despaired of using powder at all.

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... if they guard their youth  
by using a kind soap in  
all their working hours!*

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tender, now gay! Do you ever  
wonder how you can *keep* them  
soft and smooth when they are  
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You can!

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to keep things shining and spotless.

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the skin, parches it into tiny lines and  
roughens its smooth texture so that  
lotions can't repair the damage.

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touch soap**

May we suggest that if you use Ivory  
whenever you use soap, your house

and everything in it will shine and  
sparkle, and your hands will be *pro-  
tected*—all at the same time?

Ivory will cleanse everything a  
stronger soap can cleanse—and much  
more pleasantly and safely. Ivory makes  
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suds safely removes tiny finger marks  
from creamy woodwork or washes  
cheerful housedresses to smiling clean-

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“laundry-soap” odor behind.  
But even more important—  
Ivory helps your hands stay  
smooth and white. For after  
all, when you use Ivory for any  
soap-and-water task, you are  
merely giving your hands a *bath*  
with as pure and fine a toilet soap as  
you can buy . . . Ivory's purity pro-  
tects sensitive complexions and the  
skin of tiny babies . . . and if you  
wish, it can keep your hands lovely—  
to say the pleasant things that fair  
white hands can say so well.

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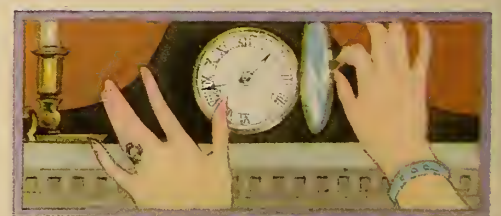
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themselves be ready for the occasion. They  
will be—if they use gentle, pure Ivory.*



*Quick, dextrous hands which keep a home  
bright also keep their own charm—if,  
when they use soap, they touch only Ivory.*



215

# Motion Picture

DECEMBER

25 CENTS

Anita Page

the True Story About  
Mae Murray's Baby  
Charlie Chaplin's Mother

MARLAND  
STONE

2892  
The Love-Life of Alice White



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# Silent or Synchronized

## These 2 Raoul Walsh Productions

### Will Thrill You

**N**OWADAYS you can hear your film in many motion picture theatres. Thanks to Fox Movietone, the screen is audible as well as visual. When you see "The Red Dance" and "Me, Gangster" you hear an orchestra of one hundred of America's finest musicians play the musical background. This music is photographed right on the film and reproduced without friction for your greater entertainment.

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2 Raoul Walsh productions

Love is a woman's only cause. Torn between her affection for the handsome noble played by Charlie Farrell, and the great-hearted peasant enacted by Ivan Linow, Dolores Del Rio discovers that even a clumsy peasant can be noble. This colorful melodrama produced by Raoul Walsh so interested New Yorkers that it played 12 weeks at the Globe Theatre on Broadway.

Direct, rugged in its simplicity, this compelling story of the regeneration of a gangster through the love of the beautiful June Collyer, will hold your interest as did the novel by Charles Francis Coe which inspired the picture. Director Walsh here submits for your approval the Harvard football star, Don Terry, a new-comer to the screen.

## The RED DANCE



## ME, GANGSTER



FOX MOVIE



*True to its Mark*

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LIKE LIVING PEOPLE

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See and hear **DOLORES COSTELLO**  
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VITAPHONE PICTURES







Volume XXXVI, No. 5

December, 1928

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Cover Portrait of Anita Page by Marland Stone, especially created by Russell Ball

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COLIN J. CRUIKSHANK, Art Director

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, Western Editor

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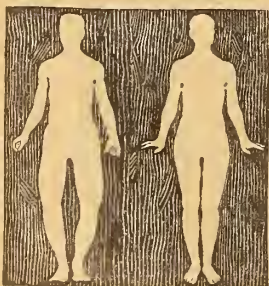
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Write today for particulars, testimonials and my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation. Enclose a dime for postage.

M. TRILETY, SPECIALIST

1662 L. W. U. Building Binghamton, N. Y.



## FIFTEEN DOLLAR LETTER Censor for Censors

WINNIPEG, CANADA — Hollywood, come to the rescue. Here in Winnipeg your pictures are being murdered by the slashing of our narrow-minded censors, who are certainly careless with their razors (or whatever weapon they use) when cutting a picture.

"The Garden of Eden" was positively ruined, being so badly cut in places one wondered what it was all about, even the daily papers passed some very unflattering remarks, and this is only one example: "Love," "Forbidden Hours," "The Yellow Lily" all came in for their share, while at a nearby variety show, coarse jokes and most disgusting dancers were allowed to pass without comment.

I scarcely think it fair our puritanical censors are allowed to keep the most interesting part of the pictures to themselves and their friends, for of course it is always the snappiest parts which are omitted.

Will not others come forward and protest against this wholesale slaughter.

Diana Montgomery.

## TEN-DOLLAR LETTER

### Cast with More Discrimination, Please

CLEVELAND, OHIO—It seems to me that if a book is good enough to cause producers to want to portray it in the "movies," then the author of it should be shown the consideration and courtesy of having the various parts assigned to stars who come as near to his description as it is possible to secure. Setting aside the point of view of the author in this connection—how about his readers? The picture that has been painted for them with the author's skilful pen usually becomes irretrievably marred when the story is told on the silver screen.

There is one picture I have particularly in mind, where the heroine was described as a blonde in the story and shown as such in the stage play. When it was portrayed on the screen, a typical

brunette played as the leading lady and consequently, one of the cleverest lines of the play had to be changed. You perhaps have guessed I am referring to "Seventh Heaven." I hear Laura La Plante is being cast for *Magnolia*, the tall, slender, dark, Southern girl in Edna Ferber's "Show Boat." I understand that Louise Brooks was being considered for the part of sweet, innocent, unsophisticated, delicate and very fair *Roberta* in Theodore Dreiser's "The American Tragedy." There being so many stars who are typical of the authors' own characters, I have come to the conclusion that there surely must be a hitch somewhere.

S. V.

## FIVE-DOLLAR LETTER

### We Couldn't Bear It

GREENVILLE, S. C.—I sometimes wonder where we of the work-a-day world would be if the movies were suddenly taken away? Is there anything on earth that could take their place? I think not. Is there anything else on sale anywhere that offers a fresh supply of Hope, Faith and good cheer for fifty cents? If so, I have never found it.

To countless thousands of working people the movies are as necessary as their morning coffee and as stimulating.

It seems such a trivial thing to write a letter condemning a certain picture or star because it or they didn't happen to catch your fancy at the moment. Moods vary, sometimes we enjoy one type, sometimes another. Without doubt you tread upon another's ideal, many others, in fact. It takes a colossal amount of conceit to take your pen and say, "Listen, World, I don't

like Mary Pickford's bob. I think Colleen Moore is very silly. Vilma Banky is homely. 'Ben Hur' was putrid." I have read letters just as absurd as these statements. Mary has so many friends you won't be missed, so have Vilma and Colleen and those who have seen the magnificent "Ben Hur" would probably murmur, "plebeian" and turn to the next page.

As sleep re-  
(Continued on  
page 8)

## Prizes for Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will award cash prizes for the three best letters published. Fifteen dollars will be paid for the best letter, ten dollars for the second best, and five dollars for the third. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 200 words or less, and let's know what's on your mind. Anonymous communications will not be considered and no letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



*"Love is not for us, Lord Nelson!  
You belong to England--and I--"*

*"And you belong to me!...What  
does anything but our love mat-  
ter now?"*



## Are you prepared for the BEST?

**N**OW YOU must key your standard of screen enjoyment to a higher level. Get ready to revel in such scenes as you never dreamed films could accomplish. Expect great things of "The Divine Lady"—then prepare to have this masterpiece exceed your expectations.

A romance so glorious it made an unknown author—E. Barrington—famous overnight—her book a sensational best-seller. . . . A love-affair that scandalized the courts of Europe and changed the destiny of nations, now lived again for you. . . . And massive spectacle when scores of flaming frigates come to death-grips in the famous battle of Trafalgar.

When you see "The Divine Lady" you will see a step forward in picture art. . . . And you'll see it soon.

## A First National Picture

Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

### Corinne Griffith in *The Divine Lady*

With H. B. Warner, Victor Varconi,  
Ian Keith, Marie Dressler.

Produced by Frank Lloyd,  
who made "The Sea  
Hawk." Presented  
by Richard  
A. Row-  
land.





# Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 6)

news your vitality, so the movies renew your Faith, Hope, Courage and Dreams. Let's give thanks for so splendid an institution.

Louise Merrill.

## You Tell Her!

ARLINGTON, TEXAS—I'd especially appreciate it if you'll tell me why people enjoying (?) a moving picture object to other observers talking. I have a friend with whom I often enjoy pictures and we are particularly sympathetic as to actors, and acting, and it is especially a treat to discuss these things during our viewing of such pictures. But of all the black looks, and actually once three women moved from our vicinity because we talked. Now, what I'd like to know is—WHY? It cannot possibly interfere with their vision, and I fail utterly to understand why—if they're properly interested anyway—they object to our conversation. It is needless to say we talk in low voices, and laugh in the same manner, when a thing seems to us absurd.

This may not particularly belong in Letters to the Editor, but on the other hand, it may lead to my receiving replies that will show me wherein I err, in this respect.

Thanking you,

Sincerely, The Motion

Picture Magazine Fan,

M. H. Shryock.

## Yes, Why Don't They?

Why don't the producers utilize the old classics? There is valuable material to be found in Dickens, Scott, Cooper, and the rest. I am sure we would all love to see our favorite classic on the screen, provided, of course, it was carefully produced. I saw "David Copperfield" on the screen years ago and also "Oliver Twist" and thoroughly enjoyed both. Why the slump? Didn't "Les Miserables" pay?

Mr. Screen Magnate, sometime when you're looking for new material, consider the possibilities in that old childhood favorite, Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women."

Sincerely, E. K.

## Vicarious Satisfaction

POMONA, CALIFORNIA—I have been reading the letters written to you in Motion Picture Magazine and would like the privilege of expressing some of my opinions too.

How many people there are in the world who are forced to live "humdrum," sordid lives. Yet I will venture to say that every one desires a more perfect or exciting life in some way or another.

Some of us see ourselves as mysterious and alluring Garbos, or as dashing heroes such as John Barrymore or John Gilbert. Yet, if we are wise, we give up the idea, knowing that we are fitted to do only about what we are already doing—that of performing the dull, though very necessary tasks of life.

And this is where the movies fulfil one of the greatest needs in the world—that of supplying an outlet to the emotions. It is pent-up emotion that causes war and murder. Emotion, when it has an outlet, is harmless and healthful.

As a final word, let me say that I believe the movies have done more for the betterment of the world than the entire profession of clergymen and reformers. They are a godsend to this weary work-a-day existence of ours.

Mrs. H. S. Litherland.

## Their Worst Side

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Since I am confined to two-hundred words I will have to give my opinion on "The Effect of the Movies on the Public Mind" as it relates to morals and omit the effects regarding education and religion.

Are not the movies a splendid school through which crime and burglary may be learned? Crime is greater today than it has ever been and largely because young children have been allowed to sit and watch movies in which bank robberies, crime and the like are enacted. Then there are the movies in which the handsome wealthy hero wins the girl he loves and they step right into luxury and happiness. Such pictures are misleading to young people. There are very few young men and women that marry who are able to plunge right into luxury and comfort because few have the means to make such a start. Yet girls and boys run off and get married believing that everything will turn out as in the "ideal" movie. Divorce and even worse things frequently result from these marriages.

The power to abolish such pictures lies absolutely in our hands. If we continue to patronize these pictures, we will most certainly continue to have them shown. Naturally the producer is going to put out the kind of plays that will fatten his purse, but if everyone would cooperate, and refuse to patronize unfit pictures, we would have played our "trump card" and hit the producer where it really hurts. In his pocket-book! If we would do this, the producers would be forced to give us what we want or else close down. (Miss) M. L. Buechler.

## Reel Stars in Real Life

HOLLYWOOD, CAL.—Living in Hollywood does make me a connoisseur of the movie stars and their everyday actions of life, but it has given me the privilege and opportunity to find out that they are real people with warm smiles and hearts.

Oh, of course there are those who haven't gotten quite used to being popular and famous and all that, but they are so insignificant; compared to the others, that their "high-hatty-ness" is soon forgotten and entirely overlooked.

One of the friendliest of them all is pretty little Alberta Vaughn, who always has a smile for everyone, and who says "Sure" when tourists ask if they may take a snapshot. There is no supercilious air about Conrad Nagel as he walks down Hollywood Boulevard; or George K. Arthur, or Rock-liffe Fellows. In fact, one has to look closely to be sure his eyes aren't deceiving him! They are so surprisingly—just men.

And there you have it—the stars are all—just people—but real ones.

Janice Carroll.

## Their Infinite Possibilities

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(Continued on page 114)



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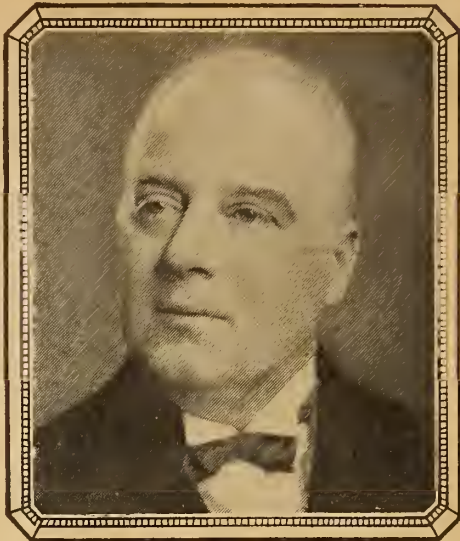
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By MARION MARTONE

**A**dorée, Renée—playing in *The Spieler*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Arlen, Richard**—playing in *The Four Feathers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Armstrong, Robert**—playing in *The Shady Lady*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Arthur, George, K.**—playing in *All At Sea*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Arthur, Jean**—playing in *The Wolf of Wall Street*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Astor, Mary**—playing in *Romance of the Underworld*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Asther, Nils**—playing in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Baclanova, Olga**—playing in *The Wolf of Wall Street*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bancroft, George**—playing in *The Wolf of Wall Street*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Banky, Vilma**—playing in *The Awakening*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Barrymore, John**—playing in *The King of the Mountain*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Barrymore, Lionel**—playing in *The Mysterious Island*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Barthelmess, Richard**—playing in *Scarlet Seas*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Basquette, Lina**—playing in *Show Folks*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Beery, Wallace**—playing in *Tong War*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bell, Rex**—playing in *Taking a Chance*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bellamy, Madge**—recently completed *Mother Knows Best*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bennett, Belle**—playing in *The Queen of Burlesque*—Tiffany-Stahl Studio, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Blue, Monte**—playing in *Conquest*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Boles, John**—playing in *Romance of the Underworld*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Borden, Olive**—playing in *Stool Pigeons*—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bow, Clara**—playing in *Three Week-Ends*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Boyd, William**—playing in *Leathernecks*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Brent, Evelyn**—recently completed *Interference*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

**Brian, Mary**—playing in *Someone to Love*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Brice, Fanny**—playing in *My Man*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bronson, Betty**—playing in *One Stolen Night*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Brook, Clive**—playing in *The Four Feathers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Brooks, Louise**—playing in *Redskin*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Brown, Johnny Mack**—recently completed *A Woman of Affairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Byron, Walter**—playing in *The Awakening*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Carol, Sue**—recently completed *Chasing Through Europe*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Carroll, Nancy**—playing in *The Shop-Worn Angel*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Chandler, Lane**—recently completed *The First Kiss*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Chaney, Lon**—playing in *West of Zanzibar*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Chaplin, Charles**—*City Lights*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

**Cody, Lew**—recently completed *A Single Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Collier, William Jr. (Buster)**—playing in *One Stolen Night*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Collyer, June**—playing in *Husbands Are Liars*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Colman, Ronald**—playing in *The Rescue*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Compson, Betty**—playing in *Scarlet Seas*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Cooper, Gary**—playing in *The Shop-Worn Angel*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Costello, Dolores**—playing in *The Redeeming Sin*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Crawford, Joan**—playing in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Damita, Lili**—playing in *The Rescue*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions—7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Dane, Karl**—playing in *All At Sea*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Daniels, Bebe**—playing in *Take me Home*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Davies, Marion**—recently completed *Show People*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Dawson, Doris**—recently completed *Ritzie Rosie*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Day, Alice**—playing in *Red Hot Speed*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Day, Marceline**—playing in *Stolen Love*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Del Rio, Dolores**—recently completed *Revenge*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**De Putti, Lya**—recently completed *The Scarlet Lady*—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Dix, Richard**—playing in *Redskin*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Dove, Billie**—playing in *Adoration*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Duncan, Mary**—playing in *Our Daily Bread*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Dunn, Josephine**—playing in *Sioux Blood*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Eilers, Sally**—playing in *Nize Baby*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Fairbanks, Douglas**—playing in *The Man with the Iron Mask*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

**Farrell, Charles**—playing in *Our Daily Bread*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Fawcett, George**—playing in *The Mask of the Devil*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Fazenda, Louise**—recently completed *Outcast*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Ferris, Audrey**—playing in *The Little Wildcat*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Foxe, Earle**—playing in *The Case of Mary Brown*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Gaynor, Janet**—*Street Fair*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Garbo, Greta**—recently completed *A Woman of Affairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Gilbert, John**—recently completed *A Woman of Affairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Griffith, Corinne**—recently completed *Outcast*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Haines, William**—playing in *A Man's Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Hale, Alan**—playing in *The Spieler*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Hall, James**—playing in *The Canary Murder Case*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

(Continued on page 12)



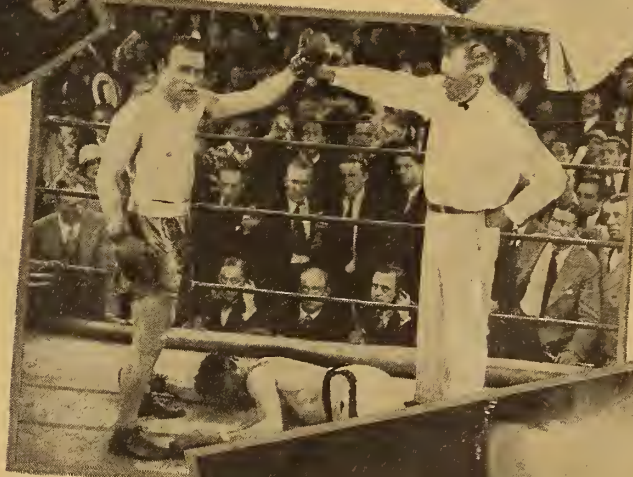
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# In the Starry Kingdom

(Continued from page 10)

Hamilton, Neil--playing in *Three Week-Ends*--Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Haver, Phyllis--playing in *The Shady Lady*--Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hersholt, Jean--playing in *The Braggart*--Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Hines, Johnny--playing in *The Wright Idea*--Tec-Art Studios, 5350 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Holt, Jack--playing in *Avalanche*--Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Horn, Camilla--playing in *The King of the Mountain*--United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hoxie, Jack--recently completed *Men of Daring*--Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Hyams, Leila--recently completed *Alias Jimmy Valentine*--Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

\*\*\*

Jannings, Emil--playing in *Sins of the Fathers*--Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Jolson, Al--recently completed *The Singing Fool*--Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

\*\*\*

Keaton, Buster--recently completed *The Camera-man*--Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Kent, Larry--playing in *The Devil's Apple Tree*--Tiffany-Stahl Studio, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Kerry, Norman--recently completed *The Woman From Moscow*--Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

\*\*\*

Langdon, Harry--recently completed *Heart Trouble*--First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Lake, Arthur--playing in *Harold of Hollywood*--Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

La Plante, Laura--playing in *Show Boat*--Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lloyd, Harold--recently completed *Speedy*--Harold Lloyd Productions, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Loff, Jeannette--recently completed *Annapolis*--Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Logan, Jacqueline--playing in *The Spieler*--Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lorraine, Louise--playing in *The Final Reckoning*--Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund--playing in *In Old Arizona*--Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Loy, Myrna--playing in *Hard Boiled Rose*--Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Luden, Jack--playing in *Sins of the Fathers*--Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lyon, Ben--playing in *Air Legion*--FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

\*\*\*

MacDonald, Farrell--playing in *In Old Arizona*--Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Mackail, Dorothy--playing in *Stranded in Paradise*--First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Maynard, Ken--recently completed *Cheyenne*--First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

McAvoy, May--playing in *Stolen Kisses*--Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

McLaglen, Victor--playing in *Life's a Gamble*--Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Meighan, Thomas--playing in *The Mating Call*--Caddo Productions, Hollywood, Cal.

Menjou, Adolphe--playing in *Marquis Preferred*--Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mix, Tom--playing in *Outlawed*--FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Moore, Colleen--playing in *Synthetic Sin*--First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Moore, Owen--playing in *Stolen Love*--FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Moran, Lois--playing in *The Case of Mary Brown*--Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Moreno, Antonio--playing in *Adoration*--First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Morton, Charles--playing in *Street Fair*--Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Mulhall, Jack--recently completed *Ritzie Rosie*--First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Murray, Charles--playing in *Do Your Duty*--First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

\*\*\*

Nagel, Conrad--playing in *Kid Gloves*--Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Negri, Pola--recently completed *The Woman From Moscow*--Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Nixon, Marian--playing in *Geraldine*--Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Norton, Barry--playing in *Sins of the Fathers*--Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon--playing in *The Pagan*--Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Nugent, Eddie--playing in *A Single Man*--Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

O'Brien, George--playing in *The Case of Mary Brown*--Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Neil, Sally--playing in *Hardboiled*--FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Orland, Warner--recently completed *Stand and Deliver*--Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Olmstead, Gertrude--recently completed *The Hit of the Show*--FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

\*\*\*

Page, Anita--playing in *Broadway Melody*--Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Philbin, Mary--playing in *Spring Showers*--Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Pickford, Mary--playing in *Coquette*--Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Powell, William--playing in *The Canary Murder Case*--Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Prevost, Marie--recently completed *The Godless Girl*--Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Pringle, Aileen--playing in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*--Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

\*\*\*

Quillan, Eddie--playing in *Noisy Neighbors*--Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

\*\*\*

Ralston, Esther--playing in *The Case of Lena Schmidt*--Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Reed, Donald--playing in *Hardboiled*--FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rich, Irene--recently completed *Ned McCobb's Daughter*--Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Roberts, Theodore--playing in *The Mask of the Devil*--Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

\*\*\*

Rogers, Charles (Buddy)--playing in *Someone to Love*--Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rubens, Alma--playing in *Show Boat*--Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

\*\*\*

Schildkraut, Joseph--playing in *Show Boat*--Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Sebastian, Dorothy--playing in *The Rainbow*--Tiffany-Stahl Studio, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Shearer, Norma--playing in *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*--Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sills, Milton--playing in *Stranded in Paradise*--First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Steele, Bob--playing in *Come and Get It*--FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Stone, Lewis--recently completed *A Woman of Affairs*--Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Stuart, Nick--recently completed *Chasing Through Europe*--Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Swanson, Gloria--playing in *Queen Kelley*--United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

\*\*\*

Talmadge, Norma--recently completed *The Woman Disputed*--United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Thomson, Fred--playing in *Kit Carson*--Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Todd, Thelma--recently completed *The Haunted House*--First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Torres, Raquel--playing in *The Pagan*--Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Tryon, Glenn--playing in *It Can Be Done*--Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Tyler, Tom--playing in *The Avenging Rider*--FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

\*\*\*

Valli, Virginia--playing in *Street of Illusion*--Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Varconi, Victor--recently completed *The Divine Lady*--First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Veidt, Conrad--playing in *Eric the Great*--Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Velez, Lupe--recently completed *The Love Song*--United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Vidor, Florence--playing in *Tong War*--Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Von Berne, Eva--playing in *The Mask of the Devil*--Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

\*\*\*

Warner, H. B.--playing in *The Naughty Duchess*--Tiffany-Stahl Studio, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

White, Alice--recently completed *Ritzie Rosie*--First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Wilson, Lois--playing in *Conquest*--Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Windsor, Claire--playing in *Life's a Gamble*--Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Wray, Fay--playing in *The Four Feathers*--Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

\*\*\*

Young, Loretta--playing in *Scarlet Seas*--First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.



JOHN  
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GRETA  
GARBO  
AND  
IN

# "A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS"

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Yours truly,  
*Tim McCoy*

- 1—In what M-G-M picture does William Haines do a slide for life and love and what character does he portray?
- 2—What person playing in "The Cardboard Lover" does Marion Davies, in the same picture, imitate?
- 3—Name five out of the many M-G-M players who have had stage experience.
- 4—What do you regard as Lon Chaney's most interesting role? Answer within 75 words.
- 5—In what other picture besides "Gold Braid," which M-G-M is now producing, did Ramon Novarro appear in naval uniform?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1542 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by December 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

Note: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of Leo's Contest of July  
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**G**LORIA SWANSON has just purchased "Clothes," the story by Lucy Stone Terrill, for her next picture after she finishes "Queen Kelley." It will probably take her some time longer to purchase the clothes for it.

**T**HE title of Billie Dove's next picture has been changed to "Adoration"—we think this is permanent; it's certainly appropriate with Billie as the star.

**L**UPE VELEZ has been borrowed from United Artists to give a snap to "The Wolf Song," and will play opposite Gary Cooper.

**W**HEN Clara Bow finishes her "Three Week-Ends," she will start work immediately on a picture with the working title of "The Saturday Night Kid."

**K**ING VIDOR is still searching for types for "Hallelujah," his next picture of Negro life.

**W**ILLIAM POWELL has been cast to play in "Tong War," with Florence Vidor and Wallace Beery.

**V**IRGINIA VALLI is starring in a stage play, "Tarnish," at the Hollywood Music Box. Pauline Garon is also in the cast.

**M**ARY PHILBIN is soon to make a picture in Germany for Universal.

**V**ILMA BANKY is to take some exteriors for her next picture on Fifth Avenue. New York had better prepare for more traffic congestion.

**W**ORK will start soon on "The Leather-necks," William Boyd's next picture, which may be made with sound effects.

**L**OUISE DRESSER has just been put under contract by Fox, following her fine work in "Mother Knows Best."

**W**HEN Joseph Schildkraut finishes his work as *Ravenal* in "Show Boat," for Universal, he has been cast to play the leading rôle in "The Devil," which promises to be one of Universal's biggest productions next season. It is based on the novel, "The Devil," by Alfred Neumann, which created quite a furore in Europe a while ago.

**"D**YNAMITE" will be the title of Cecil DeMille's next; it is to be a story of today, with a society background.

**C**LARENCE BROWN has been chosen to direct the "Wonder of Women," adapted from Hermann Sudermann's novel, "The Wife of Stephen Tromholt."

**G**ASTON GLASS has been added to the cast of "Geraldine."

**P**ARAMOUNT has just bought the motion picture rights to Edith Wharton's latest novel, "The Children." It may be made as a talking picture.

**M**ARY PICKFORD'S "Co-

quette" is to be released during Easter week in several cities at advance prices. The national release has been scheduled for early fall.

**A**LMARUBENS has been added to the cast of "She Goes to War," the picture that Henry King is making from Rupert Hughes's latest novel. Eleanor Boardman has the leading rôle, and Gertrude Astor is also in the cast.

**U**NIVERSAL has just bought the film rights to "Dracula," the mystery play of horror that thrilled Broadway last season. Conrad Veidt may play the title rôle of *Count Dracula*.

**A**ARNOLD KENT died in the Hollywood Hospital on September 29 from injuries sustained when he was struck by a passing automobile the day before. It is said he stepped out suddenly from behind a packed car.



Underwood and Underwood

Half a million dollars' worth of noises: Tess Heraty checks up a shipment of Vitaphone talkie records in the company's Chicago office



# A New Idea in Screen Magazines

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## In This Issue

In addition to the complete novel of "The Red Dance" and the 6 gravure portraits, the November issue of Screen Book (just out) contains the following complete movie stories in shorter form:

### EXCESS BAGGAGE

Starring

William Haines—Josephine Dunn

This is the story of a show-girl who puts love before ambition. Her lover is a man who would rather die than cause her unhappiness. But she is not satisfied to be "excess baggage" in their double act. Later, because of a lucky experience, dramatically described, he becomes the "excess baggage." The thrilling adjustment and climax with love triumphant over a thousand obstacles makes a marvelous story—fully told and richly illustrated in November Screen Book.

### THE WOMAN DISPUTED

Starring Norma Talmadge

The lives of ten thousand soldiers hang in the balance. A strange circumstance makes it possible for a woman of the streets to save their lives. Surely this sacrifice could mean nothing to her. Why did she hesitate? What was it but simply one more scarlet adventure added to hundreds of others? Could the love of a true man actually have purified her? Read this thrilling story of war, love, passion in November Screen Book.

### THE RED MARK

Starring Gaston Glass—Nina Quartaro

The guillotine! That was the answer. In this way the Governor could and would dispose of his rival for the hand of a simple country maid. No law, no force, no authority to stop this ruthless disposal of an innocent lad. But with his neck bared to the descending knife, the most amazing discovery halts the execution! Read in November Screen Book this picturesque, terrifying but beautiful story of a passionate love.

### HERBERT BRENON

A Living Declaration of Independence

Herbert Brenon's name is the hallmark of quality and accuracy on a picture. He is one of the leading half-dozen directors of the screen. Readers of November Screen Book will be tremendously interested in the character sketch of this master director, who made "Peter Pan," "Beau Geste" and "Sorrell and Son."

Screen Book is the new movie magazine—a new kind of magazine—a big surprise—a real treat for movie fans.

First, Screen Book gives you the COMPLETE book-length novel of this month's outstanding motion picture. This month it is the **Red Dance**. This novel alone would cost \$2.00 in a book store.

Screen Book also gives you in the same issue the COMPLETE stories in shorter form of other important movies-of-the-month. The November issue (just out) also contains 6 full-page gravure portraits of prominent stars for framing.

The book-length novel and the shorter novels are all richly illustrated with dozens of actual scenes from the movies.

SCREEN BOOK gives you an opportunity to live again the tense, wonderful moments that thrill you so.

## This Month's Feature— The Red Dance

Starring Dolores Del Rio—Charles Farrell

Screen Book's big surprise this month is the complete (\$2.00) book length novel, richly illustrated, of **The Red Dance**, the most popular picture in New York.

This is the story of the revolt of a peasant girl of the Russian Steppes. She seeks vengeance in strife and revolution. Her hand is raised against the Order to

which the man she admires belongs. His hand is raised against hers. Strangely enough, a passionate, enduring love develops out of the fierce warfare and deeply emotional struggle.

Screen Book gives you this complete fascinating book-length story with dozens of large pictures from the movie in beautiful rotogravure.

Full Page Gravure Portraits of

Charles Rogers, Mary Pickford, Dolores Costello  
William Boyd, Bebe Daniels, Janet Gaynor

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# LEFT OVERS

## HOLLYWOOD NIGHT AND DAY

By **WALTER RAMSEY**

Scenes as seen: Joan Crawford and young Doug making love in pig-Latin—turned down socks—Baclanova—Carrie Lee's Southern Kitchen for fried chicken—yachting with Bill Davey—brighter red hair—lighter blonde hair—a block long and four abreast were the lines waiting at Warner's new theater—Audrey Ferris and Tommy Lee leaving the Biltmore Supper room—Billie Dove in a smart green roadster—Lina Basquette's picture in every other store on the Boulevard—what's she done now?—two well-advertised divorcees entering the Montmartre clutching the arm of their respective, former husbands—divorce in Hollywood is getting like marriage in Hollywood—no one seems to be able to settle down in either—Mary Astor in make-up—Gretchen Young looking very sophisticated for a youngster—what is this new sound-proof stage they're all talking about?—what we need now is sound-proof talkies—Dorothy Dwan eating peanuts in a hotel lobby—that lame newsboy who always smiles—shooting scenes in front of the Bank of Italy—about half of Hollywood watching—Eva Von Berne, a young girl from the old country, who is making good in the city—Culver City—Noah Beery starting out in his new car for his famous trout ranch—why is it that the actresses in Hollywood wear less make-up on the streets than do the housewives?—and seem to look better?—Hollywood Boulevard is the works in early evening—bright lights 'n everything—it's the Boulevard that you remember when you're away—it's what brings you back to Hollywood.

Social codes in Hollywood are as elastic as Gertie's Garter. Can you imagine a gent inviting another fellow's wife up to his place to bridge, swim, or tennis, without including her legal boyfriend? Well, they practice that polite form of suicide in our little town and get away with it. It's all in fun. Nobody means anything. Least of all offense. Fancy this:

It was the opening of "The Road to Rome."

Tom Mix to Nancy Carroll: "What are you doing tomorrow afternoon, Nancy?"

Nancy: "Nothing."

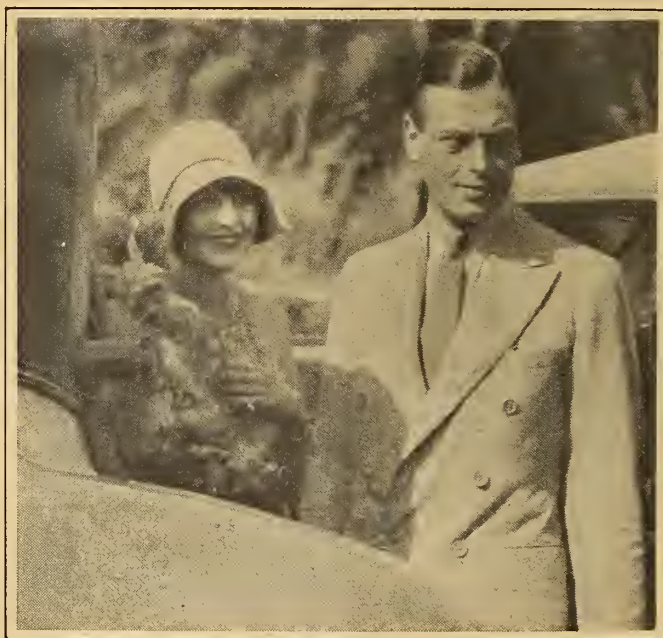
Tom: "Why not drop up to my place for a swim? Some other folks are coming."

And before we all went in for the second act, Tom and her husband shook hands and said they were glad to have seen each other!

Ona Brown is even more careless with her invitations. Ona has a cute habit of spotting two of her mutual friends at the Montmartre and jovially inviting one of them to her next big party. So I coyly pinned my ears back and didn't go—just for spite.

It is not unusual to find a husband at one dinner party and his wife at another. (For myself—these are m' favorites.) This, of course, is only among the more broad-minded unions. Not that I would call any names, but I have my telephone numbers.

There is only one stock in trade for an extra—clothes. Every spare penny has to go for a more complete wardrobe. The more complete—the more chance of working in all types of pictures. Everything from bathing suit to evening clothes. They live in hall bedrooms to acquire them. They eat in cheap restaurants to afford them. Imagine the embarrassment of two young extras to arrive home from a bathing suit set to find all their complete wardrobe stolen. And it took almost a year to get it all together—it not only cuts off their income temporarily, but almost entirely, until they get back on their feet. They must rent clothes now. And renting clothes is expensive in Hollywood.



By royal command Prince George of England was forbidden to fly, even though he was invited to by Colonel Lindbergh. But it is a question if he would have obeyed so implicitly had he been forbidden to motor with June Collyer during his visit to Hollywood

With Roscoe at the door, two-hundred-pound waiters and good food and entertainment. Since the incident happened that caused Arbuckle to leave pictures, hard luck has dogged his trail. Each night he sings his favorite song, "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." You would have to dry your eyes, too, if you knew him as we know him.

It is rather a study to watch high school girls in Hollywood develop into actresses. From a demure, shy naturalness to a put-on, ultra-sophistication. One day you see them with curls and an armful of books; a few days later a blonde bob and a case full of make-up. Now they know you—now they don't. From Highschool to High-hat—Wot a yump!

People I don't like: Guys who run dancing contests; guys who win dancing contests; girls who dance with the guys who win or lose dancing contests; the guy who gives the cup away at dancing contests; guys who sit at the table with the guy who gives away the cup at dancing contests. Maybe I don't like dancing contests.



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Here is a new idea in magazines, new features—enthusiastic, smart, brilliant. You will enjoy every gay, sparkling page, and to make sure you will get your copy every month, clip the coupon at the left and mail today.





The trapeze scenes in "The Four Devils," they say, were fraught with extreme danger for Charles Morton. But we are somehow led to believe, after a glance at his predicament here, that his love-sequences with Mary Duncan were far more hazardous





*Richee*

Those of an I-told-you-so turn of mind regarding the perils that lurk in alcoholic potations will find substantiation in the recent experience of Nancy Carroll who, after finishing "Manhattan Cocktail," forthwith became in another picture "The Shopworn Angel"





*Bachrach*

Becoming a marquise is only a part, apparently, of the ambitions which Gloria Swanson has harbored long within her heart. For now it is announced that she will soon begin a new portrayal, that of the name part in "Queen Kelley"





Corinne Griffith is a star possessed not only of charm but of courage. For despite the fact that she is to characterize the title part of "Outcast," she manages—as one may see here—to keep her chin up



If to ap  
then Ni



and for  
ng" will



M



Ball

Two Pekingese behind the scenes: they are Hong and Kong and the property of Madge Bellamy. And the chances are canine out of ten that so long as they have anything to say about it, they will continue to be





*Richee*

The bargain-hunting instinct of the female is intense enough as it is. But it appears to be due for a further and violent excitement now that Gary Cooper is promised to appear in "The Shopworn Angel"



NOV -6 1928

# Motion Picture

December, 1928

MAJOR GEORGE K. SHULER  
*Publisher*

LAURENCE REID  
*Managing Editor*

DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR.  
*General Manager*

## Camera!

**I**F ever there has been any question in the minds of picturegoers concerning the worth and the permanence of the talking movie, it should now be dispelled.

In fact, it has been dispelled, and not only once but twice; and in both instances by the performance of one man. We have reference to Al Jolson.

Some two or three years ago, Jolson made his first attempt to appear upon the screen. He had for years been a musical comedy star of the first magnitude. And it was thought by one picture director that the appeal he made on the stage might, for all the handicap of silence, be successfully translated into the language of the movies. But Jolson himself, after seeing his first rushes, decided it could not and declined to go further with an effort which not only disappointed him but which he undoubtedly felt would disappoint those who might go to see him.

It is unlikely that, except for the introduction of the talkies, he ever would have tried again. There was really no reason why he should. His position in the theater needed no amplification. He was unquestionably considered the greatest entertainer in America. And there was no necessity, unless he might do so with reasonable ease and the promise of success, why he should enter a field of activity wherein he would certainly at first be awkward and strained. And wherein he would have to sacrifice the very right hand of his ability, his speaking and singing voice.

### AL PUTS THE TALKIES OVER

**B**UT when he found the opportunity to try the films again and without the need of relying solely upon pantomime, it was something else again. And he did. He made first, about a year ago, a talkie version of "The Jazz Singer." And recently another sound picture entitled "The Singing Fool." These two pictures are and have been the most sensational screen successes of the last twelve months. It is reported that fans have paid already about a million and a half dollars to see the first one; and this, when it is borne in mind it could only be shown effectively in houses equipped for sound, is really astonishing. As for the second picture, it is just now

crowding the Winter Garden in New York, the house where Jolson made his first big metropolitan success, to a capacity it has not known save on those occasions when he has appeared there in person.

This is the final answer to all arguments about the practicability and the acceptability of the talkies. They have been done and they are liked. It has required, of course, for a convincing presentation of them, the art of such a man as Jolson. But on the other hand, it must be remembered that except for their existence the screen could never have attracted such an actor. He has opened up to the public the possibilities of the sound picture, but at the same time it was the sound picture which opened up for him the possibilities of the screen. The magic of the invention and the magic of his abilities have gone hand in hand to achieve a common success.

### MOVIE FRESH AIR

**T**HERE was never any reason, theoretically, why talkies should not be successful. Why people should prefer silence to sound—as a number of screen directors asserted—was never clear. Why the introduction of sound to the screen should—as some others held—throw the entire enterprise of making movies into chaos, cause it to revert back to the primitive days of twenty years ago, was always equally inexplicable. But such arguments were advanced and heeded. And so long as the matter must remain in the theoretical stage of development, one man's opinion might be as good as the next. Today this is not so. The development and the potentialities of the talkies are beyond that. They are not conjecture, they are fact. And motion-picturegoers should indeed be pleased that they are, for they represent, in subject matter, in manner of presentation, in the enlargement of artistic endeavor, the first breath of genuinely fresh air that has arisen from the screen in several years.

For the constitution of the picture business has been in that state which had, like many another ailing organism, to get worse before it could get better. And there is no question but that it did get worse. But now the talkies have come in, like a surgeon's knife, and have performed an operation. And what is even more gratifying, the operation has been successful.



# Mae

## The True Story About

BY RILLA PAGE PALMBORG

**T**HIS is a simple story of a happily married couple and their adored seventeen-months-old-son. But it was not a simple matter to get the story. It involved many trips between Hollywood and Brentwood, a distance of some fourteen miles. It caused long distance telephone operators to check off many expensive minutes while lengthy conversations were carried on over wires that stretched nearly across the continent. It called for a careful checking of the details of the story before it was approved. But here it is: a plain tale of a fond mother and a fond father bending all their efforts to give their baby boy the right start in life. Because the mother is known the world over for her beauty, her graceful dancing and her fame both upon the stage and on the screen; and because the father is a prince, this simple tale has assumed the importance of world-news.

MAE SHOULD MURRAY!

**M**AE MURRAY'S marriage to Prince M'divani was a real love-match. At the time of her marriage she is said to have resented the kidding that was made about the validity of her husband's title and the wise-cracking about his youth. But the outside world noticed that she only held her head a little higher and, so the report goes, she tried to explain the crude manners of her country to this man she had married.

She must have known that a great deal of publicity would be broadcast about her if the news that the stork was hovering over her chimney became known. This most sacred event of her life she was apparently determined to keep from the prying eyes of the public.

A few months after she had created a big sensation in "The Merry Widow," the papers announced that Mae Murray and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had had a quarrel and that her contract with them had been terminated by mutual consent of both parties. A little later the papers stated that Miss Murray and her husband, who has a reputation of being a noted sportsman, were leaving for Africa

A princess, a prince and a princeling: at the top, Mae Murray; below, her husband the Prince M'divani and their son, Karon

Int. Newsreel



Hesser

**W**HEN Prince David M'divani announced three months ago that the charming, golden haired child his neighbors saw playing about the lawn of his Brentwood home was the son of himself and his wife, Mae Murray, Hollywood gasped. Reporters besieged the house, clamored on the telephone, button-holed the prince on the street. People simply refused to believe that Mae Murray could have hoodwinked the entire movie colony. They "knew positively" that she had adopted the baby. All requests for the story Prince M'divani refused. "It is our baby," he reiterated, "that is enough."

But he met the author of this article through mutual acquaintances, and finding her interested finally agreed to tell to her, for the first time, the story of the baby's birth and through her the readers of Motion Picture Magazine.





# Murray's Baby

the Boy Who Some Day Will Be Prince M'Divani

for an indefinite period, to hunt big game. Swiftly and quietly Mae Murray succeeded in dropping from the public eye.

But Europe, not Africa, proved to be their destination. Some months later, under the azure skies of Italy, a prince was born. For months Miss Murray must have forgotten that the stage or screen existed. No doubt those months of motherhood will be counted as the happiest in her life.

## THE LONGEST WAY HOME

WHEN the time arrived for her to return to her native land, she embarked alone, for New York City, from Cherbourg. The newspapers had quite a bit to say about her arrival without the prince, hinting in the usual frank American fashion that their love story was over. But the husband and the small son gave evidence that they had no intention of being left behind. However, the boat they took passage on sailed for Canada. When the prince found that his arrival in the United States was being watched for, he changed his route and finally, with his baby, motored into California unnoticed. After the little family were united in Brentwood, the public had lost interest in the domestic affairs of Mae Murray.

No doubt at this time both Miss Murray and her husband would have been proud to let the world know that they were the parents of this lovely child, had not legal troubles over the purchase of a house in Santa Monica let them in for a lot of unpleasant publicity. Close upon the heels of this came further legal complications caused by a lawsuit brought by a masseuse against Miss Murray over what she claimed was her unwarranted dismissal.

About this time Mae received an offer to tour the country in a dancing act. She perhaps decided that this was a poor time to announce her motherhood to the world.

But somehow news of a baby in the M'divani household got out. Perhaps it was through a maid; no one knows. At any rate the high, vine-covered wall that surrounds the yard, could no longer keep out curious eyes. Reporters stormed the premises.

## PRESSED BY THE PRESS

"THEY ask me such questions that I blush for them," said Mr. M'divani—he prefers to be ad-

dressed as Mister in this country—when he told us about his experience with the press. "They say they want the lowdown on my baby. There is no lowdown on my lovely baby I say. We have a baby just like most married folks.

(Continued on page 118)

Beloved of royalty on the screen as well as off: Mae Murray in "The Merry Widow," with John Gilbert as the Prince







*R. H. Louise*

# *Sweetheart Time*

For Eddie Nugent, with an opportunity to play this scene, this year's should be an especially heartfelt Thanksgiving. The girl, of course, so sweet and simper, is—no, not Lillian Gish. Don't be Priscilly. It's Josephine Dunn



# Charlie Chaplin's One Great Love

With His Mother, the Most Splendid Comedian  
in the World Buried His Heart

BY DOROTHY DONNELL

**T**HE other day a little man with black hair, thickly streaked with grey, stood beside a grave.

He was as lonely in his sorrow as he was lonely in his struggles and his success.

It was a small grave, hardly larger than a child's. The woman who was buried there had been tiny of body but great of spirit—until the War, raining death from the skies upon her familiar London streets, had left her bewildered and lost. It was a small grave, but it held the great love of Charlie Chaplin's life.

With his mother was buried his youth, all his ties with that long-ago life, when as a ragged urchin he strutted through the slums imitating the gait of a pushcart pedler for her amusement. When his two step-brothers, Wheeler Dryden and Sidney Chaplin, left home to fend for themselves, Charlie, a child of eight, remained with her in the attic room which he was to copy many years later, to the last windy knot hole and broken window pane, in "The Kid." They had gone hungry together and shivered together with the cold; they had laughed together over the funny sights in the streets, and she had praised him when he brought home coppers thrown by theater crowds, waiting at the gallery door, whom he entertained with comic songs and dances.

SHE ALONE UNDERSTOOD HIM

**W**HAT sacrifices she had made for him, what unchildlike effort he had put forth to bring her money, only the two of them knew. Chaplin has never been self-revealing.



Two recent pictures of Mrs. Chaplin, one of them including her famous son who, for all his riches, she always thought of as a struggling, threadbare youngster

Both of the women he married have said that they did not understand him.

Perhaps this tiny woman with the clouded mind and the dark hair streaked with white, so like his own, was the only one who will ever really know Charlie.

There have been many bitter things in his life. One of the bitterest was the realization that, when at last he could make up to his mother for the terrible years of struggle for existence, by an ironical twist of fate she could not understand that those years were over, and that she need never want for anything again. At times, those who knew them say, his mother was distressed and frightened by the evidences of his wealth. She who had haggled over pennyworth's of food from hucksters, and known the horrors of poverty in a London slum did not understand Chaplin's great house with its velvet hangings and soft rugs. All this grandeur could not belong to her boy, Charlie. She would beg him piteously to give up work that couldn't be honest and turn to salvation. Twenty-five years before she had hoped that he would become a minister.

At other times, she was back in the past, a young widow with three boys, unconscious that she wore soft silks, seeing the London smoke and fog beyond the windows instead of the California sun. They tell this story: how Charlie's mother came one day, as she often did, to the studio with her companion to watch her son at work on a picture, and sat quietly enough in an easy chair looking on while the comedian, in his familiar tramp costume, went through his antics, pretending to preen himself before a mirror. But as she watched him try to put a crease in those baggy trousers, brush off those  
(Continued on page 86)





Again  
A *Garbeau*

After a passing professional predilection for other leading men, Greta Garbo has once more chosen John Gilbert. They will be seen together in a photoplay entitled "A Woman of Affairs"





# Oo, La La! And Si Si!

## Would the Foreign Damsels Marry Our Men?

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

**R**EALLY, it's one of those things to get serious about. Draw your chair a bit closer, my dear, and pretend not to notice the girl in the red hat and I'll tell you all about it.

A year or so ago we could have tossed it off with a quick nod and a merry, merry ha-ha. But not today. No, not today.

Not with Vilma Banky treading the church aisle to the tune of a Mendelssohn best seller to meet Hollywood's most eligible bachelor, Roderick La Rocque. And Vilma, herself, it is told, once declared that "never, never, never—no, not ever—would she marry an American man."

Vilma, who had that count or duke or something turning somersaults all over Europe and the best watering-places, because she would not return and become his feudal bride and settle down in his feudal castle. And more than that, my dear—the marriage is enduring.



At the top of the page, in the upper center, Lena Malena; below her, from left to right, Olga Baclanova, Lili Damita and Maria Alba. Below, Lola Salvi

Here's Rod himself, not more than three weeks ago, declaiming, with emphasis, "Vilma is the wife of the age."

You can see how serious it all is. Far more serious to the native damsels of Hollywood than the Boulder Dam. Oh, much more serious, as someone said, "by a dam site." But I really don't think we need get profane about it, do you?

### LUPE ON THE LOOKOUT

**B**UT what shall we do? Here, too, is a problem. Every foreign steamer brings another lovely, luscious, lithesome foreign damsel, full of soft smiles and femininity. And here we are so darned athletic. Clipped and shorn within an inch of our ears, short-skirted and tennis-soxed, we just can't radiate that dainty feminine charm. Not with tanned arms and sun-burned noses.

"What do you think of American men?" I asked Lupe Velez, who was a rose below the Rio Grande, before she decided to flower in Hollywood.

(Continued on page 92)



# Hidden

By EVELYN WEST

*Below is a list of some of the largest insurance policies carried by movie stars:*

|                        |             |                       |           |
|------------------------|-------------|-----------------------|-----------|
| Gloria Swanson.....    | \$2,000,000 | Jean Hersholt.....    | \$350,000 |
| Mary Pickford.....     | 2,000,000   | Conrad Nagel.....     | 250,000   |
| Douglas Fairbanks..... | 2,000,000   | Dolores del Rio ..... | 250,000   |
| Harold Lloyd.....      | 1,000,000   | Laura La Plante.....  | 250,000   |
| Norma Talmadge.....    | 1,000,000   | Lon Chaney.....       | 250,000   |
| Constance Talmadge...  | 350,000     | Bebe Daniels.....     | 150,000   |

MOTION picture stars are the best-known people in the world—and the most mysterious. Their stories have been told in print so often that it would seem that the fans knew every moment of their lives; and yet a close observer might notice that there are blank spaces in these autobiographies: dates omitted, the names of places left out, years unaccounted for, details slurred over. Even their own friends and neighbors in the movie colony are not told—and do not ask—about their past lives. It is tacitly understood in Hollywood, as well as in Port Said, Sydney and Hong-kong, that insistence on such matters is bad taste. Actresses like the enigmatic Garbo, the sphinxlike Goudal, are total strangers even to their film friends. They might have been born the day they stepped into their first studio so far as having any past history is concerned.

Some of the life stories of film celebrities have been made up out of whole cloth—and colorful cloth—by their publicity men. There was Ricardo Cortez, for instance. "Where were you born?" I asked Riccy when he first signed to play romantic leads. "The publicity department hasn't decided that yet," he answered in all innocence. For years the fans believed devoutly that Theda Bara's birthplace was the Sahara desert. Mae Murray's biography was told and

From the top corner, and down: Harold Lloyd, Gloria Swanson, Jean Hersholt, Dolores del Rio (on his right); Laura La Plante, Conrad Nagel and Bebe Daniels



# Histories

## In The Vaults Of The Insurance Companies The Stars Bury Their Pasts Alive

retold to interviewers—until one with detective instincts happened to discover that she had been telling, as her own story, the plot of one of her earliest pictures. Even in hard-boiled Hollywood, husbands and wives in the movies often accept each others' press stories about their past lives without investigation.

### THE COLD-FACT BOYS

**B**UT there is a certain group of men whose business it is to separate the chaff of rumor from the wheat of facts. Their business demands it. We are referring to the men of the big life insurance companies. These chaps deal in cold, hard facts. Without doubt they know more of the lowdown on the picture actors than any other people in the world.

This going into the past of a picture star is not an easy job. Coming, as they do, from all parts of the earth, some of them are as hard to trace as a flea on a bull pup. Most of them adopt new names, and occasionally new faces. This doesn't make the task any easier. But the inspection departments of these big companies have a way of following clues that lead around the world.

Once in a while the wisest of them is fooled. This happened in  
(Continued on page 100)

From immediately below and to the right: Lon Chaney, Mary Pickford, Constance Talmadge, Dolores del Rio, Douglas Fairbanks, the late Einar Hanson (on his left) and, at the top, the late Wallace Reid





# In and Out

## Gossip of the



Hesser

For the success of "The Rescue," since Ronald Colman and Lili Damita are its principal players, Samuel Goldwyn must indeed thank his stars



**WE WERE** asking Adolphe Menjou about his lawsuit against the enterprising manufacturer of "snap-on, ready-tied" neckties who has been exploiting one such tie under the name of "The Menjou." "Imagine," wailed Adolphe, "what a tie like that will do for my reputation of being well-dressed—but even that wasn't so bad—if they hadn't printed a picture of *Lew Cody* in a corner of each display card."

### 'Ard 'Earted Art

**IN CONNECTION** with the recent scrap between Tom Mix and a gentleman who runs a roadhouse, an Old Timer was reminiscing. "When Tom first came to Hollywood," he said, "he wasn't at all belligerent. In fact, Art Acord had the habit of borrowing frequently from him, and when Tom refused a loan, Art would beat him up. One evening at the Sunset Inn, however, Tom had a few drinks and answered Art back, real sassy. Art didn't say anything—then. But when Tom went out to the coat-room, he followed him and without a word knocked him cold. Then he took a quarter from his pocket and tossed it to the darkey attendant. 'When the gentleman comes to,' said Art, 'brush him off.'"

### Vanishing Americans

**IT WAS** a party at the Mix home, a stag-party of cowboy stars and movie heroes. One of the newspaper boys, who was also a guest, was rummaging among Tom's exhibits of cowboy regalia. He took a pearl-handled



Louise

Two tough birds: Aileen Pringle, from observation of the turkey's resistance and from overhearing a muttered comment upon it by Lew Cody, realizes she has that many at the table with her

Those who prefer their Thanksgiving fowl well Dunn should find delight in devouring the one at the left which Josephine is driving to the chopping block



# of Focus

## Stars and Studios

revolver from a case. Playfully he snapped the trigger—and the gun went off with a roar. It had been put away loaded. When the smoke cleared away, half of the guests (so the story goes) were hidden under the chairs and tables, and the other half had their hands over their heads.

### *Food and Philosophy*

**"I'M DIETING,"** said Belle Bennett, at the Montmartre. "Yesterday I took a test—in tights.

"And," she added, "I'm so hungry. Before lunch I always remember all the tragedies in my life. After lunch I'm able to think of my blessings."

### *The Trail of 96*

**AT VALENTINO'S** memorial service: She was an old old woman of ninety-six, and she was weeping bitterly. She had come all the way from Seattle, she told us, to attend the service, and had arrived too late for it.

### *Uncommon Candor*

**THE** parents of a new star called her in and berated her bitterly for telling an interviewer about the poverty and struggles of her childhood. "Don't you see?" wailed her mother, who has acquired a grandeur-complex with her first limousine, "that that makes us seem like cheap people?"

"Well," said the star cheerfully. "What of it? *Aren't we?*"



*Autrey*

Women are so artful! For here, above, Helen Twelvetrees, recently recruited for the talkies, has contrived to have a picture taken without exposing a single limb



Can Sally Eilers, above, be designated the candy kid? We ask solely for the reason that in regarding her impending Thanksgiving dinner, she is the personification of Turkish delight

The old gobbler at the right is making no effort at all to escape from Mary's arms. Perhaps he just figures it's no use, that it would be merely jumping from the Brian pan into the fire

*Richee*





# All the Gossip of the

## Glitter Indignation

**THEY** call Lilyan Tashman the best-dressed woman in Hollywood. She was wearing a sports suit the other day with an enormous stomacher that glittered with the fires of many stones whenever she moved. "That's awfully pretty," remarked the publicity girl. "This modern costume jewelry is so clever, I think."

Lilyan gazed at her haughtily between half-closed lids. "These are not brilliants," she remarked after an awful pause. "Do you think that *I would wear anything that wasn't real?*"

## Page Owen Wister

**"I HEAR,"** said a friend meeting Al Cohen the other day, "that you have been made a supervisor on the Universal lot."

Al glowered at him. He leveled a fountain pen in the manner of a desperado in a Western. "*When you call me that,*" said he, "*smile!*"

## Its New Harmonicker

**AT** a meeting of the illustrious Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. "Ah," said a producer, after listening to a speech of the chairman, "I see vat you mean, sure. You mean that this Academy is going to be the *mouth organ of the Industry.*"

## Old Slack Joe

**HERGESHEIMER** is going to become a resident of Hollywood again, and no doubt go in for the domino finals. "I've known him for years and years," lisped Carmelita Geraghty, "when I was a little girl he used to hold me on his knee. And," she added thoughtfully, "he doesn't seem to know *that I've grown up yet.*"

## Modern Improvements

**"I HAVE** just seen my first talkie," said the producer, "and I'm relieved. I was afraid that it was going to put a large class of people out of business—the ones who read the subtitles out loud in the movie theaters. But it hasn't. Now they repeat aloud everything that the players say, contradict them, and make loud popping noises when a kiss is shown."



Carsey

Deny the attraction of Yola D'Avril? Impossible! Anyone who dared to would simply be put down as outlandishly *hipocritical*.



It seems that Harold Lloyd can't get away from his work; even while he's out canoeing he finds himself confronted by a lot of rushes

It is safe to say of Jean Arthur, beneath the beach umbrella, that the only girl in Hollywood ever to put her beauty in the shade is herself



Dyar



# Stars and Studios

## Remember This One?

"WHY are you so late coming home from the movies?" asked the Hollywood papa. "It's almost one o'clock." "Oh, that's easy," said the son and heir. "It was a talkie, and the hero stuttered."

## Current Events

**FLYING** to San Diego to have lunch with Ramon Novarro and the admiral of the Pacific Fleet on the location of "Gold Braid." "Take a look down, folks" ballyhooed Pete Smith, "this is the Metro-Goldwyn studio beneath us. And be sure you don't spell it First National when you write this up." The plane bumped perceptibly crossing the studio. "Air pockets," said the pilot, "that is caused when a current of hot air strikes cooler air." "Hm," murmured Pete, "the executives must be in conference."

## The Hot Shoulder

**ON** the set of "The Haunted House" at the First National Studios. A spooky scene was being shot. William V. Mong as the vindictive old caretaker crept up behind Thelma Todd and touched her on the shoulder. The shriek she gave was so realistic that everyone on the set was impressed with Thelma's acting ability; and after the scene was shot the director took occasion to congratulate her on her fine work. "Oh," said Thelma candidly, "that wasn't acting; that was my sunburn I got swimming at Malibu yesterday."

## A Tribute to Taxidermy

**AMONG** the animals used in "The Haunted House" are two owls, two bullfrogs, a pheasant and an iguana, all stuffed. "Thank God," exclaimed a harassed member of the cast yesterday, "that stuffed animals don't jump." The entire cast is kept on the edge of nervous prostration throughout the picture by trick shadows, ingenious and unexpected noises and the hideous faces which the director makes up to help them register feeling.

## Encouraging Mary

**MARY DUNCAN** was introduced to a woman visitor to the Fox studios the other day, and being on her way to the restaurant asked her to  
(Continued on page 107)



Carsey

One example of model deportment in Hollywood is that of Loretta Young, above, posing in a new boudoir robe which is to serve as one of her costumes in "Scarlet Seas"

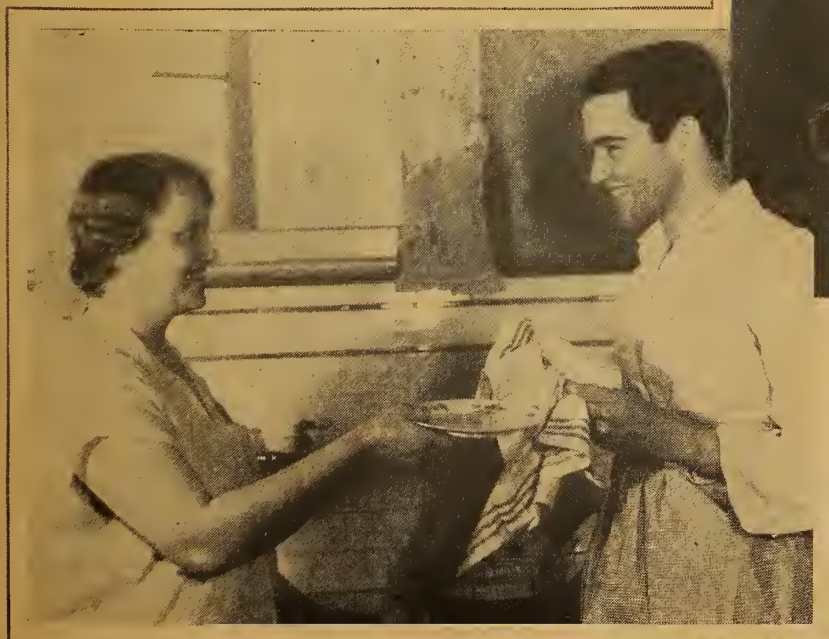


Dyar

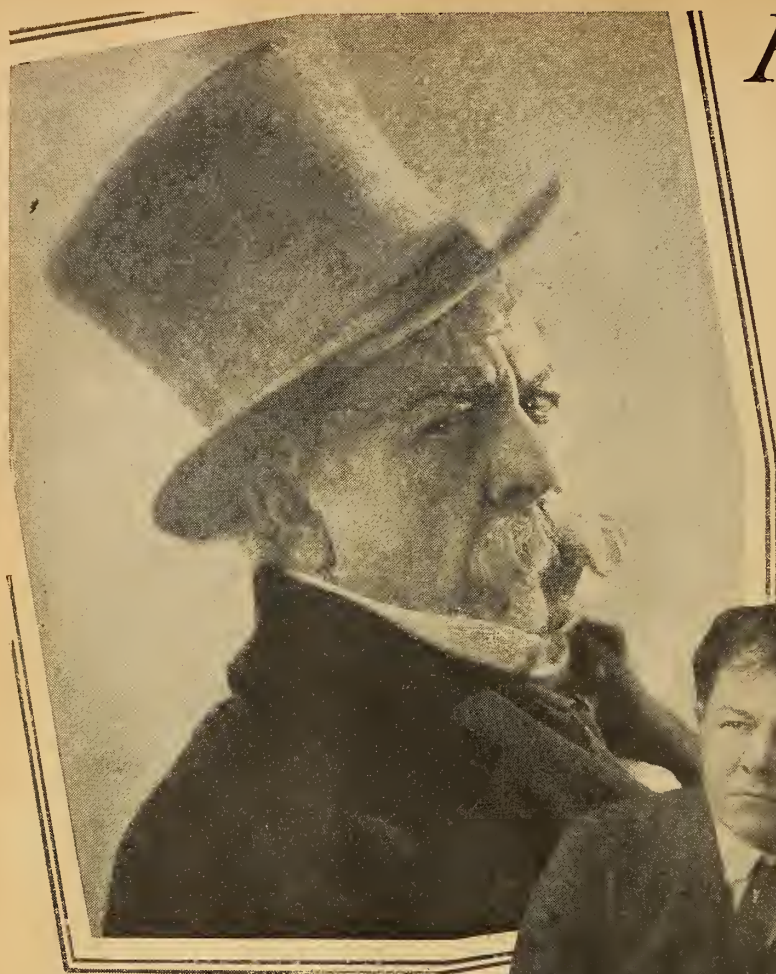
Fay Wray, just above, finds after an arduous day in the studio that relaxing in this long porch chair is the best cretonnic for her nerves

Drying his best to help his mother: Buddy Rogers lends a hand, in the kitchen of their home in Hollywood, in doing the dishes

Dyar







# From Females to Flappers

George Fawcett Isn't Running Cold Water on the Jazz Age, But—

*As he said to*

DOROTHY CALHOUN

was a boy would have been frozen with horror if they had been shown a sex picture like a recent underworld film with a young woman in a transparent negligee being necked by a handsome crook. The really nice ladies in the audience would have felt obliged to faint to express the delicacy of their feelings, after the scene was over.

The stage still had traditions when I became an actor, and so did the audiences. There were certain rules for behavior in the drama and in life. Actors and actresses went through their rôles in the grand manner inherited from five centuries of players. Each gesture, each expression, each inflection of the voice

*(Continued on page 108)*

**T**HIS isn't criticism, mind; I hope I'm not one of those gnarled old fellows who go around prosing about the good old days and grumbling because the young people or the port or the politics or the poetry isn't what it used to be *in my time*. As a matter of fact, this *is* my time, as much as that day, forty years ago, when I first stepped out on the stage of the theater in Fourteenth Street.

And this isn't reminiscence. Never liked to listen to reminiscences myself, and I'm not going to inflict them on others. But I've been in the business of amusing the public for forty years, and in that time I've seen people change their habits, customs, and ways of living; and their amusements change with them. I've followed the theatrical trend myself, from Shakespeare to the speakies. My first year on the stage I strutted through "Macbeth"; and yesterday I finished a part as a Russian general in a movie, with a queer looking contraption in front of me to transfer my voice onto a strip of celluloid that will be run off on a machine for audiences back in Illinois and Massachusetts to listen to.

One thing I've discovered: the changes in people's amusements run parallel with the changes in people's ways of living. The theater is a social barometer. When I went on the stage forty years ago, I was living in a different world from Hollywood. I don't say a better world, mind; just a different one. The men and women of 1928 are not the same sort of human beings as the ones who were satisfied with the theater of 1888, with its artificial emotions and high flown dialogue, its players who took three strides L and came down C to strike a heroic attitude and declaim: "It shall never be said that Claude Duval was unfaithful to a friend. Ah, friendship! 'Tis the light in life's dark tempest." And so on and so forth.

And the public I faced from behind the footlights when I



In relation to his age, the movies are to George Fawcett what the talkies are to John Gilbert. Just above, Mr. Fawcett in his first picture, fifteen years ago; in the center, as he appeared in "The Great John Eanton" and at the top in "Peter Ibbetson," both stage successes for rôles requiring intelligence, power and finished technique. Fawcett has on the screen today few rivals





# *A* *Mississippi* *Missy*

In "Show Boat" Laura La Plante plays both *Magnolia* and the banjo. As to the nature of the tunes, they are her own interpretation of songs of the old South or, if you will, La Plantation melodies



*Photos by Seely*





Tributes they treasure most: Betty Compson, at the left; and Marian Nixon, reading for the eight hundred and sixty-fourth time their first fan letters

Kornman-Bruno

# Their First Fan Letters

These The Stars Cherish Above All The  
Thousands They Receive Later

**T**HERE is always a big kick in the first experience of anything, whether it be one's first pair of long pants, the first permanent wave, or the first effort to eat a raw oyster.

By HAL K. WELLS

That rule holds good, even in blasé Hollywood. I doubt if there is a bigger all-around thrill in any star's career than that received by the arrival of the first fan letter. Thousands of such letters come showering in upon the player later from every nook and cranny of the civilized world, but none of them ever has quite the kick of that magic first one.

It is one letter that is always kept by every star, no matter whether it is written upon the finest of imported stationery or upon a discarded peanut sack, and regardless of whether the writer is a Florida kindergarten tot or an eighty-year-old Iowa farmer. It is a letter that is always read and re-read a hundred times by the star receiving it, and one that always gets a prompt and grateful personal answer.

It is a message that is never forgotten. No matter how many thousands may come after it, that first letter is always enshrined somewhere in every star's cache of treasured mementoes. Some of those letters are a little dingy with age now, and they are all creased from much handling and reading.

Marian Nixon keeps her first fan letter among half a dozen other cherished personal souvenirs in a small wicker box. It was from a little eighth-grade boy in Waterbury, Connecticut, and closed with the ingenuous plea: "Please, Marian Nixon, send me your picture soon, because I want to show all my friends how pretty you are." Did he get the picture? By return mail.

Eddie Lowe, with an actor's superstitious regard for

good omens, has his first fan letter mounted under a coating of transparent shellac inside the top cover of his make-up box. Eddie has worn out several make-up boxes since the receipt of that letter, a brief typewritten note of commendation from a St. Louis stenographer, but the token is always transferred to his new box.

Leatrice Joy has her first bit of fan mail framed and hanging in her dressing-room at the studio. Written in the labored hand of a youthful second-grader, on a page torn out of a school tablet, the note is a gem of brevity and unique spelling: "Deere lady, I love you very mush. Yours truly, D-- C--, Lund, Utah."

Mary Philbin's first fan letter came in 1920, just after she had appeared in "Riding Fast," a two-reel Western starring Hoot Gibson. It was an ardently romantic note from a love-sick youth in a small California town, who had apparently been waiting all his life for a girl like Mary. He mentioned that he had been willed a fortune of over one thousand dollars by his late father and that when his mother died, which he thought would be very shortly, he and Mary could then live very comfortably on the estate, without either of them having to do a great deal of work again.

That is one of the very few first fan letters that did not receive a particularly cordial answer.

Betty Compson got her first piece of fan mail while she was playing in Christie Comedies. That was before she sprang to fame in "The Miracle Man." It was from a fifteen-year-old high school boy in Biloxi, Mississippi, and read in part: "You have a divine figure. If you will be so kind as to mail me a photograph, please make it one in a bathing-suit because I would be prouder of that kind." He

(Continued on page 105)



# Life Story of ALICE WHITE

*As Told by Alice White to RUTH BIERY*



*Carsey*

more. All the time I was in school he was my hero. I used to write long, long letters to him saying he was not only my favorite actor, but also my ideal of a man. Of course, I never had the courage to mail them.

But when I saw this man—well, I just thought no one, not even John Barrymore, could be more gorgeous. He got on the same train and all the way to the Coast he was right at my heels. We had breakfast and lunch and dinner together. Perhaps I shouldn't have done it, but remember I was just a kid having my first experience.

## TRAIN-RIDES ARE SO SHORT

WE'D sit out on the observation-car and watch the moon playing hide-and-go-seek with the clouds so high above us and lighting up the snow all around us. I wished it could last forever. It seemed so wonderful rushing through the air, not caring whether school kept or not, with just that big yellow moon above us and the cold white all around us.

He kissed me.

It was the first time I had ever been kissed. I liked it. It made my flesh go into goose pimples. I can't see why women pretend they don't like to have a man who is really attractive kiss them. All women really like men to kiss them. They just won't be honest about it.

He told me men would always like to kiss me. I was—well, I felt sort of honored. He told me a lot of things about myself.

Elinor Glyn hadn't made up the word "It" at that time, but he



*Waxman*

*P. & A.*

told me the same things which Elinor Glyn means by that expression: I liked to think I was some of the things he told me. But I didn't believe them all. A woman should never believe all that a man tells her.

Then, this was the first chance I had to make other women jealous. He was the best looking man on the train. I was just a kid and there were several older women, very good-looking, who wanted to talk to him. One of them stopped me and said, "I don't see how a punk kid like you can attract that sort of a man." It made me feel very grown-up and important. I think most women like to make other women jealous.

I went to the Hollywood High School—my first co-educational experience. I believe in co-education because then boys

*(Continued on page 101)*





# *The Unhappy*

Bebe Daniels Brings  
Again the Martyred

Three phases in the glorious career of the girl whose reward was so inglorious: above, in the corner, Joan of Arc sees the vision calling her to save France from the armies of England; at the right, she dedicates her sword to the service of her king; and, at the left, her mission done, she offers to him the shield which safeguarded his domains

Portraits  
especially  
created for  
Motion Picture  
by Eugene Robert Richee  
of Famous Players-Lasky





# Warrior

## Vividly to Life Maid of Orleans

When she was needed and after she no longer was:  
 at the left, above, Miss Daniels portrays La Pucelle  
 on foot, leading her troops to victory; at the right,  
 the price she paid for doing more than the king's  
 courtiers could: chained in prison awaiting the farce  
 of a trial, that was to be accorded her; and, above,  
 bound to the stake to be burned alive



# *The Good Woman of Hollywood*

*Belle Bennett Was a Wife at Twelve  
And Has Been a Mother Ever Since*

By GLADYS HALL

I'M afraid Belle Bennett is a Good Woman. I say afraid advisedly and with feeling. After all, when one is accustomed to discussing with the stars the relative merits of bootleggers, ex-husbands, present sweeties, sugar daddies, propositionings and things, it comes rather tough to climb onto the plane of Universal Love.

Belle Bennett believes that the world can be Run by Love. Including Sam Goldwyn. Of that, more later.

It's all the more amazing because Belle has had so many opportunities to Go Wrong.

In the first place, I mean, her papa was a Tent Show magnate. Which means that when Belle was budding, when she was "standing with reluctant feet, etc.," when she was plump of knee, she was *Julietting* and *East Lynning* all over the countryside with nothing but a tent flap for protection. And you know what yokels think of frails like that. Catch-as-catch-can and the devil take the hindmost.

But even at eleven, twelve or thirteen, Belle knew her Seventh Commandment. When Love Came to Her, she pinned it firmly to the marriage sacrament. She was actually only twelve or so when the gent of the cloth said, "Until Death doth part. . . ." But she was a Big Girl for her age. And death didn't part them. It seldom does.

She then had a baby. Then she adopted another baby. The maternal complex came early and it has stayed rather late.

HER D. D. AND B. S. DAYS

BELLE has done all sorts of theater-things. Leading woman in movies for many years before she burst upon the cinema heavens as the unforgettable *Stella Dallas*. In the days of D. D. or Dorothy Dalton, she was starring with the old Triangle in such opuses as "The Hell-Cat of Alaska" and others. She took the rôle played by Hazel Dawn in "The Demi-Virgin" and demi-virged on Broadway for six months or more. Besides which, also B. S., or Before *Stella*, she pulled 'em in as a stock actress, perhaps the most stage-doored one ever seen on this West Coast.

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Ray Huff

Belle Bennett loves everybody, from employers who have broken her contracts, to housemaids who have broken her china. Literally and psychically, she dwells upon a hilltop



# Nightmare à la Russe



D.G. Shore.

After the recent rush of Russian stories to the screen, with John Gilbert, and Greta Garbo and Renee Adoree in interchangeable parts, it is small wonder that an artist who has seen them all should have uneasy dreams





If reports were parsons, they'd have had more wives than a sheaf of sheiks: Ronald Colman, extreme left; above him, Ben Lyon; in the center, Richard Dix; on the right, Charlie Chaplin, and below him, Gene Tunney

# Love - Bait

You Find The Man,  
Hollywood Furnishes  
The Rumor

**I**F Colonel Charles Lindbergh had permitted an announcement of his engagement to any one of Hollywood's movie gals, he would have promptly developed into "love-bait."

Charlie Chaplin used to be good love-bait until he yelled "Wolf" once too often.

Gene Tunney would have done—but he didn't want to play that way.

Mayor Walker, of New York, is married. Otherwise he would have served nicely.

And it is a shame that Jack Dempsey gets along so well with Estelle Taylor. Look at all the girls who are knocked out of rumored romances with him.

Pity Hollywood's visiting celebrities. Pity her eligible young men. They may be all the world to their respective mothers, but they're just love-bait to Hollywood.

Offhand, you might say that the press agents are to blame. It's their job to keep their darlings in the public eye, and what could be cuter publicity than a little item of romance? It's always good for a picture on the second page, and if the principals are sufficiently important, it becomes headline fodder. But it isn't fair to lay all the blame at the door of the Wampas. In more than one rumor the papers themselves are responsible. Suppose a couple of days have gone by without a good murder or scandal? Then why not rumor a Hollywood romance?

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Who cares whether it is true or not?

It can be denied the next day. It's great for the press agents and the papers. And the public eats it up. But what about the poor lovers?

## AN ENGAGEMENT A DAY


**T**AKE young Carl Laemmle, Jr. He's a nice kid. He's carrying on his father's business admirably. But lately, through no fault of his own, he has developed into love-bait of the first order. In the last six months his engagement has been rumored to every single girl in Hollywood, including the entire squad of this year's Wampas stars. First, his name was coupled with Alice Day's. Then Audrey Ferris rated an announcement. Following Audrey came Molly O'Day. And the latest is Sue Carol. Now, Uncle Carl's little boy is a serious-minded young fellow whose real interest is centered in production activities at Universal and it is growing just a bit irksome to wake up every morning and find himself pictured as a fickle young sheik.

"I'm sure these 'engagements' are more embarrassing to the young ladies than myself," said Junior. Which was no more or less than a gentleman could say.

Gene Tunney was more to the point. Several years ago, when Gene was making a movie in Hollywood, the gossips tried their darndest to tie him up with several pretty

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Without  
may say  
quite as  
Oriental  
in her  
clothes  
bring







# OF HOLLYWOOD

## Celebrities Are Victims of Every Sort of Shake-Down, from Dog-Abduction to Blackmail

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

Drawings by ELDON KELLEY

**W**HERE lions tread, there jackals follow. In every wilderness these skulking sycophants fawn and flatter against that hour when they dare fan; an unsuspecting throat for its pound of flesh.

And the jungle law holds good in Hollywood. Every monarch of the movies is the unconscious mark for many a menace more vicious than any villain of the screen. From dawn to dark they stalk. And while he sleeps, they plot.

Somefew attain the bold dignity of dirk or rod or black-jack. But the bludgeon is passé. And blackmail gangs are rampant. Milady's maid may be a mob moll. The bowing butler a bandit. The pantry-man a pirate in his heart, the footman a fake and the chauffeur a cheating chiseler of the first water. A kidnaping may be concocted in the kitchen. And as the soup is served, the liveried lackey may be estimating the pawnshop value of a player's pearls.

Not long ago the local courts echoed with the testimony of a stand and deliver threat directed to Fay Wray. Its tenor being in the ancient phrase of all the highwaymen, "Your money or your life!"

The domestic bliss of placid Pickfair was disturbed by police patrols upon the plot to abduct Mary from beneath the very eyes of the athletic Doug. The papers carried rumors of a ransom for Del Rio. In New York, Tom Mix flashed a roll containing twenty grand. And was trailed for days by members of a night-club mob. From a far city comes news that a former butler of the Chaplin household, Don Slevitch, has been pistoled. With his death, a Hollywood scandal also dies.

### SHAKING DOWN A SHOWMAN

**I**N the armed camp they call Chicago, a great showman was shaken down for twenty C. And the suave Brummel who gambles the dough for Cicero's racketeers put the arm on a cinema celeb for a cool ten thou'. But this cool money got too hot to hold, and for once in his life this lynx-eyed wolf of the underworld was forced to kick it back.

A snake-hearted driver and two of his snaky pals are living soft on pickings from the fat purse of a star who has "the habit." Disclosure would mean

Milady's maid may be a mob moll. The bowing butler a bandit. The pantry man a pirate in his heart. The footman a fake and the chauffeur a cheating chiseler of the first water

Before Roscoe Arbuckle was made the dupe of corrupt political ringsters, and the select circle of Ladies' Clubs which played prettily into their hands, he had just amassed a cool million. When they got through with him, Fatty lacked carfare. They never give a sucker an even break.

The Hollywood halls of justice have just reverberated with the deep-throated denunciations hurled by a lion of the movies who declined the rôle of martyr in a festival of festering scandal. In a voice as husky as his heart is stout, this regular guy—who is no other than Kenneth Harlan—double-damned his traducers in language which might have brought a contempt-of-court charge. But he is thrice armed who has his quarrel just, and for once the blind goddess proved that she isn't also deaf. Nor dumb.

But, after all, these and other countless instances carry the merit of their magnitude. There are more insidious, if less ambitious, villainies which are continuously perpetrated on the players each hour of the twenty-four, every day of the seven.

There is the minor grafting dear as the breath of life to the type of so-called human who prefers a petty-cash account to a salary. There is the constant pilfering, which like the kitty in a poker-game, or the third pass cut at a dicing table, will strip its victim bare, providing it lasts long enough.

### ORIENTAL TACTICS

**T**HE Orient remains more subtle and more patient, as Bret Harte remarked of his heathen Chinese. The slant-eyes of one poker-faced Filipino house-boy coveted sundry possessions of his employers. Some small object of value would be missing from its accustomed place. Only, however, to be discovered in another quarter. Then it would move again. And yet again. Finally, when it seemed quite certain that the master's eye had become used to not seeing it, the vanishing act would take place. In one case this was repeated so often that the home seemed about to be denuded of its furnishings. But the yellow-skinned Houdini put the prestochango on an antique chair, and the racket was ruined.

But while household help from the East contributes some competition, it doesn't seriously threaten Caucasian supremacy.

There's a butler who gets his cut on every purchase made, including fifteen berries per case on the wet goods.

Being an astute fellow, he'd be very glad to pay the boss hand-

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# A Bacchantedote For The Blues

Say, if you will, that Joan Crawford must have obtained this costume on the partial-  
 raiment plan. But you can't deny that her performance in this exultant harvest  
 dance manifests a grace that is truly autumn-atic



# Which Charlie Will Win?

Young Mr. Farrell And Young Mr. Rogers  
Are Running Neck-and-Neck In Their Careers

BY RUTH BIERY



**T**HEY'RE both named Charles, with one nicknamed Charlie and the other Buddy.

They started life within a year of one another, thus making Charlie Farrell one up from the very beginning.

Only Charlie began in Cape Cod, New England, while Buddy wore his first rompers in Oloethe, Kansas. But an average small-town American family is just an average small-town American family whether there's corn to the left of them, corn to the right of them or plain fish-smell all around them.

Charlie's father owns three theatres which had first innings on the small-town runs of "Seventh Heaven" and "Street Angel." Buddy's dad is lord and master of a hand-pressed newspaper which received advance publicity on "Wings" and "My Best Girl" in time to scoop the Kansas City dailies.

Both boys are one hundred per cent Americans; to wit: the public schools and three years at co-educational colleges.

For some time it looked as though the spoon found in Buddy's mouth when he squalled his first welcome was solid gold, while Charlie's was only plated. All because Charlie starved and yearned, moaned and cussed for two and a half years like any other extra, while Buddy stepped from behind the baton of his college orchestra to a lead in his very first picture. But now that they're running neck to neck we can assume that the spoons were molded from alloy in the one kettle.

"Old Ironsides" was the tee on which they met one another. Buddy was sent out from New York to play it. Charlie *did* play it.

It was Buddy's first hint that life isn't made to order. His heart broke into pieces. He wept gallons of tears, but he congratulated Charlie Farrell. And moved over to the Fox lot in "More Work and Less Pay" to let Mary Brian console him. She did so well that Hollywood rumored Buddy's first marriage engagement.

"Wings" was the second. Both were runners-up for the honors. This time it was Charlie who sneaked home and dropped his tears in the waste-paper basket. Charlie already knew that off-stage movie tears belong in the cuspidor or waste-paper basket for all the good they do the poor actor.

"Seventh Heaven" and Janet Gaynor were Charlie's compensation and you know what Janet did for Charlie.

To say nothing of "Rough Riders", made down in San Antonio next door to "Wings", where the boys became the kind of pals that make sob-sisters wear out the keys of their typewriters.

The third green, "My Best Girl" with Mary Pickford. And I'll be darned if the fishes from Cape Cod and the yellow corn of Kansas didn't run another competition. With the corn waving its victorious tassels.

Then the two settled down to the routine of making pictures. Charlie had "Fazil" and "The Red Dance" to offset the whoopee of his success in "Seventh Heaven" and "Street Angel." Buddy piled up some minor rôles to bolster his skyrocket triumphs in "Wings" and "My Best Girl."

And now they're on the second nine holes of the course with the gallery betting just about even. Buddy's fan mail is twice that of Charlie's, but Charlie makes three

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Without a certainty of knowledge in matters nautical, we can say that so long as Clara is aboard, by far the luckiest part of a yacht is that shown just below: the companion



Such steamers as the *Leviathan* and *Berengaria* may put this little boat to shame in the matter of size and magnificence. But they must admit, both of them, that neither has anywhere near so effective a siren

*Ship-*  
Clara Bow  
From Ancient

Photos by Otto Dyar



As in her profession, so in her hours of relaxation from it, Clara Bow believes in doing the steering herself. Which explains, perhaps, why her success has come about as a matter of course



*Shapely*

Is A Far  
Mariner

Yes, it's quite true that Miss Bow has a guy she's holding onto quite tightly, and that the indications are she's going to take the leap pretty soon. If you don't believe it, just glance at the picture above

*Photos by Otto Dyar*





*Spurr*

In one part of his article about Virginia Bradford, Mr. Belfrage makes the comment that he rather likes her himself. And the indications are that Miss Bradford's attitude toward him is not dissimilar, for she was recently married to him at Tia Juana



# Virginia's Real

## Miss Bradford Would Rather Act Than Be Under Contract

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

*Editor's Note: Mr. Cedric Belfrage is a young English writer; and it is characteristic of his work that he is positive. He either likes things or he doesn't. And so with his viewpoints concerning pictures and the personalities of people who make them, it is inevitable that some agree and some do not. But everyone grants that in his ability to appreciate the qualities which go to make a most charming wife, he has proved himself enviably right.*

**W**HOWER wrecked "The Wreck of the *Hesperus*" wrecked the promising young clinch team of Frank Marion and Virginia Bradford.

Frank no longer takes his Virginia dear along with him on the stormy seas of the movies to bear him company. The team went on the rocks with the *Hesperus* and never got off again. "The Wreck of the *Hesperus*" as a picture was all wet, and everybody connected with it suffered, innocent and guilty alike. Of its two authors, Harry Carr decided (for the ninth time) to quit the movies, and John Farrow slid unostentatiously over to Paramount. Its director, Elmer Clifton, was sunk without trace in Hollywood's Great Unknown. And poor Virginia and Frank were ever so politely informed that their contracts would not be renewed.

Frank was swallowed up in the intricacies of Southern California real estate. They say he's making a great deal more money building houses he doesn't want on lots that he's never seen, and then selling them to someone who wants them even less than he does, than he ever could have made as a movie actor.

But Virginia!

"This thing that we have done," moaned the De Mille studio chappies when it suddenly dawned on them what chumps they had made of themselves. And they rushed in a frenzy to the telephone. The poor eggs overlooked the fact that Frank and Virginia were not a pair of Siamese twins. Here was the best young actress they had ever had on the lot going back into circulation just because she was one-half of a team they didn't want. I'm asking you!

### SHE SPURNS A CONTRACT

**V**IRGINIA did a prompt about turn and marched back to the studio. Another contract was produced and flourished alluringly in her face, but she would

Ball



have none of it. Instead, she continued on her way, picture by picture. "By golly," she said (or however these girls swear), "I'll be no studio's excess baggage. If they want me, they'll come and get me quick enough." And she was right. First, they carted her back to Culver City to be the sex appeal in "Craig's Wife." No sooner was that finished than they reached out again for her to motivate the kidnaping activities of the heavy in "Marked Money." Then they began casting about for still more girlish rôles to throw in her lap.

Virginia is a Southern girl, and perhaps it was on the banks of the Mississippi, that waterway the Harlem high-yallers screech so well of, that she picked up her self-possession. Studios do not wither, nor Cecil de Mille himself stale her infinite composure. She is not the type to

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# The PICTURE

By ELISABETH



*SINGAPORE MUTINY*

ANOTHER of those nautical melodramas about stokers, featuring more sweat and coal-dust than is absolutely necessary. It is fundamentally the old struggle between brains and brawn—or rather, guts and beef, as they are so delicately termed in the subtitles. Ralph Ince himself has a time being the great big lusty brutish. And Gardner James proves that a gallant spirit can conquer fire and water and even T. B. There's one of those frequent big sacrifice endings, in which the brute shows that there's a little good in the worst of us, and the girl is left alone to minister to her collapsible hero.

Meanwhile Estelle Taylor, that luscious girl, is beautifully photographed and proves again that with a good part and a good director she could do wonders.



*MANHATTAN COCKTAIL*

THIS starts off with a prologue from Greek mythology featuring—believe it or not—seven virgins, and a labyrinth. It isn't a clue to the rest of the picture, but helps to make it look expensive. The real story is about some college youngsters with a yen for the stage. They go to the city and meet a couple of those traditional wolves who lie in wait for stage-struck kids. Lilyan Tashman, that accomplished lurer of innocent youths, puts the works on Richard Arlen, while Paul Lukas concentrates on Nancy Carroll. But they finally escape to the sanctity of their old college town, where in the course of years Richard may become an assistant professor while Nancy gives faculty teas. The picture is full of pitfalls, badger games, opening nights, and other terrors of the city. Nancy is awfully cute, and does some audible songs and dances.



*INTERFERENCE*

THERE are two separate versions of "Interference," one with dialogue and one without. The silent one has all the elements of a good murder story, but the characters somehow fail to stand out and live. William Powell seems to me miscast as the lovable rake who commits murder to safeguard the happy marriage of the woman he loves—but even with that drawback he gives the best performance. Clive Brook, Doris Kenyon, and Evelyn Brent are the others involved in this tale of jealousy and blackmail, though not to their everlasting honor. The photography is beautiful. The main fault lies in a bad continuity. The picture moves slowly and without humor. But it's a good story, and will probably interest you; especially if you are an admirer of Clive Brook's invulnerable poise and the Kenyon beauty.



*SHOW FOLKS*

PATHE has at last gotten out its version of "Broadway"—a little belated, but none the less true to type. Need I go over this perennial plot again? You must know about the ambitious hooper who takes a green little girl in hand, makes an expert dancer of her, and looks on bitterly while she sweeps beyond him to fame. This little girl is the bouncing Lina Basquette, but you don't have to give her a hand unless you absolutely insist. Except for the fact that she can dance, Lina is hardly suited to this rôle.

Eddie Quillan gives a facile performance as the hooper. The sex appeal is furnished by a mustachioed Robert Armstrong, who plays the big renunciation scene in a polo outfit, for no reason except that it is becoming. This is really not one of the best of "Broadway's" imitators.





GOLDBECK



MARKED MONEY

**J**UNIOR COGHLAN is the upstanding little hero of a speedy comedy both nautical and aeronautical. It is complicated by a great deal of plot, which starts off something like this. An orphan and his pet monkey and several thousand dollars for his upbringing, are willed to a surprised old sea captain, the friend of his dead father. And after that the household is not the placid place it used to be. There is already one grandchild in the house, a girl with romantic notions about aviators. And you know what small boys can do to romance. After that there are robbers, fights, aeroplanes, and whatnot. This is all very light and harmless, but I found it amusing. Good performances are given by Virginia Bradford, George Duryea, Buzz, the monkey, and especially Bert Woodruff as the old captain and Tom Kennedy as the cook.



SHOW GIRL

**T**HE show business has no secrets any more. The movies have now exposed all the dirt about night clubs, backstage life, and how chorus girls get along, and we have no illusions left. This tale of a little dancer's rise to electric lights is rather feeble, but who cares about the plot as long as it gives enough footage to Alice White? Histrionically speaking, Alice isn't so good in her part, but she still has those same assets that won her stardom, and they are made even more piquant by a blonde wig. Charles Delaney is very likable as the young newspaper boy who puts Alice on the map. Taking advantage of the present craze for kidnaping, he pulls a publicity stunt that makes her a star. Then comes the quarrel and—yes—the opening night reconciliation—the fourth one within a month. Gwen Lee is charming in a small part.



HEART TROUBLE

**W**HAT'S the use of reviewing a Harry Langdon picture? If your allegiance to Harry is beginning to waver, you'll think this is inferior, not up to his standard, what is Harry thinking of, and all that. But if Harry's futile ways still make a joint attack on your heart and your sense of humor, this will do as well as any. Harry wants to be a hero to his sweetheart, and wartime seems to offer him a grand chance, but the army will have nothing to do with him. He tries various ways to lengthen, broaden, and strengthen himself, but in vain. Then the usual series of blunders makes him a hero in spite of himself, and amid cheers and explosions, he receives a decoration and the girl. Everyone around me seemed to be laughing heartily, so in spite of my prejudice in Harry's favor, I guess it's safe to recommend this.



HIS PRIVATE LIFE

**A**DOLPHE MENJOU has returned from his honeymoon in Paris, more frivolous and more sartorially amazing than ever. And quite fittingly his new picture is as gay and light as foam. It's one of those French farces that depend entirely on direction and acting for their smartness and humor. Adolphe, of course, takes care of this very capably, assisted by Margaret Livingston and Eugene Palette. These three take the acting honors. Kathryn Carver, looking very pretty, contributes the smartness. It's just about a girl who is in love with a fickle boulevardier, but won't admit it, and then finally decides she might as well. He tries to induce a romantic mood in her by wooing her under a synthetic moon and other nonsensical contraptions. You must see this to believe it. A cute little picture.



# Current Pictures



*SAL OF SINGAPORE*

**T**HE idea of Phyllis Haver with a babe in her arms was too good to resist, so some inventive person thought up a story that would give the baby an excuse for being there. You'll admit there would have to be a pretty good explanation, in order to make the story convincing. Well, they evolved the idea of a big rough sea captain who develops a maternal instinct the moment a little foundling smiles up at him from the ship's dingey. He searches the saloons of Singapore for a woman to take care of the infant, and for this purpose shanghai's *Sal*, a scarlet woman garbed in enough fringe and dingle-dangles to keep the baby amused. Could he have known that she would go violently maternal, and in washing out the little you-know-whats would wash her own sins? Be sure to go and see this babe make an honest pair of parents of Phyllis and Alan Hale. Phyllis is ravishing, except in her big dramatic moments, and Alan Hale is a very good actor. The excellent titles were done by Edwin Justus Mayer, who is now an authority on the correct things to say about babies.



*MORAN OF THE MARINES*

**L**OVE in America and warfare in China is the familiar burden of Richard Dix's latest. It's the routine plot about the General's daughter who is captured by bandits and rescued by the guile and strength of the hero—who up to this time has been frowned upon by her snobbish daddy. The parental consent is not wholly a tribute to Richard's heroism. It is influenced by the fact that he turns out to be the richest millionaire in America, instead of just a fresh Marine. The picture has made at least that concession to realism. Strangely enough, all this doesn't seem as time-worn as you might suppose. It has considerable freshness and humor for so venerable a plot, and is as credible as any of the Dix vehicles. A special feature is Ruth Elder taking off, landing, and circling around in an aeroplane. Though it's nice to know that Ruth is really doing the flying herself, it actually isn't a bit more exciting than the flights of some of our actresses who have pilots concealed under the seat. Otherwise, Ruth is sweet and charming and acts with a pleasant restraint.



*PORT OF DREAMS*

**M**ARY PHILBIN is certainly spiritual. She has all the men in the cast—rough, coarse men they are, too—reduced to a state of godliness, in no time. This fantastic story is about a boy who is released from prison on parole (he was framed, of course) and on condition that he see no women whatever. Thereupon the first thing he does is to rescue a lost girl, take her to live on his ship, and ask her to marry him. Mary is the girl—the pure in heart—who captures the affections of the boy and his old skipper, and brings sunshine and good cooking into their lives. But a lot of agonizing is gone through by everyone before she finally melts even the stony-hearted man who holds their fate in his hands. There is one tense situation that is saved by a parrot, and many tears and anxious moments. The action is too slow for complete enjoyment. But Mary looks very pretty, and Otis Harlan as the skipper is excellent. It's a rather gloomy picture, but it may appeal to those who admire Mary Philbin, and who like to take the heart interest very intensely.



*TAKE ME HOME*

**P**ARDON me if I repeat myself, but the stage is certainly having its day. Even Bebe Daniels has elected to be a chorus girl. And in the midst of that same old story; I refuse to go into it any further! Each company, apparently, is allowed to make one of these. Lilyan Tashman is again the viper who creeps between Bebe and the boy-friend and almost breaks up a beautiful romance. The main event is a hair-pulling contest between Bebe and Lilyan, in which Bebe gets the decision. There is dancing. There is harmonica playing. There is hiccuping. What a chance for sound effects! But I believe this is to remain a completely silent drama. It takes place backstage and in a theatrical boarding-house. Bebe is just a good scout, as usual. Doris Hill languishes in the rôle of her crippled sister. Neil Hamilton, who is gradually melting under the influence of Bebe's sunny disposish, is a hick magician. Joe Brown is a comedian who is handy at straightening out love tangles. And that's about all you need to know. This wouldn't be bad if it were the first of its kind, instead of the twentieth carbon.



# In Review



## THE HAUNTED HOUSE

**A** MOST involved plot holds together a mystery picture, which starts out with some pointless, though eerie gags, but succeeds in ending in a burst of screams from the audience. An old gentleman, having survived a dose of poison, pretends to die so that he may find out which of his relatives attempted to kill him. He manages to assemble them all on a desolate estate, in the hope that after they've heard doors slam, chains clank, and ghosts shriek for a night or two, someone will break down and confess. This is of the new school of mystery play, in which there's a laugh for every shiver, so you don't feel you must look under the bed when you get home. Though it is not exactly gripping, there is sure to be someone in the large and diversified cast who will intrigue your interest. Chester Conklin and Flora Finch furnish the comedy; Edmund Breese the dignity; Larry Kent and Thelma Todd the love interest, and Barbara Bedford and Eve Southern share the beauty prizes. The management requests us not to reveal which one supplies the menace.



## THE DIVINE LADY

**T**HE unhappy romance of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton furnishes a theme especially becoming to Corinne Griffith. The story is interesting up to the point where Lord Nelson starts doing his stuff on the high seas, but I contend that one naval encounter is enough for any picture—especially when the general turmoil is augmented by sound effects. There are two furious battles in this picture, suspiciously similar, but fortunately they are picturesquely photographed so it doesn't matter much. The whole picture is photographically beautiful. You are probably familiar with the story of the cook's daughter who became a great lady through sheer sex appeal, and then disgraced herself by her great love for Lord Nelson. It is romantic, sad, and tasteful. Corinne looks exquisite, and wears lovely costumes, and everyone else looks antique. If you are addicted to costume pictures, you will like this. The cast includes H. B. Warner, Victor Varconi, Ian Keith and other familiar names, and there is a theme song sung by Corinne or her vocal double, on the Firnatone.



## RANSOM

**A** BATTLE between a Chinaman and a chemist to see which one can think of the nastiest things to do to the other, supplies the excitement here. I bet on the chemist every time. The once-fiendish methods of a Chinese villain seem positively childish compared to the refined forms of torture and murder our best scientists have invented. The hero of this piece, Mr. Edmund Burns, busies himself bottling death in his laboratory. One vial of his murderous vapor can put an end to any number of strong men, and Edmund opens up two bottles before the picture is over. That gives you some idea of what's in store for you. Edmund loves a wealthy young widow, whose golden-haired child is kidnaped by the head Chinaman. Then Edmund has the choice of surrendering his formula-for-death to the Chinese, or allowing the child to die. Imagine his predicament. All this affected me, and will probably affect you, about the way "The Perils of Pauline" used to. Lois Wilson plays the distraught mother quite realistically. But the real star is the anonymous little boy, who is most winning.



## DO YOUR DUTY

**L**OW comedy will prevail. In spite of a pretty good story and plenty of chances for gags less biological than the ones selected, "Do Your Duty" offends against good taste for practically a whole reel. It grieves me to report that the public greeted these unrefined moments with loud guffaws. I am much too delicate to say more than that the title hints at the nature of all this, and maybe you'll like it, but I didn't. Otherwise, it is a rather well-constructed tale about a disgraced policeman, and how he captures the gang who framed him and wins back his cherished badge. How he does it is no credit to him, but what with Charlie Murray and Lucien Littlefield blundering around, it gets a lot of laughs. Charles Delaney is the young sergeant who marries Charlie's daughter at the station house, and a very nifty policeman he makes. There are whole stacks of villains. I should add that all the ladies present murmured sentimentally when the bride and groom came down the aisle beneath crossed nightsticks. You know how it is when a wedding and a uniform are combined! Just sweet.





# Your

BY WALTER RAMSEY

There are more pretty girls on the main drag of Lincoln (shown at the left) than on Hollywood Boulevard, according to Sam St. John, George W. Haecker and F. B. Millson (from left to right, below)



Lansing Brown

**WHAT** does the average intelligent home-towner think of Hollywood? Is it as wild as a scenario writer's fancy or as tame as a club-woman's husband? Do vamps lurk behind every lamp-post, and villains lie in wait by every drug store to twirl their mustaches at gingham-clad girls from the provinces? Or is the opposite true? Motion Picture Magazine has for years published articles about the town, written by professional observers. And it has occurred to it to supplement this by the printing of impressions of first-comers—just in the interest of getting the rounded-out truth. There have already been interviews with people from West Virginia, Pennsylvania and Texas. And this month we have some ideas from Nebraska—gained from a talk with three college boys from there who went to Hollywood for to see and for to admire. What did they see? And what did they admire, if any? Read the article and have the pleasure of finding out. It's interesting. And so will its successors be—for Motion Picture is going to ask a lot of other people from other parts of the country to give their reactions. The series is called "Your Neighbor Says." And it's just that, for, if you don't happen to be from Nebraska and don't know these particular fellows, you will know—or know of—people who'll later provide the criticism. Watch for a neighbor of yours to tell what your home town would think of Hollywood. —*Editor's Note.*

**I**T'S a good deal like meeting some fellow's girl for the first time, going to Hollywood is. You've heard all about her eyes, her voice, and most of the things that have made him think she is just the news, from start to finish. And maybe she is. Maybe she's all he's pictured and more. And again, maybe she's not. You can't tell until you see her. And above all, you can't take the word of somebody who's violently prejudiced. You've got to see for yourself.

That's the object of this series of articles, in so far as Hollywood is concerned. You've seen

pictures and read accounts by people close to it and its life. But you'd like to know how it would look to you.

The best way to achieve that, of course, is to go there. But if you can't do that, or don't want to take the trouble, the next best thing is to get the lowdown from somebody from your part of the country who has been there.

This month, if you're from Nebraska, you have it—in this interview with the young college men from Lincoln. They went to Hollywood for to see and, if possible, for to admire. And in this article, they tell exactly what they saw.

This is the fourth, but not the last of features of this sort. Every month the magazine talks to people from a certain section of the country. Next month, maybe the month after, it may be a representative of your town and state that tells his story. Sooner or later, it will be.

So if you want a real honest-to-goodness, no-axe-to-grind opinion on Hollywood that's likely to be close to your own, watch to see what Your Neighbor Says.—*Author's Note.*

"Hollywood and its well-advertised women are the bunk. The absolute bunk. I wonder where all the beauty contest winners are hiding? And the gorgeous bathing beauties? These girls who get thousands a week for lending their 'satin skins,' their 'dazzling blonde locks' and their 'gorgeous figures' to the screen. Where are the flesh-and-blood models whose pictures appear in 'beauty



# Neighbor Says-

Sam St. John, George Haecker and  
F. B. Millson, of Lincoln, Nebraska,  
Tell What They Thought of Hollywood  
Before and After Seeing It

lotion ads'? Telling the 'common herd' how to become as beautiful as a movie star. Most of them need plenty of lotion."

That sure is quite an outburst of revelation, isn't it? It is the honest-to-goodness opinion of three college boys from Lincoln, Nebraska. Here they are in order: Sam St. John, who belongs to the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity at Nebraska University; George W. Haecker, a member of Phi Kappa Psi. Both of these boys go to school at the State University, which is located out on 12th Street in their home town. The third member of the trio doesn't go to school, but has the distinction of being the grand-nephew of the late William Jennings Bryan. His name is F. B. Millson.

When not at school, Sam lives at 635 North 16th Street and George gets his free meals at 503 South 26th Street. Mr. Millson lives near George, down on 48th. They are all well known and popular in Lincoln. They go to the Episcopal Mission Church on 24th and Sewell. They've all been great movie fans for a long time and they have some startling things to tell you.

## THOSE WEARY WOMEN

**D**ON'T go 'way, folks. The breath of Lincoln is on the air tonight—broadcasting *Hollywood Revelations*. Sam St. John speaking:

"No, sir. It's a fact. Lincoln, Nebraska, has more good-looking women per square inch of petting space than Hollywood ever will have. Hollywood women look coarse. And rather worn out. They give the impression of having acted all night for two years and for

Even with so pretty a church as St. Matthew's, in Lincoln, Hollywood can compete



## Highlights in Their Comment:

Every time a loud paint job goes by, somebody says: "There goes Clara Bow."

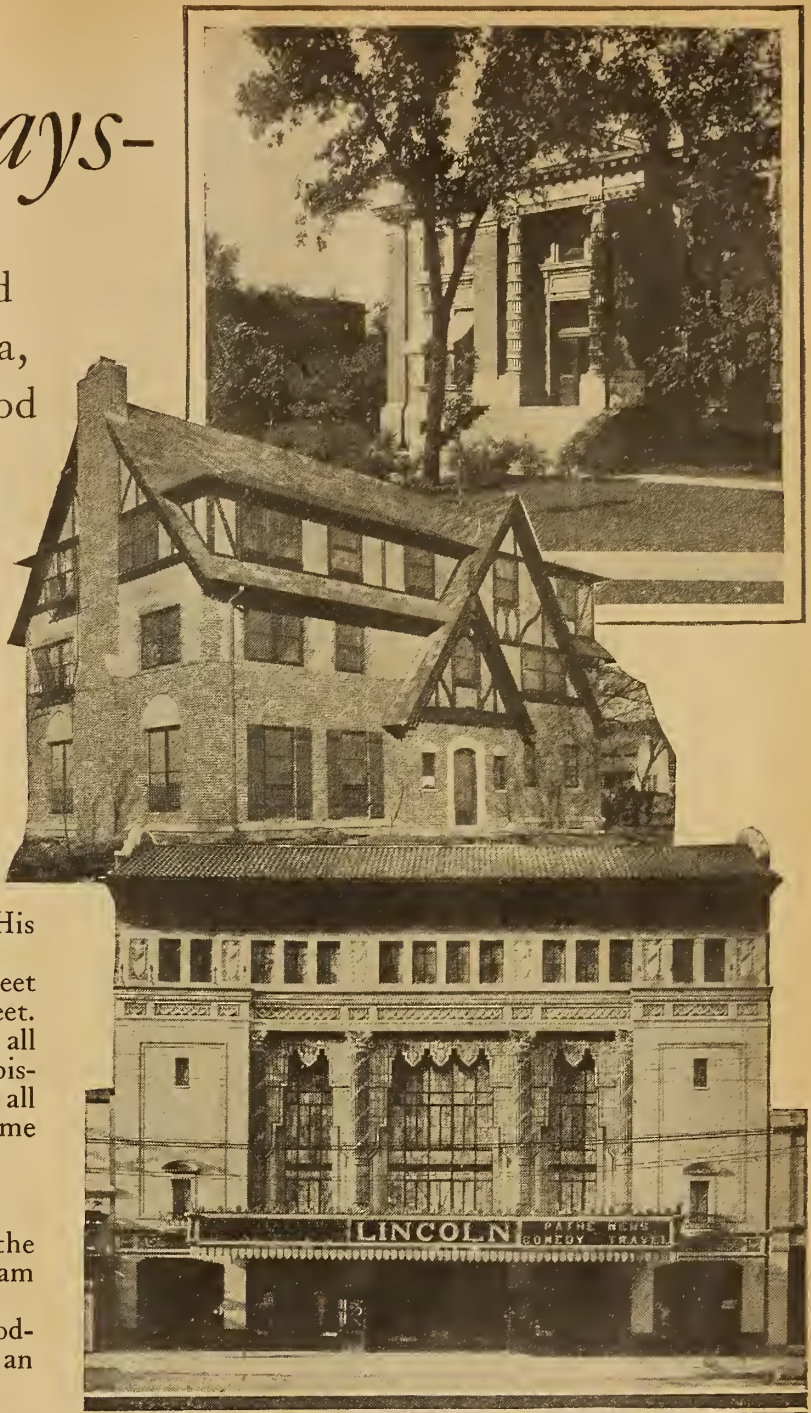
For a town with a reputation like Hollywood has, it shows little high-life.

If you want to appreciate Hollywood, don't see it, read about it.

Harold Lloyd comes from Nebraska, and Nebraska is proud of it.

The real talking points of Hollywood get very little publicity.

It's a town where everyone minds his own business and no one cares what you do or when.



At the top is the Administration Building of Nebraska University, in Lincoln; below it the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity house; and immediately above, the Lincoln Theater

some unknown reason gone shopping all day. Being a woman and a movie star is a business in Hollywood. And they look as though they had worked at it. They walk alone. I didn't see one who looked happy. Their faces seem to say: 'I won't be

here long. I know my fate, but I must exist and above all look the part until—well, as long as it lasts.' Do you know how we recognized the stars? Every time an automobile with a loud paint job would go by, we would hear some pedestrian say: 'There goes Clara Bow.' Another pedestrian will say: 'Oh, look! There goes Claire Windsor.' The only thing that made one wrong and the other right was that she had red hair. If she had been in a Ford sedan in place of a Rolls-

(Continued on page 110)





*Lansing Brown*

## *A Siren with a Sock*

One being the covering of her right ankle, and the other being the impact of her vital and radiant personality: Lina Basquette, to be seen in Cecil DeMille's production, "The Godless Girl"



# Big Boy Bancroft

George Works So Hard—and  
So Unnecessarily—To Make  
You Like Him

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

REMEMBER *Alice's* white knight in "Through the Looking Glass?" Vague, kindly, sweet and gently boastful. Remember how he was always plucking things out of his saddle-bags—beehives, mouse-traps and such—and announcing with earnest pride that they were "his own invention?"

George Bancroft is like that.

He takes out his accomplishments of the stage and screen—accomplishments of considerable note they are, too—and lays them before you with just that air of *naïve* pride.

"I have been a big man in my profession," says George. "I am a big man now. But I shall be much bigger!"

There is nothing objectionable about these remarks. They are delivered in the manner of a small boy who informs you that he can lick a policeman. And George's gentle boasts have the merit of being quite justified.

He seems not to be motivated by the desire to impress you with his importance so much as by an earnest anxiety to make you like him. He appears to be searching his mind for possible virtues and bringing them out rather timidly to offer for your approval. His desire for friends is incredibly intense.

## PARADOX PERSONIFIED

WHICH attribute, when you consider his personal appearance and the rôles he plays upon the screen, becomes something of an anomaly.

For George is one of those people who seem, somehow, to have got into the wrong body! Physically he is the embodiment of ruthless, almost sinister, strength. By a mere contraction of his brows he can contrive to look amazingly ferocious.

Actually he is like a big, red, good-natured schoolboy.

And his conversation is surprisingly reminiscent of one of Booth Tarkington's adolescent characters. He is given to vague, roundabout metaphors which never seem to get anywhere, although they have the most elaborate beginnings.

I asked him whether he had liked any of his recent rôles as well as the one in "Underworld," which brought him to stardom.

"A motion picture," returned

At the top, George Bancroft; and below, with him, Mrs. Bancroft and their daughter, Georgette



George, taking a deep breath and leaning forward impressively, "is like this table."

(We were lunching in his dressing-room.)

"You take away this," he continued, picking up the pepper shaker, "and this——," an iced tea glass, "and this——"

He paused and considered carefully before removing several other miscellaneous bits of table equipment and placing them on the floor.

## ASK HIM ANOTHER

"AND what have you left?" he demanded, accusingly. "Two salad plates, a salt shaker and——" I began, a trifle bewildered but anxious to co-operate in whatever game this should turn out to be.

"Exactly!" he cried. "It's like that. Practically nothing. Now what kind of a picture is that?"

I admitted, helplessly, that I did not know.

"Of course not!"

I was relieved to have hit upon the right answer.

(Continued on page 119)



# News, Views and Pre-views Of The Talking Pictures

# The

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK



## STATE STREET SADIE

Folk familiar with "Vitaphone" productions are already becoming blasé and bored with a production so utterly mediocre as "State Street Sadie." Of course, any sound film is interesting these days of the lightning-like development of the new medium. But the day is almost here when there will have to be pictures as well as sound to provide the entertainment for which the patrons of picture theaters are constantly shopping. Sound or silent, Mr. Shakespeare, of Avon, is still eminently correct when he declares . . . "the play's the thing." "Vitaphone" may embellish. But it will never take the place of a story well-told upon the screen.

Conrad Nagel, in on the ground floor, lends his excellent recording voice to the production, and George Stone demonstrates that he is one of the fortunate who need have no fear of "sizzling," or "blumping" or doing any of the odd things with his vocal chords that threaten the serenity of film players. Like the story, the dialogue is scarce worthy of mention. It is moronic product decidedly devoid of merit. While vocal honors go to Nagel and Stone, William Russell as an underworld czar contributes the most convincing histrionics. Myrna Loy, attractive as always, is seen more than she is heard. In fact, she speaks in but one sequence, and her voice in this is scarcely even audible. It would seem that the next step in the talking picture field must be the construction of theaters designed with acoustic properties that will aid rather than hinder the efforts of the amplifiers.

"State Street Sadie" adds nothing to the sum total of our familiarity with "Vitaphone," or the art of screen drama—sound or silent.

## THE TERROR

This mystery-farce provides by far the best comedy entertainment offered on the "singing screen." It is all dialogue. Even the introductory titles are spoken. And the vehicle, preposterous comedy thriller that it is, proves ideal for the introduction of voice and sound effects. It demonstrates conclusively that in certain types of pictures, at least, the entertainment value may be immeasurably increased through "talkie" presentation. Without "Vitaphone" the film would resolve itself into a hackneyed rehash of a half dozen predecessors. There is a little of "The Phantom," a little of "The Cat and the Canary," a little of "The Gaucho," a little of this and a little of that. But gilded with sound it is sublime nonsense guaranteed to make a sombre *Hamlet* snicker. Best of all is Louise Fazenda, who is a revelation as an audible actress. Her performance here insures her brilliant future in the new field. The work of Edward Everett Horton has secured him a picture contract. John Miljan is "creepy" as a murder-minded inmate of the mystery mansion, while Holmes Herbert and good old Alec Francis help the merriment mightily. All in all, this is one you shouldn't miss. It is far from being a perfect example of what may be accomplished with a combination of sight and sound. But it is the best example yet evolved in "Vitaphone" comedy. And it is amazingly interesting to witness the development of the new art.



## LONESOME

Only three sequences of this "Movietone" picture have dialogue. But throughout its length it is synchronized to sound effects. Moreover, "Lonesome" is the first of the sound pictures which would be good even if silent. Paul Fejos, its director, has filled it to the brim with a certain human quality which is more easily appreciated than described. If genius is the art of taking infinite pains, I am inclined to class Fejos in this category. Half the beauty of the picture lies in the small, almost insignificant details, which piled one on another total to a minor masterpiece. The chief protagonists are a boy and a girl. Glenn Tryon and Barbara Kent. There are other characters, but with the exception of that of a police officer, they are entirely in the background. The story is concerned only with the pictured day in the life of the lonesome seekers after love. In addition to remarkable sound effects, and the human quality which beggars description, Fejos has injected numerous photographic novelties, and has succeeded in discovering angles which are all the more interesting for being made secondary to the story rather than dragged in with a "what a bright boy am I" sort of directorial conceit. The voices of Tryon and Miss Kent reproduce nicely, which must be rather a relief to Universal. For Tryon is to play the lead in "Broadway" which will depend much on its dialogue for drama. While the dialogue of "Lonesome" is not brilliant, it is, nevertheless, easy and natural, and thoroughly in keeping with the simple tale unfolded on the screen.

## MOTHER KNOWS BEST

Although this is not a one hundred per cent. "talking picture," it is the most significant contribution yet offered in the field of dramatic photoplays synchronized to sound and dialogue. It is, incidentally, the first of the feature-length Fox "Movietone" productions. And, as such, carries rich promise for what the future may hold.

The most effective sequence is the final scene where the mother is finally convinced that her efforts to thwart natural emotional impulses in her daughter have almost robbed the girl of life itself. Her dialogue with the girl, the physician, the lover, and her whispered prayers to Providence provide greater spiritual elevation than any similar effort yet attempted.

In addition, there are Miss Bellamy's imitations of Harry Lauder, Anna Held and Al Jolson, all with voice. And while none of these is especially convincing, each is interesting as an example of what "Movietone" can do. A piano-playing sequence is realistic, although it is to be suspected that a voice double has been used for Barry Norton in the song sequences. On the other hand, it is still a shock to change from silent action to action accompanied by dialogue. And the shift from sound back to quietude makes one feel that the players have somehow suddenly been struck dumb. Which, indeed, is the case. Voices, as reproduced, are not always either pleasing or audible. And fine drama is sometimes marred by lisping syllables, or too strident tones. There are also lengthy sequences in which players stand eye to eye for stretches of conversation which fail to advance the story with either the speed or precision familiar in pantomime.

The story, better than most "talkers," is nevertheless burdened with a certain triteness, and utterly devoid of any suspense element. Picture-wise persons will know it all the minute war is declared. Perhaps before. However, the acting is positively superb. Madge Bellamy proves herself a real star. And as scintillating a one as the screen has shown for many a moon. Louise Dresser needs no paeans of praise. With an actress who had given a performance the least bit less brilliant than Miss Bellamy's, Miss Dresser would have run off with the picture as usual. As it is, they're neck and neck for first honors. Barry Norton, too, is excellent. Joy Auburn does commendably in a bit all too brief.





# Celluloud Drama

"W<sup>H</sup>ITHER Are We Drifting?" was once a sure-fire subject for discussion in anything from a pulpit sermon to a soap-box speech.

The beauty of it was that no one knew the answer. Today the same things hold true of the film industry in relation to talking and sound pictures. Executives admit that they don't know what it is all about. What the effect of the talkies will be on the industry, how to make talkies, or what to do with them, how to market them once they are produced. New problems are crowding on those already arisen. But still the rush to follow the leaders along the box-office trail continues unabated.

Diametrically opposed to one another are the ideas of Joseph M. Schenck, who truthfully declares himself the United in United Artists; and those of Carl Laemmle, Universal's president, in regard to talking pictures.

Mr. Schenck declares unequivocally that "talking pictures will not survive." He adds, however, that "sound effects have a real value in enhancing entertainment in certain pictures," and that sound, therefore, will remain in photoplays. But, he continues, the good old silent drama is, always has been, and always will be the backbone of the motion picture industry. In his statement, Mr. Schenck declares that sincerity cannot be projected through mechanical devices, and that personalities cannot be made secondary. Europe refuses to take the talkies seriously, Schenck reports. And apparently he agrees with the Europeans. Nevertheless, United Artists is spending huge sums in the erection and equipment of sound stages. In view of Mr. Schenck's ideas on the subject, these are doubtless to be used merely for sound effects.

## UNCLE CARL DIFFERS

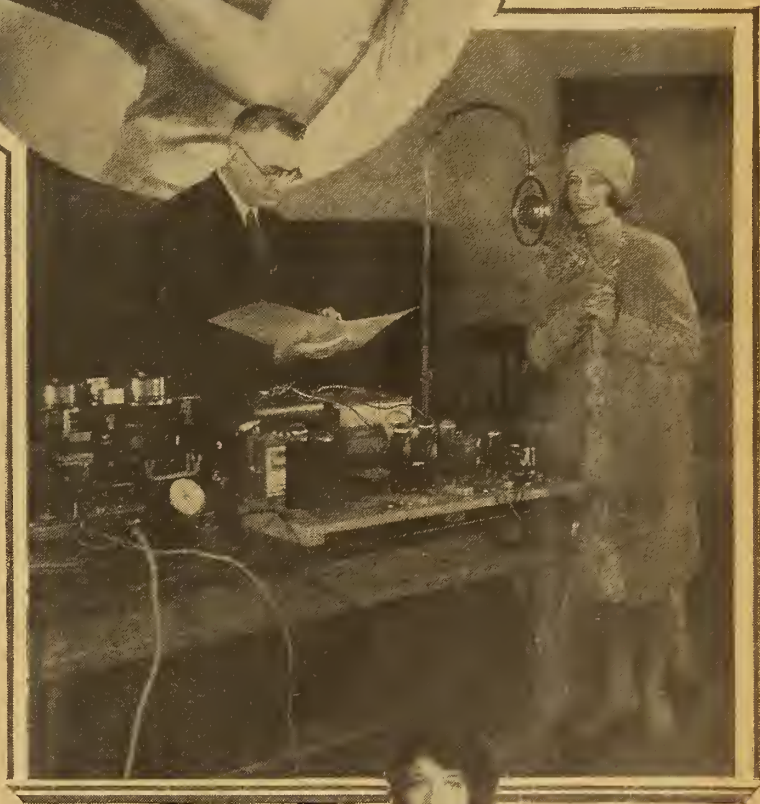
"U<sup>N</sup>CLE Carl" Laemmle, on the contrary, pounds the table and insists that the talkies are here to stay. He declares that the advent of dialogue has given the erstwhile silent drama a tremendous impetus. Mr. Laemmle points out that every howl now being made about talking pictures, was uttered twenty, thirty years ago when the movies themselves first began to be regarded as practicable as an entertainment medium. The picture pioneer believes that the coming of sound in pictures merely marks the turning of the wheels of progress. And he, personally, is looking forward to the day when television will bring still greater changes in the *modus operandi* of the industry. Laemmle agrees with Schenck on only one point, that is that neither sound nor dialogue pictures will do away entirely with the still ones. There is, and will be a demand for both.

Meantime, Dr. W. A. N. Dorland, editor of the Medical Dictionary, says that talking pictures have given the English speaking medical world at least sixty new words. The new dictionary will contain words accurately classifying every shade of human speaking voice. The words have been evolved from the Greek, and the terminology is based entirely on Greek roots. So evidently Dr. Dorland believes that the talkies will be permanent.

One of the interesting, unique, amusing and annoying  
(Continued on page 120)



Distance and enchantment ever were linked. So what more fitting than that this long-range camera—at the left—be operated by Nancy Carroll?



From the silent and otherwise drama they flock to the talkies: above, Norma Shearer takes a voice-test; and below, Fannie Brice faces the lens







# Hot Togs

Gary Cooper, Lane Chandler  
and Neil Hamilton Are In Step  
With Each Other If Not  
With The Mode

For the young man who would be fittingly fitted out for the *beau geste*, attention is directed to Gary Cooper's attire at the left; and particularly to the trousers, which set a new sartorial high mark. Lane Chandler's conservative combination, at the right, of the soft shirt and top hat may be safely worn on any occasion, save when witnessing a baseball game from the cheaper grade of seats. The style to which Neil Hamilton, at the right in the upper picture, is addicted is authentic Tex Rickard in every respect, with the single omission of a half-smoked cigar. This, on this particular day, Mr. Hamilton, contrary to his usual happy fortune, was unable to lay his hands on



# She Thought She Was Dunn

Josephine Got Fired With  
Ambition and Then  
From The Studio

By DOROTHY MANNERS

**S**HE was sitting in an easy chair in the publicity department, legs tucked under, bare knees showing in the latest and freest stockingless fad, when someone came in and said that Louis B. Mayer wanted to see her.

"Oh, Lord" prayed Josephine Dunn, "What do you suppose it could be?"

The slim legs swung toward the floor to a more dignified position. The gray sports dress suddenly reached down over the knees. The soft, felt hat found a more nearly horizontal slant on her head. The little girl looked downright worried.

In an I've-learned-not-to-trust-anybody sort of way she asked when she could see Mr. Mayer. "In about an hour," the word was relayed from his secretary. "He's at the dentist's."

"Oh, Lord," said Jo Dunn again with real depth of feeling. "I'll bet I'm canned!"

It just goes to show how the movies breed pessimism in even the trusting heart of a Follies girl. You can be as beautiful as well,—Josephine Dunn. You can be as talented as, say, the same girl, and still you can be right out on your ear in this jittery business. Through no fault of your own, either. That's the rub. You think you are getting along swell, you save your money, you obligingly photograph like a million dollars, you get good reviews on the parts you play. You persevere, hold the right thought, smile at children, treat the old folks nicely and contribute to the Hollywood Bowl. But what does it get you? You're just as liable to be fired at a moment's notice as not. Here today and gone tomorrow—or maybe this afternoon.

A FIRED CHILD FEARS THE AIR

**T**HAT very thing happened to Jo Dunn. Maybe that is the reason she's so leery about talking to executives. A burned child fears the fire or something like that, and the way Josephine got singed out on one contract is the



Photos by R. H. Louise

meat of a very sad story, very sad, indeed. It all started back four or five years ago when Jo was a Follies girl. One of the blondest and most luscious and alluring Follies girls that ever paraded across a Ben Ali Haggin stage set. Not only was she beautiful, she was regular. She was so regular she didn't realize how beautiful she was. When nice, fat gentlemen offered her motor cars and an apartment on Park Avenue, she thought they were kidding and laughed it off. Instead she ran around with a crowd of young and rather Bohemian writers and newspaper critics and spurned cigarettes and sipped cocktails if they weren't too strong.

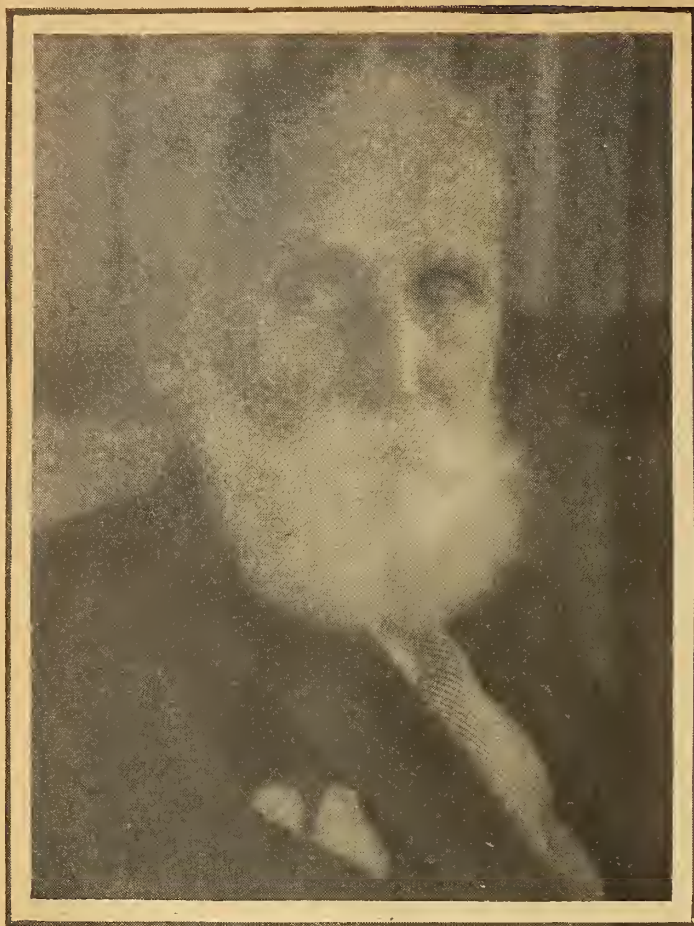
Even at that time she had her eye on the movies, but when Follies beauty after Follies beauty tried the illusive shadows and failed to register, she figured there wasn't much chance for her. So she eventually came to the Paramount School more by accident than ambition.

Jo accompanied a girl-friend out to the Paramount Long Island Studio one day just because she didn't have anything else to do that one day. The girl-friend was going to make a test, and Jo thought it might be fun to wander around and take a look at Richard Dix and Gloria Swanson in the flesh while her pal was occupied in photographic close-ups. Before she left, someone suggested that she make a test, too. She said something to the effect of oh, shoot, why should she? and they said it wouldn't hurt anything, and why not?

She took the test. Two days later they called up and told her she was invited to join the newly organized Paramount School; and would she report immediately?

(Continued on page 119)





Professor J. Tarbotton Armstrong, curator of the Cinematograph Museum which recently has been opened, under the auspices of the University of Southern California

# Art: Gilt

## Hollywood Has Historical

By DUNHAM THORP

of-towners barred admission to the lots. But this is only for politeness' sake, and is not insisted on. They're perfectly willing to be frank, and admit that it's really nothing more than the bright idea of an already wealthy young man to make himself even more so—a good thing, while it lasts.

Harry Crocker, the son of a San Francisco millionaire, and an assistant to Charlie Chaplin, is the young man. And to this young man came a vision: hosts, hordes, myriads and multitudes storming studio gates, only to be turned away with their curiosity still unsatisfied. Maybe these people would pay to have this craving fed? And if they would? Divide a myriad by four, and you still have plenty dollars.

So he went to Charlie, his boss, and begged the item that is still the most cherished in his whole exhibit: his *original* costume—shoes, pants, coat, cane, and all. With *such* a start, could he fail?

He didn't. Doug and Mary came next, and also came across. Jack Gilbert donated the costumes he wore in "The Big Parade" and in "The Cossacks": Valentino's "Son of the Sheik" outfit was exhumed, and several swords, including one from "Monsieur Beaucaire." Lillian Gish gave her "Scarlet Letter," and Fred Thomson a gold-and-silver-inlaid saddle. And so it went. Crocker is well liked, and—anything to help a friend.

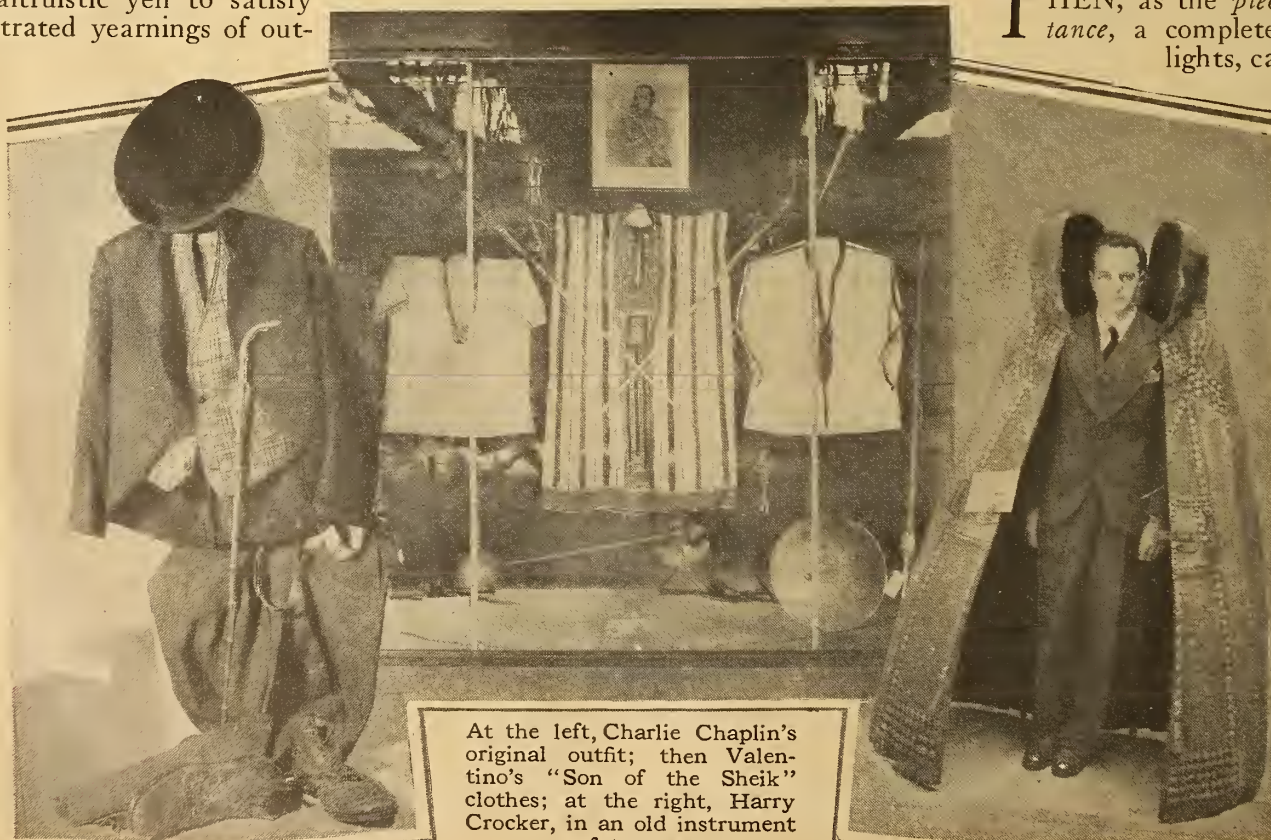
### ACCUMULATED CULTURE

THEN, as the *pièce de résistance*, a complete set, with lights, camera, wax

**T**WO down, and—how many generations is it that the sins of the fathers still go visiting?

Our sainted cinema, born of penny arcades and art museums, has now, in its twenty-oddth year, whelped a two-bit peep-show and a Cinematograph Museum.

The former makes a slight bluff at being inspired only by an altruistic yen to satisfy the frustrated yearnings of out-



At the left, Charlie Chaplin's original outfit; then Valentino's "Son of the Sheik" clothes; at the right, Harry Crocker, in an old instrument of torture



# and Golden

## Museums of Both Sorts

dummies, and the like, was erected, and a spiel worked up to explain how things are done. Next, following in due order as a salad, comes a gallery of photographs showing the evolution of the bathing girls' undress. And so on; Crocker really has quite a lot of things.

So after a bang-up opening just like a Grauman epoch-marker with sunlight arcs, stars and the whole rest of the ballyhoo, he put another young man behind a glass window, and the little two-bitses began to stack up and up and up.

So much for the Motion Picture Museum. But what of that other, our *Cinematograph* Museum?

Omi-gosh! Land sakes! Goodness gracious me!

Not only is it opened under the auspices, but it is to be an integral part, of the University of Southern California. Also, it's to work in close coöperation with the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. Also, with "the industry." And—even though last, by no means least—it's to receive the full and untiring support of that far from busheled light, and President of the U, Herr Doktor von KleinSmid. (Pipe that "S"!)

But hush, such flippancy is unbecoming. Let us be serious. And reverent. Even awed. For do we not stand barehead in the sublime presence of culture?

Aye, verily. Let us then limit ourselves to a quotation from the calm and considered judgment that their graciousness has deigned. Its quiet dignity will be refreshing.

"We are pleased to be able to claim for our University a new and valuable adjunct, a Museum for teaching the beautiful, and for the storing of valuable objects associated with the Cinema . . . the first of its kind in the world . . . something of incalculable value . . . to Motion Picture Art—(yes, *capitals!*).

### FROM BUTTON-HOLES TO BEAUTY

"THE moving picture studios need a broader culture than they now possess . . . the Museum can help supply this deficiency more than anything else . . . the Museum will develop imagination; for the screen must have this; it is the richest field for proficiency . . . it (the Museum) is primarily an institute of culture, subjecting the student to courses of inspiration . . .

"We are establishing a repository where the men and women associated with this industry can deposit those authentic memorials and know that they will be preserved . . . a storehouse of all objects and documents of interest to future generations . . . and the people connected with this industry are gratified to find that such treasures are carefully housed and guarded . . .

"Do we not especially need this Cinematograph Museum in order that we may correctly interpret the treasures of the important industry that recognizes this city as its capital? Could anything be more creditable to the motion picture industry than placing on the campus of this University a beautiful temple of art especially designed for the purpose?"

Could any ex-student of the art of making button-holes fail to respond to the call to contribute to such a worthy cause? To help build a beautiful temple of art especially designed to house objects and documents pertaining to Motion Picture Art?

Objects of art? What more so than a Sennett bathing girl?

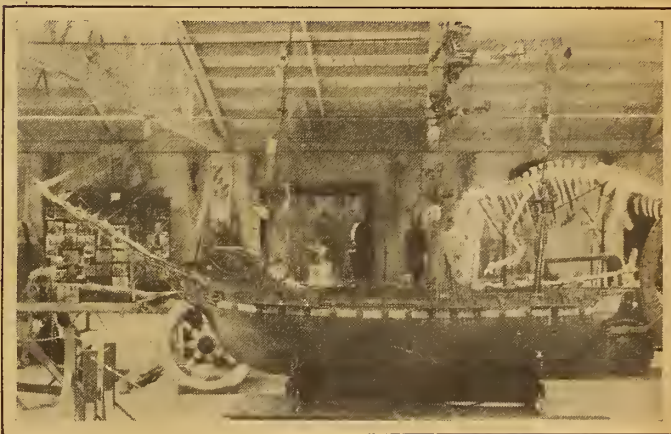
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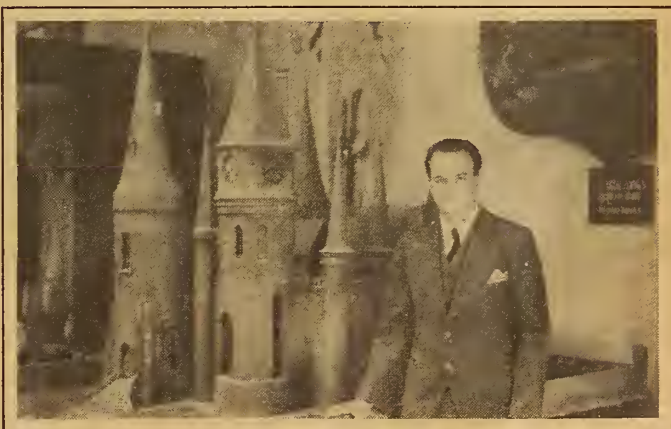
Although the shelves of the Cinematograph Museum are hardly half-filled, it is the most nearly complete institution of its kind in the world



In contrast to the Motion Picture Museum, the University's presents a quiet and, from the standpoint of earnestness of purpose, more impressive aspect



A hybrid of natural history museum and seamen's home—such is what one might consider this part of the Crocker exhibit



A small model of the castle constructed for "Robin Hood," with Mr. Crocker standing beside its battlements and towers





## *Rextraordinary Care*

Painstaking that many a director would consider extreme is commonplace with Rex Ingram, who now, on the Riviera, is making "The Three Passions." Which is perhaps why his pictures are so commonplace



# See LEATRICE JOY at Her Best

Popular star plays leading role in the new F. B. O. sensation "Tropic Madness"

## That Marvelous Skin

THAT face skin you see, which pictures so well, is largely due to Boncilla. Miss Joy writes us as follows:

*"A motion picture actress must be careful of her skin. That's why I use Boncilla preparations."*

(Signature)

So with famous film stars by the scores. They use a wake-up before the make-up. They create the foundations of beauty before they build. They start with a skin which is clean and clear, radiant and soft. Then they add enhancing touches.

The only way to do that is Boncilla clasmic pack. No beauty lover or beauty expert has found anything to compare.



LEATRICE JOY—as she appears in "Tropic Madness" an F. B. O. production released in November

## Bring Out All Your Beauty



TRY this method of Leatrice Joy. Do it tonight if you face an occasion. In 30 restful minutes you can multiply your beauty and your charm. You can surprise yourself and amaze your friends by the remarkable change that comes.

Apply Boncilla clasmic pack to the face and neck. Rest while it dries. You will feel it draw out from the depths of the skin all that clogs or mars it. All the dirt and grime, dead skin and hardened oil become absorbed in the pack. The skin is softened. The blood is drawn there to nourish and revive it.

In 30 minutes wash off the Boncilla, then behold:

*Cheeks like roses,  
An animated look,  
A clean, clear skin,  
A soft, smooth skin.*

If you have little lines, they

vanish. Wrinkles are combated. Enlarged pores are reduced. Sagging muscles are made firmer. Many mature women, in those 30 minutes, seem to drop ten years.

• • •

The results, when described, seem too good to be true. You must see them. You will never face your friends without them when you do.

Boncilla is the only way. Millions of women have proved that. Beauty experts in fifty countries employ Boncilla as their basic help.

Try it tonight if you wish to look your best. See in your mirror what a change appears. Listen to the compliments you get.

Never again will you prepare for an evening without it.

All toilet counters supply Boncilla clasmic pack at 50c and \$1. Or the coupon will bring you a week's supply with the three aids which go with it. Clip coupon now.

### Leatrice Preparing for "Tropic Madness"

First she applies Boncilla clasmic pack, then washes it off after drying. Then Boncilla Cold Cream, and removes it. Then Boncilla Vanishing Cream lightly as a powder base. Then Boncilla exquisite powder of the proper shade. She is now ready for the picture.

# Boncilla

## CLASMIC PACK

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|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| 140                                                                                                            | MP1228 |
| <b>ONE WEEK TEST</b>                                                                                           |        |
| BONCILLA—Indianapolis, Ind.                                                                                    |        |
| Mail me a one-week treatment of Boncilla with the three helps which go with it—four samples. I enclose a dime. |        |
| Name.....                                                                                                      |        |
| Address.....                                                                                                   |        |
| If you live in Canada, mail coupon with 10c to Canadian Boncilla Laboratories, Ltd., 77 Peter Street, Toronto  |        |



# The Pride of Paris

Hollywood Lures  
Maurice Chevalier, The  
Beau Brummel of French  
Comedy

By LARS MOEN



**S**ILENT and impassive sits the audience at the Casino de Paris. The hands of the clock reach 9:10. The curtains fall and part again. The audience leans forward tensely, the orchestra plays with mysteriously acquired vivacity, and from the wings strolls a debonair young man in tuxedo, a straw hat perched over one eye. He has an impudent smile which makes his lower lip protrude. The house goes mad with joy.

Chevalier.

Perhaps he will sing. Perhaps he will dance. Perhaps he will imitate a pompous fifth-rate acrobat. No matter—*c'est Chevalier!*

No session of the League of Nations ever boasted the mélange of races and types that one finds in the audience of a Parisian revue. Yet all respond alike to the electric personality of this *gamin* of yesterday, this idol of today.

For there are in Chevalier the qualities which have made great two widely different comedians. There is, first of all, the enormous, dynamic energy, the surging magnetism, of Al Jolson. And with it, that haunting overtone of melancholy in the perpetual gaiety and mimicry that is the art of Charlie Chaplin.

Like Jolson at his best, Chevalier gives tremendously of himself. No person in the audience can fail to sense the power of that prodigal flow of energy. At the close of a performance, Chevalier, utterly exhausted, retires to his dressing-room, disrobes, and takes a cold sponge, like a boxer leaving the ring after a hard fought battle.

And as Chaplin, he has the eternal tinge of sadness that comes with a childhood of poverty and hardship and failure.

## HOLLYWOOD HANKERINGS

**I**T was inevitable that motion pictures should capture him sooner or later. There is every reason to believe that he is, in the argot of show business, a natural. Appearance, ability, reputation—everything is in his favor.

For years he has thought of the screen, dreamed of it—and, after a tentative essay, waited always for the proper time and circumstances. For years he has been a close friend of Doug and Mary, of Adolphe Menjou—indeed, of all of those stars who come to Paris from time to time to find a bit of that which Hollywood, despite real estate booms and chambers of commerce, still lacks. Always Chevalier has been in close rapport with things cinematic.

From time to time, offers. But always he waited for conditions sufficiently propitious. For it meant risking all on the turn of a card. And he wanted to be sure it was the right card.

Jesse L. Lasky arrived in Paris. He had long had his shrewd eye on the French star. He went to see him again, in "Les Ailes de Paris." Followed conferences. Followed a screen test. A test which surpassed all expectations, even the most optimistic. And followed a contract.

Already the scenario for his first film is being written. Wisely, a French author who knows the Chevalier *genre* has been chosen to write it: Pierre Wolff, author of the widely successful play, "Marionettes."

Never again, insists Chevalier, will he ever appear as star of a revue.

"The theater, yes. I shall always love the theater. It will always be part of my life. But I will simply do a turn—sing, and perhaps dance, but not to work again throughout an entire production. It is too much."

## THE THEATER IN HIS BLOOD

**T**HE story of Maurice Chevalier really starts with a small but very solid youth seated beside his mother in  
(Continued on page 117)



"Cream of  
the Crop"



"Lucky Strikes protect me from an  
irritated throat."

*Herbert Brenon*

Herbert Brenon, Voted the Best Motion Picture Director, 1927-1928.

The finest tobacco—long even cut—  
no dust—"It's Toasted"—all im-  
purities removed—flavor improved.

**"It's toasted"**

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

© 1928, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers





# *A Standing Fayvorte*

Dyar

And one who promises soon to become an outstanding. Fay Wray is next to be seen in "Four Feathers"; and her performance in it puts—so the report is—at least that many more in the cap of her career





## All For One Dollar

*Six issues of Motion Picture Magazine and this  
gift set of twenty-four new pictures Set No. 4.*

We have prepared another new set of twenty-four sepia finish pictures of your favorites. For a limited time we offer them as a gift to you, with the next six big issues of **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE**—for One Dollar. All new poses, of popular stars, size 5½ by 8 inches, suitable for framing. This is a big value special offer. These pictures are just fine for your collection, or your den. Tell your friends about this offer. Just send a dollar bill with the coupon, and mail today. Subscribe for your friends and we will send them each a set of pictures. Do it now. Set No. 4—this is a new set.

**Subjects:—**

Dorothy Sebastian  
Loretta Young  
Lawrence Gray  
Clive Brook  
Nancy Carroll  
Jacqueline Logan  
Evelyn Brent  
Lane Chandler  
Lupe Velez  
Barry Norton  
Gilbert Roland  
Alice White

Louise Brooks  
Sue Carol  
Fay Wray  
Neil Hamilton  
Lina Basquette  
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Anita Page  
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Ben Lyon  
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**Offer No. 4.**

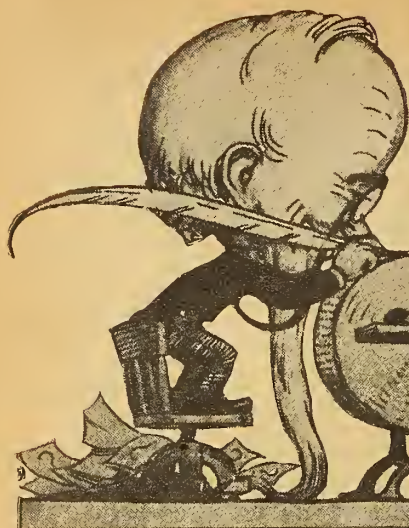
For the enclosed \$1.00 please send me the set of twenty-four new pictures of motion picture stars and the next six issues of **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE**.

Name .....

Address .....

Start with.....issue.





# The Answer Man

For eighteen years this old fellow has been answering questions about the movies. His wit is famous. He is a walking encyclopedia of information.



**WACO KID**—Glad you like our magazines. Hugh Trevor and Bess Flowers had the leads in "Wallflowers." Alice White is playing in "Ritzy Rosie." Anita Page, "Gold Braid" starring Ramon Novarro. Lillian Gish is not married. Arthur Lake is twenty-three years old. Write me again some time.

**CURIOUS**—Jack Holt and Nancy Carroll starred in "The Water Hole," story by Zane Grey. Write them at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Hoot Gibson is married to Helen Johnson and they have a daughter Lois.

**THELMA**—Don Alvarado was born Nov. 4, 1904, five feet eleven, weighs 160 pounds, black hair and brown eyes. Send your note to Columbia Studios, 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. James Murray is free-lancing. This column doesn't answer questions pertaining to the religion of the stars.

**YEA**—And some. Douglas Fairbanks was born May 23, 1883. John Barrymore, Feb. 15, 1882. Edmund Lowe, Mar. 3, 1893. Lane Chandler, June 1, 1901. Eleanor Boardman, Aug. 10, 1898, and she is married to King Vidor. Norma Shearer, Aug. 10, 1904. Lillian Gish, Oct. 14, 1896. Dorothy Gish, Mar. 11, 1898. Conrad Nagel, Mar. 16, 1896, and you may write him at Warner Bros. Studios 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**FAUSTA**—Don't be a sill, of course, you're not bold asking such personal information. Nils Asther was born in Malmo,

I'll answer as many letters in **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE** as space permits and reply by mail to the others. Write your name and address and enclose stamps or addressed envelope. The Answer Man, Motion Picture Magazine, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



Are Nils Asther's Balkan proclivities responsible for his absconding with first place in our popularity contest this month? You'll probably have to see "Adrienne Lecouvreur" before you can tell

Sweden, twenty-seven years ago. He is six feet one, weighs 170 pounds, dark hair and eyes. His latest picture is "Adrienne

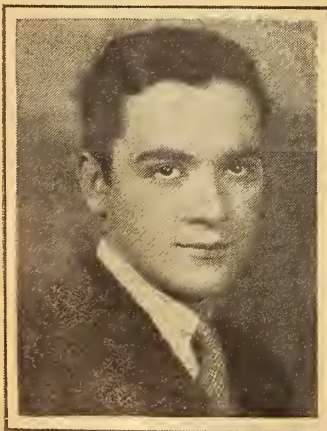
Lecouvreur." Address your letter to him at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. By the way, he's not married or engaged.

**BLUE EYES PET**—How Nize. Clive Brook is married and has two children, a daughter Faith and a son Clive, Jr. Alice Terry's real name is Toafe. Write Malcolm MacGregor at Tiffany-Stahl Prod., 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Mary Pickford's hair is bobbed. Send me twenty-five cents for a photo of Mary showing her new bob.

**RED B.**—If you can get amusement out of your own follies, you should be able to work up a smile almost any time. Big Boy's real name is Malcolm Sebastian, but he's not related to Dorothy. Write him at Education Film Co., 7250 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Arthur Lake, Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Jean Arthur, Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**ANXIOUS**—George Bancroft was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 30, 1882. He is six feet two, weighs 195 pounds, dark brown hair and blue eyes. Married to Octavia Broske and they have one daughter. You refer to Ben Bard who played in "Dressed to Kill." Jacqueline Logan is married to William Winston. Florence Vidor to Jascha Heifetz, the violinist.

**QUESTION BOX**—See "Fausta" for information about Nils Asther. Write Billie Dove at First National Studios, (Continued on page 96)



"Someone To Love." We hope this is settled for Buddy Rogers. He keeps too many young hearts palpitating—witness his second place on this page



We can always count on Dolores Costello to add beauty to our contest—she's third. "The Madonna of Avenue A" ought to make many new fan converts



Janet Gaynor surely isn't getting in dutch with her fans when she appears fourth here, even though she's to be in the "Street Fair" of a little Holland town



Although Sue Carol has been "Chasing Through Europe," she returns in time to get the fifth place. Doing the Continent with Sue—what more could any fan ask?



# As told to PRINCESS PAT by 10,000 Men

*"Women Use  
Too Much Rouge"*



THE MEN, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a

matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge *does look unreal*.

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. But there is never a question of too much, never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the *most natural rouge in the world*. And whether blonde or brunette, you can use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect—instead of being limited to one as with usual rouges.

*Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat  
Almond Base Face Powder*

Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing Almond Base imparts to

**PRINCESS PAT**  
PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The Almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent Almond Base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat Almond Base face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the Almond Base to make the lighter weight powder just as clinging as the medium.

## *Wonderful New Color for Lips*

Just what you've wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and that also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of color as with usual lipsticks.

*Try the Seven Famous Aids-to-Beauty in  
Princess Pat Week End Set*

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge. You will be delighted with the set.



**Get This  
Week End Set  
—SPECIAL**

*The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c [coin]. Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations, including perfume. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.*

PRINCESS PAT LTD.,  
2709 S. Wells St. Dep. 1-C Chicago

Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.

Name [print].....

Street.....

City and State.....





Teddy bears are but human after all. And this one has fallen victim to a common experience of man, the losing of one's head because of May McAvoy



Unlucky for black—or any other—cats it is to pass within range of May McAvoy's slingshot. In the upper lefthand corner she is seen doing an example in simple subtraction, reducing one kitty's stock of lives to an even eight

If wishes were fishes, May—in the picture just above—would be able to supply the meals for a monastery for a month of Fridays



Small and pretty though they are, we cannot but be glad that in the glimpse of May above she has chosen to submerge her feet and not her features

Playing with a fountain may not send you into gales of laughter, but it seems to amuse Miss McAvoy. She thinks it's a perfect stream

# *McAvoydable* Mischief

May Retains Her Schoolgirl Collection  
of Deviltries



# Grow-Yes grow-Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By **LUCILLE YOUNG**

*America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.*

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually* grow. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. Doubt all you want to. It does seem impossible, I know. Everything heretofore has failed. But my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. *And you are the sole judge.*

## **Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt**

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works—proved it before this, my very first advertisement, appears. I have from these women some of the most startling voluntary testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a *notary public*. Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows. Every one of the women who have tried my discovery did so on my guarantee. *And not a single one has reported failure.* On the contrary all have been wildly enthusiastic.

## **What My Discovery Means to Beauty**

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. Merely darkening the eyelashes and eyebrows is a poor substitute. It helps. But what you really desire with all your heart, what every woman longs for is this marvelous beauty of naturally luxuriant eye-

lashes and eyebrows. Now you can have this beauty—impart to your loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

## **Results Noticeable in a Week!**

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time. *And there is instant beauty, too;* for my discovery combines with its own marvelous virtue the advantage of darkeners. But it does so without messiness and artificiality. It gives the effect, but itself, *cannot be detected.*

## **An Entirely New, Scientific Principle**

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made

*Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.*

a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely *new way*. There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know that I have given to women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded. And I have waited until I was *sure* before offering it to the world at large. The more than ten thousand women who have tested my discovery *have been my regular patrons.*

## **You Can Have Proof At My Sole Risk**

Remember... in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not *actually* grow, if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is \$1.95. Later the price will be regularly \$5.00.

## **Send No Money With Order**

Send no money... simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to Lucille Young, Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society women and professional beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

2709 S. Wells Street,  
Chicago, Illinois

Name.....  
St. Address.....  
City.....State.....

NOTE: If price of \$1.95 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.



Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.

Loretta Prinze,  
1952 Cudaback Ave.,  
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious. Miss Flora J. Corriveau,  
8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so my people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.

Mlle. Heffelfinger,  
240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.

Pearl Provo,  
2954 Taylor St., N. E.,  
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearance tells the tale. Naomi Ostot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.

My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. The longer I continue to use it the better the results. People are asking me how I do it. All I say is, "I owe it all to 'Lucille Young.'"

Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2,  
Box 179, Jeannette, Penn.



Lucille Young,  
81-C Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents postage. If not delighted, I will return it within 30 days, and you will at once refund my money without question.

*Lucille Young*



Just because a fellow lets a girl take him out in her car, she needn't think she can go and put her hands all over his briefcase. No wonder Arthur Stone insists on getting out and walking home



He is really very annoyed with Nancy Carroll. She's probably never taken men out much. Otherwise she wouldn't let him stand there in the rain with only an umbrella over him: she'd go and get a taxi for him right away

No, Arthur knows that however broad-minded a girl may say she is, she doesn't like to see a man smoke cigarettes. And besides, if he doesn't go right in, mother will be simply furious

Bold? That's not the word for the way girls are on the street these days. This Nancy Carroll simply can't be squelched. Trying again and again to pick him up. And without the slightest encouragement. Just because he's a working boy, girls think he has no pride

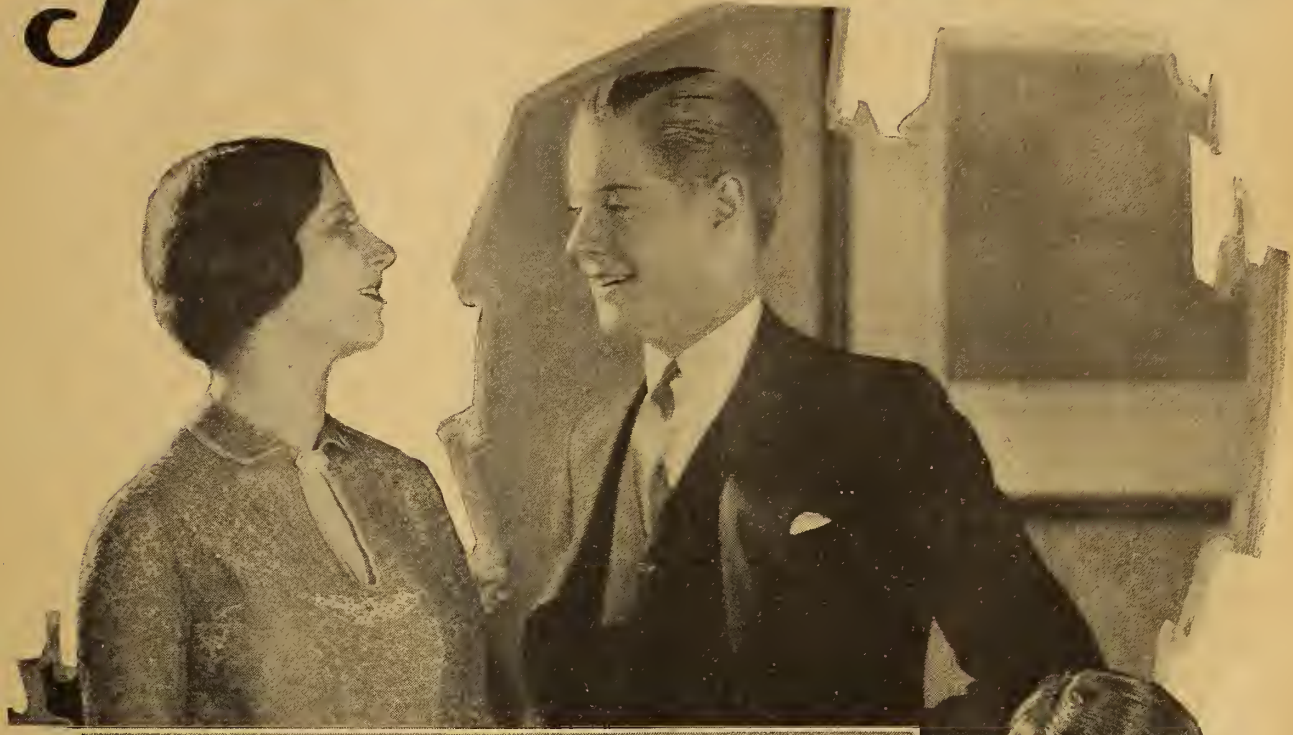


When *Sheiks*  
*Are Shes*

What Men May Expect  
of the Flappers of  
the Future



# The WOMEN who fascinate MEN



## what is their dangerous power?

*Is it a Mysterious Gift? Do you have it unbeknown? Is it Beauty, Knowledge, Sex—What? You can find out!*

SOME women simply fascinate every man they meet, *at will*. Men know this from experience. Women recognize it. But women do not often know the reason. Only one woman in a hundred knows—and then perhaps only vaguely, instinctively. Women fear, envy, hate the siren for her power—yet would give everything to possess this very power . . . to use circumspectly, but still *to use*.

What is it? Beauty? Not *great* beauty, certainly. For with sincere truth, and complete bewilderment, you say of some woman: "I don't see what men see in her." Some of the world's most fascinating women are almost homely—if you *study them closely*. And some very beautiful women lack nearly every fascination. Strange—but absolutely beyond question.

Can it be knowledge? No; for often the highest intellectual development is an almost impossible barrier to fascination. Sex appeal, then? Again no; for thousands of women have resorted to physical charms as a reliance—with almost inevitable failure.

### *How Very Clever Nature Has Been*

Nature has never desired a race of women, all fascinating. *Her* plan is for limited charm, a little to every woman . . . enough attraction for mating . . . just the amount that keeps the world in its ruts and grooves . . . and only once in a hundred times the gift of supreme allurements.

And nature has made almost the whole world blind to the great secret. She has thrust forward sex appeal—and countless useless volumes have been written on this theme. She has made it seem that great beauty solved the riddle—and then flatly contradicted herself . . . again sending astray those who would solve the puzzle.

Then what is it that women have who fascinate men? "What is their dangerous power?"

### *At Last the Secret Is Known*

One woman in the world—so far as it is known—understands the dangerous secret of supreme fascination *in full*. It came to her little by little over a period of many years. This woman is Lucille Young . . . once as homely and unattractive as a woman could be . . . now as fascinating and compelling in her charm and beauty as any famous figure who ever filled the pages of history, or graced the current times.

Lucille Young is the world's foremost beauty expert. Yes . . . but much more than that. She is the one woman who has found the mysterious key to fascination . . . who knows mere physical beauty, is not all. She has discovered nature's strange adjustment when she creates the world's sirens. Lucille Young understands *consciously* what even naturally fascinating women know but vaguely. She can tell the *average woman*, the pretty woman, the youthful woman, the woman of years, just what to do to become fascinating . . . just how to possess "the dangerous power."

### *An Actual Life Story of Experience*

Lucille Young's marvelous book on "Fascinating Beauty" is different from anything else you ever read. It is not theory, but her own life history, the exact account of how she, herself, acquired the dangerous power. But Lucille Young cautions, too, against the use of this power to its full, or for any purpose other than legitimate fascination, the natural charm every woman is entitled to exert upon those around her.

When you have read the book, the mystery of fascination is no longer a mystery . . . instead every step of the way is plain. This book, indeed, may easily change the whole course of life for you, bring you happiness and power you would never have without it.

And the book is Free—absolutely and entirely Free. Miss Young believes that it is every woman's right to



know the true secrets of fascination. It is her abiding faith and belief that women will not abuse these secrets, but use them circumspectly. So there is no obligation of any kind. If you want to know all about "the dangerous power," simply use coupon and send for the book.

*Lucille Young*

**FREE**

LUCILLE YOUNG BLDG. CHICAGO

LUCILLE YOUNG.

91-C Lucille Young Building,  
Chicago, Ill.

Without cost or obligation of any kind, send me your free book on "Fascinating Beauty." I want to read and understand Lucille Young's Discoveries. The postage is to be prepaid by Lucille Young.

Name.....

St. Address.....

City.....State.....





## Winter Beauty

**T**HE cold biting winds and freezing rains are complexion destroyers. Under their parching, roughening effect, Face Powders will not protect your skin nor retain their appearance.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream imparts a transparent film of exquisite, pearly beauty that fully protects the skin from all weather conditions. The soft, alluring appearance it renders will not "rub off", streak, spot or show the effects of moisture.

Its highly antiseptic and astringent action is helpful in correcting blemishes, coarse, rough or muddy skins, flabbiness, wrinkles, redness, freckles and similar conditions. You can enjoy a skin and complexion of exceptional beauty at all times thru the use of

# GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

Send 10c. for Trial Size M-89.8

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON  
430 Lafayette Street New York City

Check shade desired: White ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

## Charlie Chaplin's One Great Love

(Continued from page 31)

ridiculous shoes and rub the battered derby with one ragged sleeve, she gave a little sob and ran out in front of the whirring cameras.

"**C**HARLIE boy," she cried, clasping him in her arms, "I didn't know your clothes were so worn out. And your shoes—they're dreadful. But don't you worry. Trust mother, dearie. We'll manage to get you some new clothes. We'll manage some way."

Charlie tried to comfort her, but her worry was too great. She was scheming, as in the old, pinched days, to get her boy clothes and shoes. "I've got another suit, mother, a better one," he told her at last. "Come home with me and I'll show you. I'll put it on and you shall see how stylish I look." And his arm about her shoulders, he led her to her car and got in after her. And the studio saw no more of him that day.

For seven years Charlie Chaplin fought the United States Government for permission to keep his mother with him. The shock of aeroplane raids in the war had made her an incompetent. It did not matter to the unsentimental Uncle Sam that Charlie Chaplin was a great comedian and a very wealthy man: the law said that she must not enter the country unless he could prove that she would not become a public charge. Every year, by tedious effort, a grudging permission was granted, every year the threat of deportation hung over the peaceful home in San Fernando Valley where Charlie had established his mother.

She had everything that he could buy her: flowers, pretty clothes, servants, a car of her own. He even brought her jewelry, which made her laugh with delight like a child. And through all the troubled events of his domestic life, through money difficulties, legal entanglements, and newspaper scandals, Charlie Chaplin visited his mother at least once a week. To his friends of the studio he might seem moody, often melancholy, but with her he was always merry and full of jokes. The nurses at the hospital heard them laughing gaily together all the afternoon on the day before she died.

**F**EW people in the film colony ever saw Mrs. Chaplin. She was shown her son's

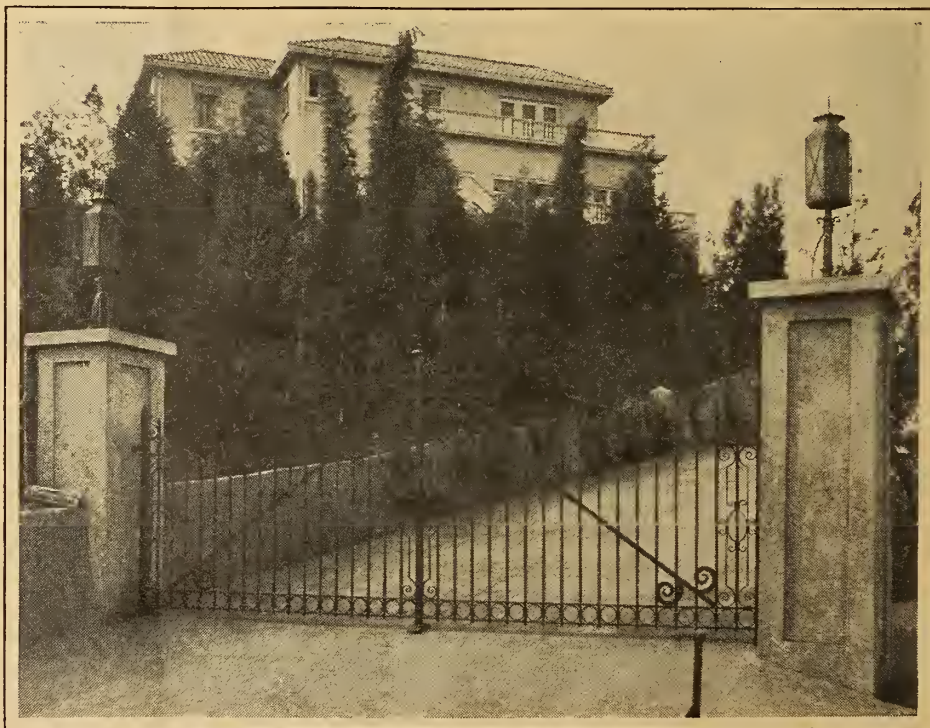
comedies on a screen in her own home. Twice she was taken to the theater to see "The Circus," but those who saw the tiny woman with the childlike eyes under the white bob, and heard her talk to her companions about "The Little One," did not guess that much of the genius of the comedian on the screen was inherited from that same woman. The few who knew Charlie Chaplin's mother say that she had many of the gestures, tricks of manner and expression which have made Charlie famous. She had been in her girlhood a clever variety actress and singer of some little celebrity in musical comedies, and her son tells how she would sit at the attic window of their home and imitate the passers-by in the streets below to keep her children amused and make them forget that there was nothing to give them to eat.

These few who knew her say, too, that she was passionately fond of The Little One, as she always called her youngest son. She was shown her grandchildren, but they made little impression. Her elder boys lavished affection on her, but it was Charlie she clung to. Perhaps the mother-heart of her realized that he was the one who had been hurt by Life.

In the last few hours she fell into a stupor and the nurses at the hospital begged Charlie not to see her.

"You can't do her any good," they told him, "and it would break your heart. It is much better to remember her as she was the other day when you came to see her."

Chaplin has a horror of death. He listened to their advice and drove away. A mile from the hospital he stopped his car, turned and came back. As he entered his mother's room, the heavy eyes opened. Recognition crept into them and she reached out and caught his hand. Perhaps—who knows—she saw at that moment, not the famous Charlie Chaplin whose clowning has made millions laugh, not the grown man with the grey streaked hair and worn face, but a little ragged boy with black curls bringing her proudly a handful of pennies he had earned by dancing a jig and doing an imitation of the pompous doortender of a theater in the Strand.



Although Charlie Chaplin lived in this house, the government argued in court that his mother might become a public charge



## Virginia's Real

(Continued from page 59)

sign all sorts of impossible contracts, as half the girls in the movies do, and then turn round when she has reached the top to have them annulled because she was "so young—so innocent" when she signed. She is as innocent-looking as the worst of them and more astute and level-headed than the best. Yassuh!

"Contracts," said Virginia in a brief interval on the set while they made a close-up of the heavy in the act of assaulting her in an airplane, "contracts have never got me anywhere in pictures. The first one I had was with Universal, and all I got out of it was a few parts in two-reel Westerns that nobody ever saw. After I left there I got another contract with M-G-M, but they didn't give me a single thing to do, so I quit. De Mille's contract came next. They started me off as one half of a team with Frank Marion, but we never got a break with a really good story. It wasn't until my contract expired that they seemed to take enough interest to cast me in good stories.

### SALT-PORK PLAYERS

"IT'S all very nice to get your salary regularly every week, but unless you're already an established name, a lot of studios seem to regard you much as they might a chunk of salt pork when they have you on contract. They push you into parts you don't want to play, or leave you twiddling your thumbs, as the case may be, and if you object, they threaten to spank you. My feeling is that if I'm good enough they'll come after me anyway; if I'm not, I might just as well make up my mind to forget my acting ambitions and open Hollywood's nine hundred and ninety-ninth 'Olde Worlde Tea Shoppe.'"

Hollywood, I feel tolerably sure, is in no danger of having more than nine hundred and ninety-eight Tea Shoppes just for the moment. Such a head on such a comely pair of shoulders is too much of a rarity for the movies to let go. Especially just now, at the dawn of the age of talkies, for Virginia adds to her other assets a voice of golden quality which brings out high F's just as easily as if she were asking the waiter for the menu.

A girl like Virginia Bradford is what the movies can spare everyone else but.

There are hundreds of females in Hollywood with doll-like youth on their faces. But they wear so much powder, rouge and mascara, not to speak of henna and peroxide, that you can't tell whether underneath it all they are sixteen or thirty-six. You can't—but the camera can. That is why so many of the ravishing things you see prancing up and down Hollywood Boulevard are out of a job.

Virginia wears no make-up, leaves her hair the color God made it (a reddish-brown) and her eyelashes as an all-wise providence planned. Yet they don't come younger-looking than Virginia.

### A RIGHT SMART GIRL

AT the same time, she has that highly distinctive attribute (for Hollywood)—intelligence. Not the intelligence of the average careerist actress, who holds interviews she detests by the hand and talks baby-talk to powerful and porcine studio executives. Not this, but the genuine intelligence of being natural, of being herself whether she is giving an interview or chatting with an electrician—and so of inspiring lasting respect instead of momentary liking in those she meets.

A girl men don't forget? Well, as a mere extra in "The Ten Commandments"—one

(Continued on page 95)

Mildred Davis Lloyd  
(and little Gloria endorse)

LOS ANGELES LIMITED



### The Greatest Stars in Pictures

have for a year testified in Motion Picture Magazine to the superbly distinctive service of the Los Angeles Limited, 63 hour, extra fare, deluxe Union Pacific train between Chicago and Los Angeles. Do not these recommendations from artists accustomed to the finest service available, suggest the Union Pacific for your next trip to or from California?

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I thought you would like to know that we thoroughly enjoyed our trip on the Los Angeles Limited.

Yours very truly,

Mildred Davis Lloyd

Let us assist in making your trip thoroughly enjoyable.



# The Good Woman of Hollywood

(Continued from page 48)



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Paris knows! Paris says one's color *must* heighten one's natural coloring! And so Po-Go, the hand-made French rouge, is waiting for you, in your color, for just 50c.

If you're a wee bit daring, take bright, vivid *Vif*; if you're a delicate, ashen blonde, *Brique* will add just the right glow to lend enchantment. If you're dark, then choose *Ronce*, a rich raspberry that whispers, "Montmartre."

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### Just Rub It On

Thousands of mothers tell us they would not be without *Children's Musterole*, the milder form of Musterole especially prepared for babies and children.

At night, when awakened by the warning, croupy cough, rub the clean, white ointment gently over the child's throat and chest.

Children's Musterole, like regular Musterole, penetrates the skin with a warming tingle and goes to the seat of the trouble.

It does not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster and is not messy to apply.

Made from oil of mustard, it takes the kink out of stiff necks, relieves sore throats, croupy coughs and colds. All Druggists.



BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



The day she started to work on *Stella*, you know, her only son died. It broke her heart. No doubt about that. You can see it today in her close-to-tears eyes. You can hear it in the sweet patience of her voice. Her grief came through and played the heart-strings of the world in the martyred *Stella*.

After *Stella*, when Belle Bennett should have been Made, when she should have swept on to stardom that would make the Milky Way look like a wisp of ectoplasm, her real troubles began. Sam Goldwyn and she Had Words. I don't know what about. It doesn't matter. Anyway, the story goes that Sam ejected her from the Presence and proceeded to cast aspersions on the lady's dramatic character.

Belle Bennett doesn't hold it against him, though. She Understands. She told me that he had turned against her on the say-so of a friend of his. Sam believed his friend, which proves that Sam is capable of loyal friendship, which proves that Sam has Good in him. "If he could know me as I am," said Belle, "he would feel differently about me. He, too, would Understand." That's the Christian way of working it out. No wonder you didn't get it.

### CORN FLAKES AND MOTTOES

ONCE, some months after her eviction from the Goldwyn *guignol*, Belle was breakfasting at the Breakfast Club, that Hollywood institution where the great of gelatine break corn flakes apart together. Sam was there, too. The walls of the vast room are lined with mottoes: GOD BLESS OUR HOME, LEAD KINDLY LIGHT, THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH, BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS, and things like that. On the strength of these beautiful thoughts, and because she believes in turning the other cheek, Belle Went to him and Held out her Hand. Sam was dumb-founded. He didn't emit a peep.

What his reflexes may have been can only be determined by smiting him on the knee. Belle lives atop Theosophy Hill.

It has a religious aroma. Beautiful Thoughts circulate in the rare, ascetic air. From her bedroom window Belle can see the lights of the valley, the mists, a tall pine spiking a star, the moon, the rising sun. And this does Things to her Soul.

Also she has seen Jeddu Krishnamurti walking on the Hill. He is in Holland or somewhere, but she can See Him.

She has a monkey tethered to a tree. Not that there is any connection. It is a female monkey and Belle is going to get a male monkey and have lots of little baby monkies. This tells something to the psychotherapeutic mind. It tells that Belle Yearns over All Mankind, even the origin of the species.

Belle's house is of moderate size, built in three layers on the hillside after the Neopolitan ice-cream architecture of Fra Junipero's posterity. She owns another house better suited to the needs of her extensive family, but she cannot move away from the hilltop. She feels that there is a Message for her there. She feels that she Belongs and that Good Thoughts are circulating in the ozone. These are the things that are not bought for Gold.

### CHIDING HER CHILDREN

BELLE'S grandmother, her fairly new husband, her adopted son, his wife and—pretty soon—his baby, two small cousins, most of the neighborhood children, several dogs, three or four in help, all live with Belle. All are mothered by Belle. "All children are my children," she says—"I can't have enough of them around me. They call me 'Mother.'" They do, too. And if all children love you, even if Sam Goldwyn doesn't—well, actually, what more can be said for any woman? I mean it.

Billy Bakewell lives there most of the (Continued on page 90)



Hendrickson

Just a symbolic pose of Fred Kohler, the excellence of whose work as a featured player has established him, in the minds of directors, as very decidedly a white-hared boy



# "He can't play ... turn on the radio" they all shouted



## but my revenge was sweet

**N**OW that everyone is here, let's tune in on a good station and get some snappy dance music."

Olive Murray was full of pep as she adjusted the dials of her radio. "Shucks," she said as she discovered someone making a speech. "Let's try another station."

But there wasn't a note of dance music on the air. "Something like this *would* happen the night of my party," she moaned. "Never mind, there'll be a good orchestra on at 10:30."

You could see disappointment written all over the guests' faces. Suddenly I bucked up my courage and took Olive aside. "What's the piano closed for?" I asked.

"Why not? No one here plays. I only wish somebody could play, though."

"I'll try to fill in for a while, Olive."

"You're joshing, Dick! You never played before at parties."

"That's right, Olive, but I'll play to-night," I assured her.

I could tell she didn't believe me. For as she announced that I was to entertain with some piano selections I caught her winking to one of the fellows.

And what a roar the crowd let out when I sat down.

"He can't play," called out a voice good-naturedly from the rear. "Let's turn on the radio and listen to the speeches."

"Sure," added one of my friends, "I know that he can't tell one note from another. It's all a lot of Greek to him. How about it, Dick?"

I said nothing. But my fingers were itching to play.

"Give him a chance," said Olive, "maybe he can play."

### A Dramatic Moment

That settled it. There was no maybe about it. I played through the first bars of Strauss' immortal Blue Danube Waltz. A tense silence fell on the guests as I continued. Suddenly I switched from classical music to the syncopated tunes from "Good News." Everyone started to dance. Pep was once more in order. They forgot all about the radio. But soon, of course, they insisted that I tell them all about my new accomplishment. Where I had learned . . . when I had learned . . . how?

### The Secret

"Have you ever heard of the U. S. School of Music?" I asked.

A few of my friends nodded. "That's a correspondence school, isn't it?" they exclaimed.

"Exactly," I replied. "They have a surprisingly easy method through which you can learn to play any instrument without a teacher."

"It doesn't seem possible," someone said.

"That's what I thought, too. But the

Free Demonstration Lesson which they mailed me on request so opened my eyes that I sent for the complete course.

"It was simply wonderful—no laborious scales—no heartless exercises—no tire-some practicing. My fear of notes disappeared at the very beginning. As the lessons came they got easier and easier. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best."

Then I told them how I had always longed to sit

down at the piano and play some old sweet song—or perhaps a beautiful classic, a bit from an opera or the latest syncopation—how, when I heard others playing, I envied them so that it almost spoiled the pleasure of the music for me—how I was nervous because they could entertain their friends and family.

"Music was always one of those never-come-true dreams until the U. S. School came to my rescue. Believe me, no more heavy looking-on for me."

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## The Good Woman of Hollywood

(Continued from page 88)

time, too. You all know who he is. You'll know better when you see him in Doug Fairbanks's next picture. He has, Belle says, taken the place of her lost son in so far as anyone can take that beloved place.

Belle runs her home as one runs a business, save that Love is at the Helm. A pretty big save, at that. Whenever there is Discord, Friction; whenever there is a Problem to be met; when one or more of the members seem to be Falling down on their Jobs, not co-operating as they should, then Belle calls a Conference. At this conference all participate, servants as well as employers. All are made to feel anew that they are members of one family. All cards are laid on the table. All grievances are aired and sterilized. Belle reminds them how much she loves them all, how love is the only salve for any wound—and, the wheels regreased, the ménage moves on its God-given way.

Belle Bennett is a Good Woman. She should be pinning on diapers, gaining fame for The Pie That Mother Makes, healing barked shins and suchlike rather than running the gamut of the movie Molochs. Their ways are not her ways. But one day, Belle believes, they will See the Light. And then—

had expected Great Things from a great artist. She didn't get them. Emil, bad boy, was rude. The very first day she went to the studio to report for work, they refused her admittance until she had proven her identity. The creator of *Stella*. But she didn't blame the bumptious lad at the desk for his mistaken authority. He was, Belle says, Doing His Duty, as he saw it. They gave her a meager dressing-room off the set. They didn't trouble to call her when they were ready. Her work was criticized largely because she didn't understand the German of the director and of the star. She was supposed to co-star with Jannings. She didn't, as you know. Any mediocre actress could have played what was left of Belle's part on the cutting-room floor. She should have Up and Left 'em Flat. She didn't. She preferred to wade through the waters of Humiliation rather than give fresh food to the propaganda that she was hard to handle, temperamental and the like.

On the opening night or sometime near it, she invited Jannings to a dinner at her home. He accepted. They waited and waited. He didn't come.

### TELEGRAPHING HIS REGRETS

**W**HILE they were at the belated meal, he wired he wasn't coming. Just that. She didn't go to the opening. She sent her family in her stead and they were given their seats in the *third balcony*. My instinct would have been to scratch out their eyes. Not ladylike, but 'uman. Belle's was, "They know not what they do."

A good woman. Hollywood has need of these.

Since then Belle Bennett has done "Mother Machree," which is good, and a few others which are not good. And she knows it. Because, besides being good, Belle Bennett is also an artist of no mean proportion. As she would amply testify once again, I am convinced, should she get the rôle she covets—that of *Lummo*. She has had one happy experience of late,

### BELLE IS OTHER-CHEEKY

**H**ER eyes are blue and very mild. Her hair is soft and very golden. Her smile is compassionate. Her voice is gentle, like a dove's voice. You feel that her hands would bring healing to any hang-over. My words may be awkward but they are not facetious. Let loose as I have been in the pepper groves of the *whitecrawfordgarbogilbert* horticulturists, small wonder I fumble when I approach a lady who might have been on the Mount of Olives. Fed up on blasphemies, the digestive apparatus chokes on the beatitudes.

She turns the Other Cheek—and she has had cause to turn it. When she was working with Emil Jannings in "The Way of All Flesh," she was despitely treated. She



though—working with D. W. Griffith, “the greatest of them all”—her words.

She is working more or less free-lance now at Tiffany-Stahl. The latest is that she is playing an imitation of Eva Tanguay in a picture called “The Queen of the Burlesque.”

Also—and this is great stuff—she has bought the book, “My Life,” by Isadora Duncan; and she desires to place herself and the book with some interested producer.

You may wonder what the rôle of a burlesque queen and the Life of Isadora—kindly omit kiddies—will do to a good woman. You needn't worry. For Belle Bennett will see to it that love rules the B. Q. And if Love didn't rule Isadora, then—but, evil to him who evil thinks.

She is one who has not yet learned the weight of truth that is carried in Don Marquis's poem, Words Are Not Guns. She is unaware of the fact that while perhaps in the long run—in a century or so, or several centuries or so—the fact of being right will prevail over the fact of being strong and wrong at once, justice backed up with a wallop gets a ready hearing. Or at least so it appears. Perhaps Belle Bennett does know this but prefers not to resort to a practice of its precept. She may be intent upon living up to a principle of conduct ideal and perfect in every respect; she may believe that it will not take æons for right to triumph, but that she in her lifetime will see it do so. And she may wish to establish this in the world as a fact; it may be with her a Mission in Life. It may be her Message to the World Today.

She has chosen, perhaps, an odd means for conveying it, but perhaps at that it may be the best and most effective means at her disposal under the circumstances.

Goodness knows. It is difficult to conjecture just what her idea is in its final essential. But this remains true: that whether Belle Bennett win or lose by adherence to her Faith in Love, she remains a remarkably fine and generous, indeed, an over-fair character. She is indeed herself lovable. And moreover that very great rarity:

A very good woman in Hollywood.



Richee

Mail and female, the latter being Clara Bow, reading a few of the 35,000 letters she receives from fans every week

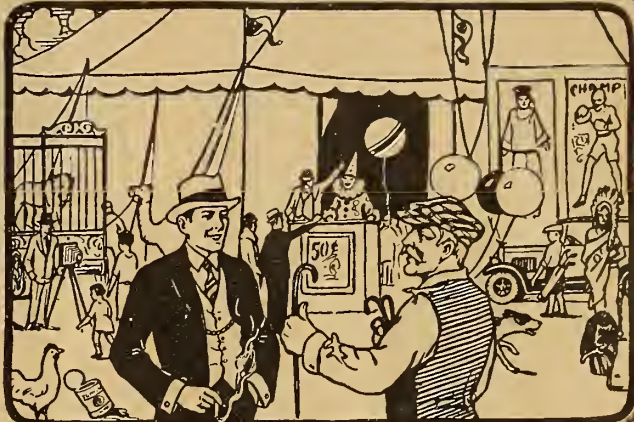
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Starting with the Letter

### “C”



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Foreign and formidably fair are these two Cleopatras of the cinema: Eva Von Berne, on the left; and Greta Garbo

## Oo La La! And Si Si!

(Continued from page 33)

"Oh," breathed Lupe, all pink tulle and silver embroidery in a period dress of the seventies, "I like American man ver-ry mooch."

"And would you marry an American man?"

"Oh, ya-as!" answered Lupe, immediately; and then, reflectively, "Eef he would ask me."

So now you know just the pangs us native girls are having.

With Baclanova it was different. She is the beautiful Russian from Moscow who has set the Lasky studio aswoon, positively aswoon, with her charm and dramatic ability. Madame was Olga Baclanova until someone decided she was great enough to bob her name.

"I, too, like American man," replied Baclanova. "I like him becuss he iss such a sportsman. His shoulders are so broad. He iss so gay. He live from the outside. You know what I mean? In Russia all mens live from inside. They are sad, yess, very sad. I sink it iss the war that make them that way. They see their country fall. They see all about the sadness. But American man he very gay."

"In Moscow I say to Russian mens, 'Dress like American mens! Dress with the broad shoulders.' All the time I say that."

"But to marry an American man. No. How can I? Soon I marry Nicholas Soussanin. He, too, iss Russian. And he iss very jealous! Also I am very jealous. So I could not very well marry American man. You see?"

### KISSES ARE NOT CONTRACTS

AND now we can take Baclanova from our list of potential charmers. But how about Lia Tora, the Brazilian beauty that Fox imported? And Yola D'Avril from France? And Raquel Torres from the land of mantillas, frijoles, tamales and castanets? And how about Greta Garbo, fair daughter of the fjords, who had our own John Gilbert completely ensnared?

"What do you think of American men and would you marry one, Greta?"

An Arctic gleam came into the blue, blue Garbo eyes:

"Dot iss too silly."

And perhaps Greta is right.

"What do you think of American men,

Maria Alba? Would you like to marry one?"

Maria, whose name was Casajuana and too long for incandescents, came all the way from Barcelona, Spain. It's pronounced Barthelona, with a lilt like a song from her lips. The Fox company imported her, too.

"Ah! American man be full of res-pec'. Spanish man he very zhealous. Very. Spanish man also very sentimental. I, too, am very sentimental. But American man, I theenk, would make an excellent hoosban'. He would treat his wife as an equal. In many European countries, eet iss not so."

"In Spain when a man keess you, it mean marriage. Eet ees not that way in thees country. American man take you in beach today and say 'I love you' and tomorrow he yust nod 'How do you do?'"

"The American man does not put hees whole heart een hees love making; he ees not romantic nor ees he sentimental. To one of the Latin race, as I am, eet ees difficult to accustom oneself to love without these things. Yet eef I could fin' one who ees permanent, and not divorce immediately, I would mar-ry American man."

And Rénee Adorée, of France, has already taken unto herself two American husbands; one, of course, at a time. First Tom Moore and now William Gill.

And Maria Corda, another fair Hungarian, is well satisfied, thank you, with Alexander Korda, her husband and director from the native heath, so we won't have to wonder if she has designs on our males.

But there is Lili Damita, Mr. Samuel Goldwyn's invasion from la belle France—Lili who has half the male population of Hollywood standing on its attentive ear. She dines at cafes with cavalades of faithful, including Charlie Chaplin, Harry D'Arrast, John Monk Saunders, before he married Fay Wray; Harry Crocker, and her fellow countrymen, the Marquis De La Falaise, with Gloria's permission; and Count Jean Dili-mur.

"In Hollywood it is much different than in Paris. Here I have not so many lovers but more, what you call them? 'Boy friends.' I have here more boy friends than I ever had in Europe. Over there one man singles you out for his attentions and the other men remain away, until the amour is over. Here you have many men to take you dining, dancing or to the tea."

"But no! Here I have been in Hollywood



six months and I am not yet engaged. In Europe every three or four months I have a new engagement.

"In America the men are interested, first, in what you think, then how you talk, then what you do. Lastly, they think of how you dress. In Europe it is opposite. They think first and immediately of how you look and dress."

"Could that be the reason for Paris's fashion supremacy?"

"One thing I admire, particularly, in America is the fine friendships between men and women, with little emotion involved."

"Do you know what I say about Hollywood and America? It is grand!"

"And Mr. Colman?"

"He is a lovely boy, and wonderful to work with."

"I have several friends whom I knew in Paris. Harry D'Arrast, the director. He is just like a brother. But the man whom I adore is Sharlie! Ah, I think he is so clever!"

So, my dear, now we know just where we stand with Mlle. Damita as competition.

THE SPURNING OF SPURR

IT was Lena Malena who threw back her head, a graceful gesture, and cooed:

"American man? Ah, American man iss sweet baa-by! He dance wis you, he dine wis you, he tea wis you, but he does not marry you."

In Rumania—Bucharest, where Lena was born—and in Vienna where she lived, and in Germany, marriage is a solemn thing. And so are kisses solemn, though pleasant.

"In Germany mens are more sincere. They say what they mean. In America they say what they do not mean."

Lena is leaving immediately for Germany, there to marry Manfred Noa, a German director.

"Later, in two or three months, we return."

Lena is also leaving an ex-fiancé in Hollywood, Melbourne Spurr, who takes all those pretty pictures. The engagement was announced when she rescued him, sensationally, from drowning. What about

Melbourne? What happened to him?

"We decide not to agree," said Lena, plaintively, "and I get two letters—just two—from Mr. Noa and then I think I marry him. But American man iss sweet baa-by. Oh, yess."

What does Eva von Berne, Norma Shearer's Viennese discovery, think of our men?

"Ach, they are *naturlicher lustiger und kindlich*."

Could you ever imagine that?

"They are so gay and childlike," said Eva, who can't be more than seventeen. And couldn't be more beautiful. "There is naw-thing they could not do for you."

Eva was born in Serajevo, Serbia, where the seed of the Great War was sown.

"Yess, I like American man. Maybe I vould marry one, but I have a sweetheart in Vienna."

And what does Camilla Horn, German fraulein of "The Tempest," think of our men?

"They are very nice."

"Nice?"

"Ja, but I do not know many," hastily, "I haf a husban' in Hamburg."

"*E diro subito che l'uomo Amerino mi piace moltissimo*," Lola Salvi, Italy's representative on the Fox lot, answered.

It means "I like the American men immensely."

"I admire them," she continued, "for their mentality, their physique, their intellect, their charm, their mental and physical strength and many other attributes."

And would she marry one?

"No, *francamente*, no. *Almeno per ora*. Not for the present."

She is occupied with her career. But Italian beauties, like others, may change their minds.

My dear, it's really getting serious. Look, here's another. Lucy Doraine at Lasky's, and another—Mona Rico at United Artists. I mean, can't something be done about it immediately. Our poor men will be completely dazzled. Maybe we could make them wear blinders. Or put a tax on them. I mean, really, something must be done about the foreign invasion.

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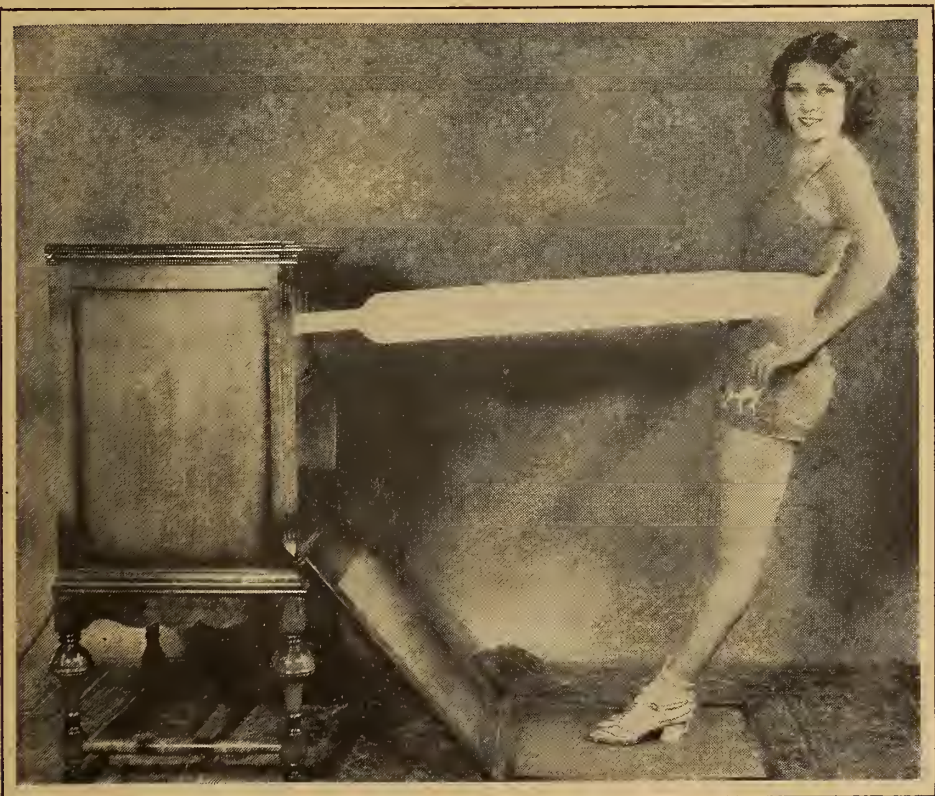


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Where stars are photographed but not for the screen: the Chidnoff studios in New York. Here many celebrities sit for special portraits when they come East

## Love Bait

(Continued from page 50)

studio girls. But Gene didn't quite enter into the spirit of the thing. "I'm not engaged to any girl in Hollywood," the champ told a group of reporters. "And that's final." It was.

Next to aviators and prize-fighters, millionaires and their youthful sons are the most satisfactory love-bait. At the time that Gene refused to be rumored around, Michael Cudahy was doing his bit to keep most of the eligible girls in the limelight. Mike was engaged to Joan Crawford. Mike was engaged to this one, Mike was engaged to that one. Hardly a day went by that didn't carry Mike's latest announcement. The youthful millionaire might have developed his engagements into quite a profession if he hadn't pulled a phoney runaway attempt at marriage with Marie Astaire and ruined his amateur standing as love-bait.

The same sad fate overtook Charlie Chaplin. At his prime Charlie was the greatest love-bait that Hollywood has ever produced. He was good for a rumor any time. He kept Claire Windsor, Mae Collins, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, and a couple of dozen others in publicity for months. In fact, his activities were so varied that even the newspapers began to lose confidence in him and now nobody can get very excited about rumors concerning Charlie. He recently took Josephine Dunn out to dinner twice in one week, and it didn't even rate an announcement.

With Richard Dix, it's different. Even with his numerous announcements, Richard seems to keep up his standing as A-I romantic material. Practically every leading woman who has ever played opposite Richard in a picture has been engaged to him—at least for the duration of the picture.

"These confounded engagement rumors have broken up many friendships for me," Richard once complained, "I invite a young lady out to dinner. We get along well. We have a lot in common. And maybe the same week we will attend the theater together. Then what happens? We wake up one fine morning to find ourselves engaged—in the newspapers. Of course, we laugh it off. We try to dismiss it. But things are never the same. We become self-

conscious of our friendship. Everywhere we go we are paired off as romantic love-birds. People hound us for the details. Reporters want the date of the happy event. It becomes so embarrassing that we begin to dread the idea of being seen with one another. When the right girl does come along, I'm going to try to contrive it so these aggravating announcements can't come between us until we are ready to announce it ourselves."

Mr. Donald Ogden Stewart once remarked that a trip to the Coast included a stop-over at the Grand Canyon and an engagement to Patsy Ruth Miller. As one of Pat's numerous announcements, Mr. Stewart should know what he is talking about.

As a class, authors make dandy good love-bait. Who cares whether the literary gentlemen look the part or not? They offer names and background and class. Coupled with a movie star, they are good for a headline anytime. Remember when Joseph Hergesheimer was doing so much domino playing with Aileen Pringle? The only thing that saved Mr. Hergesheimer from an engagement rumor was a wife in the East.

Lately, Ronald Colman has enjoyed his first sample of love-baiting. For years Ronald has gone his own way singularly untroubled by romantic reports. Some enterprising souls tried to link the Colman name with that of Lois Wilson's a couple of years ago, but nothing ever came of it. A year later he saw Margaret Morris off on a train to New York. This, of course, rated an announcement of their engagement. But considering his popularity and eligibility, Mr. Colman has been lucky to get off with only two rumors. That is—up until the arrival of Lili Damita, his new leading lady.

Now, Hollywood is doing her very best to start something between Lili and Ronnie. Even the powers who hold their contracts are said to be looking with favor on the new romance—if it is one. There's a method in their gossip. The public is supposed to get awfully excited about screen lovers who are interested in one another out of office hours—and Ronald and Lili are booked up for several pictures together.



# BETTY COMPSON'S

## Certified Confession

Constance Talmadge's disclosures concerning the secret passages in her life, made public for the first time in the November issue of Motion Picture CLASSIC, are startling

But they constitute only the beginning of a series of revelations equally astounding by a number of stars equally notable

Next month's—the December—CLASSIC will bring to you the third of these confessional articles

It will be the story, the courageous and simple and outright story, the hitherto hidden phases of the career of BETTY COMPSON

This astonishing magazine feature will relate to you, exactly as Miss Compson has related it to us, the intimate chapters of her life's history which up to the present have been jealously withheld

They comprise things not only, until now, never before published, but things never before told—to anyone

And this, as well as their truth, is certified by Miss Compson's own affidavit, properly witnessed, notarized and sealed

Watch for Betty Compson's real story. It will reach you November 10—the day when your newsstand will have for you your copy of the December

## MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

*It's the Magazine with the  
Personality*

## Virginia's Real

(Continued from page 87)

of hundreds—she spoke a few words casually to Cecil De Mille. Over three years later, when he met her again, he offered her a contract on the spot. "I kept wondering what had happened to you," he said.

Virginia's naturalness and her frank enjoyment of herself in her own way leave Hollywood's burbling younger set puzzled. "What! You won't come to so-and-so's party when supervisor so-and-so is going to be there?" they used to say when the one important thing in life seemed to be to meet all the Moguls and make a hit with them. "No," she would answer, "I don't feel like going. If supervisor so-and-so wants me, he'll send for me. If I want to see him, I'll see him." And there was nobody she couldn't get in to see if she wanted to. Don't ask me how she did it.

### IT'S WRONG BUT IT WORKS

TODAY, it's the same way. Virginia does everything she shouldn't do. She refuses invitations to big parties if, and just because, she doesn't want to go. She is not to be seen at the gatherings of the clan at the Montmartre on Wednesdays and on the prescribed occasions at the Biltmore and the Coconut Grove. She goes to openings of new pictures only when she wants to see the picture, and then arrives without a stitch of finery or a shred of ermine. She is nice to supervisors when she likes them and does not bother with them if she doesn't. She tells lady interviewers with note-books quite candidly what she thinks of them and their respective publications.

It is all quite terribly wicked and wrong. But somehow it seems to work. The Studio Sultans may approve or disapprove of such trifling with the most revered Hollywood traditions—but they don't forget Virginia Bradford.

For all that she upsets precedent and the approved procedure of the film-factories, they continue conspicuously to like her.

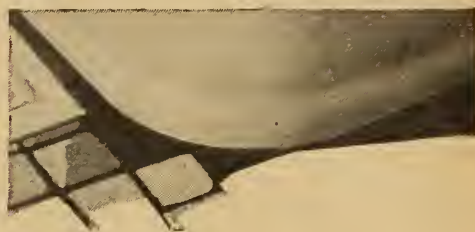
I rather like her myself.



Grilled to the brim: a wrought iron well, brought from Spain and 400 years old, finds, now that it has won the admiration of Colleen Moore, that its trip was well worth the trouble



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**M. TRILET**

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Both dotty: Norma Shearer in the pattern of her beach coat; and her pet wire-haired terrier from the haunting chords from the ukulele

## The Answer Man

(Continued from page 80)

Burbank, Cal. Where she is playing in "Adoration." Jean Arthur is playing in "The Canary Murder Case." Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Douglas MacLean, "The Carnation Kid," also Paramount Studios. Richard Dix in "Redskin."

R. Z.—You refer to Barry Norton, who played in "What Price Glory" as the Mother's Boy. He was born in South America, twenty-three years ago. Write him at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Rudolph Valentino's last picture was "The Son of the Sheik." I can supply you with two different photos of him; these are sold for twenty-five cents each. Alice White is playing in "Ritzy Rosie." First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

BETSY—Richard Barthelmess is married to Jessica Sargent. Richard Dix is still single. Buddy Rogers was born in Kansas, Aug. 13, 1904. His latest picture is "Just Twenty-One," Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood Cal. Anita Page was born at Murray Hill, N. Y. She's seventeen years old, five feet two, weighs 118 pounds, blonde hair and blue eyes. Playing in "Broadway Melody." Your letter will reach her at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

THE WHISKERED TWIN—Kinda' look like the Smith Brothers, don't we? Estelle Taylor and her husband Jack Dempsey are playing on the stage right now in "The Big Fight." Sally Blane is playing opposite Tom Mix in "Outlawed." Write her at FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Donald Reed, First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Walter Byron's first picture in America will be "The Awakening," starring Vilma Banky.

INQUISITIVE—I'll forgive you. You may write Louise Brooks at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Her latest picture is "Redskin." Clive Brook is playing in "The Four

Feathers." Write him also at Paramount. Loretta Young was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, Jan. 6, 1912, she is five feet two, weighs 98 pounds, dark hair and eyes. Her latest picture is "Scarlet Seas" starring Richard Barthelmess.

LAURA LA PLANTE ADMIRER—Laura has had interviews in the following magazines—Nov. 1927 Motion Picture; Apr. 1926-Oct. 1928—Classic. Pictures in Mar. 1925-Feb. 1928-Aug. 1928—Motion Picture; Jan. 1927-Oct. 1927-Aug. 1928-Oct. 1928—Classic. Laura was born Nov. 1, 1904, married to William A. Seiter. Write her at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. where she is playing in "Show Boat." Dolores Costello was born, 1906, and Helene, 1904.

WILL ORBACH—Next to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition is that of good books. George Stone was born in Lodve, Poland, May 25, 1903. He is five feet three, weighs 115 pounds, brown hair and eyes. Write him at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Fay Wray is playing in "The Four Feathers," Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

SLIM—Arthur Lake was born in Kentucky, in 1905. Six feet tall, blue eyes and light hair. Write him at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. George Duryea, Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. In which of his battles was King Gustavus Adolphus killed? I believe it was his last one. Rex Bell can be reached at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

JIMMY M. NONSENSE—Rather nice stationery—looks like Red Riding Jacket and Boy Blue. Write Buddy Rogers at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Monte Blue's ancestors were Indians. But I don't believe he's always blue. Tom Mix can be reached at FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Charles Farrell has a Ford, if that



means anything to you. I'm sure I couldn't tell you what time he retires.

**BILLE.**—Sue Carol was born in Chicago, Ill., twenty years ago. She is five feet five, weighs 120 pounds, brown hair and eyes. Real name, Evelyn Lederer. Your letter will reach her at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. You bet she is popular. Don't forget to see her in "The Air Circus." Airplanes are all right but no one has ever complained of a parachute not opening.

**NORM AND JEAN**—You almost wrote a book, but here goes. Jackie Coogan is playing in vaudeville with his Dad. Wait till you see him do the Varsity Drag and wisecrack about his Dad. Jackie was born in California, Oct. 26, 1918. Clara Bow has never been married. "Down to the Sea in Ships" was her first picture. Jeanette Loff can be reached at Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Charles Emmett Mack's last picture was "The First Auto." Norma Talmadge is not married to Gilbert Roland. Her husband is Joe Schenck.

**GIGGLES**—That's a funny one. Tim and Ruby McCoy are not related. Write Tim at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Gary Cooper's real name is Frank J. Cooper. Mary Brian, James Hall, Corinne Griffith, Ken Maynard, Allene Ray and Joan Crawford are a few of the stars who hail from Texas. Dolores del Rio was born in Mexico, Aug. 3, 1905. Novarro is pronounced No-vahr-ro, accent middle syllable.

**E. G. H.**—You forgot to give me your full name for a personal reply. Joan Crawford's real name is Lucille Le Seuer. Billie Dove's, Lillian Bohny. Write Joan at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Billie, First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. James Hall was born in Dallas, Texas, Oct. 22, 1900. Laura La Plante has blonde hair and blue eyes. Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Adios.

**MARY ANN**—Yes, I have met Mr. Chaney. He was born in Colorado, Apr. 1, 1883. Eleanor Boardman, Aug. 10, 1898. Write George O'Brien at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. His latest picture is "The Case of Mary Brown." Hugh Allen and Gladys McConnell are playing in a Pathé Serial "The Tiger's Shadow," Pathé Studios, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**JINECE**—If "opportunity" knocked less often, some of us might catch up with our work. Write me any time you wish; always glad to answer your questions. Eve Southern was born in Ranger, Texas, about twenty-two years ago. She is five feet seven, weighs 137 pounds, dark hair and blue eyes. Her latest picture is "The Naughty Duchess." Tiffany-Stahl Prod., 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**RUTH AND HELEN**—Gary Cooper was born in Helena, Montana, May 7, 1901. He's six feet two, weighs 180 pounds, reddish brown hair and blue eyes. Single and his latest picture is "The Shop Worn Angel," Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**I'M BROKE**—S'Funny so am I. Charles Farrell is playing in "Our Daily Bread." Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. No, he is not married. Bet you're glad? Roscoe Karns was *Hippo*, Phil McCullough, *McRae* and James Dugan was *Brill* in "Warming Up" starring Richard Dix. A Quadrant, is the quarter of a circle, or of its circumference. Couldn't stick me on that.

**RICHARD**—So you're another Alice White fan. Alice was born in Paterson, N. J. about seventeen years ago. She has reddish hair and your letter will reach her at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Margaret Morris and Donald Reed played in "The Mark of the Frog." Shirley Mason, Arthur Rankin and Alice Lake are playing in "Runaway Girls," Columbia Studios, 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**A SOUTH CAROLINA**—I wouldn't say the other name fits you. George O'Brien was born in California, in 1900. His latest picture is "The Case of Mary Brown." Billie Dove and Bessie Love are not related. Bessie's real name is Juanita Horton. Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien have played in "The Only Woman," "Voice of the Minaret," "Smilin' Through," "Secrets," etc.

**AUSSIE LASS**—Good to hear from you again. H. B. Warner played the rôle of the Christ in "King of Kings"; in regard to the "stills" I would suggest you write the Pathé-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. J. Warren Kerrigan and Jean Paige in "Captain Blood." Here are a few of H. B. Warner's pictures he has appeared in, "White Gold," "The Little Adventuress," "Sorrell and Son," "The Divinc Lady"; and his latest is "Conquest."

**FLO AND EV**—Lipstick and fly paper, they're much alike; they catch the careless creatures that pause to investigate. Matty Kemp is twenty-two years old. Barry Norton and Arthur Lake, twenty-three. Donald Keith, twenty-five. William Haines, twenty-eight. Richard Arlen, twenty-nine. Nils Asther, twenty-seven. Write Eva Von Berne at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**FLOSSIE FLIRT**—Charles Rogers is just as good looking off the screen as on. He hails from Olathe, Kansas; that's his real name. Write him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. The players do not give out their home addresses. Ralph Forbes was born in England. Mary Pickford is playing in "Coquette."

**NATALIE STEWART**—Ramon Novarro is not married. Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City, May 6, 1895. He's five feet seven, weighs 138 pounds, black hair and brown eyes. Married to Jessica Sargent. Conrad Nagel has brown eyes. Ralph Forbes and Philippe De Lacey, blue. Billie Dove, brown hair and blue eyes. Haven't a photo of Ramon Novarro as he appeared in "The Midshipman."

**GLENDAL FAN**—You are referring to Matty Kemp who played in "The Goodbye Kiss", Sally Eilers played opposite. Neil Hamilton was born Sept. 8, 1899. Greta Garbo, 1905. Nils Asther is twenty-seven; write him at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. John Gilbert, July 10, 1895.

**LENA NOVARRO**—Joan Crawford played opposite Ramon Novarro in "Across to Singapore"; Anita Page, "Gold Braid." Conrad Nagel receives his mail at both the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal., and Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**LONG-LEGS**—Pearl White has retired from the screen. Victor Varconi was born in Kisvarda, Hungary, Mar. 31, 1896. He is five feet ten, weighs 180 pounds, dark brown hair and eyes. Sorry he's married. But that makes no never mind, write him at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Ramon Novarro is five feet eight inches tall. Colleen Moore, August 8, 1902.



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Toast, but not dry: Mary Astor, as the Princess Ellen in "Heart to Heart," drinks to someone else's health at the risk—if we are to believe the W. C. T. U.—of her own

**RAMONA**—Dolores del Rio has black hair and eyes. Her latest picture is "Revenge." Jackie Coogan was born Oct. 26, 1918. Virginia Bradford is married to Cedric Belfrage. You refer to Ricardo Cortez, who played in "The Cat's Pajamas." Jean Hersholt was *Ed Munn* in "Stella Dallas."

**SUSIE SNOWFLAKE**—Rather early for 'em. You may write Paddy O'Flynn at Box 386, Hollywood, Cal. John Gilbert, Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Ronald Colman, Samuel Goldwyn Prod., Culver City, Cal. Buck Jones Corp., 489 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. *Affaire d'honneur*—Affair of honor; a duel. *Abonnement* means subscription. *Absente reo*, meaning in the absence of the defendant. How do you like my French and Latin?

**TOM OF BRITANNIA**—Victor McLaglen was born in London, Eng. Dec. 11, 1888. He is six feet three, weighs 215 pounds, married and has two children. Victor has had a varied career, having been a British tommy, a gold and silver miner, a circus performer, a prize-fighter, an army officer, a ruler over Oriental cities and an actor. That's all. His latest picture is "Life's a Gamble," Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

**CHER AMOURS**—*Cher Ami*. Irene Rich was born in Buffalo, New York, on Oct. 13, 1896. Miss Rich is five feet six, weighs 135 pounds, brown hair and eyes. Real name Irene Luther, has two daughters, Frances and Jane. Her latest picture is "Ned McCobb's Daughter." Write her at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**R. M. H.**—Colleen Moore was born in Port Huron, Mich., Aug 8, 1902. She's five feet four, weighs 115 pounds, copper color hair and has one brown and one blue eye. Married to John McCormick, not the singer. Playing in "Synthetic Sin." First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Gary Cooper, May 7, 1901. Al Jolson's "The Singing Fool" has been released. You'll hear him sing four or five songs in this picture.

**IRISH EYES**—If you like Eskimos, travel to Alaska, for that's how you get to Nome. William Haines hails from Staunton, Va., Jan. 1, 1901. Eleanor Boardman played opposite him in "Tell it to the Marines." Write him at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Billie Dove and Antonio Moreno are playing in "Adoration," First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**JUST ME**—How's Akron? Don't stay away so long next time. Philippe De Lacey was born near Nancy, France, July 25, 1917. Has dark hair and gray-green eyes. Yes, I can supply you with his photo. Joyce Coad is about eight years old. Write Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. in regard to "stills" from "The Way of All Flesh." Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. for "Mother Machree."

**JULIA OLSZEWSKA**—You can reach Allene Ray and Walter Miller at Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal. Their latest serial is "The Terrible People." Monte Blue, Edna Murphy and Grant Withers are playing in "The Greyhound Limited." Milton Sills and Dorothy Mackaill "Stranded in Paradise." First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.



**TEDDY**—Mary Astor was born in Quincy, Ill. May 3, 1906. She is the daughter of a college professor and won her place in the silent drama through a beauty contest. Miss Astor, whose real name is Lucille Langhanke, though now a famed beauty, was at one time called "Rusty" by her close friends because her lovely features were hidden behind a wealth of freckles. She is five feet five, weighs 115 pounds, auburn hair and brown eyes. Married to Kenneth Hawks and your letter will reach her at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

**THANKS**—Don't mention it. That was Nils Asther who played in "Loves of an Actress" starring Pola Negri. He is twenty-seven years old and you may address that letter to the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Cleve Moore, Colleen's brother played the rôle of *Capt. Russell* in "Lilac Time"; he was the chap who was killed. Richard Arlen is twenty-nine.

**BLACKIE**—You refer to Donald Reed in "The Night Watch" starring Billie Dove. He was born in Mexico City, July 23, 1902, six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, dark hair and eyes. He is married, has a son and real name is Ernesto Guillen. Ruth Elder played opposite Richard Dix in "Moran of the Marines." Jean Arthur receives her mail at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**BILLY**—Gene Stratton who played in "Freckles" is the niece of Gene Stratton-Porter. She is sixteen years old, five feet six, weighs 125 pounds, light brown hair and brown eyes. Your letter will reach her %FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Vera Reynolds is twenty-five years old.

**DOROTHY LEE B.**—Lloyd Hughes was born in Bisbee, Ariz., Oct. 21, 1897. Brown hair and eyes. Real name; married to Gloria Hope. His latest picture is "Heart to Heart." Marceline Day and Don Alvarado are playing in "Driftwood," Columbia Studios, 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Clara Bow, "Three Week Ends," Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**KATHERINE**—So you liked Conrad Nagel on the vitaphone, by the looks of his fan mail I believe everybody has. Conrad was born in Keokuk, Iowa, on Mar. 16, 1897. His father is a musician. He himself has been an actor ever since his sixteenth birthday. He is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, has blond hair and brown eyes. Married to Ruth Helm, they have a daughter. Playing in "Kid Gloves." Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**ARVIE COX**—Madge Bellamy and Warner Baxter had the leads in "The Telephone Girl." Helen Lynch was *Goldie* in "The Showdown." Richard Dix would be glad to hear from you; write him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Adolphe Menjou is playing in "Marquis Preferred." Florence Vidor, "Tong War," also at Paramount Studios.

**CUDDLES F.**—Greta Nissen is five feet two, has light hair and blue eyes. Send me twenty-five cents for her photo. Gilbert Roland is twenty-four years old, black hair and brown eyes. Latest completed picture is "A Woman Disputed" starring Norma Talmadge. Write him at the United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif. Billie Dove is five feet four. Playing in "Adoration," First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

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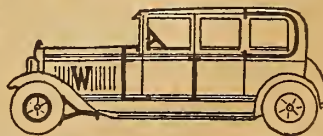
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Two members of the scrub team: Sally O'Neil and George Offerman, Jr., looking pail and dejected, in the course of their performances in "The Girl on the Barge"

## Hidden Histories

(Continued from page 35)

the case of one foreigner who recently burst into the front ranks of the film world.

He had married a Hollywood girl, not in pictures. One day the papers announced that his wife had left him. Inasmuch as there was no interesting scandal connected with the separation, little attention was paid to his domestic trouble.

A few weeks later the film colony was chuckling over the embarrassing predicament in which this new celebrity found himself.

It seems that an audience in a darkened theater in Copenhagen was startled one evening, by a woman's voice screaming, "That's my husband. There he is, the man who deserted his wife and his children." The man in question was this big, good natured actor who was romping across the silver sheet.

The deserted wife found out the name of the company that made this picture in which her erring husband had made such a hit. He was traced to Hollywood. She learned that he had acquired a new name. She found that he had also acquired a new wife, seemingly forgetting all about the one he already had.

It is reported that a lawyer soon convinced this chap that it was much wiser to send a generous part of his pay check to his family in Europe than to face the unsavory publicity which might follow his refusal to do so. This was one case where an insurance company failed to uncover an important phase of one of their policy holders' past life.

There is one young girl on the screen technically known as a hot mama whose peppy style causes folks to murmur, "Gee! I wish I had her youth and spirit." Although she can count just twenty birthdays, to the insurance man she is a woman of forty. They gave her insurance, but due to her high living, they figure she has crowded twenty extra years into her short life.

Suicides and attempted suicides are not

uncommon in Hollywood. There is one exotic young star who cannot get insurance due to the fact that she has tried to take her life three times. At present she seems to be quite happily alive, but these companies know that she can't be trusted.

One screen favorite, whose name now flashes in electric lights along Broadway, was entered not so long ago on an emergency hospital record under another name, as a would-be suicide.

The insurance people do not hesitate to state that picture people as a whole are considered poor moral risks because they are people to whom violent things often happen. For that reason some of the big companies refuse to write them at all, making no exceptions, while others rate them up five years. However, there are certain men and women in the profession, who on account of their sterling character and fine morals, combined with good health, have been able to get insurance without any rate-up and with all the benefits and disability features that can be had, even though one disgruntled star, coming out of his physical examination exclaimed, "If they've ever given disability insurance to anyone in the movies, it must have been Betty Bronson."

Forgetting birthdays seems to come naturally to everyone these days. In pictures, where youth is one of the greatest assets, this is considered a fair and legitimate thing to do. But one young girl whose name is known round the world became extremely worried after she had succeeded in making them all believe she was nineteen instead of twenty-three.

At midnight, the insurance man hastily donned his bathrobe and stumbling to his door to answer the frantic ringing of the bell, pinched himself to be sure he was really awake, when he was confronted by this lovely young lady.

"May I come in?" she panted as she

(Continued on page 104)



## The Love-Life Story of Alice White

(Continued from page 45)

aren't so mysterious to you. I went out with a lot of boys, but my worst crush was on Chuck Farlor, captain of the football team. I thought I was in love with him but I wasn't.

### CHUCKING CHUCK FOR FRANK

ONE day I played hooky from school and sneaked out to First National studios. I just chanced to run into Frank O'Neil in an office. He directed "The Overland Limited." And the first moment I saw him I was crazy about him; I started playing hooky often. We got engaged. My first engagement.

We were almost married. We started for Riverside for the ceremony. On the way, we quarreled. I didn't like the way he was driving, so I did a little back-seat wheel-guiding. He didn't like that. We turned around and went back to Hollywood. The wedding was indefinitely postponed.

Isn't it funny how some silly little things like that can change your whole future? I'd probably be a housewife and mother if it hadn't been for that bit of back-seat driving. Now I drive my own car, thank you.

Of course, we made up and kept talking about getting married. But patched-up romances never seem to work so well, do they?

I was offered a screen test. He objected to it. Said I'd never make good in the movies. By this time I was a script girl and I didn't think I'd make a good actress, either, but I thought he should be glad to see me getting ahead instead of trying to build a back-fire to stop me.

We split up definitely. I saw him two years later in San Francisco and he said he objected to my becoming an actress because he knew he would lose me. That a career always came between a wife and a husband. I guess he was right, at that. I've noticed that there aren't very many happy marriages in the show business. It almost seems as though you had to devote your time to taking care of either one thing or another—either your acting or your husband. That's the reason I only expect to stay in pictures five years. Then I'm going to get married and have two children. That may not sound like Alice White, the jazz baby. But most jazz babies just want to have a good time for a while and then settle down to the business of being a woman. And being a woman *is* a business just as much as acting.

### MY CLANDESTINE AFFAIR

MY next affair, as they call it in Hollywood every time you are seen with a man, was clandestine. With Tom Forman. He killed himself last year, you remember. I was script girl on his picture. He'd say, "Peter Rabbit, go to my office and get me a pencil." I'd go and he'd follow a minute later and perhaps make a little love to me.

But he wasn't especially in love with me. He loved someone else. He used to sit for hours and talk to me about this other woman. All men like some girl in whom they can confide. They like to have a girl whom they can perhaps kiss and make a little love to—but one to whom they can tell their troubles, too. And it gives you a sort of comfortable feeling to be that kind of woman. Makes you feel you are helping somebody. And if it's clandestine, it just makes it more exciting.

I'll never forget the day before he—died. I was driving down the boulevard when I happened to think of Tom Forman. I hadn't seen him for ages. I started around for his place, looked at my watch, found it

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Miss Gonzales, of Reno, Nevada, writes: "I have used Tiffany Tissue Builder only two weeks and already it has filled out my sunken cheeks and removed wearied, worn-out lines that a woman dreads. I used to look so old for my age, but now am proud of my appearance."

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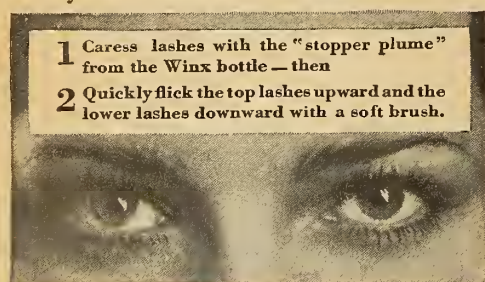
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It's perfectly all right, Alice White believes, for a girl to have both a husband and a career so long as she doesn't attempt them both at the same time

was late and decided I'd better wait until the next day. The next morning he was dead. Don't tell me there isn't anything in this telepathy business. Perhaps, if I'd gone to him as my instincts told me to, it wouldn't have happened. He may just have needed me again so he could tell me his troubles.

John Gilbert's another man who likes to talk to a girl. He used to sit and talk and talk about Rudolph Valentino. Told me again and again about standing on his porch on the afternoon Rudy died and watching a mist settle down, across the canyon, over Valentino's house. A funny mist with peculiar shadows. It wasn't anywhere else in the canyon. John looked at his watch. And when he checked the time later, it was just at the moment when Valentino's spirit was passing away from his body.

### INSPIRATIONAL JACK

**A**ND Jack likes to talk about his career. He'd sit by the hour and talk about his ambitions. He wants to be a director. It's always been his ambition to direct some big pictures.

It's a wonderful thing for a girl to know Jack Gilbert. He's so encouraging to her. He tells her he knows she's going to succeed and tells her to keep trying. You don't exactly fall in love with Jack Gilbert as a man; you fall in love with him as a friend, a person. And you always feel that way about him.

Of course, I've gone with lots of men in Hollywood and the gossips (and in Hollywood I guess we're all gossips) always say there's an affair. Last year I was supposed to be married to Leslie Fenton.

We had been going together for some time. One night at the Montmartre, Eddie Brandstatter came up and kidded us: "You two look nice together. You should be married."

We looked up and said, "Maybe we are." Then one of us remarked (I don't remember who said what), "No, but we're going over

to Ventura later tonight to get married."

We were just kidding, as anyone kids. But in Hollywood when you kid, it's taken seriously. Someone was listening, and the next day the newspapers said we'd gone to Ventura and were married. I was home with my grandmother. But no one would believe it. And a couple of days later Leslie Fenton took another girl to the Montmartre and maybe you don't think that started some talking.

There was some talk about Gilbert Roland and me once. He used to come and tell how much he loved Clara Bow. And Victor Fleming. Of course, a girl can't help liking Victor. He's so awfully nice and sort of babies her. And, of course, every woman likes to be babyed.

### FALLING FOR GRACE

**B**UT my—the man I have really cared the most about, I guess, is Dick Grace, the aviator.

We were working in "The Big Noise." I went into the First National lunchroom and literally bumped into him. We said, "Beg your pardon," and went on. I sat down with Chester Conklin and asked who the boy was. Chester introduced us.

We went up in an airplane. It was thrilling. I had never had anyone kiss me in an airplane before. I liked it.

There's been a lot of talk about Dick and me getting married. We've been engaged a couple of times. But Dick isn't well. You know he had his neck broken once. And he's moody and I'm moody. It's terribly hard for two moody people to get along together. I've never liked anyone as well as I've liked Dick but I—

Well, I guess I've never met my one grand passion. I'm still hunting for him. I'd like to meet a man who'd sweep me off my feet. The trouble with me is, I'm always too frank. Men like to be the hunters. They like to track down a girl and be made to think they're having an awful hard time to



interest her. When I like a man, I say so. I don't make it difficult for him to arrest my attention. I know it's not so good, but it's just my nature to be honest about it. Perhaps, it's just because I haven't met the man I really love. When I meet him, I may have to be coy and secretive to attract him. A woman always rises to the occasion to get the man she just *must* have, don't you think so?

People always ask me if I think a girl should marry when she's an actress. I think every girl should marry. But not *while* she is an actress. There's time in life for both. You can keep books or be a stenographer (I've been one, you know) and be married, too; but since all men are jealous and actresses live a life crowded with excitement and men who are working in their pictures—the two don't work out so well together. A girl should make the most of her career, save her money until she's financially protected and then marry and give up the screen forever. That's what I plan to do and I mean to stick to it.

I'm going to stick to it for two reasons. In the first place, because I think it's the only fair way to do. If a girl is on the stage or the screen, then she has an audience to please. Everything she does should be subordinated to that job. She can't act if she's wondering, while the big scene is being shot, whether she'll have pork chops or chicken for dinner that evening and if it wouldn't be better if the curtains were blue instead of green. No, she's got to be thinking about the scene—and nothing else. And if she's got a husband coming home in the evening, she should be thinking about him, about his requirements. And she can't do that and act, too. So she's got to choose; it's not only the only fair thing to do for her audiences, but for her husband.

That's one reason why I'll never marry so long as I'm in pictures. It's not right. When I get married, my life in that estate is going to be the real thing. Until that time the same goes for my life as it is.

10 minutes  
ago-



Remember all the things people used to do for headaches? Today, the accepted treatment is Bayer Aspirin. It gets action! Quick, complete relief—and no harm done. No after effects; no effect on the heart; nothing in a Bayer tablet could hurt anyone. (Your doctor will verify this.) For any sort of headache, neuralgic pains, rheumatism—your first thought should be of these tablets. Taken soon enough, it can head-off the pain altogether; even those pains many women have thought must be endured.



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Removes hair in only 3 minutes from arms, under arms, legs, back of neck or face. Leaves skin smooth, white, dainty.

Del-a-tone Cream or Powder is sold by drug and dept. stores, or sent prepaid, in plain wrapper, in U. S. for \$1.00. Money back if desired. For generous sample send 10c to Miss Mildred Hadley, c/o The Delatone Co., Dept. 712 721 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

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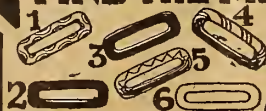
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There is one link missing in the chain forming the border of this announcement. In the circle to the left there are six links. BUT ONE AND ONLY ONE IS IDENTICAL WITH THE LINKS IN THE CHAIN. Can you find it? Each link is numbered—just write the number of the missing link on a piece of paper with your name and address and mail it at once. You may win the fine six room house which we are giving away. This is a FREE offer made to advertise. If you find the missing link write today—you may be the happy owner of the fine home before you realize it. Here is one of the greatest free offers ever made by a reliable organization—do not miss it up.

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\$200 CHECK to Pay for the Lot Sent At Once as Below if Solution is Correct. Find the missing link. We will immediately send full particulars of this remarkable offer and also voucher check good for \$200 to buy lot to put house on if you win. COSTS NOTHING TO TRY—just a stamp to send your puzzle solution. No need to risk any of your money now or at any time. DO NOT PASS UP THIS SNAP. You may have heard of Free Home offers, but this one is different—you get quick action and fair treatment—no long delays—no hard work to do and NO SUBSCRIPTIONS TO SELL—under this new plan every active member is positively rewarded. THE LIBERTY HOME CLUB Dept. C 229 GREENVILLE, PENNA.



Both Ted Lewis's personality and his clarinet should make him decidedly instrumental in the success of the talkies





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Her past is impeccable, but her present is shady: Jean Arthur, on the beach near Santa Monica, seeks and succeeds in devising for herself a place out of the sun

## Hidden Histories

(Continued from page 100)

pushed past him into the room. "I just couldn't stand it another minute," she continued. "For two years I have cheated you and the insurance company about my age! It's nearly driven me crazy." She drew her policy out from under her evening cape and thrust it into the man's hands.

"I was so relieved," the insurance man said (this was too good a story to keep, although no names were mentioned) "that I sank into a chair and commenced to laugh so hard that the poor girl turned and fairly flew out to her car."

He explained that while no real harm was done in this case, it did cause a lot of red tape. Since the premium is based upon the age of the insured at the time of application, it was necessary for this young lady to send in her check for the difference in premium, during the time the insurance had been in force.

Some of the bravest souls on earth are carrying on in pictures. There is one leading man who is admired and known all over the world from his portrayal of a two-fisted, red-blooded, he-man. The life insurance companies know that his blood is not as red as it seems. Continued exposure to poison gas during the world war has made his life-expectancy very short—so short in fact, that they cannot afford to give him a dime's worth of insurance. Yet this splendid troupier carries on, quietly building up a heritage for loved ones who will some day be left behind.

One actor was recently refused insurance when the company to whom he applied found that he was paying alimony to five former wives. They probably figured that he wouldn't have money to keep up insurance at the rate he was going.

More than one juvenile hero of the screen is paying alimony to a divorced wife or two, while the public looks upon him as a mere youth too young even to think of marriage. And several of our cutest baby-faced ingenues are divorcees with small children.

On the other hand, many a screen lover, who is suspected of being a *Don Juan* in real

life, is in reality the kind of man, who, when the day's work is done, hurries home to his family, his carpet slippers and his pipe. He is the type of man who looks out for the future of his family.

The late beloved Wallace Reid was such a chap. The world loved him as a reckless, carefree youth, but one insurance man knows that he was far more concerned with his family's happiness than with the rest of the world. The money from Wallace Reid's insurance policies not only saved the new home—which he had built shortly before his death—for his family but it provided a secure financial future for them. He was the first picture star to die leaving large insurance coverage. Wally was a pathfinder to the end.

Most actors are a buoyant, carefree lot who seldom save as they go along, believing their popularity will be good for fifty years. Often their insurance policy is all the estate they leave behind.

Beautiful Barbara La Marr's insurance proved a godsend to her. Desperately sick and out of work, Barbara was able to borrow a big sum of money on it. This provided for her during her last days on earth. At her death, the proceeds of the policy wiped out the indebtedness she had incurred.

Einar Hanson, who was killed in an automobile accident some months ago, had been in pictures too short a time to have accumulated an estate. Yet he left his father and mother in Sweden fifty thousand dollars. He had taken out an insurance policy just three months before his death.

Almost every picture player of any consequence carries as much insurance protection as he can get. Those who go out of their way to boast that they would not be bothered with it, have, if the truth is known, been turned down. Big insurance coverage is a pretty good indication of sound physical health and good morals. It is an indication, too that the Stars of the screen for all the frequent suddenness of their rise to wealth, have sound financial insight; that they have an eye to certainty of protection.



## It's the money you spend wisely that counts

SOMEONE has said that a rich man has more fun keeping a budget than a man of moderate means. Because the money he saves is tangible, he can see it and invest it, and put it to work. However, a budget is an invaluable help to anyone.

A budget helps you keep the right proportions between expenses, prevents you from spending more than is best for food and rent, or crimping more than you should on entertainment and luxury. *But a budget is not a reason for getting cheap things, things in which you forfeit quality by attempting to save on price.* A budget says to you: "Here is the amount of money you should spend for this. Spend all of it, but don't spend more." And it is up to you to get the best that can be got for that amount.

The person who spends his money wisely, who likes to get the utmost for it, always finds out from advertisements how he can spend it to the best advantage.

It is surprising how much more wisely you can buy if you make it a habit to read advertising. A little more value here . . . a little better workmanship there . . . in this thing slightly more durability . . . that product perhaps a bit finer. And every cent of money you spend for advertised merchandise will bring you greater comfort, a higher quality of goods, and a standard of excellence that is nationally recognized.

\* \* \*

It certainly pays to read the advertisements

## Their First Fan Letters

(Continued from page 42)

got the picture, and Betty says it was a bathing-suit pose.

Most of the first fan letters ask for photographs. William Haines's first missive of the kind was received the day after he landed at the studio. It was from an Iowa flapper and read: "I have carefully watched your work on the screen and you are one of my favorite stars. Will you kindly send me a large autographed picture of yourself?" As Haines had yet even to appear before a motion picture camera, he could not help being a little skeptical of the young woman's veracity. It required quite a little argument by his friends to dissuade Haines from sending her a suitably autographed picture of Julius Caesar.

Anita Page's first fan letter was written in the hope of being the first to be received. It was from a girl in New York City, Anita's home town, and read: "It would give me a great deal of joy if you would answer this letter and let me know if this is the first letter that you have received so that in the years to come when you are a great star I can say, 'I wrote her her first letter.'" That letter received a very prompt personal reply.

Fay Wray's first fan letter followed her appearance in a slapstick two-reel comedy. It was from a school-boy who thought that Fay looked like his teacher, only funnier. He wrote: "You're an awfully funny girl. Don't try to cry and be sad like most of the dames on the screen do. I like 'em funny. So do all the boys of our gang."

Robert Armstrong's first fan letter was from a cousin in the Middle West from whom he had not heard for years. Armstrong's previous success on the speaking stage had left this relative cold, but when Robert appeared on the screen in "The Main Event" the cousin promptly became proud of the fact that he was related to so important a figure as a motion picture star, so he wrote to Robert congratulating both of them.

### TEN PAGES FOR ONE

LOUISE BROOKS was so excited over her first fan letter—a brief note of praise from a Brooklyn girl who had seen Louise in a small part in "The Street of Forgotten Men"—that she immediately stripped a large and expensive picture of herself from the wall of her dressing-room and sent it as a token of her appreciation.

Emil Janning's first European fan letter was from a very old woman in the Austrian Tyrol who had just seen her first moving picture and could not quite understand how the actor could really be far away in Berlin the night she saw him moving about on the screen of the tiny theater in the Tyrol. With the aid of studio technicians Jannings sent her a ten-page letter in an effort to explain the mechanics of the cinema.

Adolphe Menjou's first fan letter came after he had appeared in a picture starring Marguerite Clarke. It was from a prominent Pittsburgh attorney, and was more of a brick-bat than a bouquet. It read in part: "I don't know why I am writing this to you, only that I hate to see a good man going to waste in any business. You show marked ability, even through the frothy nothingness of such a picture as the one I saw you in. You should play sophisticated rôles, the man-of-the-world stuff."

Menjou answered the letter personally, agreeing that he hoped to be cast in such rôles some day. That day finally came and with it a rather complete vindication of the Pittsburgh attorney's judgment.

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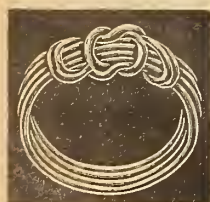


## New Hair Mode Seen in New York

The most beautiful girls in New York are doing their hair the new way. It's so lovely, but so simple. That's why it appeals to popular girls, who need to save time wherever they can. One of the busiest of them is attractive Mary Chandler, for three seasons a member of "George White's Scandals" and now appearing in "Artists and Models." She says: "I am so busy. I don't know how I'd take care of my hair, if I hadn't learned the new way so many of my girl friends are doing theirs."

"All I do now is put a few dashes of Danderine on my brush each time I use it. This wonderful preparation keeps my hair looking so lovely that many friends want to touch it. I set my waves with Danderine, too, and it holds them ever so much longer. All dandruff disappeared with a few applications, and my scalp always feels fine. I shampoo just once a month, now. Danderine keeps my hair so clean."

Danderine removes that oily film from your hair and gives it new life and lustre. It makes hair easy to dress and holds it in place. It isn't oily and doesn't show. It gives tone and vigor to the scalp. All drug stores have the 35c bottles. A delicately fragrant necessity for the well-groomed girl.



### LOVER'S KNOT or FRIENDSHIP RING

This pretty ring is made of four strands or coils of genuine 14K gold filled wire, woven into the True Lover's Knot that is symbolic of love between lovers, and friendship between friends. It is pretty without being showy. 20 year guarantee. Each ring made by hand by gold wire expert. It looks good and it IS good. PRICE 50c postpaid.

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A very striking, quaint and uncommon ring. Skull and Crossbones design, with two brilliant, flashing green emeralds sparkling out of the eyes. Said to bring good luck to the wearer. Silver finish. PRICE 25c postpaid.



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Lots of harmless fun and amusement wearing this comical ring. Made in platinum finish (to resemble platinum) with wording on enameloid, as illustrated. PRICE ONLY 25c postpaid. 600 page catalog of novelties, tricks, puzzles, etc. free with every order. Postage Stamps accepted.

JOHNSON SMITH & CO. DEPT. 29 RACINE, WIS.

# The Hi-Jackers of Hollywood

(Continued from page 53)

somely for the thieving privilege, for his conscience bothers him on pay-days. But then some folks will never listen to reason. So the butler keeps on buttling and tapping the till, as do a hundred of his confreres.

A chauffeur with a half-dozen cars at his mercy is well on the way to a career. He could buy and sell a couple of college professors and a preacher thrown in. In fact, he wouldn't have to sell 'em. He could buy 'em and keep 'em, what with his monthly remittance from the oil and gas man, the battery company, the tire concern, and various other emoluments. "Many a mickle makes a muckle," quotes this smiling youngster. And he'll do better with his six cars than did ever Jesse James and his horse. After all, the James Boys were only one-horse bandits.

## ONE FOR YOU, TWO FOR ME

THE perfect maid of one tolerant star was accidentally discovered in a lucrative business arrangement with a dyeing and cleaning establishment. The late lamented Big Tim Murphy and his scheme for jacking up prices for this sort of labor, were mild and modest in comparison with this Ponzi-like paragon. She worked the one-for-you, two-for-me idea. Her mistress's apparel was cleaned like nobody's business. As indeed was the mistress. The dyer got his from the increased business. But to get it, every fifty-cent job was put down at a dollar and a half. And mam'selle got the extra buck. The blow-off came when the star one day dropped by in person to pick up some article, and got the right price from a clerk who wasn't wised up.

One ferret-panned confidant of a busy star pulled a Jim, the Penman, which worked well until a casual comment from the bank on the thrift of the employee and the size of his bank account led to discovery. The scheme was a little manipulation of the deposits with which he was entrusted.

The chatter-chambers of Hollywood are in the beauty-parlors. Clever girls, these industrious maidens who toil on hair or hands, while customers spin a fabric of fact and fiction to delight old Mrs. Grundy. And many a palm is crossed with silver by serious seekers after information murmured to a masseuse. Moreover, the word silver is the merest figure of speech, for the hands that handle henna know the value of each tid-bit.

No such chronicle would be complete without a mention of the dog-thieves. Persuasive gentry, these furtive creatures, who lure some blooded pup within reach of a tiny lasso. At just the proper distance, a rope flies out to settle around a furry neck with a precision rivaling Will Rogers's best efforts. Then the star receives a call that old dog Tray will be delivered safe and sound for such honorarium as the traffic will bear. Charlie Burr, producer of Johnny Hines's comedies, has bought back his bulldog from these canine cowboys three times in as many months. The dog is the pet and pal of his children. A fact quite well known to the pup-pirates.

## THE PROGRAM RACKET

ANOTHER shake-down racket is the ancient one of selling space in program or periodical to the harassed *Harlequin*. Even great newspapers descend to this form of hi-jacking the stars. It's a special number here, or a benefit there, with the thinly veiled intimation that failure to come across will result in a regular Gandhi campaign of non-cooperation, or the displeasure of the mighty ones interested in the charity,

or what-not, represented by the program space-peddler.

The banditti of the bridge-tables are, perhaps, the autocracy of the Hollywood *Wallingfords*. Never a card is dealt except for stakes of varying substantiality. And the polished eligibles who know their conventions and their no-trump doubles, send many a movie-man, and woman, too, for little intimate chats with the treasurer between regular pay-days. One classic tale of a canny card-player deals with the discovery of a member of his poker coterie who had been fleecing the players in a friendly game for many and many a thousand. But this producer is well able to take care of himself across any baize table, and since the cheat and his winnings were thrust into the outer darkness, many a morning sun has seen all the chips in the house in the magnate's rack.

Hollywood, more than any other community, is vulnerable to the sudden boldness of the jackal's foray. Not only are the stars notoriously careless, but they are—believe it or not—rushed to distraction with a never-ending round of activities. It is well-nigh impossible for them to give attention to any details of management, and those who do it for them demand a terrific toll of illegitimate gain.

## COSTLY CONFIDENCES

THEN again there are the midnight confidences of master to valet, of mistress to maid. Entirely human. And always fraught with danger. The very humanness of Hollywood is its weakness. Yesterday's range-rider is today's Western idol, with huge sums to indulge long repressed desires for ham and eggs served on golden plates, and iced vintages to take the place of white smoke. Last year's bathing-beauty finds herself at the head of an extensive and entirely necessary menage. In some cases she arises nobly to her new majesty. In others she is a bit dazed and over-awed. In every case, the underlings scent the situation, and make their tainted hay while the sun of carelessness, childishness, ignorance or incompetence burns the bankroll.

Arisen suddenly to the glorious summits of celebrity, glowing with their newly-found and so hard-won triumph, the victims of these predatory underlings have not, for the most part, the faintest notion of their existence. They have, indeed, these children of struggle, known the days when they, although legitimately, watched every move of those above them. But once they themselves become the cynosure of attention, they forget that below them, as they were once below, are others watching for the veriest crevice of a loophole to use as a place of ambush.

Innocent and naïve as islanders untaught of vice by Reverend Davidsons, the children of the cinema are plundered right and left, and of all the organizations, there isn't one to raise a hand in their protection. The faintest breath of scandal will scorch their laurel leaves. No one fights their battles. They are guilty till proved innocent. Put on probation under the slightest accusation. And if you have any doubts as to the difficulties attendant upon proving your innocence of any accusation, no matter how false, you confess your ignorance of the mighty bulwarks of jurisprudence. Its foundations lie deep-rooted in the mucky gold wrung from innocents in proof of innocence. All of which may be included in listing the contributing factors which provide Hollywood hi-jackers with a land to loot richer than any pillaged by the pirates of the Spanish Main.





The song of the shirt: Estelle Taylor presents, with vocal accompaniment, a new shirt to Herbert Cruikshank, writer for Motion Picture Magazine, to replace one torn a few days before in a friendly tussle with Jack Dempsey

## In And Out of Focus

(Continued from page 39)

lunch with her. The visitor, a majestic and commanding woman of the woman's-club type, talked to Mary for some time in the manner of one determined to put everyone at his ease. "My dear," said she at last, "have you ever thought of going on the stage?" Mary, remembering her Broadway years, gasped and admitted weakly that she had given the matter some thought. "You might even get a chance in the motion pictures some day," said the lady brightly and encouragingly. "I think you have *real possibilities*." And rising, she patted the star of Murnau's "Daily Bread" on the cheek and trailed magnificently away.

### Or a Sociablist

"I ASKED her whom she was going to vote for," said the reporter of an ex-Follies leading lady of lurid reputation, "and she said she was a socialist."

"Hm—a sociablist she means," grunted the skeptic.

### Chatterton's Chatter

RUTH CHATTERTON had heard herself over the talkies for the first time. "Oh, deah," she remarked, "I nevah realized befoah how vurry, vurry, jolly British I was." Perhaps she caught the accent from Ralph Forbes.

### Room for Booth of Them?

AND speaking of ex-Follies girls, the casting director sighed. "If there were as many of them as they say there are, they

would fill a Barnum's tent," said he, "and if you put all the real Follies girls in Hollywood together, there'd be room and to spare for them in a telephone booth."

### Such an Appropriate Title

DR. LOUIS BERGER, directing Janings in "The Sins of the Fathers," has just written a play based on the personality of Greta Garbo. It is called "Greta" and is to be produced abroad.

### Oh Milton, You Rascal!

MILTON SILLS introduced Eugene Cousins, the orchestra director, at the Hollywood Bowl recently. "I am reminded," said Milton, "of a story about a music conductor who was sentenced to be electrocuted. They placed the unfortunate musician in the electric chair and turned on the current, but nothing happened. Continued shocks failed to have any effect. At last one of the guards suggested the solution. 'Perhaps,' said he, 'he is a non-conductor.'" This little story proves that we have our raconteurs in the movies.

### And Plastered Too

MAL ST. CLAIR is hobbling about on a crutch with one foot in plaster of Paris from a broken bone sustained in a game of tennis. "Yes," drawls Mal, "I guess I'm the only director in Hollywood who goes to bed with his entire cast every night."

(Continued on page 115)



EARLE LIEDERMAN—The Muscle Builder  
Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling,"  
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## What Do Women Want Most?

Women want he-men for their husbands and sweethearts. None of this chorus-man stuff for the real girl. She wants to be proud of his physical make-up, proud of his figure in a bathing suit. She knows that it is the fellow that is full of pep and vitality that gets ahead in this world. He's got the physical backbone to back-up the mental decisions he makes. He'll win out every time.

### Look Yourself Over!

How do you shape up? Are you giving yourself a square deal? Have you got those big rolling muscles that mean health and strength inside and out? The vitality that gives you the ambition to win out at everything you start. Make that girl admire you first and foremost for a real he-man and the hardest part in winning her is over.

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In 30 days I can do you over so that she will hardly know you. I'll put a whole inch of solid muscle on each arm in 30 days, and two whole inches of rippling strength across your chest. I've done it for over a hundred thousand others, and I can do it for you. I don't care how weak and puny you are. I like to get them weak and puny, because it's the hopeless cases that I work with best. It gives me a lot of real joy just to see them develop and the surprised look in their eyes when they step before the mirror at the end of 30 days and see what a miracle I have worked for them.

### You'll Be a He-Man From Now On!

And it's no temporary layer of muscle I put on you. It's there to stay! With those newly broadened shoulders; that perfect neck and great, manly chest, you can maintain your self respect in any society. Every woman will know that you are what every man should be—a forceful, red-blooded he-man.

### I Want You For 90 Days

If at the end of 30 days you think you have improved, wait till you see yourself at the end of 90 days. Then the friends you thought were strong will seem like children by comparison. I'm not called the Muscle Builder for nothing. My system scientifically builds real muscle faster than you ever imagined.

### Watch Them Turn Around

Notice how every woman prefers the fellow who carries himself with head up. Notice how the broad shouldered man always gets their eye. They want a dependable he-man when they make their choice—one who can protect them. And you can be that man. Remember, I not only promise it. I GUARANTEE IT. Now don't put it off a minute. Get going to new happiness and real manhood today.

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# From Females to Flappers

(Continued from page 40)

had a definite meaning. A movie star would have roared to see us rehearsing tirelessly to perfect our parts, and called us saps. But there were standards that had to be lived up to. There aren't any standards today, in the drama or in life.

In my first stage play I had one line to speak and I practiced that line for days. Yesterday they gave me a long speech to say in front of the microphone. There were a dozen ways I might have spoken that speech and each one would have brought out a different meaning. But times have changed: pictures are made like automobiles, so many scenes a day. And perfection doesn't pay. Not, you understand, that I'm finding any fault with the way we make movies. It's the audiences who are to blame for lack of standards in picture acting.

Forty years ago it wasn't everyone who could be an actor. If they didn't keep up to requirements, they were weeded out. Not everyone could join a club, either. If he was accepted, it was a real honor. When I look at the way some of these pretty little girls and good looking boys become picture players overnight from boot clerks and high school sophomores and cafe dancers, I know it isn't just that I've changed myself, grown gray and gathered a fine collection of wrinkles. It's the public that has changed—America has changed.

WHEN I was a youngster, fresh from college theatricals, doing, M'lord—the carriage-waits parts, young people—and old ones, too—didn't need to be amused every moment as they do today. Life in both the city and country moved more slowly. People hadn't found out how easy it was to make money in America. That's what makes the folks today hurry from morning to night, for fear they're missing a dollar they could be earning. And when they've earned it, they want to spend it. They have their road houses and jazz parties and country clubs and cabarets, and they demand variety in their theatrical amusements, too: musical shows, vaudeville, movies—and now the speakies. Anything so long as it's new. Anything to keep from being bored.

That is a word nobody used in those days, boredom. But they did still talk about good taste and culture and hard work and other old-fashioned things. I remember very well how shocked people were when the old classical theater, with its repertoire of plays inherited from Europe, began to give way to American plays such as "East Lynne" and "Way Down East" and "The Old Homestead." Vulgar, the critics called them. But you can't keep change back with hard words. The new plays were crude, melodramatic and provincial, but they were American; and Americans were beginning to revolt from traditions.

Sex came onto the stage then. Most of the plays were written around girls who had gone wrong. Of course, they didn't come right out and discuss how they had done it, as we do now; but there was usually a baby wrapped up in a shawl, and everyone gasped and said, "Whatever are we coming to?"

It was about this time that we began to hear a lot about democracy. I suppose I shall shock people when I say that democracy, which means a letting down of bars between classes, between the people who are cultured and well bred and those who aren't, usually means the letting down of other bars as well. Whatever the theater had been up to this time, it had at least always been theatrical. Everything—emotions, situations, actions—had been stuff of the drama rather than of life. But, with America growing more democratic all the

time, the stage began to talk about things that weren't considered matter for conversation a few years before. Realistic plays came in, all about sewers and social diseases and sex-starved ladies and dishwater.

THE stage was just expressing the conditions of real life. People were getting more prosperous. They were thinking more about material things and they didn't want romantic amusements any more. Social reformers were stirring up investigations and the stage put on "Damaged Goods." Ladies went round demanding their rights and making suffrage speeches and Broadway put on "The Easiest Way." Audiences that would have been shocked a few years ago were not offended now. As a matter of fact, you can't offend people any more. And you can't insult them.

Standards. That's what we lack nowadays. Not that I'm finding fault. Just sort of thinking out loud.

We've always been devilish clever with inventions in this country. Machinery freed a lot of people from the necessity of working. They needed more amusements; and the movies were invented to fill that need. The public that went to see "The Perils of Pauline" wasn't the same public that had gone to see Henry Irving in "The Bells" when I was in the University of Virginia, but it was a bigger one. The opera houses in the small towns became movie shows and the theater dwindled.

THE movies came in just as home life was going out. It wasn't enough any longer to sit around the house evenings, reading and visiting and talking. People wanted to be going somewhere, where they wouldn't have to do too much mental work themselves.

The movies didn't have any rules or traditions, but audiences didn't want rules in their amusements or their lives. About this time they began to talk about inhibitions and Freud and self-expression. As if life wasn't just a series of inhibitions! If I didn't inhibit my beard, I'd stumble over it in time. If we didn't inhibit our fingernails, we'd soon have claws. But I'm sure to be called old-fashioned if I get started on that tack.

And that brings us to the speakies. They were invented because the cry of audiences is still, give us something different. They're the expression of a push-buttons age. Just as life in America is becoming more and more mechanical and less creative, so our amusements are utilizing every trick of the ingenious inventors. The motion picture was really an offshoot of the ancient art of pantomime, but the speakies are a hybrid. The triumph of their popularity proves that they satisfy the public of today, that would have walked out on Irving with the terse verdict that Hank was too slow. The public that crowds to see the speakies is the public that thinks taking piano lessons a waste of time when one can buy an electric piano.

Not that I'm finding fault, mind. As a matter of fact, I feel that the talking motion picture is going to bring back a few standards for its players. It will make demands on them which will weed out those with poor enunciation and bad voices.

What the amusements of future generations will be depends on what the generations themselves are like. From what I see of my flapper neighbors and their boy-friends I should say that the speakies will soon join the stereopticon lecture, Shakespearean drama and the problem play as too slow.



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Macdonald

Hollywood would have to be very beguiling indeed to win a young man away from so pleasant a home as this, the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity house at Nebraska and the academic residence of George Haecker

## Your Neighbor Says

(Continued from page 65)

Royce roadster—and a hat on instead of a bushy, carrot-colored crop blowing in the breeze—we never would have noticed her. Certainly we would never have turned to look. I really don't believe half the people in Hollywood know the stars by sight. I don't see how they could. They don't look any more like they do on the screen than I look like Coolidge."

### THE LINCOLN RESTRAINT LACKING

**STAND BY** now for George Haecker: "Sam is right. I even noticed their way of dressing was different from the girls in Lincoln. Hollywood actresses dress too flashily. They over-dress by wearing evening dresses on the street and then appearing at the Montmartre in sport clothes. Even the little Hollywood high school girls look like they were liable to break into a 'Gown Parade' any minute. In Lincoln they dress in somber colors. In good taste, I believe. Why, if a movie star were to appear on N Street unheralded, she would be laughed at. I mean if they are all like the ones we saw in our two weeks in the famous movie capital.

"A young fellow has plenty of chance to study girls and clothes at home. Lord, there are hundreds of them at school. Some movie scout should see them. And I know you'll excuse us for talking about them in Hollywood, 'cause, after all, that's what we came out for—to see movie stars and women in general.

"You know, Hollywood isn't so much different from any other town, once you get there. It loses its glamour by being real. It is nothing like you've pictured it at all. It has a Main Street. It is called Hollywood Boulevard. It has a ten-cent store, a pool hall, a Greek restaurant, three or four twelve-story buildings, small theaters and large ones. It has lots of drug stores—plenty of activity and small shops just like Lincoln.

"True, it has some features which are novel and different, such as: orange juice

stands, Filipino bell-hops, no second-hand stores, cowboys, bearded men on horse-back, private detective agencies, moving picture sets, and thousands of extras.

### NOT EVEN A SOUSE

**"BUT**, on the whole, Hollywood is a place that looks better from a distance. I guess it's all in your mind what you want to make it. There are a great many people who have a very definite idea of Hollywood. It stands for life, opportunity, money and fame. Some have the idea it is fast and wet. It isn't. That is, it isn't obvious to the casual observer. We haven't seen one drunken person. For a town with a reputation like Hollywood has, it certainly shows little high-life. If you want to appreciate Hollywood—and dream about movie stars, don't see it: read about it. It is more fascinating that way!"

Now, folks, we'll hear from Millson, the very great nephew of our once famous candidate, William Jennings Bryan:

"There are one or two movie stars that we like to see at the Lincoln Theatre. They are Harold Lloyd and Jacqueline Logan. Harold Lloyd comes from Nebraska. And Nebraska is proud of it. He comes from a wide place in the road between Lincoln and Omaha. I don't believe there's even a name on the station there. It seems the train doesn't stop anyway. Jacky Logan comes from Scotts Bluff—a small town near Lincoln. They sure flock to see her.

"There are a couple of boys in Lincoln who are aching to get to Hollywood. They are Ted Yoder and Walker Bennett. I wonder how they would like it. Still—they both like blondes, I guess; so maybe it would just suit them.

"Seriously, though, Hollywood is not the place for a young fellow just startin' in, unless he wants to go in the movies. The salaries in Hollywood, aside from studio work, are not sufficient to stand up under the strain. I mean that the result of so much



money being paid picture stars has set a false standard of living—one that is hard to live up to. Prices are marked for these electric light ladies, and they don't fit an ordinary pocketbook. From what I understand, well-paid actresses and actors like to be gyped—if they don't pay a lot of dough for a thing, they figure they haven't bought the right article. This sort of nonsense goes over great with the stores, but it hurts the little fellows.

#### LIKE A CIRCUS DAY DREAM

"JUST as George says: 'Hollywood loses its glamour by being real.' Do you know what it reminds me of? It's a homely comparison, but I believe it's true. It reminds me of when I was a kid ten years old. I would be watching the circus billboards a month before the circus came to town. Highly colored pictures of ferocious bears and tigers. Wild, man-eating animals, whose advertised viciousness was helped along by my day dreams. Then came the circus—my dream came true. I walked in to the tent marked wild tigers—I saw one half-sized tiger in the cage sleeping.

"It's the same thing with Hollywood. The average tourist arrives, well prepared to be shocked to death, embarrassed and unwelcome at so much revelry. And he arrives to find the half-sized tiger sleeping."

Well, that's that. The boys certainly told their stories without much hesitation. Did you notice that they didn't mention the weather? Or the real estate? Why should they, though? Women are a much more interesting subject than either. Wait a minute, they're all taking at once. I'll tell you in a minute. Here it is. Sam St. John speaking again—and alone.

#### WHAT! NO RAILROAD?

"YOU know, I believe that the real talking points of Hollywood get very little publicity. Several things we've seen were most interesting. For instance: Hollywood Bowl. A natural amphitheater in the hills in back of Hollywood Boulevard. Where the greatest musicians and singers in the world are heard every summer. Thousands of people find their way up to the Bowl each week. They enjoy the world's finest. It should be given part of the publicity that is thrown away on less desirable aspects of Hollywood.

"I found another thing that doesn't seem possible could co-exist with so much scandal. Hollywood has forty-two churches. Actually. And Hollywood isn't much larger than Lincoln. Another funny discovery, Hollywood hasn't a railroad station. It really doesn't need one. There never has been a train in Hollywood. Or within seven miles of the place. The greater proportion of Hollywood's population is human beings. Just ordinary folks. Folks whose hometown is Hollywood. They are just like the middle class in Lincoln. They work every day. They go to socials. They smoke five-cent cigars. These people ride the street cars. They can't all be movie stars. They mow the lawn themselves. In police suspenders. They live and laugh and forget publicity and movie stars. They think Hollywood is the greatest little town in the world. They tell you so. And I guess maybe they're right. At least, it's a town where everyone minds his own business and no one cares what you do or when."

# Win \$3,500.00

Here's news for puzzle fans! C. W. Francis, A. F. Holt, Miss Leola Markus won from \$1,800.00 to \$3,500.00 each in our last puzzles. Here's the new one. Here are twelve pictures of Charlie Chaplin, the world famous United Artists' star. No, they're not all alike, even though they look alike. Eleven of them are exactly alike, but one and only one is different from all the others. That's the real Charlie Chaplin. The difference may be in the tie, shirt or hat, or somewhere else.

## Find the "Different" Picture

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**Certificate for \$1,000.00 to apply on great prize sent immediately as below if you find the "different" figure**

If you find the real Charlie Chaplin we will send as soon as correct answer is received certificate for \$1,000.00 to add to the first prize of \$2,500, if you win, and directions for getting largest prize. Over \$60,000.00 in prizes already given to advertise our products locally. No cost or obligation. Nothing to buy now, later or ever. Everyone rewarded if actively interested.

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## One KNOCKOUT After Another

One home run doesn't make a Babe Ruth or one song hit an Irving Berlin or one knockout a Dempsey.

Better one than none, of course; but it's not enough merely to perform brilliantly once: you've got to keep it up—to gain and maintain supremacy.

That's the way MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE sees it. It has presented, for example, within the last two issues, this one and the November, two of the most engrossing features ever to be published in a screen periodical: the Love-Life Stories of Clara Bow and Alice White.

Stories that got right down inside the hearts of two of the most popular stars of the screen, told what was there, and all there was to be told.

MOTION PICTURE is proud of the opportunity it's had to offer these articles to its readers. But it isn't stopping with that. It's idea is to keep going, to keep adding to its achievement.

And so next month, in the January issue, there will be a third love-life story—that of a third vivid young personality of the films.

Besides, of course, a dozen other features of equally exceptional interest.

MOTION PICTURE, in short, seems to be just one great number after another. It's not satisfied with publishing just one or two—or a dozen. Every one's got to be good—and the next one better—somehow.

You may not believe the next can be better than this one. But you will when you see it—on the news-stands, November 28th.

### MOTION PICTURE

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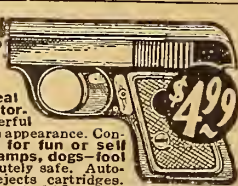
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## Which Charlie Will Win?

(Continued from page 55)

times as much money, which means something.

Two plain everyday American kids, real buddies, running a match which the gods cast upon them.

And off the course they unwittingly run true to the form established for them by their competition in pictures.

For example, they're both wind-musicians. One evening, at Marion Davies's party for Mayor Jimmy Walker, even the imitable Charles Chaplin (did you ever count the number of Charlies there are in pictures?) had to retreat to the rear when Mayor Jimmy went to the piano and Buddy grabbed a trombone and Charlie a cornet. And there wasn't a guest who would have taken a wager on which one was the best blower!

Undoubtedly Buddy gives the most time to his music. But he doesn't play golf, at which Charlie is a professional-in-the-making.

People wonder why Buddy continues to live quietly with an old family friend on a wayside street in Los Angeles. When they read about his devotion to the practice of music, they'll cease to wonder.

It has been a temptation for Buddy, moving to the Hollywood Athletic Club and bunking with Charlie. But he's been forced to remember that golf clubs don't make any noises.

You've read a lot about Charlie's first Ford but seldom a word about Buddy's first Buick. Buddy claims that he wins on this point, since he paid less for his second-hand six-cylinder than Charlie did for his four-cylinder.

They both swim, they both play tennis, they both ride horseback and they both like some women.

Right here I reach boggy ground, and I know it. They both get burned up when you even mention Virginia Valli and Claire Windsor. Not that I blame them, if you want my opinion.

In fact, here's the spot where I'd like to stand and move a vote of thanks and three rousing cheers be given these women.

Instead of robbing the cradle, they've



Kornman Bruno

Is Marian Nixon becomingly dressed? In this instance, plainly; the costume fits her to a tee



kept the cradle protected very neatly. Hollywood is a bowl with the brim crowded with flapper flies just waiting for their innings. Hangers-on of this profession. Leeches ready to help the little play-boys spend their money.

Virginia and Claire are well-known, established players. Virginia has a stately, luxurious house where flock many of the best people. Claire has a quaint English cottage which spells home with capital letters. They opened these places to these young newcomers. They taught them the ropes of this naturally dangerous city. They mothered them, they guided them, they listened to their little-boy troubles. Perhaps they were bored; perhaps they fell in love with them. But whatever they did, they protected them from the pitfalls which have ruined many a Hollywood novice. And what did they get for their pains? From the outside, a lot of plain, everyday, yellow gossip. From the boys, twin statements: "If we spent the rest of our days we couldn't thank them for all they've done for us."

Charlie insists in very pictorial language that he's going to continue to see whom he pleases. But he doesn't hand much to an actor getting married. "If he marries a girl in pictures, they're both so dead tired at the end of a day's work that they can't give matrimony or their dispositions a fair chance. If one's an actor and the other isn't, there's misunderstanding guaranteed before they have started."

Buddy doesn't say much about marriage. Perhaps we should have asked Mary Brian how he feels about it. These two are taking each other more seriously since the one-year intermission in their going together.

Charlie counts Carmelita Geraghty and Janet Gaynor among his best friends. And he intends to keep them there, gossip or no gossip.

As for their ambitions, I got a laugh out of that situation. I talked to Buddy first about this story. When we came to this point, he became really excited.

"A house!" He leaned forward, strong sinewy hands clasped tightly together. "A house on a high hill. I'll have the plans tomorrow. With a big music room where I can play on the trombone, the cornet, the piano—pound on the drums—and it won't bother anybody. Then when mother and dad are ready——"

I talked to Charlie a few days later. When we came to this question, he leaned, eagerly, half-way across the luncheon table, pushed the shaggy hair (make up for "The River") away from his eyes so he could see to talk better.

"A house." He did not know I had talked to Buddy. "I have a lot in Brentwood and one at Tuluca next to Dick Arlen. I'll have the plans tomorrow. New England style with a big living-room, away from the front door so when someone says you're not home they can't peep in and see you. Then when my mother and father are ready——"

As for professional ambitions. Buddy doesn't like to act, he likes pictures where he can just play Buddy Rogers. And he thinks Charlie goes over better in rôles where he can be plain Charlie Farrell.

After they're through starring both would like to be good directors.

Which one will win? After all, that's a funny question. Just two natural boys playing a twosome together. And when they get to the last green, they'll probably shake hands and congratulate one another.

"Gee, but I'll be proud to have you put me in a story with Charlie."

"Gosh, but it's a break getting a write-up with Buddy."

Those two lines hint at the ending and they bespeak, whatever the outcome, a spirit of sportsmanship creditable to both.

But then, which does one prefer, green corn from Kansas or fresh fish from the Atlantic?

# Our Gift to You



JANET GAYNOR

## ACTRESSES

Adoree, Renee  
Astor, Mary

Banky, Vilma  
Basquette, Lina  
Beebe, Marjorie  
Bellamy, Madge  
Borden, Olive  
Bow, Clara  
Brent, Evelyn  
Brian, Mary  
Bronson, Betty  
Brooks, Louise

Carol, Sue  
Carroll, Nancy  
Collyer, June  
Claire, Ethelyne  
Corda, Maria  
Costello, Dolores

Daniels, Bebe  
Davies, Marion  
Dana, Viola  
Day, Alice  
Day, Marceline  
Del Rio, Dolores  
Dove, Billie

Garbo, Greta  
Gaynor, Janet  
Gish, Dorothy  
Gish, Lillian  
Griffith, Corinne

Joy, Leatrice

Haver, Phyllis

Kent, Barbara  
Kenyon, Doris

La Plante, Laura  
Logan, Jacqueline

Mackaill, Dorothy  
Marchal, Arlette  
McAvoy, May  
Moore, Colleen  
Moran, Lois

Negri, Pola  
Nissen, Greta

O'Day, Molly  
O'Neil, Sally

Pickford, Mary  
Philbin, Mary

Ralston, Esther  
Ray, Allene  
Reynolds, Vera

Sebastian, Dorothy  
Starke, Pauline  
Shearer, Norma  
Southern, Eve  
Swanson, Gloria

Talmadge, Constance  
Talmadge, Norma  
Taylor, Ruth  
Terry, Alice

Valli, Virginia  
Velez, Lupe  
Vidor, Florence

White, Alice  
Windsor, Claire  
Wray, Fay

## ACTORS

Acord, Art  
Alvarado, Don  
Allen, Hugh  
Asther, Nils

Barrymore, John

Barthelmess, Richard  
Boyd, William  
Brook, Clive  
Brown, Johnny Mack

Carewe, Arthur Edmund  
Chaney, Lon  
Chaplin, Charles  
Cody, Lew  
Colman, Ronald  
Collier, William, Jr.  
Coogan, Jackie  
Cooper, Gary  
Cortez, Ricardo  
Chandler, Lane

De Lacey, Philippe  
Delaney, Charles  
D'Arcy, Roy  
Denny, Reginald  
Dix, Richard

Fairbanks, Douglas  
Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.  
Farrell, Charles  
Ford, Harrison  
Forbes, Ralph

Gibson, Hoot  
Gilbert, John  
Gray, Lawrence

Haines, William  
Hall, James  
Hamilton, Neil  
Hanson, Lars  
Harlan, Kenneth  
Holt, Jack  
Hoxie, Jack  
Hughes, Lloyd

Jones, Buck

Keane, Raymond  
Keith, Donald

Kerry, Norman  
Kent, Larry

Landis, Cullen  
La Rocque, Rod  
Lease, Rex  
Lewis, George  
Lyon, Ben

McLaglen, Victor  
Meighan, Thomas  
Menjou, Adolphe  
Maynard, Ken  
Miller, Walter  
Mix, Tom

Mix, Tom, and his horse  
Tony  
Moreno, Antonio  
Mulhall, Jack

Nagel, Conrad  
Norton, Barry  
Navarro, Ramon

O'Brien, George

Petrovich, Ivan  
Pidgion, Walter

Reed, Donald  
Rogers, Charles  
Roland, Gilbert

Steele, Bob  
Stone, Lewis  
Stuart, Nick  
Striker, Joseph  
Sills, Milton

Thomson, Fred  
Tyler, Tom  
Tearle, Conway

Valentino, Rudolph  
Varconi, Victor

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## Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 8)

Even in Reading (a city of over 100,000) we do not get one opera a year, and every other year when we get a show or perhaps a third-rate opera, it certainly does not warrant spending the money, for the performance is not first class by any means.

Stock companies could give their plays by means of the Vitaphone, etc., etc. The possibilities are unlimited. So three cheers for the Vitaphone and talkies. I think the theaters will be crowded in the future and stars like Ramon Novarro (incidentally my favorite) will shine brighter than ever, as I understand he studied vocal for years. Bring them on.

Roscoe Angstadt.

### Every Bit Helps

REPUBLIC, MISS.—May I express my appreciation to "Motion Picture" and other magazines of its kind? I believe they are doing much to lead to a fuller understanding and consequent appreciation of the movie industry and movie people.

Even the most practical of us are wont to surround the stars with a halo of unreality, which is fascinating just as our thoughts of fairies used to be, but it makes our disillusionment all the worse when some unsavory scandal concerning our beloved movie people reaches us, maybe after it has assumed tremendous proportions. It is then we realize that they are human after all.

Movie magazines tell the big things in a star's life, but it is the small, trivial incidents they tell that make us feel as kindred souls and give brotherhood a fuller and richer meaning.

So here's a cheer for the movies and movie magazines—and how!

B. S.

### Let's Have New News-Reels

BOISE, IDAHO.—I'd like to know if the news-reel manufacturers have as yet come to the conclusion that they cannot find anything new. In the last week I've attended three moving pictures. The three news-reels which accompanied them, although under different names, showed practically the same things: the path of a cyclone, a horse race, a golf tournament, a king of some country I never heard of and a minister of state. Absolutely every one of these happenings or persons were the same in the trio of news-reels. They'll have to change or have half of them discarded.

As a last word, please publish a bit of commendation, slight though it is, for the newest and most attractive face on the screen, Anita Page.

Yours for new news-reels,  
P. F. K.

### Let the Movies Advance!

WASHINGTON, D. C.—To the thinker it is inconceivable that there should be no change in the movies! Where would we be were there no invention, that child of necessity, and a great aid to advance? Indeed, where?

Why the regret regarding the voice with movies?

When we listen to voices, but see nothing, we are compelled to use imagination and logic to obtain any conception of the corresponding actions. Hence, there is a lack of completion, utter harmony, because the senses are unbalanced.

When viewing a movie, we are often im-

pressed by a sameness of acting and direction. This is caused by a dependence on action to compensate the absence of the spoken word, the result being artificial. The lack of voice in dialogue impairs sincere character representation. And there is where the stage supersedes the screen, as it caters to two of the most impressionable senses, sight and hearing.

Why is opera so impressive, inspiring? The answer lies in the undoubtedly optimistic future of the movies, when natural colors, the third dimension, the voice and probably an undercurrent of appropriate music (for interpretive purposes) will give us that greatest star of all, Truth.

John Landers Poole.

### Success of Sound Pictures

BALTIMORE, MD.—Are sound pictures here to stay? This remains to be seen and heard. They are only in their infancy but what a splash they have already made. Commendable, isn't it? The public has shown its preference for this form of entertainment and it is up to the various producers to do their share, that is, give us capable actors and worthy stories.

It can readily be seen that their success lies wholly in the material selected, good, bad, or indifferent. "Lights of New York" has made history as the only all talking picture and we can't be too critical at this time as it is yet in its experimental stage, but we must say the picture was fairly good.

What we need more than anything else in sound pictures is "Quality, not Quantity." It is far better to make one outstanding picture with the stamp of approval than three mediocre ones. Here lies the secret to sound picture success.

The people have been handed some mighty inferior silent pictures of late, with a few good ones thrown in. Let us hope that the future talking pictures will set a better standard. So far the results have been gratifying. What more can we movie goers ask for?

Gertrude King.

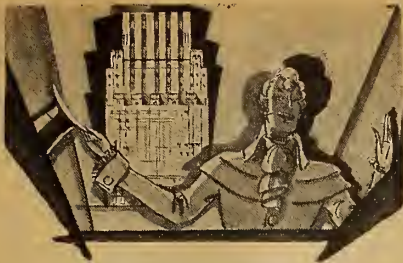
### Just Complaints!

VILLA NOVA, PA.—Why can't the stars really autograph the photographs they send out instead of stamping them? You can always tell the difference and I'm sure the players lose a lot of fans by stamping their photographs instead of showing enough interest in their fan mail to send out personally autographed pictures.

What is the matter with Metro-Goldwyn? They have two of the best players on the screen and one of them is not even starred or even given leading rôles; while the other, although a big star, is given poorer rôles than many a leading man. The two I mention are Nils Asther and Ramon Novarro. Of course, some people will say, "Why Novarro gets wonderful rôles! Look at 'Ben Hur' and 'Old Heidelberg.'" Of course those were fine rôles but what other good parts has he had since he left Rex Ingram? Not one! Why doesn't Metro Goldwyn make a talkie of "Romeo and Juliet" with Ramon and Lillian Gish or else give him another part like Rupert of Hentzau? He is splendid as a villain only he should never, never repent! That is exactly the type rôle I would like to have Nils Asther play. The best bet in the younger players, which he certainly is with the possible exception of Richard Arlen and Charlie Farrell, should have a chance to prove that he can act!

E. C.





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## In And Out of Focus

(Continued from page 107)

### The Three Requisites

"WHAT must a perfect photoplay plot have?" a visiting author asked the head of the studio scenario department. "Religion, society and sex" was the answer. "I get you," said the author, "I'll have a brief synopsis for you in an hour."

He returned and handed in this script: "My God!" cried the Countess, "Let go of my leg."

### Turning on Fawcett

GEORGE FAWCETT had a surprise birthday party on the set of "The Love Song" the other day, and one of the greatest surprises was an impromptu poem (that doesn't mean improper) which D. W. Griffith wrote in his honor, right out of his head, just like that. Follows a sample verse:

Now George if you don't like this  
Little birthday scene,  
We'll have Bill Boyd crown you  
Three time on the bean;  
Or, standing beneath the  
Golden candelabra,  
We'll have gentle Lupe kick you  
Upon your young casaba.

### Perhaps Partly Both

JOHN CARPENTER, now playing in "The Mysterious Island," tells me that this is the seventy-fifth part he has had in eighteen months. Which would seem that John is either a good actor or a good liar.

### Putting Up a Front

OMIGOSH! We quote from one of our contemporary fan magazines, which carries this caption under a picture of a young film actress on a horse.

"Fay Webb, on 'Nero,' showing as fine legs and chest as any Hollywood horse."

### Self-Conscious Grief

CHARLIE CHAPLIN was speaking about his mother's death. "She opened her eyes and looked at me," he said, "she put out her hand and I took it. I felt a tenderness I had never felt before—and then that other side of me, the actor side, began to notice the nurses standing about the bed looking at us. And I thought—at that solemn moment—how I looked, standing there, holding her hand. I wondered what they were thinking about me. It was dreadful."

### Desperately Thin

MOLLY O'DAY, after trying all other methods of getting thin, heroically submitted to the operation which gave Peaches Browning slim legs. She had six pounds of fat removed by the surgeon's knife.

### Producing Results

THE great banker from Wall Street had come to Hollywood to try to discover where the money went. A powerful producer took him about the lot. Poking his head into the various departments, the banker summarily discharged any cutter or stenographer who was not working at the moment. Presently they rounded the corner of a stage and found a group of stage carpenters and electricians shooting craps as they waited for the scene to be taken.

"Fire all those men," said the banker.

"But," protested the executive, "some of them have been here years."

"Fire them," repeated the banker.

"But—" the producer began.

"And you can take your own name off the pay roll, too," the banker added as he turned away.

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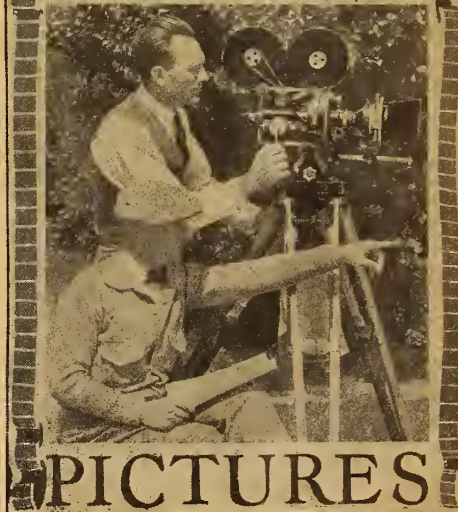


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Douglas Fairbanks presented to Mr. Crocker this mediaeval carving of a saint beside which the Museum's proprietor is standing

## Art: Gilt and Golden

(Continued from page 73)

Documents? Maybe mutual letters from "God" and Grauman, each calling the other "genius!"?

Thus burning with an unquenchable desire for knowledge, I made a pilgrimage to the shrine, to an audience with Professor J. Tarbotton Armstrong, the curator.

And here, if ever, was the perfect subject for a lampoon. The bearded old patriarch so hard of hearing that when one interrupted with a question he would simply continue what he was saying without a pause. The old fanatic riding a hobby, who would run up and down stairs fifty times to bring evidence to prove a point. The hang-over from a dead order, who has cards of admission to Queen Victoria's coronation framed on his walls. The old zealot who is content with merely a little cot in the corner of a library; and who is so methodical that his bed was already made, and his pajamas laid out open and ready for use. The fine, old-world gentleman, who insisted that I stay to lunch—and then fed me on canned vegetable soup and two slices of bologna. I could go on like this for several pages more—but why?

For even though all these things are true he struck me as the one man in all this motley crew who is sincerely interested only in giving. Like Crocker, he has also had a vision. But his is not of ways and means of making money.

Armstrong (he never once referred to the professor part, even though he spoke of himself in the third person several times) has been connected with the screen in several capacities, mostly advisory, for sixteen years. He started with the old Gaumont days in Paris. During all this time he has studied it. He saw several things that he thought could be improved.

He believes the one thing that, more than any other, will cure the ills the film is heir to, is the perfect script. And by this he means a scenario that is told almost entirely in pictures even before the camera starts to grind. An actual photograph or sketch of each setting, character, and costume, with just the minimum of writing necessary to tie the thing together into a coherent whole.

But he soon saw that, even if they wanted to, the studios were in no position to carry this through. Research departments are always blatting of their work—and probably do as much as the funds and personnel allow—but Armstrong believes that they do not even scratch the surface, that they do not know of even the existence of more than one per cent of the material available on any given subject.

So he set out to fill this lack also. Scouring the world, he has brought together a collection of prints that is the greatest, bar none (not even the one he sold to the Huntington Collection) on this blasted planet.

The amount of labor that he has spent in getting this collection together is staggering. For instance, one item. He wanted to know what a Grecian woman of 400 B.C. looked like. He tried for years, literally, but with no luck. Then one day he saw an illustration in a magazine of an ancient Greek statue that had just been dug up. When he learned that it was just what he wanted, he had the authorities of the Berlin museum in which it was, take another photo and swear to an affidavit stating that it was bona fide. And the trouble he went to to get a likeness of Phidias is, if anything, even more astounding.

This, then, is what he has done. He is starting, now, on still another task. For this museum is to serve a two-fold purpose: to act as a source to which studios and students can come for information, and to preserve all sorts of relics of the history of the screen. Where he once collected prints, he is now scouting for reels of prehistoric film, old scenarios, cameras, costumes, and miniature sets.

In fact, he already has vanloads of this stuff scattered in warehouses all over Los Angeles, and is simply waiting for a larger building to set them out in style.

Thus a young man's dream has come true overnight; yet that of an old man is just beginning after sixteen years.

Perhaps, even, when the two-bit flow slackens, the Motion Picture Museum will go respectable and become the Crocker Exhibit in the Cinematograph Museum?



# The Pride of Paris

(Continued from page 76)

the Palais du Travail, rue de Belleville, tasting the one luxury of the week—a Sunday evening at the theater. He watches intently the music-hall artists who come there each Sunday.

Returning to school, he can think no more of arithmetic, of history, of geography. His mind is far from such subjects, and his scholarship suffers. An afternoon, he balances himself on the bench behind his desk and hums a music-hall tune with appropriate expressions. Caught, he is expelled. Then followed a period of apprenticeship to many trades—carpentry, electrical work.

But when he should be hammering tacks, he slips away and spends the time more interestingly in singing—imitating painstakingly his heroes and heroines of the music-hall and *café-conc'*.

## BROKE HIS ANKLE, NOT HIS NERVE

EACH day, on finishing work, he and his brother Paul hasten to the Gymnase Arras where the trapeze and flying rings furnish an outlet for the acrobatic enthusiasm of the younger.

But Maurice, too daring, falls. Result, a broken ankle. Later, another accident, and when the concerned mother sees the injured and bruised face, she flatly refuses to permit further acrobatics.

One hope remained for the youthful Chevalier; he could still be a singer, for there was no risk of broken bones in that.

After some difficulty in convincing the proprietor, he proudly made his debut at a neighborhood concert, the Trois Lions.

A frenzy of noise—bedlam. Happily he exited and re-entered. Success! Then, suddenly, his heart was chilled by the realization that they were mocking him.

Thus ingloriously did the great Chevalier exit from his debut.

But the call of the theater in the blood is not to be so lightly quenched, and he persisted. And then, one evening, he entered the little home in the rue Julien-Lacroix wildly happy. He was about to be engaged by the Casino des Tourelles, at the princely wage of \$2.40 a week, for four performances! His brother Charles opposed the project.

The young Chevalier, who had then reached the advanced age of twelve, saw his dreams bursting and fading. Tears flowed fast—and the mother gathered him in her arms.

"There, there—you shall be an actor, then. Why, three dollars a week is a wonderful start!"

Thus she launched him on his career.

## AT LIBERTY AND AT SEA

SO began his professional career, at twelve years of age.

But like every engagement, it came to an end, and the young Chevalier found himself very much "at liberty."

And months went by and Maurice became desperate.

Then Boucot, a comedian of the day, who had taken an interest in the *gamin*, obtained for him an engagement at the Fourmi—at a dollar a week! But what mattered the salary? At least he was working again. Soon, however, the sordid atmosphere of the place began to depress him, when the director of the Fourmi, who performed the same function for the Parisiana, on the boulevards, transferred him to the latter to take part—an infinitely tiny part—in a revue.

There followed an engagement at Reims, another at Marseilles. Several years of this, in the provinces, until he felt that he was ready to return to Paris.

## MEETING MISTINGUETT

AND it was at the same Eldorado, where, a few years before, he had been a wide-eyed urchin in the gallery, that he made his new debut. His success here took him to the Folies-Bergère, where another who had known the Eldorado was starring—Mistinguett. He was given a dance opposite her; its success was instantaneous and enormous. And so, logically enough, they decided to become partners.

Then, in 1913, he parted for Belfort, for his period of military service.

"Here it was, I made the acquaintance of a young composer with ambitious dreams of becoming a Wagner. I persuaded the serious youth to abandon his dreams of opera long enough to write me some syncopated melodies. He did—and today his is the best known name in musical comedy and popular music in France—the author of 'Ta Bouche'—Maurice Yvain."

## WEAK IN BODY AND SPIRIT

BUT there came a day when the men in the barracks forgot about songs and laughter—a day when grim, ugly rumors began to filter through. War. Chevalier received a decoration for bravery—and wounds that left him weak when peace came.

A shrapnel shell burst in his trench behind him—and the idol of the boulevards lay on his face, blood trickling from his lips.

When he recovered consciousness, he was in a German ambulance, on his way to a prison camp at Alten Grabow.

Here he remained for twenty-six months, finding opportunity in the meantime to organize a few entertainments with Joe Bridge, another Parisian musical comedy actor. And one night, thanks to a bit of ingenuity, and to a few friendships formed in the enemy camp, the team of Chevalier and Bridge wandered out of the camp and returned to Paris with a Red Cross detachment—a bit unofficially but none the less effectively.

His feebleness robbed him of self-confidence. He made his new debut at the Casino Montparnasse, but it was, it seemed to him, a failure. But gradually his confidence came back, and after a few more neighborhood concerts, he returned to the Folies-Bergère as partner to Mistinguett. Then another revue, with Mistinguett and Raimu, at the Fémina. Then (an essay into a new genre) an operetta-revue at the same theater, *Gobette of Paris*. As this revue came to a close, he was offered an engagement at the Palace music-hall in London. He accepted. Already, from an English major imprisoned with him at Alten Grabow, he had learned a good bit of English.

## "NO BANANAS" IN FRENCH

AND so he made his debut with Elsie Janis.

Later the Casino de Paris decided to reunite Chevalier and Mistinguett, which by now had become a costly pair. But it proved well worth the cost.

It is needless to chronicle the rest of the story. His success with the introduction of "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean," which became "Dites-moi, M'sieur Chevalier. . . —Quoi donc, Mam'zelle Vallée?" His success with "Nous n'avons plus de bananes!" (No need to translate that, surely!) His trip to Buenos Aires ensued and after this Mistinguett's departure from the Casino de Paris brought about the engagement of Chevalier as the star. The visit of Jesse Lasky—his contract to star in Paramount films—and the rest belongs to the future.



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## Mae Murray's Baby

Continued from page 29

Is there anything strange about that, I ask?

"They insist that I have my picture taken with my son. I do as they ask. They keep the doors open in the house. They put my baby in a draught and he catches a bad cold. I think this picture will satisfy the curious ones. But no! Others come and want more pictures and ask more questions." Then Mr. M'Divani, to insure a little peace, had his telephone taken out.

"I do not know many people in Hollywood," he explains. "I get very lonesome with my wife away. If it were not for my good friends, Raymond McKee and his wife (Mrs. McKee will be remembered as Marguerite Courtot before her marriage), I do not know what I would do.

"Their little boy, Raymond, Jr., and Koko (the M'Divani baby's name is Karon but they call him Koko) are great friends. In fact, Raymond is the only child my baby has ever played with. Koko likes to dance and makes Raymond join him. They are too cute for anything," he adds.

We had hoped to get a picture of these two youngsters playing together. But Mr. M'Divani would not consent to it. "This is the only time I have even talked about a story of my baby," he said. "His mother and I would like to keep him away from publicity. The public knows that we have a son. That is enough."

Mr. M'Divani makes a great pal of his little boy. Proudly sitting beside his father in the seat of their big roadster, with his curly head scarcely showing above the door of the car, the two make their daily trip down to the beach. While his father inspects the magnificent home that he and his wife are building down there, Koko plays in the sand in his own yard. It is quite exclusive with its high concrete wall.

The prince, who is a prince indeed, is a most likable person, trying his best to understand the keen interest of Hollywood and the world in his affairs.

He has many fine plans for his son, but one thing sure: he intends that his boy will be raised as a prince with aristocratic blood in his veins should be raised—to be a gentleman in every sense of the word.



Ball

An antique candlestick, owned and displayed by Blanche Le Clair, with a bedtime bell. A rare design, says Blanche. Specimens of it are curfew and far between



# Big Boy Bancroft

(Continued from page 67)

"They shave it thinner and thinner," George went on to explain, "until you can positively see through it."

"Dear! Dear!" I commiserated him. He seemed to be terribly upset.

"But the public can't know!" he sighed. I was sure the public couldn't.

"Now about playing romantic lovers," he went on abruptly. "What I mean is this! Now you might see me—in the type of rôle I usually play—and say that you could never care for me. Never!"

"And yet—you are a society girl. Beautiful. No, not beautiful," he amended, hastily, "but nice." (This was still more hasty.) "Cultured, refined, dainty," he went on in a dreamy tone.

I was beginning to feel quite flattered. But it developed that he was not talking about me at all but about some potential leading lady. Oh, well!

"You see me," he repeated. "I am not of your world. I am a stevedore, perhaps. Or a gang leader. Something like that. Dirty. Grimy. Uncouth."

"But as you look at me—suddenly there is something. A spark! You see—or you feel—that there is something in me which interests you. Some possibility. And you say, 'I should very much like to know that man!'"

"You want to know what it is—that quality in me which has interested you."

"So—being a woman—and all women are mothers at heart—you come to know me. And the maternal quality in you wants to look after me. You come to see the man under the grime—" He paused to admire the phrase. "You come to see the man under the grime—and a great love is born. It transcends the differences between us—"

"That's what I mean when I say I can play romantic lovers!"

"Is this really you—or the men you play in pictures?" I wanted to know.

"The real me. Now I am the sort of man to whom all women are like my mother was. It would make no difference," he cried, eagerly, "how low you should sink. I would still know you for the woman you were."

"I want to be kind to people," he said. "I don't want to seem 'high hat.' Someone told me the other day that I would get into trouble being nice to people like that."

"Like what?" (I had given up trying to tell whether he was talking as George Bancroft or as a character in a picture. I thought he was sometimes a bit confused himself about which he was.)

"Oh—people around here." He waved his arm with a gesture which seemed to include most of Los Angeles County.

"I don't know anything much outside of my work," he confided, suddenly. "I have been around the world three times and yet—I just know my work, really. Perhaps that's why I am sort of—sort of—easy!"

There, I thought, he had probably explained himself. For Bancroft is a fine actor. There can be no doubt of that. And his vagueness, his kindness, his generosity are, perhaps, proofs, in a way, of his bigness.

Emil Jannings and Wallace Beery both have something of that fluidity of personality. Perhaps it is one of the things which enables them to fit themselves easily into the diversity of rôles which come their ways.

But if Bancroft has difficulty in expressing himself in words, he has none in expressing emotions upon the screen.

And that, after all, is the thing that counts in motion pictures.

# She Thought She Was Dunn

(Continued from page 71)

That was the beginning of the end—almost. Jo reported at the school, learned how to make up, walk across a set, sit down in a prop chair, register love, hate, laughter and tears. It was good training. She says so herself. And in due time she was graduated with honors. She acquitted herself so well in the Paramount School's own picture that Lasky signed her on a contract; and the first thing she knew she was playing the leading rôle in "Love's Greatest Mistake," surrounded by such old-timers as Evelyn Brent and Bill Powell.

On top of that they liked her work so well that they shipped her out to Hollywood along with Thelma Todd and Buddy Rogers when the Long Island plant ceased operations. Jo was all set to become a star and get temperamental and everything. She rented herself a little Spanish bungalow. She bought a shiny coupé—on time. She looked around and liked it so well that she wired her family to come to the Coast and live with her and enjoy the fruits of her success.

Then all of a sudden, for no reason that anybody has ever found out, she was fired.

It might have been funny—if it hadn't been so darn tragic. She's got a great sense of humor and she might have snickered it off, but snickers don't pay for shiny coupés.

The really bad part about it was the psychological effect it had on the other studios. Studios may be rivals in business but they're clubby in sentiment. The other companies figured that if Paramount fired Josephine Dunn for no reason to the eye, that there must be something wrong somewhere. They dodged her as if she had the measles.

For six months she wandered in and out of various Poverty Row productions. Now

and then some company engaged her for a small part in support of a Western star or something like that. But it looked like Josephine Dunn's day had come and gone.

And then the telephone rang.

It was M.G.M. They said they wanted to test her for the leading rôle opposite William Haines in "Excess Baggage," and would she come out immediately? You might have thought she would be excited and glad. But she wasn't. She was cynical. She figured there must be a catch in it somewhere. You can imagine her embarrassment when she landed the part.

She brightened at the very memory of it. "It was so wonderful I went around in circles for days. I simply couldn't seem to get it through my head that I was playing with William Haines in one of the best pictures, and best parts, of the year. But the nicest thing about it was to feel that they wanted me again. I had begun to think I had something catching like the jinx—or the mumps. Even now I don't like to get too excited about it." She sighed. "What do you suppose Mr. Mayer could want?"

"Maybe it's a raise," I suggested brightly.

"Hmmm," grunted Jo.

I tried another idea. "Maybe Warner Brothers called up to tell him how good you were in Al Jolson's new picture and he wants to tell you about it himself."

But she didn't take to that, either. "I'll bet it's bad news," she insisted.

I didn't want to argue with her because she wasn't in the mood, but I'm willing to bet it was something nice. You see, I've seen Josephine in "Excess Baggage" and I'm right here to say that this little gal has come back with a bang.

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# The Celluloid Drama

(Continued from page 69)



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things that has come to pass within the last month, is the removal of "Tin Pan Alley" from Broadway to Hollywood. Or more properly to the sound studios of Hollywood. Interesting, because it seems to hide somewhere or other at least one answer to that "whither are we drifting" question. Unique as is any hegira. Amusing because the Forty-fourth Street troubadours are wide-eyed at the prospect of rich film loot. And if you don't think that annoying is the proper word, just speak to one of the directors, supervisors, scenarists, gag-men, or what-have-you, quartered within hearing distance.

## A RUSH OF SONG-WRITERS

**GUS EDWARDS**, of "School Days" fame, is conducting a "skule" on the Metro lot, where auditions are given, and the other abracadabra of the showman's craft runs rampant. On the Metro lot also are Billy Rose, whose "Me and My Shadow" gave him a sufficient number of motor-cars to avoid any future necessity for "walkin' down the Avenoo," or even for being "all alone and feeling bloo." Herb Roth, composer of the "Doll Dance" and "When Buddha Smiles," is also in our midst. As is Arthur Fried, who has done numerous things to and for Will Morrissey and Earl Carroll.

Universal has imported a musical director in the talented and versatile Cherniavsky. It is up to this youthful genius to provide theme songs bearing the titles of Universal productions. For instance, they thought they had him stumped when they asked for a love number for "Give and Take." But the musician came through with a creation the chorus of which says something about "Give a Little Smile, Take a Little Kiss." And art is again vindicated.

Metro has taken cognizance of an irritating evil which has been mentioned in this department since its inception. This is the apparently wilful confusing of sound pictures with talkies. You may "See and Hear" a picture which holds absolutely no dialogue whatever.

Metro has declared its intention of billing its productions either as sound pictures or talking pictures, thus letting the theatergoer know exactly just what he may expect to see.

## THERE ARE VOICE DOUBLES

**BOTH** "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" and "The Trial of Mary Dugan" will be talking pictures. "Mary Dugan" will be Metro's first hundred-per center. At this, and other studios, pictures made silently before the tidal-wave of sound are being withheld or have been recalled from circulation for the injection of sound effects and dialogue. In some few cases, the spoken lines are contributed by voice doubles. But this, at best, is a sloppy makeshift, which cannot prove satisfactory once the novelty of talkies subsides and the public becomes more exacting in its demands. In other instances, entire sequences are retaken before sound-recording cameras and devices. Whichever method is employed, the film exchanges are provided with two versions of the same yarn, one of which is silent, the other soundful.

"The Mysterious Island" is at last in full production swing under the skilful guidance of director Lucien Hubbard. This is marked even now as one picture you won't want to miss. Much of the action takes place under the sea. Sets depicting huge submarine palaces have been constructed. Cities built

upon the sea-floor will be shown. And these will be peopled by as many hundred dwarfs and midgets as may be obtainable. The little folk are being gathered from all over the country. Soon Hollywood will look like the convention city of the brownies and elves.

## KING'S KOLORED KAST

**KING VIDOR'S** forthcoming film, "Hallelujah," will convey audible negro dialect. For the very good reason that the entire cast will be made up from citizenry ranging from high yaller to blue-gum ebony in hue. Another sort of dialect will be heard in "Nize Baby," and Milt Gross is even now engaged in teaching the players how to spik de langwidge.

In "Interference," an X-ray machine was used in one of the sequences. But it developed that the sound device picked up its noise so readily that the voices of the players were drowned out. A special shield for the machine had to be prepared and the scene re-shot. William Powell is working in this picture and has given voice to a new Hollywood simile: "welcome as a sneeze on a sound stage." It seems that Harry Rapf, one of Metro's big bugs, was looking over the work in a Paratoned sequence, when suddenly he gave in to his hay-fever with the ultimate result that another take was marked **N. G.**

Douglas MacLean's new picture, "The Carnation Kid," has a scene in which the transmission of pictures by wire is interestingly shown. Arrangements were made with the American Bell Telephone Company to permit the filming of a photograph being received in this manner. In the plot a telephoto of "The Carnation Kid" is sent thousands of miles to the police of another city. The actual working of the apparatus on both sending and receiving end is clearly depicted.

An amazing development in color photography is heralded by the Russian, Boris Loundine. After twenty years of experimentation Dr. Loundine sends word from Berlin that he has succeeded in inventing a negative capable not only of reproducing actual colors in distinct outline but also of permitting many copies of the negative to be made.

At present the film industry of Germany is frantically endeavoring to secure exclusive rights to the invention.

## ENACTING THE ECHO

**ONE** of the most interesting of camera shots was made recently by Hal Mohr, using a De Vry camera while shooting for director Paul Fejos on "Erik the Great," a mystery film with some highly dramatic sequences. Mohr, strapped to a swing, was swung high on the rafters of the famous "Phantom of the Opera" stage at Universal. As the intensity of the drama increased, Mohr was gradually lowered until he swung half way between gallery and stage. Then he was swung swiftly to the stage, photographing the scene as he passed over the heads of the audience and actors. In one take the swing turned upside down and the cameraman swung head down until it was righted.

Bill Powell's wise-crack at the expense of sound pictures doesn't stand alone. Wallace MacDonald, for instance, has two to his credit. He cites the case of the extra who was cast as an echo in a talkie, and another chap who got a rôle in a talkie after much difficulty, only to find himself cast as a deaf mute.



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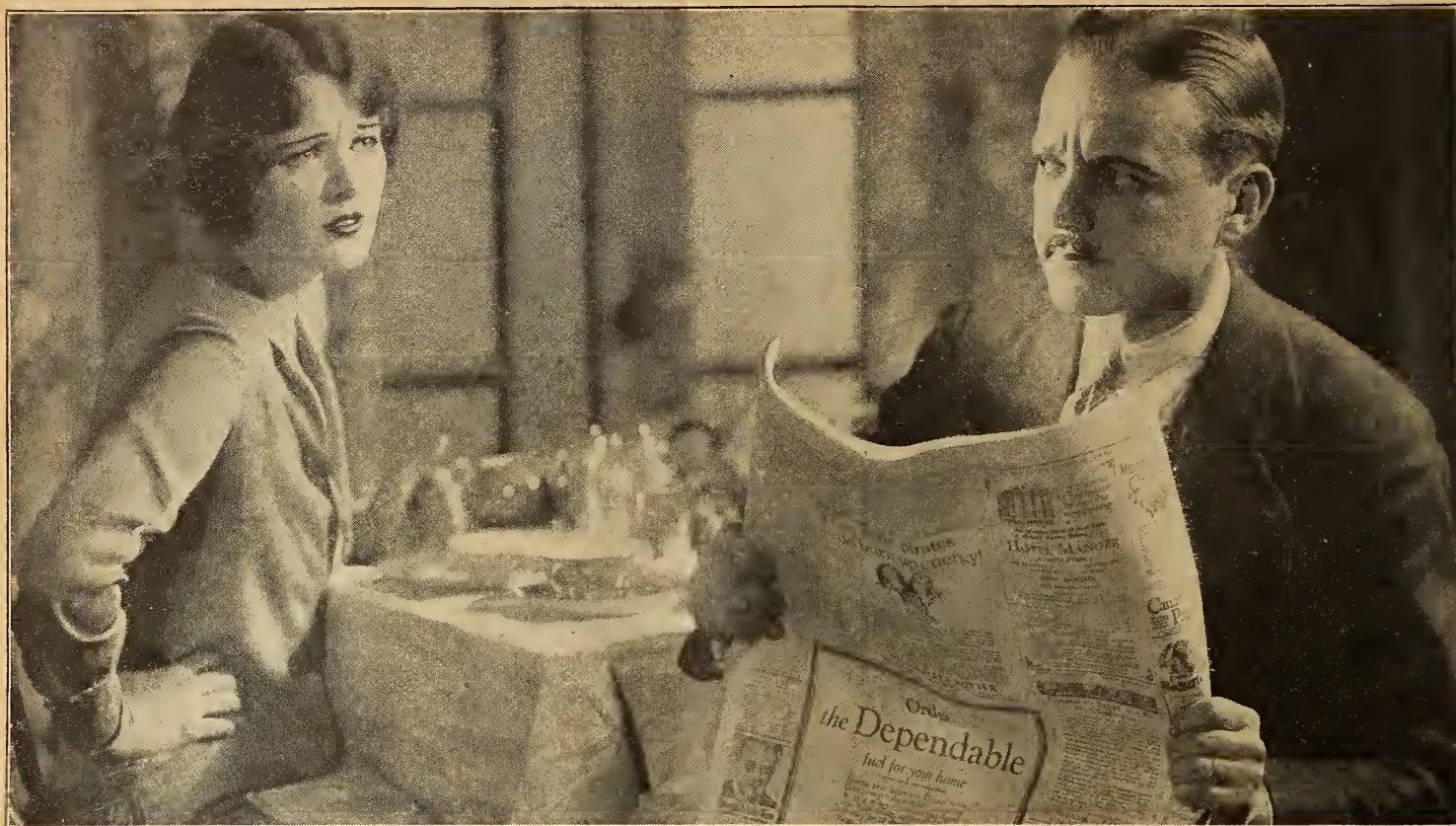
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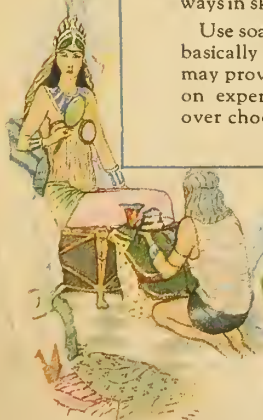
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"SINS OF THE FATHERS"

◆ "THE CANARY MURDER CASE"

With Sound and Dialog

◆ "THE CASE OF LENA SMITH"

Starring Esther Ralston

◆ Richard Dix in

"REDSKIN"

Sound and Technicolor

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Volume XXXVI, No. 6

January, 1929

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COLIN J. CRUIKSHANK, Art Director

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, Western Editor

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## FIFTEEN-DOLLAR LETTER *Let's See Them Again*

NEW ZEALAND—A re-issue of "Monte Cristo" has recently reached us and has been received with tremendous enthusiasm. If judiciously chosen, re-issues of the greatest and best filmed pictures of the past could be very advantageously screened and would arouse whole-hearted approval.

Who could resist seeing John Barrymore in "Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde" and "Beau Brummel"? Likewise, "The Sheik" and "Monsieur Beaucaire" would delight the hearts of all movie fans.

Finally, we must remember that we have lost three very dear favorites in Wallace Reid, Rudolph Valentino and Barbara La Marr. Wouldn't it be a great and worthy effort to re-screen their greatest triumphs?

*E. Mulcock.*

## TEN-DOLLAR LETTER *On a Single Track*

DENVER, COL.—One of the chief causes of poor pictures is single-track minds. In most directors' categories, a thing done a certain way once is always done that way. All people, regardless of difference in personalities, temperaments, etc., act the same way when expressing sorrow, anger, and other emotions. All doors are opened and closed one way. All letters are opened and read in like manner (the envelope must be thrown on the floor and the letter crumpled after being read). All ladies enter cars first (naturally) but the gentleman with her must climb over her feet to sit on the opposite side. All people of the working classes live in flats or cheap apartments—three flights up, and—one could go on indefinitely, naming these seeming trifles, but quite important nevertheless.

Types of pictures are done to death. The Abie's-Irish-Rose-type had us all talking with our hands and fighting every Irishman we met. And what the crime-type is doing to us!—I hate to write it.

When directors learn they are not the *whole show*, we will have bigger and better pictures.

*E. E. Williams.*

## FIVE-DOLLAR LETTER *Praise from Japan*

JAPAN—Though I can not write good President's English, I must say once more that the Movies is "at once interesting and instructive," for us who are learning the universal language. The interesting part is you go to a movie theatre to laugh a wholesome laugh with Keaton in "Steamboat Bill, Jr.," though he does not agree with you there, for his facial muscle is suffering from beri-beri; or to die with a smile upon your face as Edmund Lowe does in "Dressed to Die." The instructive side is you can learn new words, happy expressions, quaint idioms and many examples of philological technicalities. Besides, two keen eyes perceive the manner and custom of the peoples of the world in details. You just get accustomed to and know the meaning of their general gestures, and movements of eyes, mouths, brows, noses, etc., with your rather sentimental eyes. Maybe I'm too practical, but then I am a school teacher. When talkies come, why, the Dryasdust Language gramophone records can go to heaven!

*Yoshinobu Kanda.*

## *War on War?*

XENIA, OHIO—While sitting spellbound during the wonderful showing of "Wings" I was both dumbfounded and dismayed to hear a comment from a woman behind me to the effect that she could not understand why, after all of these years of peace, we still had to watch and listen to such exaggerated pictures of war.

Horrible? Yes! Exaggerated? No!! This woman was an on-looker of only the pictured side of war; that she had lost no dear ones was clear to me. The ones who criticize and scoff at the "bombs bursting in air" are usually those who have had no direct contact with the horrors of battle and who are ridiculous enough to think of warfare as nothing more than a glorious chance to see the world.

*(Continued on  
page 114)*

## Prizes for Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE will award cash prizes for the three best letters published. Fifteen dollars will be paid for the best letter, ten dollars for the second best, and five dollars for the third. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 200 words or less, and let's know what's on your mind. Anonymous communications will not be considered and no letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, MOTION PICTURE, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



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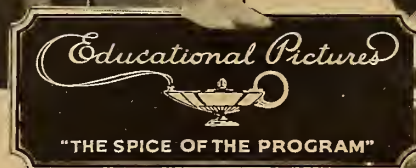
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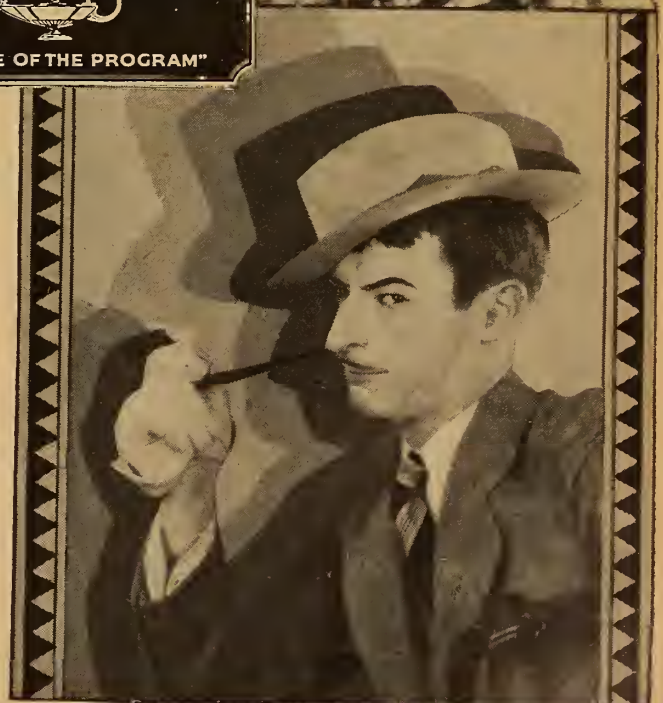
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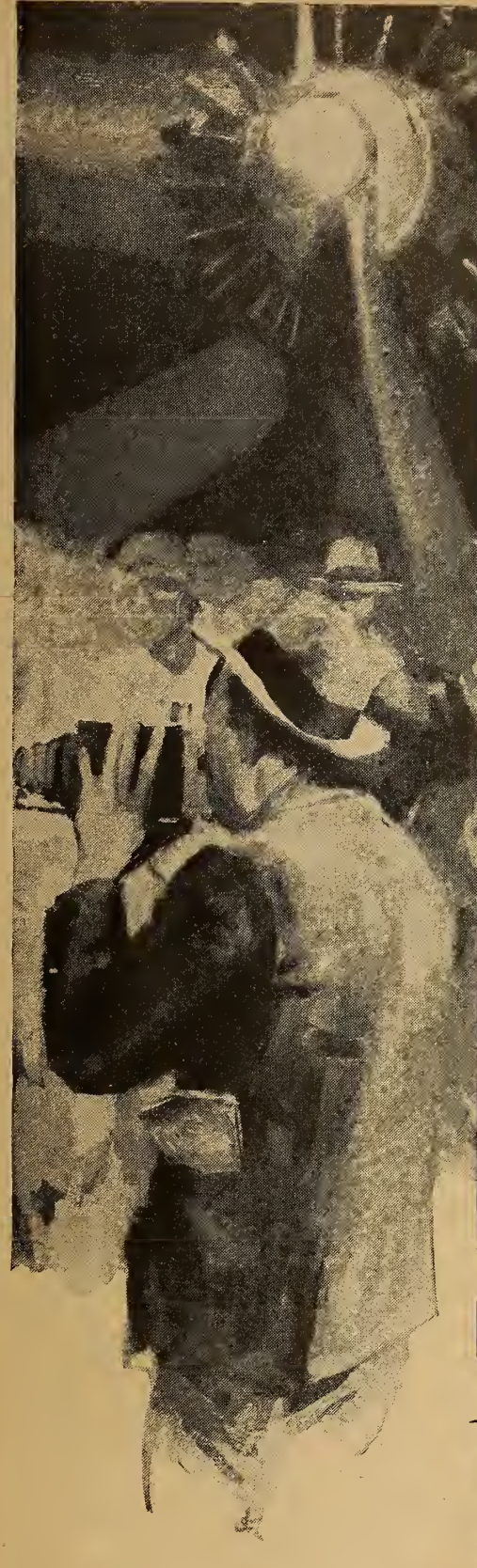




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By MARION MARTONE

**A. dorée, Renée**—playing in *The Spieler*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Alvarado, Don**—playing in *The Apache*—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Arlen, Richard**—playing in *The Four Feathers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Armstrong, Robert**—playing in *The Getaway*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Arthur, George K.**—playing in *All At Sea*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Arthur, Jean**—playing in *The Wolf of Wall Street*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Astor, Mary**—recently completed *Romance of the Underworld*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Asther, Nils**—playing in *Dream of Love*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Baclanova, Olga**—playing in *The Wolf of Wall Street*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bancroft, George**—playing in *The Wolf of Wall Street*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Banky, Vilma**—recently completed *The Awakening*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Barrymore, John**—playing in *The King of the Mountain*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Barrymore, Lionel**—playing in *The Mysterious Island*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Barthelmess, Richard**—playing in *Weary River*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Basquette, Lina**—playing in *Show Folks*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Beery, Wallace**—playing in *Tong War*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bell, Rex**—recently completed *Taking a Chance*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bellamy, Madge**—recently completed *Mother Knows Best*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bennett, Belle**—recently completed *The Queen of Burlesque*—Tiffany-Stahl Studio, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Blue, Monte**—playing in *Conquest*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Boardman, Eleanor**—playing in *She Goes To War*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Boles, John**—playing in *The Desert Song*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Borden, Olive**—recently completed *Stool Pigeons*—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bow, Clara**—playing in *Three Week-Ends*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Boyd, William**—playing in *Leathernecks*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Brent, Evelyn**—recently completed *Interference*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

**Brian, Mary**—playing in *Someone to Love*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Brice, Fannie**—playing in *My Man*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Bronson, Betty**—playing in *She Knew Men*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Brook, Clive**—playing in *The Four Feathers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Brooks, Louise**—playing in *Redskin*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Brown, Johnny Mack**—recently completed *The Little Angel*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Byron, Walter**—recently completed *The Awakening*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Carol, Sue**—recently completed *Chasing Through Europe*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Carroll, Nancy**—playing in *The Shop-Worn Angel*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Chandler, Lane**—playing in *The Wolf of Wall Street*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Chaney, Lon**—playing in *West of Zanzibar*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Chaplin, Charles**—*City Lights*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

**Cody, Lew**—recently completed *A Single Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Collier, William Jr. (Buster)**—playing in *New Orleans*—Tiffany-Stahl Prod., 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Collyer, June**—recently completed *Husbands Are Liars*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Colman, Ronald**—recently completed *The Rescue*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Cooper, Gary**—playing in *The Shop-Worn Angel*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Cortez, Ricardo**—playing in *New Orleans*—Tiffany-Stahl Productions, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Costello, Dolores**—playing in *The Madonna of Avenue A*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Crawford, Joan**—playing in *Dream of Love*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Damita, Lili**—recently completed *The Rescue*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions—7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Dane, Karl**—playing in *All At Sea*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Daniels, Bebe**—playing in *The Big Scoop*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Davies, Marion**—playing in *The Five O'clock Girl*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Dawson, Doris**—recently completed *Naughty Baby*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Day, Alice**—recently completed *Red Hot Speed*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Day, Marceline**—recently completed *Stolen Love*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Del Rio, Dolores**—recently completed *Revenge*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Denny, Reginald**—playing in *The Mounted Policeman*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Dix, Richard**—playing in *Redskin*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Dove, Billie**—playing in *The Man and the Moment*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Duncan, Mary**—playing in *Our Daily Bread*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Dunn, Josephine**—playing in *A Man's Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Eilers, Sally**—playing in *Nize Baby*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Fairbanks, Douglas**—playing in *The Iron Mask*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

**Farrell, Charles**—playing in *Our Daily Bread*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Fazenda, Louise**—*The Desert Song*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Ferris, Audrey**—playing in *Fancy Baggage*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Foxe, Earle**—playing in *Blindfold*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Gaynor, Janet**—playing in *Christine*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Garbo, Greta**—recently completed *A Woman of Affairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Gilbert, John**—playing in *Thirst*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Griffith, Corinne**—playing in *Saturday's Children*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Haines, William**—playing in *A Man's Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Hale, Alan**—playing in *The Spieler*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

(Continued on page 12)



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\*\*\*\*

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# In the Starry Kingdom

(Continued from page 10)

**Hall, James**—playing in *The Case of Lena Smith*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Hamilton, Neil**—playing in *Three Week-Ends*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Haver, Phyllis**—playing in *The Office Scandal*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Hersholt, Jean**—playing in *The Braggart*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Holt, Jack**—playing in *Sunset Pass*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon, Hollywood, Cal.

**Horn, Camilla**—playing in *The King of the Mountain*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Hoxie, Jack**—recently completed *Men of Daring*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Hyams, Leila**—recently completed *Alias Jimmy Valentine*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Jannings, Emil**—playing in *Sins of the Fathers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Jolson, Al**—recently completed *The Singing Fool*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Keaton, Buster**—recently completed *The Camera-man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Kent, Barbara**—playing in *The Shakedown*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Kent, Larry**—playing in *The Spirit of Youth*—Tiffany-Stahl Studio, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Langdon, Harry**—recently completed *Heart Trouble*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Lake, Arthur**—playing in *The Girl Dodger*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**La Plante, Laura**—playing in *Show Boat*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Lloyd, Harold**—recently completed *Speedy*—Harold Lloyd Productions, 1010 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Loff, Jeannette**—recently completed *Annapolis*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Logan, Jacqueline**—playing in *Nothing to Wear*—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Lorraine, Louise**—recently completed *The Final Reckoning*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Love, Bessie**—playing in *Broadway Melody*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Lowe, Edmund**—playing in *In Old Arizona*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Loy, Myrna**—playing in *Hard Boiled Rose*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Luden, Jack**—playing in *Sins of the Fathers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Lyon, Ben**—recently completed *Air Legion*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Lytell, Bert**—playing in *The Lone Wolf's Daughter*—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**MacDonald, Farrell**—playing in *In Old Arizona*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Mackaill, Dorothy**—playing in *Children of the Ritz*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Maynard, Ken**—playing in *The Lawless Legion*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**McAvoy, May**—playing in *Stolen Kisses*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**McLaglen, Victor**—playing in *Captain Lash*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Meighan, Thomas**—recently completed *The Making Cal*—Caddo Productions, Hollywood, Cal.

**Menjou, Adolphe**—playing in *Marquis Preferred*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Mix, Tom**—playing in *The Drifter*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Moore, Colleen**—playing in *Synthetic Sin*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Moore, Owen**—recently completed *Stolen Love*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Moran, Lois**—playing in *Blindfold*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Moreno, Antonio**—recently completed *Adoration*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Morton, Charles**—playing in *Christine*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Mulhall, Jack**—playing in *Children of the Ritz*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Murray, James**—playing in *The Shakedown*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Nagel, Conrad**—playing in *Kid Gloves*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Nilsson, Anna Q.**—playing in *Blockade*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Nixon, Marian**—playing in *Geraldine*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Norton, Barry**—playing in *Sins of the Fathers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Novarro, Ramon**—playing in *The Flying Fleet*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Nugent, Eddie**—playing in *Broadway Melody*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**O'Brien, George**—playing in *Blindfold*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**O'Neil, Sally**—playing in *The Floating College*—Tiffany-Stahl Prod., 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Olmstead, Gertrude**—playing in *The Lone Wolf's Daughter*—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Page, Anita**—playing in *Broadway Melody*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Philbin, Mary**—playing in *Spring Shower*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Pickford, Mary**—playing in *Coquette*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

**Powell, William**—recently completed *The Canary Murder Case*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Prevost, Marie**—recently completed *The Godless Girl*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Pringle, Aileen**—playing in *Dream of Love*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Quillan, Eddie**—playing in *The Office Scandal*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Ralston, Esther**—playing in *The Case of Lena Smith*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Reed, Donald**—recently completed *Hardboiled*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Rich, Irene**—recently completed *Ned McCobb's Daughter*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Roberts, Theodore**—recently completed *The Mask of the Devil*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Rogers, Charles (Buddy)**—playing in *Someone to Love*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Rubens, Alma**—playing in *She Goes to War*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Schildkraut, Joseph**—playing in *Show Boat*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Sebastian, Dorothy**—playing in *The Spirit of Youth*—Tiffany-Stahl Studio, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Shearer, Norma**—playing in *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Sills, Milton**—playing in *Comedy of Life*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Steele, Bob**—playing in *The Amazing Vagabond*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Stone, Lewis**—recently completed *A Woman of Affairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Stuart, Nick**—recently completed *Chasing Through Europe*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Swanson, Gloria**—playing in *Queen Kelley*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Talmadge, Norma**—recently completed *The Woman Disputed*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Terry, Alice**—playing in *The Three Passions*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Thomson, Fred**—playing in *Kid Carson*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Todd, Thelma**—recently completed *Naughty Baby*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Torres, Raquel**—playing in *The Pagan*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Tryon, Glenn**—playing in *Broadway*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Tyler, Tom**—playing in *The Trail of the Horse Thieves*—FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Valli, Virginia**—playing in *Street of Illusion*—Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Varconi, Victor**—recently completed *The Divine Lady*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Veidt, Conrad**—recently completed *Eric the Great*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**Velez, Lupe**—playing in *The Wolf Song*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Vidor, Florence**—playing in *Tong War*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Von Berne, Eva**—recently completed *The Mask of the Devil*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**Warner, H. B.**—recently completed *The Naughty Duchess*—Tiffany-Stahl Studio, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**White, Alice**—playing in *Hot Stuff*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**Wilson, Lois**—playing in *Kid Gloves*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**Windsor, Claire**—playing in *Captain Lash*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**Wray, Fay**—playing in *The Four Feathers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**Young, Loretta**—recently completed *Scarlet Seas*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.



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*Vitaphone* Talking Pictures  
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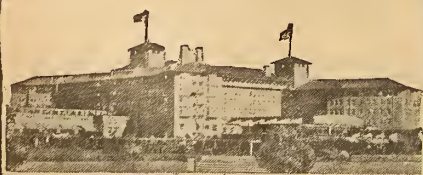
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#### ATTRACTIVE SUMMER RATES

BEN L. FRANK, Manager

29 bx



LIONEL BARRYMORE will direct "Con-  
fession" for M-G-M. It is to be a short  
sound picture.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has been re-elected  
president of the Motion Picture Arts  
and Sciences. William DeMille succeeds  
Fred Niblo as vice-president.

MARY NOLAN has the feminine lead op-  
posite John Gilbert in Metro-Gold-  
wyn's "Thirst."

HAL ROACH has just signed Harry Lang-  
don on a three-year contract for  
feature-length sound comedies. Langdon  
is to start production the first of the year.

ANNA MAY WONG has signed an eighteen  
months' contract to make four pic-  
tures for British International.

TWO sets of ac-  
tors are being  
used for "Leath-  
erneck." There is  
the cast of players  
for the silent ver-  
sion, and a second  
set will be neces-  
sary for the dia-  
logue sequences.

PATHE will  
make "The  
Shady Lady" and  
"Geraldine" into  
all talkie pictures.

WALLACE  
BEERY will  
make a tour on  
the Keith-Or-  
pheum circuit in a  
short version of  
"The Bad Man"  
when he finishes  
his current pic-  
ture, "Tong War,"  
for Paramount.

THE exteriors  
for Ramon Novarro's next picture,  
"The Pagan," are being filmed by W. S.  
Van Dyke and the company in Honolulu.  
When this picture is completed, Ramon will  
go to Berlin to make his operatic debut in  
the rôle of *Caradrossi* in "La Tosca."

AGNES AYRES is to do a vaudeville  
sketch called "Desert Passion."

HAL ROACH's "Our Gang," having re-  
turned from a coast to coast vaudeville

engagement, have started production on  
their first comedy to be made with dialogue  
and sound effects.

THE title of D. W. Griffith's latest pic-  
ture, "The Love Song," has been  
changed to "Masquerade," so as not to  
conflict with a previous title.

WILLIAM S. HART has been in New  
York making cowboy poem records  
for a talking machine company. He is con-  
sidering making a talking picture.

MARIE PREVOST will play the leading  
rôle in "The Side Show" for Colum-  
bia, a picture of carnival life.

MARY NOLAN will play *Pearl*, and Glenn  
Tryon has been selected for the  
"hooper" in Universal's version of the  
popular New York stage play, "Broadway."



All being fair in war and at New Year's,  
you can't blame Buddy Rogers for get-  
ting a mistletoe-hold on Mary Brian

FLORENCE VI-  
DOR has sold  
her Hollywood  
home to Mr. and  
Mrs. John Monk  
Saunders (Fay  
Wray), and  
bought a colonial  
home in Beverly  
Hills.

LINA BAS-  
QUETTE and  
Ricardo Cortez  
have been signed  
by Columbia Pic-  
tures for "The  
Younger Genera-  
tion," an adapta-  
tion of Fannie  
Hurst's play, "It  
Is to Laugh."  
Jean Hersholt  
will also have a  
leading rôle.

TOM GERAGHTY  
has been as-  
signed to edit and  
title "Naughty

Baby," Alice White's next picture for First  
National.

MAE MURRAY has bought the screen  
rights to "The Guns of Galt," which  
she may produce.

RICHARD DIX's next picture will be a  
talkie, to be made in the East.

JACK HOLT's first talkie will be "The  
Donovan Affair." A mystery thriller.



Live through the drama...the  
thrills...the hopes...the loves of  
the Epic Klondike Gold Rush!

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**SOUND**  
or  
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DANE**

# THE TRAIL OF '98

Clarence Brown's Production based on the novel by Robert W. Service

Adaptation by Benjamin Glazer. Continuity by Benjamin Glazer and  
Waldemar Young. Titles by Joe Farnham. Directed by Clarence Brown.

**A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture**

"More Stars Than There Are In Heaven"





# LEFT OVERS

## HOLLYWOOD NIGHT AND DAY

By **WALTER RAMSEY**

**Scenes as Seen:** June Collyer blushing when someone asked her about Prince George—Lili Damita looking equally self-conscious at the same question—Why do Joan and Doug always come down the aisle late for the second act?—It looks like the Montmartre is losing business on Saturday afternoon—The stars sure like their football—Lina Basquette dropping two lumps of sugar in Pev Marley's coffee—Isn't that just too sweet for syllables?—Knowing the head-waiter is passé—You must know the orchestra leader these days—Especially Prof. Moore at the Roosevelt and Gus Arnheim at the Cocoanut Grove—Seems like all the picture people were at the tennis games—Norma Talmadge forgetting to speak—Oh, well—I've only met her four times—Dick Arlen wearing a false beard and eating soup in a studio restaurant—quite an art, ain't it, Arlen?—Where do the Chinese waiters come from?—I thought there was a law agin' 'em—Apartment house owners are using movie stars in the lobby for grand openings—and the tourists love it—Has everyone congratulated Cedric Belfrage and Virginia Bradford, his bride?—You're too late, anyway—I'm going to stand behind a curtain and listen to the conversation while Molly O'Day gets her pictures taken by Lansing Brown—Who knows?—Maybe she'll talk about her operation—Fred Kohler and William Powell trying to kid Clara Bow—Can you imagine any more painless way of passing the time?—Young juvenile actor entering a beauty parlor to get his hair touched up—A bit touched before he went in, I guess—Ronald Colman and Ernest Torrence entering the theater unrecognized—and the crowd all knew Buddy Rogers—Such is fame!—They're all waiting for talkies to do a flop, or else—so we can get down to a little steady work again!

\* \* \*

**Believe it or not,** Hollywood has a set of commandments that are as rigid as Moses's, though slightly less moral in tone and a little more humorous in application. In other words, there are things one does, and things one doesn't do—and he who does those things he ought not to have done and leaves undone those things he ought to have done is lower than an extra on the United Artists lot.

\* \* \*

**If Moses were in Hollywood,** he'd have a great re-write job on his hands. For verily I say unto you that the ten modern commandments of our little burg are these:

**First:** Thou shalt be a success, and how! It makes no difference if thou fly an aeroplane, act in the movies or get thyself elected Mayor of New York, thou shalt be top-most in thy line. At least!

**Second:** Thou shalt refer to successful people familiarly in thy conversation—the more successful the person, the more familiar the reference. For instance: "I says to Joe Schenck—"



R. H. Louise

**Gifts to the gifted:** Aileen Pringle tries her best to follow the instructions on the first of her Christmas presents and not open them until the proper day

**Third:** Thou shalt own a large and bright-colored motor car, a home in Beverly Hills, a fur coat and a diamond ring, no matter how tough it be on the pay-check. For I say unto you that appearances are everything—and he who looks like somebody is more Hollywood-wise than he who is somebody and looks like nobody.

**Fourth:** Thou shalt be late to all social occasions, particularly dinner parties where thy hostess is having difficulty in keeping her man-servant and her maid-servant, anyway.

**Fifth:** Thou shalt religiously attend all movie premieres that cost over five bucks a seat. And thou shalt offer up corsages and boutonnieres to films of Von Stroheim, Von Sternberg, and other furriners.

**Sixth:** Thou shalt set aside a sacred hour of the day to read thy press-clippings and fan mail. And thou shalt believe all that is printed therein.

**Seventh:** Thou shalt lavish gifts on thy mamma and—totally ignore thy papa.

**Eighth:** Thou shalt keep the press well fed on caviar and pre-war hootch. For mud is the name of the shining star who has nary a press dinner nor a reception tea.

**Ninth:** Thou shalt not get thy name connected with any scandal. For yea, this is the sin unforgivable.

**Tenth:** Thou shalt read the five-foot shelf, indorse cigarettes, laundry soap and hair tonic. Verily, I say unto you, this is publicity!

\* \* \*

**All the broken down actors** who haven't had jobs on Broadway for the last three seasons are finding Hollywood a happy hunting ground since the talkies started enunciating. They used to be plain Mr. and Mrs., but things are different now. They call themselves Madame and Monsieur, and draw from three to five dollars per lesson instructing ingenues how to pronounce their own type. Broaden those a's, gals, broaden those a's; and don't forget s sounds like

a hiss over the Vitaphone. That's making things too realistic.

\* \* \*

**There's a couple of boys** in Hollywood who never see a studio or a camera, but they are very much in on the movies. They rent the imported automobiles you see in the five-reelers. In most cases it's an old body repainted, twenty thousand in looks, worth four-fifty in cash. Invariably the engine is some common American model of six cylinders. One day Norma Shearer of Metro-Goldwyn steps from the orchid limousine, and the next day it's liable to be Esther Ralston of Paramount. It costs the studio \$75 a day for the convenience of class.

\* \* \*

**As Wally McDonald says:** "Imagine the embarrassment of the fellow who was engaged for a talkie only to find he was to play the deaf-and-dumb waiter."



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#### Gives Physical Voice Culture Credit for Grand Opera Voice

Each 24 hours brings me a stronger and better hold on my voice. I feel like telling you of it each day when I think back to six years ago when catarrh had just about finished my hearing and voice.

I joined the Los Angeles Opera Company this Spring and we will have five Operas ready in September. It is really pathetic to see the *star pupils* from the *great voice masters* try for a place in the Company. Some very pretty, but weak, palate attacks, throat and lip attacks. I work hard all day and your silent exercises are a wonderful rest.—Bert Longtre.



#### Harry Lompierre Finds the "Right Way"

I wish to give credit where credit is due. The past twelve years have been spent in professional singing.

Believing that I had at last found "the right way," I cancelled an entire season's bookings to apply myself diligently to your idea.

Today my voice is completely new. Formerly, I could sing only a fair "F" (fifth line). Now I can sing high "B" flat, with a rich, resonant, manly tone.—Harry Lompierre.

**For obvious reasons the names signed to these letters have been changed. But the letters are all true and the real names of writers will be sent on request.**



#### Church Singer Delights Congregation

I cannot help but say "Thank God" for everything you have done for me. As I sang in church yesterday people turned to see who was singing.

I hope you will always think of me as one who has made a big success in the work I chose to do.—Carolyn Baker.



#### Singer Triumphs Over Discouragement

Did you think one year ago that I would now be singing as high as high "C"? I am very sure that I didn't.

I often think of that hopeless first letter I wrote to you and I want to thank you for the help you have given me and especially for the cheering letters at the beginning when I needed boosting along the worst way.

Hoping that you will believe me to be ever your grateful friend.—Mrs. Mary Brown.

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*At sixteen Jane Kendall excelled in riding and every sport. "Beauty and the Beast" this portrait with her Great Dane was called.*



*At seventeen she studied painting in Paris (for she is gifted as she is beautiful)—and prepared for her "coming out" festivities.*



*At eighteen came her Washington debut in this Lanvin frock. They called her "the prettiest girl that ever entered the White House."*



*At nineteen her marriage to a distinguished young New Yorker was the outstanding event of the smart Washington season.*

## "The Prettiest Girl that ever entered the White House" MRS. GEORGE GRANT MASON, JR.

JANE KENDALL MASON has not long left her teens, but her extraordinary beauty has already made her famous. "The prettiest girl that ever entered the White House" they called her when she made her dazzling debut in Washington. Soon followed her brilliant marriage to a New Yorker of distinguished family.

Clear-cut as a cameo is Mrs. Mason's pale blonde Botticelli beauty. Her purple pansy eyes are dark against her flawless skin, pale as a wood anemone. Gifted and interesting, she is always in demand. From her father's homes in Washington and Maryland to the gay diplomatic circles of Havana where her husband is an important figure, she flits like a butterfly, yet her complexion is ever exquisite.

This perfection of her pale anemone skin she owes to the four simple steps to beauty that so many lovely young moderns follow. "I've used Pond's Creams," she says, "ever since I can remember."

"I dote on them! The Cold Cream is so light and pleasant—leaves the skin really clean and soft. The Vanishing Cream gives such a velvety surface for powder."

Now Mrs. Mason finds Pond's two new products just as delightful.

"The Cleansing Tissues are a lux-

*Pond's Two Creams, Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues compose Pond's famous Method, the sure way thousands of young moderns use to keep their skin always lovely.*



*Mrs. GEORGE GRANT MASON, JR., was Miss Jane Kendall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Kendall of Washington, D. C. Since her brilliant debut her Botticelli beauty has been famous. Her flawless skin is delicate as a wood anemone.*



ury," she says. "They remove cold cream perfectly. And the Skin Freshener gives your skin such a lovely glow!"

USE POND'S Cold Cream for cleansing generously several times a day and every night, patting it over face and neck with upward, outward strokes. It soaks into the tiny apertures; softens and loosens the dust and dirt.

With Pond's Cleansing Tissues, firm, ample, light as thistledown, wipe off the cream carrying the dust with it.

Repeat these two steps until the tissues show no soil.

If you are having a daytime cleansing a dash of the exhilarating Skin Freshener will tone and refresh your face. Apply it briskly. See how it livens and braces the complexion.

Lastly, for the correct completion to perfect grooming, apply just a shade of Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder. It protects the skin, gives it fine-grained texture.

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*Richee*

A prayery flower from the open spaces of that always tightly closed nation of Russia: Baclahova. "The Wolf of Wall Street" will see her bloom again and, as usual, as one of those bad adventuresses she depicts so well





Hesser

She is versatile, is Virginia; besides being an actress she is a paradox: a Valli representing the very peak of charm. And this she displays to her own and her audiences' advantage in "The Street of Illusion," with Ian Keith





*R. H. Louise*

Just keep in mind the position of this one embracing Gwen Lee and in the future reserve your pity for the white fox destined to become a fur-piece.  
Gwen is to appear soon in "Little Angel"





Hesse

So long as Miss Nixon is unwed it may be set down as certain that there is no such person who is not—or would not be—a Marian man. Her next portrayal is the name rôle of "Geraldine"





*Lansing Brown*

Insofar as David Rollins is concerned, helmets seemingly R always in season. For from wearing a policeman's in "Riley the Cop" he changes to an aviator's for his part, with Nancy Drexel, in a short talking feature entitled "Makers of Dreams"





Monte Blue is a film star whose acting training came solely from work in the films. But the open collar betokens a determination to give his throat clearing-room for an assault upon the talkies





*Ball*

Long before Colleen Moore came to the screen in "Oh, Kay!" picture-goers had so initialed her personality. And now that she is to engage in "Synthetic Sin" vice promises to become doubly popular





*Richee*

A young man who profits immediately from experience is Richard Arlen. Nothing else could explain his plucking "The Four Feathers" as a medium for his artistry directly after having had "Manhattan Cocktail" in his keeping



# Motion Picture

January, 1929

MAJOR GEORGE K. SHULER  
*Publisher*

LAURENCE REID  
*Managing Editor*

DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR.  
*General Manager*

## Camera!

It is not news that with the inception of talking pictures there has come about a westward-ho movement of stage players, fired with the hope of finding for themselves at last places in the sun-arcs of Hollywood, of finally, after many years of envious waiting, getting a chance to dip into the heavy-sugar bowl of motion picture salaries.

Nor is it news that the erstwhile so securely seated office-holders of stardom in the silent drama have become uneasy over this development. That they have sought rather feverishly to renew contracts about to expire; that they have undertaken education of their voices against the need of using them; that they have, if both steps proved futile, gone to considerable pains to prove that the talkies are but a fad and a passing one.

These facts are not news, but from them has been evolved news, this: that the great ones of the screen are no more than public servants, and that the sole motive activating them in the pursuance of their careers is that of an unselfish devotion to the common welfare.

### MORE HONESTY, LESS HOOEY

THIS information has come from the very best of authority, that of the stars themselves, and so there can be no question of its accuracy. A number of prominent film players have brought it out recently in a number of conversations. They have wanted to know how the public and producers can be so ungrateful to them, after their many years of service to the world at large, as to permit the speaking actors to come in and usurp their places. It's not the money, it's not the fame that it hurts them to lose. Those things are important, of course; but in relation to the removal of the opportunity further to labor for the betterment of the world at large, they are as dross. Their single aim is to serve; bereft of that, they are bereft of everything life has to offer.

All of which is not only just so much hoey, but a very inferior brand of it. Pictures have for years been infested with a certain brand of actor and actress whose real ability is that of a salesman, whose genius lies in an amazing aptitude at self-exploitation. And picturegoers have for years been compelled to pay perfectly good money to sit

and watch the performances of these high-pressure pedlers. And these are the boys and girls who are setting up the howl. The fact that they have chosen to switch their argument plane of nobility and self-sacrifice is the best proof possible that the real reason for their squeal is an inner conviction of their own incompetence.

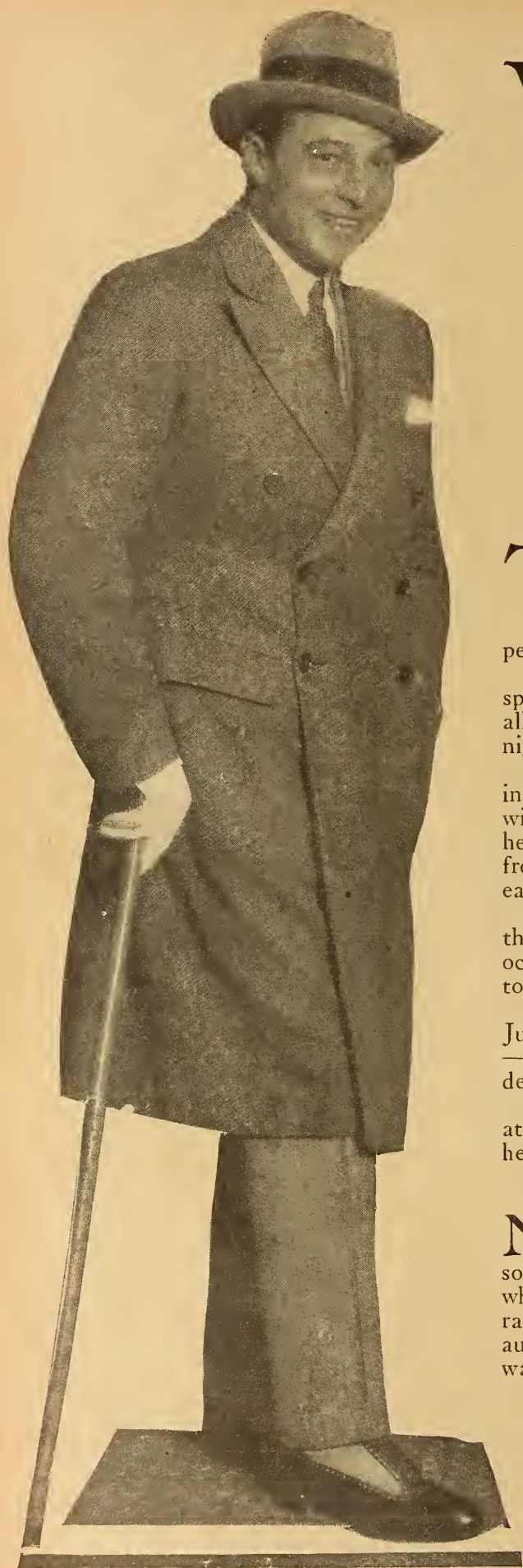
They have directed their aim, of course, at the men and women of the stage who are finding, in the talkies, a better market for their abilities than Broadway can afford to be; and who moreover are quite frank and honest about it. And except for one fact, one might think there were cause at least for a little downright resentment and envy.

### MUST HAVE THE GOODS

THIS fact is that a stage actor is not necessarily a good talkie actor—and this even though he may screen well. There is a difference in voices as heard firsthand and as heard through the medium of the mechanical devices of the talking pictures. A man's voice may sound perfect coming over the footlights, yet be too strident, or too soft, or possessed of any number of other damning deficiencies when emanating from the speaking screen. And it so happens that many of the players in pictures have not only better screen faces than the stage actors, but better screen voices.

In short, the requirements for talking pictures are neither those of the screen nor those of the stage, nor a combination of them. They are distinctively of themselves. It is thus quite as unfair of the calamity group among photoplay actors to blame it all on Broadway as it is hypocritical of them to introduce the moral element into their bellyaching. The talkies are, for everyone concerned—for the producer, the director, the scenario writer and the player—making things a lot more difficult. They require more than the unspoken sort of picture. More and something different besides. If an actor has the qualifications, he'll last and flourish. If he hasn't, he won't. But he'll get a lot more respect from that public he weeps over if he will bend his attention to becoming something worthy of its notice rather than to a belittling of a group of players who are worthy of the opportunity that producers have made for them on the now definitely changing screen.





# Valentino's *Spirit*

## To Natacha Rambova He Of His Adjustment to

BY RUTH BIERY

**T**HE morning I came down the hill from Rudolph Valentino's home where I had slept in his bedroom, reported to be haunted, I was consumed with an intense longing to meet Natacha Rambova, the woman for whom Valentino had built this crag-perched nest.

I had heard and read about her meetings with Rudolph Valentino's spirit. I wanted to hear what she would say about them. I was not at all certain but that I had felt that same spirit during the memorable night in his bedroom.

I have said in the first story that I am neither a scoffer nor a believer in the return of the spirit. I say now that were I to spend many hours with Natacha Rambova, I should be a believer. I spent several with her in New York City and I believe her to be as assured of her messages from her departed husband as you and I are assured of what we have eaten for breakfast each morning.

Her faith dates back to the time when Rudolph Valentino discovered that he was psychic. Until then she had paid no more attention to the occult than the average man or woman who is spending every moment to develop a career and make a living.

The insight into Valentino's powers came shortly after the death of June Mathis's mother. The four were constantly together and the three—Natacha, Rudolph and June—suffered together at the mother's departing.

A woman who had been a long-time friend of Mrs. Jenny Mathis was at the funeral. This was the first time that Mr. and Mrs. Valentino met her. A few weeks later they received a letter from her.

### THE MYSTIC LETTER

**N**ATACHA laughed as she recalled this letter. "It was a wild letter. The woman was afraid we would think her a fool. She said something like this, 'I was sitting down the other day starting to write when my pencil suddenly started to go backwards. It really embarrasses me to write this to you but when I had finished—my hand writing automatically—I had to hold the paper before a mirror to read it. It was a message for Rudy.'



Above, an informal photograph of Rudolph Valentino, and one of the last ever to be taken of him. At the right, a crowd of his fans gathered about his tomb in Hollywood; and on the opposite page, two significant poses of Natacha Rambova



# Speaks Again

## Relates the Trials Life-After-Death

Do those who have passed on wish to return to this life?

Do newcomers to the astral plane have difficulty in habituating themselves to it?

Would we here on earth recognize the proximity of a spirit if we felt the chill breath of its presence?

Do those in the beyond know what the future holds for us?

These are a few of the questions concerning the hereafter which are answered by the greatest star ever to come to the screen—Rudolph Valentino. In this article, wherein are related recent messages from him, Natacha Rambova, formerly his wife, has revealed to the author the most amazing facts ever to be brought to public disclosure.

"The message was from an Italian woman who had been his nurse when he was eight or nine years of age. It asked if he remembered certain childhood happenings such as tumbling from the porch backwards.

"All the time he was reading it, Rudy kept exclaiming, 'My heavens!' When he had finished, he was frightened. There were things in that message which no one in this country, not even myself, could possibly have known.

"I don't want to know anything about it. I don't want to get into this sort of thing," he kept exclaiming."

But curiosity overcame that reluctant feeling which most people have in contemplating messages from departed spirits. Eventually Mr. and Mrs. Valentino sent for this woman to visit them.

"She would take plain yellow paper (yellow is the most psychic color) and a large, soft lead pencil. Understand, she had never received messages until that first one for Rudy. We would sit around and talk at random. She would join in the conversation, merely holding the pencil. When the writings began, she kept right on talking. She made absolutely no effort with the pencil.

### COUNSEL FROM THE BEYOND

"THE first communication was from Jenny Mathis! It was advice for Rudy.

"As amazed as we were, we could not help but believe it.

"Throughout the litigation with Famous Players we were told four and five days ahead of time what was going to happen. It was as though we were being let down easy by this warning. And if we had only followed the advice given by the automatic writings, we would have been saved much trouble. But we didn't pay too much attention to the advice. We had seen so many people go crazy about this sort of thing that

(Continued on page 104)



Chidnoff







## *Stars and Stripes*

Both are plentiful in "Dream of Love," with its military setting and the presence in its cast of such favorites as Joan Crawford and Nils Asther



# A Lady Who Wasn't

In Making Up As  
Emma Hamilton,  
Corinne Griffith Uses  
Plenty of Whitewash



By DOROTHY DONNELL

I HAVE wondered sometimes whether the famous heart-smashers of history would not be unnoticed among a crowd of Hollywood extra girls, and whether almost any of our film flappers couldn't have sunk those ships just as well as Helen, the beauty-contest winner of Troy. Certainly the pictures of some of these hot mamas who made history so delightfully shocking would not get by the second assistant casting director at a studio. My guess is that in those days before manicure parlors and permanent waving, any good looking girl was hailed as a beauty and was given the opportunity of starting a war or a revolution.

Take Emma, Lady Hamilton, for instance. She was born the daughter of a cook, but her beauty made her the wife of an Ambassador, the confidante and twin soul of a Queen, and the light o' love of England's greatest naval hero. She was clever enough to have her portrait painter, Romney, fall in love with her and leave flattering pictures to prove her charms to posterity. But for all of the legend of loveliness that clings to her name, Corinne Griffith, who plays her part in "The



Divine Lady," would probably have caused more of a disturbance if she had lived in Emma's day.

It is just Corinne's hard luck—and Gloria Swanson's and Billie Dove's hard luck—that they live in a time and a town where beauty is a commonplace.

MUCH TASTE, AND ALL BAD

LADY HAMILTON in her hectic lifetime was called many things. Her enemies, mostly feminine, sneered that she was blowsy, ill-bred, loud-voiced, and pushing. As for her dress, "she had so much taste," one of them remarked, "and all of it bad." Almost the only thing that she was not called was respectable. It remained for a motion picture producer, a hundred years later, to make an honest woman out of Emma. The first step was to cast Corinne Griffith in the rôle, Corinne of the soulful eyes and suggestion of refinement and spirituality.

"All I ask," gasped the hero of Trafalgar as he lay dying on the bloody deck of his flagship, "is that the world should think of my Emma with charity and understanding and pity."

If the one-armed shade of Lord Nelson (or do shades recover their

(Continued on page 92)







# A Christmas *Carroll*

Dyar

On the eve of the advent of Santa Claus to Hollywood, Nancy Carroll went entirely without sleep and—it hardly need be pointed out—quite as entirely without stockings



# What Happened to Hayakawa

## This Japanese Gentleman Reveals Why He Forsook The American Screen

By WINNIFRED EATON REEVE  
(ONOTO WATANNA)

**S**ESSUE Hayakawa. Once a name to conjure with in the motion picture world. Star of the first magnitude. His fame comparable to that of Valentino. His admirers legion. The star who opened the great Strand Theater in New York, and kept it packed for months.

One of the mysteries of Hollywood has been for four years why Sessue Hayakawa suddenly dropped out of pictures. What were the causes that led to his exit at the very peak of his popularity and fame? Why, literally overnight, did he close his magnificent residence, discharge all of his servants, except a couple of caretakers, and disappear from Hollywood?

A recent announcement in the newspapers gives forth the information that Hayakawa is about to return to the screen. His first picture is now in process of production.

Perhaps, thought I, Hayakawa will now speak. It may be he will want his host of friends and admirers to know the reason why he deserted the work he loved so well. With this thought in mind I called upon him. Almost the first question I put to him was:

"Why did you leave the movies?"

He looked somewhat startled by the direct question. He stared a moment, and then gazed off absently into space, as though turning the question over in his mind. After a moment, hesitantly and as if temporizing, he replied:

"Perhaps several reasons contributed. I did not like the stories I was required to play in."

He smiled slightly.

### Any Story at All

**T**HE last story was picked like the toss of a penny. I was given three stories to choose from. I do not like any of them. Still they insist I must choose one of these. So I say: 'Eenie, meenie, mynie, mo!' and put my finger on one. A story picked like that cannot be good. It is a gamble. Impossible to put the warm heart into it. I do not play well where is not my heart."

"Surely you did not drop out of pictures because of that?" I asked incredulously.

"Oh, no; oh, no!" said Hayakawa, hastily. "That was just one of many irritations."



Peyton

At the top, a portrait of Hayakawa as he is today; and below this, a glimpse of one of his greatest performances, in "The Cheat" with Fannie Ward

He thought a while, his face somewhat stern. Suddenly and almost roughly he spoke:

"I will tell you. I will tell you the true reason. It was something deep. It *strike* me inside!"

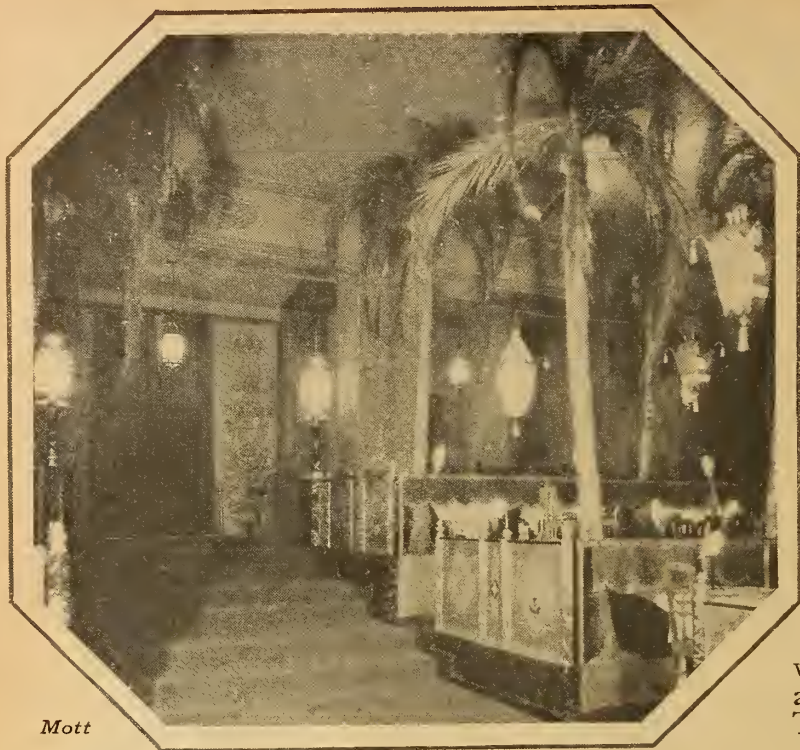
Hayakawa smote his chest hard. His dark eyes were smouldering now like black coals.

"It was something said to me that no true man should speak, and no true man can hear. Something that should not come out of the mouth. It was, you understand—not decent.

"I was associated with certain men in motion picture enterprise. They owe me \$90,000. I never ask for this money. I think there is plenty of time to pay. Perhaps it was that they think too much about this debt. They

(Continued on page 90)





Mott

# Where *the*

## Hollywood Restaurants Grazing

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

best food in town and also to attract a large patronage; a patronage made up of the last old-fashioned few who would rather have a perfectly done steak with Mr. and Mrs. Jones than a leathery one with Constance Talmadge. As a whole, the stars do not appreciate the excellence of the Musso-Frank cuisine, which is served in a modest setting that would not show them off to best advantage.

### THEY FALTER ON FISH-DAY

ONLY on one evening of the week do a few famous faces of the celluloid loom up there: on Fridays, when the famous Marseilles fish stew, the odoriferous and succulent *bouillabaisse*, is always the specialty. The tang of this superb dish, making itself known for yards up and down the Boulevard, breaks down the resistance of a few celebrities, who decide, just for this once, not to worry about changing into their evening finery and to let King Stomach have his way. Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, Otto Mattiesen and Walter Byron are among the most ardent consumers of the Musso-Frank Friday *bouillabaisse*.

A few doors from here is the well-known Montmartre Cafe, which is entered up a flight of stairs from the street, and is a fairly large place with a dance floor and tables grouped around. This is the chief star-gazing joint in town. Its principal occasion of the week is Wednesday lunch, when all the stars out of a job appear in their Sunday best, hoping to remind some director of their existence; and others come in with make-up on during the midday studio recess, because their press agents tell them to do so. On Wednesdays the place is so full that it is a madhouse; on other days of the week, when there is

EATING, that mellow old Spanish pastime, occupies a large amount of the movie stars' time, even as it does that of us low and vulgar mortals.

The inspiring spectacle of the great ones of the screen putting away their victuals is probably the most popular of all Hollywood's wonders among those denizens of the hinterland who come flocking westward.

The Hollywood *restaurateur* runs his establishment broadly on the principle that the more stars he attracts, the less trouble he need take over the food and service given to tourists, and the more he can charge them. Thus we get the peculiar situation of the worst food in town attracting the most people, who pay a great deal more for it than is charged for really good fare a few doors away.

One does not go to a cafe in Hollywood to eat; one goes to see, if one is a tourist; or to be seen, if one is a star. Whichever one may happen to be, this costs plenty of money and plenty of indigestion. However, as both classes consider it well worth it, let us not dwell on the point.

There are also, as with all well-regulated rules, exceptions. Notably the most estimable Cafe Grill of the Messrs. Musso and Frank, which happens to serve the



The formal and the informal in tropical motifs of interior decoration of institutions catering to interior content: at the top of the page, the Cocoanut Grove in the Hotel Ambassador; and, just above, the Zulu Hut. An outside view of the hotel appears at the right



Graham



# Famous Feed

## Offer Both and Gazing

nothing but the food to attract the eating public, it is generally half-empty.

It may safely be ventured that the average tourist is too occupied in looking at celebrities at the Montmartre to pay much attention to the meal, the service, and the size of the check. The lunch here consists of all the stuffed tomatoes, spaghetti, chicken a la king and cold meat that you can eat; but, on Wednesdays, try and get it! The tables are so close together that there is no room for the waiters to pass; and at the entrance a crowd of would-be star-gazers surges behind a rope, while Eddie Brandstatter, the Montmartre's owner, does what he can to keep them happy until there is a table vacant. Lunch costs \$1.10, and everything is extra. If you're lucky you can get out without going into your second \$5 bill for lunch for two.

### CHARLIE, PATRON OF CHOW

VERY few stars do not occasionally put in an appearance at the Montmartre. They also patronize it in the evening, when there is dancing and more room. One person you can always bank on seeing here is Tom Mix.

As familiar a figure at Henry's Cafe and Delicatessen as is Tom Mix at the Montmartre is Charlie Chaplin. Henry's is the second best place in Hollywood to see stars. It lies several blocks east of the Montmartre on Hollywood Boulevard. It is one of two places within easy reach that remain open all night, and is therefore crowded with members of the film colony between the hours of 11 P.M. and 3 A.M., when coffee and sandwiches are the principal orders.

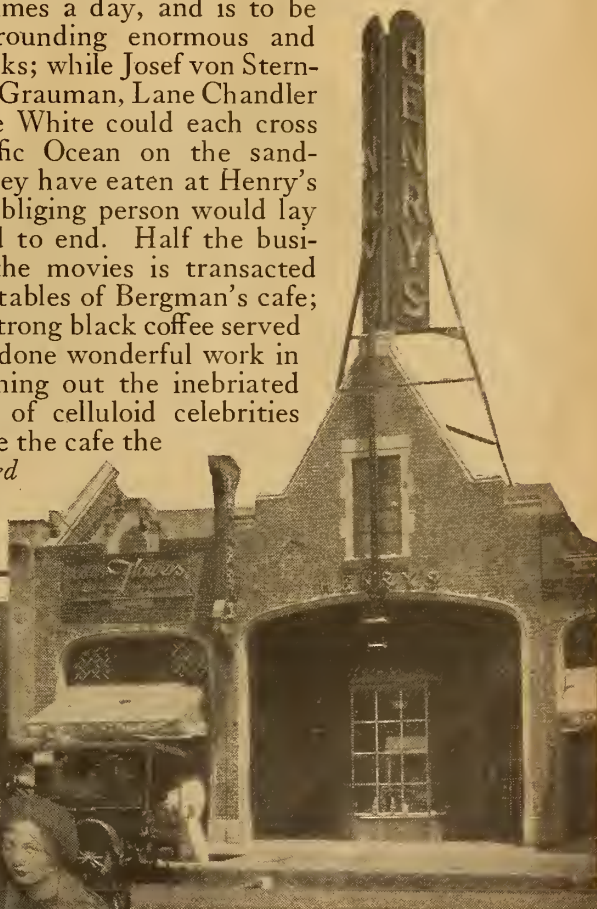
Henry's was started by Henry Bergman, an actor who has long been with Chaplin, and Chaplin financed it. Formerly a small delicatessen shop, it was moved a year ago to large premises. It is a riotous success; Chaplin now sits in pontifical majesty in the middle of the room



Two stars having luncheon in the favorite habitat of star-gazers: Lila Lee and Bebe Daniels at the Montmartre

munching a cheese on rye in the wee small hours each night, while Bergman, who has grown immensely fat on his profits, goes from table to table looking over the crop of celebrities. Victor McLaglen is in and out of Henry's several times a day, and is to be seen surrounding enormous and juicy steaks; while Josef von Sternberg, Sid Grauman, Lane Chandler and Alice White could each cross the Pacific Ocean on the sandwiches they have eaten at Henry's if some obliging person would lay them end to end. Half the business of the movies is transacted over the tables of Bergman's cafe; and the strong black coffee served here has done wonderful work in straightening out the inebriated footsteps of celluloid celebrities who make the cafe the

(Continued  
on page  
98)



So crowded is the Montmartre on occasions with luncheon parties such as that pictured at the left, that the stars frequently slip off to Henry's—above—where they may eat in a comparative privacy

Whittington



# In and Out

## Gossip of the



Carsey

Billie Dove at times has a purely scientific turn of mind. Her particular dish is to watch brain operations. But often she's warm hearted; here she is with a dog

**AT THE** fights the boxers are bicycling all about the ring and the audience is getting tired of it. Loud shouts of "Fight! Fight!"

Conrad Veidt, in the front row, rises and takes a bow.

### The Day of Democracy

**MARCELINE DAY** was explaining how some actresses might get high-hat from a little success, but not she. "Why, I don't feel that I'm any better than anyone else," she explained innocently. "Even now I *speak to all the extras on the set.*"

### Holly Would

**HOLLYWOOD** has a new game, "Make a sentence with analysis in it." "Has this gin been subjected to analysis?" "No, that isn't right. It's like this. Marceline Day is a star an'-Alice-is, too."

"Put celestial into a sentence?" "What a celestial day." "Naw, 'at ain't right. 's-last-'y'll see of me."

### Because Good-Lookers?

**"WOMEN,"** says Billie Haines sapiently, "are the Seeker Sex."

### Puns and Barks

**SHE** was one of those purring persons who, when half-way through an interview, simper coyly and query, "And what is your nickname?"

E. H. Griffith, the director, who had been holding up the scene for valuable minutes saw his chance. "A great many people call me Griff," he said, "but my closest friends just say 'Grrr-rr.'"



R. H. Louise

Having the dolliest time imaginable is Carmel Myers, above, and still a child at heart. When she's a little older she's going to be allowed to roll a hoop, too

A Lili transplanted most successfully from France to California is Mlle. Damita, at the right. The concomitant bee in the case is Ronald Colman





# of Focus

## Stars and Studios

### *Sneezy Come, Sneezy Go*

**S**IGN in the Casting Offices nowadays: "Applicants for Work in the Talking Motion Pictures Must Bring Doctor's Certificate that They Do Not Suffer from Hay Fever."

### *Was It in a Trey?*

**J**OHAN FARROW'S best friend came to see him at the studio the other day and asked for a loan of a hundred dollars. He said that he had lost all his money at a poker game the night before where so much refreshment had been served that he drew four cards to a slice of rye bread.

### *Water Difference!*

"**S**O you're the guy I got engaged to last night," said the pretty little extra in the beach-club scene. "How different you look in a bathing suit."

### *Dolores' Dollars*

**C**HOPS are fifteen cents apiece in a Hollywood Boulevard butcher shop. The butcher was groaning dismally over the prevalent Hard Times as he wrapped up my purchase. "Oy! oy! I'll go bankrupt if she doesn't come back from Europe soon," he was muttering. "If who doesn't come back?" I inquired. "Dolores del Rio," responded the meat magnate. "I charge her a dollar apiece for her chops, and she pays the bill without reading it."

### *Go No Father*

**T**HE famous moving picture star had had a disagreement with his little woman and was still saying things under



Such a boa! This is what life seems to be to Dolores Costello. But only because her rôle in "The Redeeming Sin" calls for an expression of insolent indifference



Autrey

Like matrimony, Lois Moran finds riding boots are more easily assumed than gotten out of. Which may be why she chooses not to run the risk of marrying

Resting on her forearm, for all that she might well—after her work in "Four Devils"—rest on her laurels: Janet Gaynor. And the ribbon is a blue one

Autrey





# All the Gossip of the

his breath when a friend dropped in. "What are you muttering about?" asked the friend. "Don't you know," said the little woman acidly, "that a man's best friend is his mutter?" (Well, really!)

## Three Losses

**HOLLYWOOD** has had a series of shocks this last week with the news of the death of several of its favorite players. Larry Semon succumbed to a nervous breakdown complicated with pneumonia; Arnold Kent was killed when an automobile struck him as he was crossing the street; and George Beban died as the result of a fall from his horse.

## Where Rudy Wanted to Die

**WHICH** somehow reminds me of Valentino's last words to me just before his final trip East: "Oh, America is all right to work in," said Rudie, "but I shan't die here. I've chosen the place where I shall end my days, a little hill town on the Riviera."

## Gilda Should Care

**A WRITER** for a health magazine was trying to make an appointment with Gilda Gray to get her ideas for an article on "How Famous Dancers Care for Their Feet." "Oh, she can't give you any pointers," said the publicity man. "She don't use her feet when she dances."

## Little but Loud

**DAVID LEE**, two-and-a-half, is the youngest talkie actor. In "The Singing Fool" he puts many a seasoned actor to shame by the

Came the yawn: at the top, Molly decides to call it O'Day and enjoy the good old slumber-time



H. D. Carsey



L. Brown

It is proof of her charm that Sue Carol—just above—can dress thus erratically and, with her horn-rimmed glasses on the tip of her nose, risk making a spectacle of herself

Putting their heads together upon the details of a scene: on the right, Marian Nixon and Eddie Quillan, both principals in the forthcoming film version of Booth Tarkington's story, "Geraldine"



E. B. Hesser



# Stars and Studios

clearness of his enunciation; and his radio voice is quite as good. "Come and see me at the Warner Brothers Theatre," he pipes. "I will make you laugh. I will make you cry."

## Common-Scents Precautions

**VERA GORDON** was taking off her wraps at a recent party. "Who's downstairs?" she inquired. "Is the hand-kissing gang here tonight?" Assured that there were many foreign actors present, she nodded resignedly. "I just wanted to make sure," said she as she went to the bureau, tilted a cologne bottle over first one hand, then the other, and went downstairs, waving them to dry them, prepared for all emergencies.

## Unlikely to Be Flat Broke

**NOW** that Warners has bought up First National the story is revived that the canny brothers built their Hollywood studio with plumbing connections ready to attach tubs and gas-cocks for kitchen ranges so that in case they failed as producers the building could be used as an apartment house. They're far-seeing boys, and they might have done it.

## Heart-to-Heart Stuff

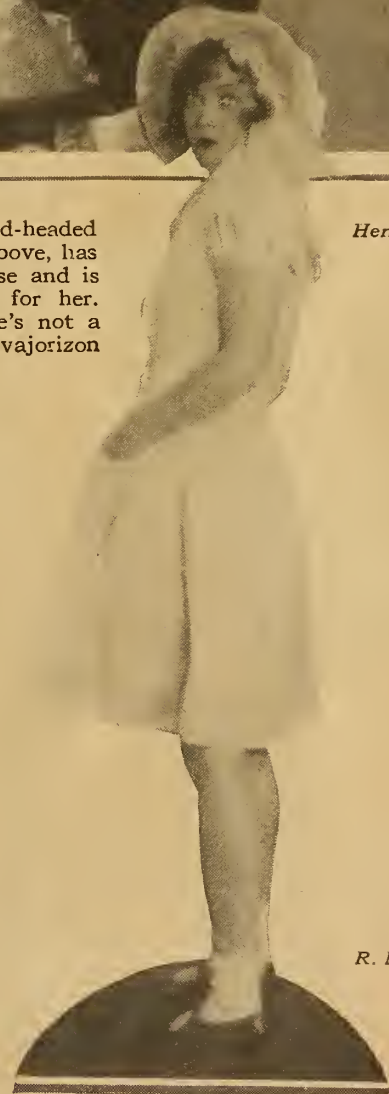
**HARRY COHN** is another shrewd producer. "I'm not so awfully educated," he said the other day, "and I don't let them put a word into a subtitle in one of my pictures that I don't understand myself. Now you can't tell me," said Harry, waving a knowing finger, "you can't tell me that many of the American people know what 'combustion' means, for instance!"

(Continued on page 99)



But where is the red-headed girl? Richard Dix, above, has found the white horse and is scanning the desert for her. But apparently there's not a Clara Bow on the Navajorizon

Hendrickson



R. H. Louise

"The Five O'Clock Girl" in a nine o'clock costume: Marion Davies. The picture is one derived from a New York musical success

They're in again—in the same picture together. John Gilbert and Greta Garbo do a little clandestine courting in "A Woman of Affairs"



# The Solomon of the Cinema

Stars Who Trust To  
The Wisdom Of  
Joseph Schenck  
Continue To Be Stars

By DOROTHY MANNERS

*Editor's Note:* This is the second of a series of articles on men who, unseen, direct and inspire the successes of stars of enduring fame. The first, entitled "The Star-Diggers," related to the discernment of Samuel Goldwyn in his choice of players. This, based on an interview with Joseph M. Schenck, has to do with the judgment of a man whose advice has kept the makers of an early success in the path of further—and greater—achievement.

A GROUP of newspaper men, magazine writers and movie stars were assembled in a large auditorium a couple of years ago for the purpose of discussing a Christmas magazine they were to edit for charity. Some one had the bright idea that it would be interesting to select Hollywood's most superlative people and run their pictures on a lay-out page. For instance, the prettiest girl and the handsomest man



Chidnoff

The genius of Joseph M. Schenck lies in assisting those who have arrived to keep their positions at the forefront. Above is Mr. Schenck, and, leading from his picture and in order, a few long and lately established stars who have profited from his counsel: Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Lupe Velez and Camilla Horn

and the best actress and the wittiest actor, and so on. I forget who won those titles, but I distinctly remember that the most popular man, unanimously agreed on by that group, was Joseph Schenck.

That was, as I say, a couple of years ago. I don't think there is any doubt but that Mr. Schenck is still the most popular man in Hollywood.

It isn't often that the most powerful and the most popular go hand-in-hand. Authority has always created its own envy and rebellion. Look at the Czar. Look at the Kaiser. Where are they now? Schenck, on the other hand, wields as much power in his own domain as those two unfortunates combined; and today he sits, not only the recognized head of the most influential affiliation of stars in the history of the movies, but as a prominent figure in civic and national activities.

## KINDLIEST OF GIANTS

I THINK he is the gentlest, kindest man with whom I have ever come in contact. And the most tolerant. Time after time it has been in his power to stamp out the careers and destinies of certain movie puppets. Other men, in the same position, would have availed themselves gladly of the opportunity. But Schenck has lived and let live. Perhaps his own bitter remembrances of the struggles of a young Jewish immigrant years and years ago has deepened his understanding of the follies and temperament of other people. It was Schenck who saw Roscoe Arbuckle through the great scandal that rocked

(Continued on page 96)







# *Hardshipmates*

Regardless of how skilful an actor he may be, you may be sure that in "Changeling" Milton Sills is called upon for a tremendous test of his powers of simulation. For no man, actually marooned on a desert island with Dorothy Mackaill, could have the least interest in being rescued



# The Little Colonel Carries On

The Glory That Was  
Henry Walthall's Shines  
Again in the Talkies

By GLADYS HALL

suspect It then. When he would appear, nameless and compelling, I would clutch whoever happened to be sitting next to me and shriek "There he is. That's the one I mean. That's my man." A mildly restraining "Is zat so?" would sometimes be my answer.

THE KID HIMSELF

ONE night, in a ferry house, I happened to be investing in a magazine. I turned and—there he was! Life moved like that in those days. Jerkily. Like the movies. He was there. In the flesh. Himself. I clutched the *Gent Who Puts Up With Me* and yodeled: "Look, look! See who's there! It's him!" My ungrammatical enthusiasm burst bounds and I was ushered aboard the whaler, heart too full for words and all that.

Looking back on that little scene of my youth, remembering, I can never be totally scornful of the famished faces and hungry eyes surrounding the Cafe Montmartre on Hollywood Boulevard, movie openings and other places and occasions where the Great of the Screen may exhibit. For on their faces I catch a reflected glimpse of another face, as eager, as shameless, in other years—my own. I can remember how they feel though many a Kleig light has ridden the heavens since a star caused my pulses to vary.

And back in those days, if anyone had ever told me that *Henry B. Walthall*—for it was he—would one day call for me in his car, at my home, to take me to luncheon, I would have laughed myself into a coma. Or sobbed over the sheer impossibility of such an eventuality.

But it did happen. Yesterday. Cheer up, Public, any day the Wheel of Fate may turn and you will find John Gilbert or Emil Jannings or Lon Chaney at your own back door.

(Continued on page 93)



Spurr

THIS is the saga of an old, a secret sorrow. More years ago than either of us would dare to say, I had a Movie Hero. A Secret Sorrow. My first and, let it be laid to loyalty, my last. A Very Secret Sorrow because, in those pre-publicity days, the names of players were not given out to their adoring publics. For the laudable reason that if names were known, competitive bids would be made and the prices of stars would shoot. Up.

Such being the case, fervid fan eyes fed only upon the shadowy profiles of their gelatin gods and nothing was known of names, addresses, private lives or any of the comforts we have in our homes today. If all this was before your time, read on anyway, it's history.

At any rate, this saga of an old and shadowy passion takes us back to the old Biograph days when D. W. Griffith was laboring in the vineyard with Our Mary, the sisters Gish, Blanche Sweet, James Kirkwood, Henry B. Walthall and others. Some dead and gone to glory. Some living and, Oh, Glory!

During these neolithic days before "The Birth of a Nation" or Jackie Coogan or the Valentino frenzy, I used to sit in a darkened theater and await the coveted shadow of a dark, tense man with It, though we didn't







*L. F. Nathan*

Although he is going to make his next picture a talkie, it goes without saying that audibility in Harold Lloyd's performances was never necessary to establish him as a sound success. He is here seen without the customary spectacles but in the customary company of his wife, Mildred Davis Lloyd, and their daughter, Gloria





# The Love-



She Began Kissing At Seven—  
She Loves Her Dog, But  
No Man

As  
Told By  
Lupe Velez  
to

RUTH BIERY

"I AM a flirt. I know it.  
"Whenever I see a man, there is some-  
thing in *here*," Lupe Velez pound-  
ed both fists on her breast,  
"which must make me winkle my  
eyes at him. I cannot help  
myself any more than you  
can help yourself from  
breathing.

"Sometimes I say I will  
never flirt again. I sit  
around. I grow sick. When  
I cannot flirt with some mens,  
I get a fever.

"But I am a good girl.  
People say many things  
which are not kind and which  
are not good about Lupe.  
Bah! I pay no attention. I  
know I am good, so I do not  
worry.

"You see, I do not take mens  
serious. They are not to be taken  
serious. Every week I change. If you  
take them serious, they think you are  
really in love. No mans likes to have  
womans take them serious.

"My first kiss!" Lupe  
laughed. Now to put the  
laugh of Lupe on paper is  
as impossible as for a man  
to put her heart in his  
pocket. Lupe—the effer-  
vescent, the volatile, the  
primitive Lupe. What  
words could ever describe  
her? What screen could  
ever truly reproduce her?

"Oh, for my first kiss  
you would have to go back  
to when I was seven. I  
used to sell my kisses for

pictures of the movie stars. The boy who could get me  
the most pictures of the womens who play in the  
pictures—for him I save all of my best  
kisses.

## KISSES FOR CASH

"ONCE in a while I give them little  
ones for candy and other things  
that they bring me. If my father ask  
where I get these things, I slip my  
hands in his coat and pull out pieces  
of money from his pockets.

"There," I say, "that is how I get  
them: by taking money out of your  
pockets."

"But that is all I have ever sell is  
my kisses. And kisses—bah, what do  
kisses matter?

"People sometimes say I am crazy.  
I like to be crazy. People like talk and  
I want to give them something to talk  
about. It makes them so happy. I like  
to be always happy, so why should I  
not help to make other people  
happy?

"The mens I have gone  
with in Hollywood?" An-  
other laugh, to be de-  
scribed only as the laugh of  
Lupe. "I have flirt, with the  
whole film colony. Why not?  
I am not serious. What  
harm is a little flirting?

"I flirt with my own  
father and my own brother.  
I dress my brother in a  
tuxedo and take him to the  
Ambassador, dancing. I  
hold his hands, winkle my  
eyes at him and people say,  
'Why don't Lupe Velez  
keep her affairs





# Life Story of Lupe Velez



Four of the men who have come into Lupe Velez's love-life story: across the top of the two pages, from left to right, Al Jolson, Charlie Chaplin, Nils Asther and Tom Mix. And below them, Lupe herself at the bottom of this page, in the dress she wore when, at the Wampas Ball, she was elected a Baby Star

to herself? Does she have to flirt all over the place?"

"It is *my own brother!* See how people talk. So what matter? I have never had a real affair. If some mens get crazy about me, I cannot help it. As long as I don't go crazy about them——"

"Only once was I really in love. It was for two years. Two years in love with one mans. He was a Mexican—a very rich mans. He was twenty-four. I was fifteen and a half. We were engaged to be married. But Mexicans are so jealous. I like much better American mens. They know how to play better. He did not want me to go on the stage. He did not want me to show my legs before peoples. I could not stand for anyone to interfere with my work. If a man do not love me, what does it matter? But if the public stop loving Lupe, I will die! I know it.

## THE OLDER THE BETTER

"I LIKE older mens best. About forty-five or forty-eight. They are much the most interesting persons. At first I run around with Ben Lyon. He's a cute kid. I like him but I no love him.

"And Nils Asther. He seems older because he is European. He has a fascination. But——" She shrugged her shoulders.

"And Victor Fleming! I like him because he is a devil with womens. But he is the kind of mans I would never get in serious with. I like him. But I am more than a devil than he is. That is why I never fall in love with him. He's on everybody's love-list!

"Of course, every time you go out with mens in Hollywood, they put it in newspapers. I go once with Charlie Chaplin. Just once—to the opening of 'Lilac Time.' They say we are going together. But I like Charlie. I love to listen to him. He has so many brains. He is—what you say?—a geen-i-oos. His talk teach me somethings. I like to be with mens whose brains teach me somethings. I want to learn things in this country. Of course, I flirt with him. I flirt with every mans, but that means nothing."

She stopped a moment. Another peal of long, unrestrained, *Lupe Velez* laughter. "The other day a mans calls me up. He want to see me. He is going away. But I say I do not know him. 'But you winkle your eyes at me at a party,' he tells me. 'But I winkle my eyes all the time at all the mens. What does that matter?' and I hang up the telephone on him.

"I like to make mens jealous. I go crazy if I cannot make them jealous. I buy pretty clothes because of the mens. If there wasn't any mens in the world, I wouldn't dress. What good would it do to spend all that money on pretty clothes if there were no mens to look at you?"

## MORE AS "MAMMY" THAN MANS

"I LOVE Al Jolson on the stage. I love his singing. When I see him in person, I think of him as I hear him when he sing 'Mammy.' Just twice I go out with him. To the Mayfair and to the Victor Hugo. He doesn't interest me in person because I can't remember he is a mans. I look at him and think only of how he sings 'Mammy.' Yet people (Continued on page 108)



Lynch





# And All To No *Aveil*

Salome (center, just above)  
Had little cause to grumble  
Until she offered John her love  
And failed to get a tumble

But when she did (below, at left)  
She sulked, in rancor stewing;  
She was of pity quite bereft;  
She plotted his undoing

In Sunday best (below, at right)  
She did her stuff before him;  
But John was calloused to the sight;  
It simply seemed to bore him





*R. H. Louise*

Gazing ever upward toward the light: Anita Page exemplifies the aspiration of the heart at Christmas which prompts throughout the world of men the thrilling and unselfish spirit of giving



# Will Wally Reid's Son

## Succeed Him?

If The Boy  
Does, It  
Will Be  
Contrary  
To His  
Mother's  
Hopes

By  
GLADYS HALL



White

When their home and their happiness were complete: Wallace Reid, with his wife and his son, Billy, just after they moved into what was to be Wally's last residence in Hollywood

**I**S there to be another Wallace Reid? That is the question.

And if there is, who is better entitled to fill that beloved vacant place than Wally's only son, Bill, the small replica of his father in the flesh, like his father in many ways, unlike him in others.

It is a delicate, dangerous, difficult thing to be the mother of Wally's son. To know just what to do. What attitude to take. What to teach the boy about his father. In what clear, honest, impartial light to present him to the small boy who asks innumerable questions about him: "Tell me, Mother, what was he like? How did he talk? What did he like to do? What would he want me to do in such and such a situation?"

These are the questions Dorothy Davenport Reid has to ponder and answer day after day, year after year. Easy enough to sketch that world-beloved portrait with a tender, sentimental hand. Filling in the soft-focused background with the love of millions, the grief of millions, the vast generosities, the broken idealism, the dramatic dreams, the hurt and heart.

Difficult to shade the story as finely as it should be shaded. Difficult to give the boy his father as a very human being broken on the wheel of his most endearing qualities. Difficult to explain that dreams are not always best, that the love of millions can break a man as well as make him, that idealism and flattery can lead to degradation, that prowess of body is not always pride of spirit.

CECIL WAS NOT SANTA

**P**ERHAPS when young Bill is older and his horizon wider, his mother will tell him something of what she

told me the other day. She has a knowledge of what wrecked Wally; a knowledge founded on scientific study and a grasp of biology. She has spent the last several years in an endeavor to cure drug addicts. She has found a man with a cure and has spent time and money in an effort

to put it over. She knows that Wally died of a disease. That it may have been induced by the superficial attributes of his life is only the superficial aspect of the matter, not the core and kernel. She will tell Bill these facts.

She will tell him, too, how his father's heart was broken, time and time again, when he discovered that his gods had feet of clay. To him, all men were gods, incapable of sin or stain, and his first step down into disillusionment came when he saw the reverse side of the ledger of life. She may even think it worth while to tell Bill of his father's first great idolatry of Cecil de Mille. His firm belief that "the king can do no wrong." His bewildered hurt when the first Christmas came along and there was not so much as a word for him from his idol. His muted voice when he said to her, "He might have remembered to send me a card." That would be Wally. Sentiment. And Christmas is the time for sentiment. He was like a child, believing in Santa Claus and finding, in the gray light of morning, his stocking unfilled.

Wally was like that. He wanted to give with his arms wide-spread, his heart on his sleeve, love and light and laughter in his eyes. He did give. The world gave back. But there was a flaw in the giving, and Wally's philosophy could not admit of flaws. And so he took to the Lethean waters that spelled oblivion for him.

(Continued on page 86)





Richee

# *China wear*

It is one of Clara Bow's ambitions to play some day the role of a Chinese girl; it is, one may say, her Mongol in life. And so she has dressed herself up in Far Eastern attire to show those who direct her destinies how well she would look. Quite as well, we believe, against this Oriental screen as upon the Occidental



# Etiquette



for

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

**R**EALLY, it's got me all pink and panting. Me, who was going to have a permanent tomorrow. And maybe a manicure.

I wish Mrs. Emily Post would do something about it. Or that Mr. Godey was alive. He who wrote Godey's Lady Book.

Here I am giving a dinner party next week for the Prime Minister of Venezuela—or was it Archipelago? Or is there a country called Archipelago? Maybe I'm thinking of Buenos Aires. But he is a Prime Minister, or maybe it was a Duke. Anyway, he has letters to Mr. Lasky and Mr. Thalberg, so he must be *bona fide*. And isn't it nice to be able to chatter French?

But here I am all ready to give a dinner for the Archbishop of Mazatlan, or whoever he is, and here I have all this worry.

I wish Mrs. Post would write a book solely for Hollywood and call it "Etiquette for Ex's."

Better still, I wish Madame Glyn was in town instead of Washington, D. C. She at least would know how to handle this delicate situation.

How do I know which one to invite? Should I ask Mrs. Humpeldinck, the First, if I'm going to ask Mr. Humpeldinck and Mrs. Humpeldinck, the Third. I never did like Mrs. Humpeldinck, the Second, since she came to the bridge tea with a copy of the hat that Celeste had sold me as exclusive, so that settles that problem.

PAGE MRS. POST

**A**ND if I ask Mr. Gary Cooper and Miss Evelyn Brent, should I ask Mr. Bernie Fineman, because he was once Miss Brent's husband. And besides, he might bring blonde Miss Greta Nissen, proving that he's a gentleman, and that might complicate matters.

And I understand that Charles Chaplin and his former helpmeet, Lita Grey Chaplin, don't even indulge in nods when they meet, so really should they sit at the same table? Of course, with Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy things are different, because Leatrice would probably say to the gentleman on her left "Isn't Jack

a fine actor?" And Jack would probably whisper to Greta Garbo, whom he had squired, "There's a splendid woman," not pointing a finger or a thumb, of course, because Mrs. Post or not, we all know *that's* not done.

But if I ask Edwin Carewe and Dolores del Rio, I can't invite Mary Akin Carewe. That simply wouldn't be politic. But if I don't invite Mary Akin Carewe, who is really one of our local charmers, at least a dozen gentlemen—one at a time, of course—will get me behind a palm and ask, tearfully, why she wasn't included.

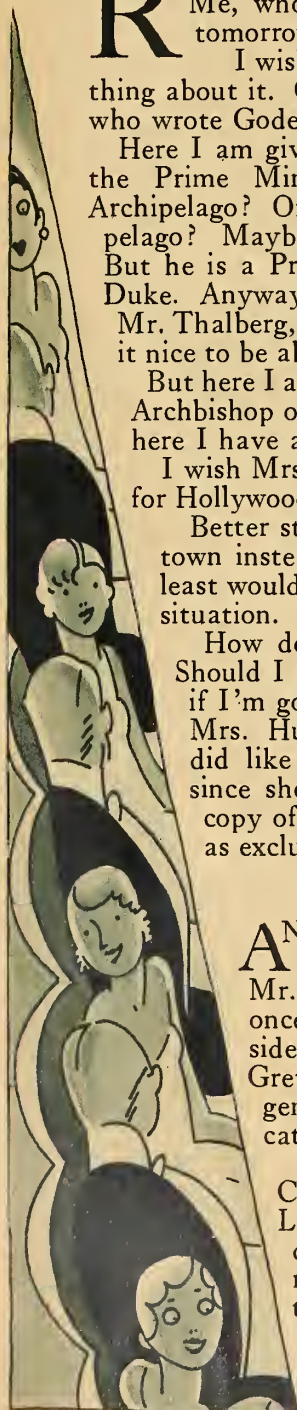
With Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan it is different, now that they have tossed the bone they were picking to their Cairn terriers and are enjoying a second honeymoon. But, gosh, I don't know what to do about Mr. and Mrs. Robert Z. Leonard if the Prelate from Peru asks to meet Prince David M'Divani and Princess May and the baby. Of course, I'm safe in inviting Marian Nixon and Ben Lyon, and Bebe Daniels and Jack Pickford, because even when the Marilyn Miller-Ben Lyon romance was at its height, Jack, once consort to Marilyn, was very friendly with Ben, even to the point of chatting on the beach and occasionally playing a little squash at the club.

THE VEIDTS ARE INVITABLE

**A**ND, my dear, draw your chair a little closer! In Paris the three of them had the whole town talking at the way they used to do the supper clubs together.

I'm a little puzzled about asking Louise Brooks and Eddie Sutherland, now that they have abandoned the mutual abode. And I'd not think of asking Margery Daw Sutherland to the same party. There are times when a hostess does need tact. But it is with perfect equanimity that I put Virginia Valli's place card opposite that of Demmy Lamson. A girl who retains her former husband as manager is not likely to blush over the bouillon when she sees him sitting opposite her.

And I would not have the slightest qualms about including Mr. and Mrs. Emil Jannings and Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Veidt, although over in the old country Mrs. Emil Jannings was Mrs. Conrad Veidt until she divorced one distinguished German actor and married another. Besides they are always sharing the swimming pool and dinners, and when the Janningses arrived in Hollywood, the first persons to greet them at the station, after the theater ushers had paraded, the news photographers had been appeased and the bouquet of purple dahlias or something presented, were Mrs. Jannings' former hus-







# EX'S

## Expert Advice on Hollywood's Marital Tangles



band with his present wife. Her name is Mrs. Veidt.

About the Vidors, I am not so sure. Should I ask Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor—she was Eleanor Boardman, and still is, for that matter—if I am going to ask Florence Vidor and Jascha Heifetz.

I mean, a hostess can't be too careful about such things if she's going to have a really successful party, although, goodness knows, the piano will never be the same since that Western actor showed us how he conquered broncos—or was it bronchitis?

### SHIRLEY THERE'S SOME MISTAKE

**I** THOUGHT I would telephone Estelle Taylor, who knows all about giving successful parties, and get her advice on my dinner for the Maharajah of Singapore.

"I love you, Shirley. Let's get hitched."

I mean, that's the masculine voice that came to me over the 'phone. At first I thought I had the wrong number, again, with all the telephone operators busy putting personality into their voices now that talkies, like poor relations, are to be with us always. I knew the only feminine names at the Dempsey menage were Estelle, Frances, her niece Helen, the hairdresser; and Martha, the cook.

Then Bruno, the butler, interrupted with:

"Hyperbole 5 2 2 9," which is their telephone number, and I discovered later that it was Jack rehearsing for his emotional scene in "The Big Fight," the Belasco play in which they are starring.

Well, after Estelle had told me to let my conscience be my guide and to invite those "ex's" of whom I was most fond, and that the young romantic leading man was not really caressing his ex-wife's hands in the alcove at Louise Fazenda's tea, he was holding them so she couldn't scratch his eyes out, I called Betty Compson at Flintridge, because I happened to find another slug under Junior's bed.

"Oh you'll find Hollywood quite civilized about such matters," said Betty. "It is not the least provincial. Of course at a dinner you must be more selective than at a large gathering like a tea. At a tea, nine chances out of ten, the ex's will not even meet. More than likely the woman will be engulfed on the veranda by a group of admirers, and the other half of the eternal dissent will be marooned at the bar."

### FRIENDLY WITH HER FAMILIES

**N**OW with our family, it is different. We are all the best of friends."

James Cruze, her husband, was once bound to Marguerite Snow, who is now married to Neely Edwards, who played a very good rôle in "Excess Baggage," which Mr. Cruze directed. And after you have that all figured out, remember there is little Julie, a daughter by his first marriage.

"Peggy Snow and I could not very well be unfriendly with Julie spending so much time with us at Flintridge," said Betty. "And Jim and Peggy are still friendly, although I believe the only thing they entirely agree upon is our friendship."

So now I don't have to be afraid to invite the Cruzes and the Neely Edwardses to meet the Member of Parliament or whatever he is.

Well, just then Lilyan Tashman called to tell me that her canary bird was engaged, and I asked her what she did when she was in a dilemma like mine. I mean, it's nice to know what word to use now and then.

"Oh, my dear!" Lilyan chatted in her husky voice. "You must know that we are not living in the Dark Ages."

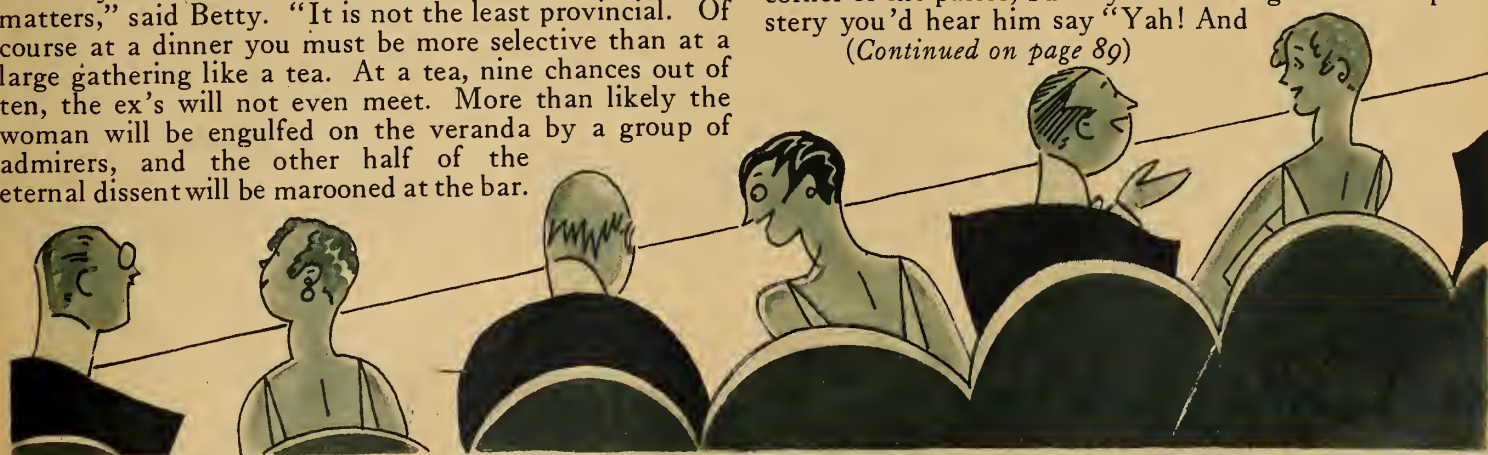
But Lilyan didn't know that I knew she had just recovered from an acute attack of sunburn and was now as brown as any Harlem author.

"Invite the ex's, but be sure that those you have invited are on speaking terms."

### ROWDY REMINISCENCE

**T**HAT, too, is a problem. How do you know that? They may look as if everything was nectar and nectarines when they are sitting on the love-seat in the corner of the parlor, but if you were a figure in the upholstery you'd hear him say "Yah! And

(Continued on page 89)







Ball

## *Two High-Lights in Her Life*

The one, the tall candle itself; the other, the occasion of lighting it, for this was for Pauline Starke the symbol of her first occupancy of the kind of home she had always dreamed of having and which, only a few weeks before this Christmas, she came actually to have





Richee

Carsey

Apeda

# What's Happened to the Whoopee Sisters?

Clara and Alice and Joan Have Dropped from  
the Front Page to the Household Hints

**S**OMETHING ought to be done about it before it is too late. The first thing we know Hollywood will be so respectable Will Hays will be out of a job defending our good name. And the tourists will drop off. And everything.

I tried to ignore it at first. I tried to pretend that parties were as zippy as ever, and night clubs as hilarious. I tried to kid myself that there was just as much temperament on studio sets as there was when Mae Murray made "The Merry Widow" with von Stroheim. But I don't know. I'm getting discouraged. No two ways about it, Hollywood's whoopee girls aren't whooping it up any more. Things aren't what they used to be. Gone are the good old days.

Try to find Joan Crawford in a dancing contest now. And give yourself plenty of time. Heads I win—tails you lose. And there was a time when Joan and her hey-hey feet were to Hollywood what Texas Guinan is to New York. Mrs. Crawford's little girl was the reigning cutie of the hour. The idol of the cash customers. Eddie Brandstatter's main attraction at the Montmartre in an unofficial sort of way.

*Black Bottom! Black Bottom!—*

*They're all do-ing*

*The Black Bottom!*

But nobody did it like Joan. Not by a couple of hey-heys. Somehow Joan could stamp her French heels a little harder and toss her bob a little shaggier. How her spangled dresses glistened. How white her teeth flashed.

*Clap hands! There was Joan. Hit it up, baby. Hey-foot. Straw-foot. Get hot. Mammy!*

That girl could go. Even the spotlight quivered. Never

By DOROTHY MANNERS

a dancing contest that she failed to win. Never a Wednesday noon that she failed to make the Montmartre luncheon in a new and elaborate costume, even though she had to drive like a bat out of Culver City to make it there and back to work in an hour.

NOT JAZZ SHE ONCE WAS

**E**VERYBODY called her by her first name. And she called people various things according to her mood. She'd fold her soft, crimson lips over whisperable stories and laugh loudly. A little too loudly. Sure, she owed a lot of money—but, whoopee, let 'em try and get it. Not until she was darn good and ready to pay it. Throw a party instead. Call up all the kids, all the little flappery kids, and tell 'em Joan was giving a party next Saturday.

But that was then. And this is now. Things are different. Somehow or other you don't run into Joan much any more. In the last six months she has become almost as secluded as Greta Garbo. Hollywood hears that Joan's whoopee days are behind her. There are whisperings of a radical change in the jazz lady. They say it is love. Certainly she and young Doug Fairbanks, Jr., have found an ideal and happy companionship in one another. They are seen arm-in-arm strolling across the studio lots, or shoulder to shoulder at a play or a picture show. It's wonderful. It's grand. But, alas, for the good old times when Joan was a splash of jade green in Hollywood's colors.

And take Alice White. You used to be able to take Alice almost anywhere at any time. She was never too busy or too tired for a little round of the cafes or to meet a new boy-friend or what have you? Alice's telephone number

(Continued on page 115)





# Black For

To those who are fond of blondes  
this page is devoted exclusively.  
In the upper corner, at the left,  
is Ruth Taylor, complete with  
lilies; on the right of her is  
Nancy Carroll; and below is  
Esther Ralston





# Grounds Beauty

No, the girl directly above is not Alice Joyce; it's Mary Brian. Nor should you think the one with the bird is Billie Dove, for it's really Louise Brooks. And the one gazing into the mirror through closed eyes is Fay Wray

*All photos by Richee*





*Dyar*

A leisure to look at: Fay Wray at her ease in a great rattan chair of East Indian design—characteristic of the decorative scheme of the furnishings in the loggia of her new home in Hollywood



# The Fangs of Fame

Success Has Brought  
Fay Wray Everything  
From Fake Bills  
To Death-Threats

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

**F**IVE minutes after Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders were married in the village church in a tiny Maryland town, the still-camera man for the company in which Fay was playing snapped them kissing each other on the church steps.

"You hardly know *what* you're doing," says Fay tremulously, "at a time like that."

Romance blossoms now and then under purple Kleig lights as well as under spring moonlight. Fay and John had kept their romance secret. They thought, innocently, that it was their affair and no one else's. But the next morning there they were, kissing before the eyes of the whole world on the pages of newspapers from New York to California.

If they had been just a good looking, clever young man and a pretty girl, their marriage would have received a two-line notice in the Births, Deaths and Weddings column. But because in addition they happened to be a well-known writer and a movie actress, their first married kiss, the most wonderful moment of their lives, was made public property to be stared at between the details of the latest murder and the stock market reports over half a million breakfast tables.

The public feels that it has made its favorites and therefore has a right to their lives, their thoughts, their rules for keeping thin, and their most sacred emotions. And so Fay Wray's honeymoon was a succession of telephone calls, news photographers, staring eyes and writers from the newspapers anxious to get for a waiting world the full details of their meeting, wooing, wedding.

"The reporters were quite all right—really very decent



Chidnoff



Richee

fellows," says Fay's husband, "still—it wasn't quite what you plan for a honeymoon."

John Monk Saunders is a surprised young man, these days. He has been in the public eye longer than Fay. His magazine stories had brought him a modest degree of celebrity even before he came to Hollywood to write "Wings." He has written five hundred personality stories about famous people and he has been interviewed a number of times. But it is only since he became a movie husband that he has realized exactly what fame means to those who win it by way of the screen. No one, he says ruefully, ever asks writers or senators, or aviators or visiting nobility the intimate personal questions that interviewers unabashedly put to movie players—and expect them to answer. No one, for instance, thinks of asking a novelist whether he loves his wife, dyes his hair, or believes in hell. No one would venture to inquire of a prominent wild game hunter whether he is overweight, why his first wife divorced him, and what he eats for breakfast.

Publicity for a picture star, he and Fay have discovered,  
(Continued on page 88)



# The PICTURE

BY OUR BOARD



NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER

IT seems to be the style now for a picture to end with the hero facing a long prison term, and the little woman—already none too young—bravely looking ahead through the years to the day when they can begin again with a clean slate and a few gray hairs. It is for this that the cast of "Ned McCobb's Daughter" goes through reels of anguish. The plot is designed to show that even bootleggers may have hearts of gold. The big moment of suspense is when they hide the corpse under a pile of apples, and the healthy detective starts eating his way through. It is a mediocre version of the fine stage play, with Irene Rich miscast as the bold and strong country woman. She needs sterner direction than this. Robert Armstrong, looking very spruce, is the good bootlegger. George Barraud is the bad one. And Theodore Roberts and Carol Lombard are also included in the cast.



BEGGARS OF LIFE

A NICE little picture that is both amusing and touching has been made from Jim Tully's story. It concerns a girl who murders a man in self defense and escapes, in boy's clothes, with a young hobo she picks up. The story is simply the events of their journey into safe territory, and the awakening of their love. There are some colorful and exciting scenes of hoboes in their "jungle," and in a box car. I don't know about hoboes, but it all seemed very real to me. Nobody knows why the boy is a tramp or where he got his fine instincts, but it doesn't really matter very much. He is played with great sincerity by Richard Arlen. Louise Brooks is cute in her little trousers, and not so cute in the final feminine sun-bonnet. Wallace Beery, just recently delivered from many successful comedies, is excellent. This is rough, romantic, tender, dramatic, and very good indeed.



THE LOVES OF CASANOVA

LONG and frequent captions interrupt the amours of this historical seventeenth century philanderer, played by Ivan Mosjoukine whom Americans remember as Ivan Moskine. This is no criticism, for the captions, witty, cynical, epigrammatic, are more amusing than the amours. "I concealed my poverty by the simple method of living in luxury," the hero begins his narrative and continues to tell the story in the first person through the picture. Backgrounds of a water carnival in Venice and winter scenes at the Court of Catherine in Russia make a romantic setting for this somewhat stodgy Russian Barrymore who boasts that "all the ladies are much taken by his form." There are gorgeous costumes, pretty women, gallant gestures and the best grade of imported kisses in the picture, everything, in fact, except a plot. One smiles at the captions, admires the beauty of the scenes—and sighs for the lost beauty of Valentino.



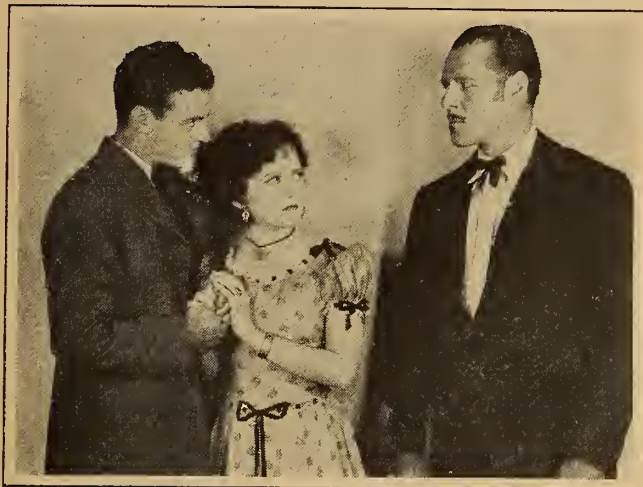
THE KING OF RODEO—UNIVERSAL

IT seems that the old man wanted Hoot Gibson to return to collitch but Hoot had other ideas, among them being to enter a bronc riding contest. So dad showed him the door and a stern face and Hoot and his faithful ole hoss leave for Chicago where Tex Austin is staging a rodeo. En route he has met a millionaire and the inevitable pretty daughter, who shares the final close-up with the genial star. But not before Hoot captures a thief absconding with the rodeo funds. Just another western with exciting rodeo scenes and some pleasant comedy. Hoot is nice and slim once more and a newcomer, Kathryn Crawford, is attractive even if no Duse. The rest of the cast is adequate. Worth an evening if you bring the boy or girl friend along to hold hands with. There is the usual fancy riding, with extra trimmings due to the rodeo affair, and some very effective western backgrounds.



# PARADISE

OF CRITICS



AVALANCHE

IF you simply must have your Zane Grey in strong, straight, unadulterated doses, you'll probably be able to stomach "Avalanche." Not only is the story the too utterly usual tosh, but the screen version is poorly directed, poorly enacted, poorly cast, poorly photographed, poorly edited and poorly titled.

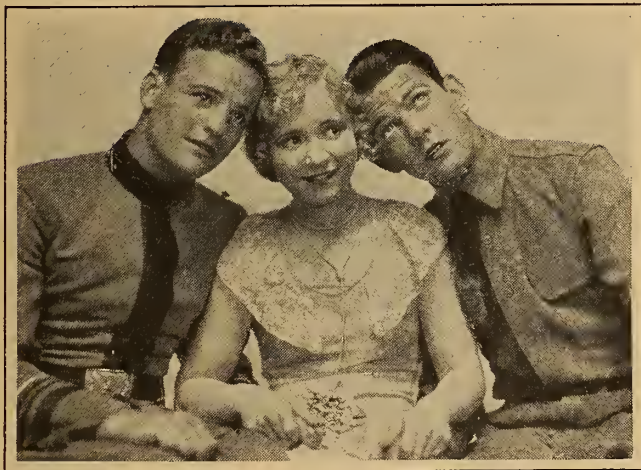
It is one of those things where a dance-hall gal and a gambler find regeneration, or something, in love. Interwoven in this well-worn fabric is the kid brother for whom the card-sharp makes sacrifices, and who is vamped by the barroom danseuse who is threatened with the loss of her lover when the kid comes back from college.

Jack Holt is the lad who deals 'em off the bottom of the deck in a clumsy close-up. Baclanova, the gorgeous Russian, is criminally miscast as a honky-tonk siren, and photographed in a manner to ruin any fan following she may have developed.



SHADY LADY

"SHADY LADY" is well cast, well directed and well played. This drama of the half-world is nicely above the average of first-class program attractions, but it misses being in the special class because of story weakness which causes a bad let-down in what should have been a swift and smashing climatic sequence. The tale is a thriller involving rum and rum-runners, a newspaper kid, a debonair adventurer in things outside the law, a very desperate villain, and a shady lady who ranks with the most fascinating among her sisterhood. Director Edward H. Griffith has painted his canvas in as vivid colors as the story pigments would permit, and seasoned troupers such as Phyllis Haver, Robert Armstrong and Louis Wolheim play every part to the hilt. In such a cast Russell Gleason, son of Lucille Webster and James Gleason, makes his cinema debut as the cub reporter, and holds his own with the best of them.



PEP AND PREP

AND now they've decided to glorify the prep-military academy. Sort of a sequel to "The High School Hero" only done in uniform to honor the kids whose dads pay more than taxes for their education. Director David Butler made both. In this, he has the colorful Culver Military Academy in Indiana for his background, Nancy Drexel to motivate puppy love competition and David Rollins as athletic cup-winner. All three are equally effective. There's the school cut-up, the school blackguard who turns from yellow to white in the end of the story—in fact, all of the requisites for a clever, light school comedy. You'll get a lot of low chuckles. A spectacular horseback riding competition replaces the usual basketball game and track takes the place of football. Young and old will get a mild kick out of seeing this picture. It's diverting and pleasant, but we hope they don't do it too often.



GERALDINE

JUST once more the movies are asking us to accept an obviously attractive girl as an ugly duckling merely because she is equipped with large, round glasses. Eddie Quillan drops in and in the astonishingly short period of two weeks transforms Marian Nixon into a ravishing creature by persuading her to abandon the glasses and wear knee-length dresses. We are even asked to take seriously Marian's remark that she "didn't have to wear glasses but thought they were attractive." The transformation complete, even her best friends don't know Marian and she goes flaming youth in a night-club and ends up in jail. If we didn't know that Pathe thought this was a good story, we might applaud them for making a pretty good job out of impossible material. As it is, we pass gracefully from the subject of the production and merely pause to note that Eddie Quillan has a nice, easy manner.



# Current Pictures



WEST OF ZANZIBAR

**L**ON CHANEY is back at his old gruesome habits. This time he's a thing that crawls, dragging himself around on the palms of his hands with his useless legs behind him. And very convincing, too. He is known as "Dead Legs," a fiend incarnate, and bald-headed into the bargain. He devotes his life to the pursuit of revenge, only to find that his diabolical schemes result in his own destruction. This is mad, weird, grotesque, and completely nutty melodrama. You will get lots of laughs out of it, and I think it's far more entertaining than some of the Lon Chaney pictures that make sense. It takes place in a dismal swamp, in the thick of a studio jungle, and it's full of drunkards, cripples, savages, fire-eaters, and other innocent delights. Lon Chaney is ably aided by Lionel Barrymore and Warner Baxter. But the thing that makes it really worth seeing is the blonde and beautiful Mary Nolan, who looks very fair indeed against the mud and slime of Zanzibar. The plot is "The Shanghai Gesture" with slight alterations.



THE RIVER WOMAN

**T**HE treacherous Mississippi river constitutes the menace of this drama. At first I thought it was going to be Lionel Barrymore—just from force of habit—but he turned out to be the hero after all. It's the story of a beautiful woman, and two men whose temperatures rise indoors while the river is rising outside. Jacqueline Logan is a hostess in Lionel's waterfront dive, and Charles Delaney is the piano player. They all have to move up to the second floor when the water invades the first, and in these close quarters the situation naturally becomes rather strained. Jacqueline Logan is so beautiful and so endowed with sex appeal, Charles Delaney is so winning, and Lionel Barrymore so intriguing that you may find the picture interesting. It achieves quite a good sombre effect, ominous and strained. Lionel Barrymore enjoys the luxury of a sacrifice ending, everybody does his best, and it's just a matter of taste whether you like this sort of thing or not. But you ought to be able to tell from the plot exactly what it will be.



THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND

**M**ARK this down as one which must be seen by you and your sisters and your cousins and your aunts. The photodrama is a real cinematic accomplishment. There is an excellent story, capably adapted from the old Jules Verne thriller, and masterfully directed by Lucien Hubbard. There is plenty of fine acting contributed by such maestros of the art as Lionel Barrymore, Montague Love, portraying two opposing forces . . . young affection appealingly offered by Lloyd Hughes and Jacqueline Gadsden . . . comedy by Snitz Edwards and Harry Gribbon . . . a thousand thrills and a thousand more gripping surprises. And just to top it all off, some of the best color photography recently proffered.

The most unusual portions of the picture are naturally those depicting the events taking place in an under-sea city peopled by strange creatures never before beheld by the eyes of man. So skilfully have real underwater shots been merged with those accomplished through studio wizardry, that there is never a let-down in the illusion. In case you have forgotten Jules Verne's tale, it treats of a sub-sea boat created in his imagination long before the advent of submarines. A noble of an oppressed land invents it in the hope of freeing his people.

"The Mysterious Island" is a *terra incognita* well worth exploring.



SINS OF THE FATHERS

**T**HE sound of a hundred noses being blown testified immediately and surely to the effectiveness of the latest Jannings. The versatile and brilliant Emil has no particularly novel situations to help him here, but he gets 'em sniveling just the same. The picture starts out to be a repeat on "The Way of All Flesh," with ZaSu Pitts making a superb effort to give some point to the part of the harassed wife who dies of shock when she sees her husband in the arms of the gold-digger (Ruth Chatterton). Sorry as we are to see ZaSu out of the way, it is from here that the picture really starts. The real meat is served when Jannings, as a big Broadway bootlegger, is responsible for the blinding of his own son through liquor made by himself. One delicious comedy scene between Emil, in his intimate unmentionables, and Ruth Chatterton, in her teddies, and several dramatic moments between the star and Barry Norton as his son, make this a more than worthwhile show. Even if you don't like the story and characterizations, which have many weak points, you can't afford to miss Emil in his aforementioned unmentionables. Jack Luden manages to score in a small character bit, and Barry Norton proves he's the most intelligent and mature of the screen's younger players by nearly acting Jannings off the screen. Altogether, we advise you not to pass up this picture.



# In Review



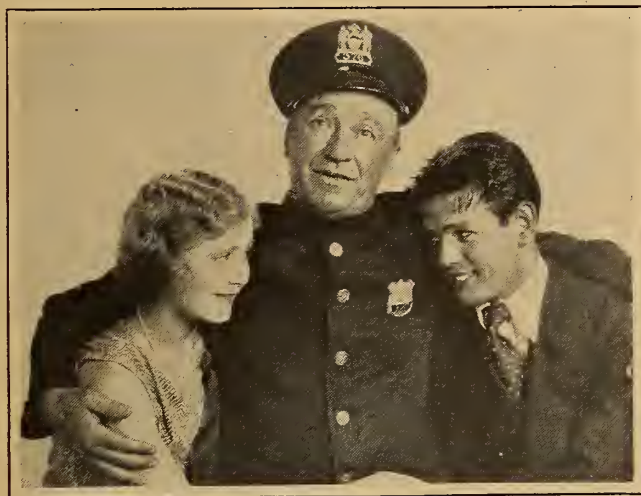
**BLINDFOLDED**

**M**R. FOX offers a new crook drama with suspense enough to keep you on the edge of your chair; and a large and costly bouquet goes to Charles Klein, whose first picture this is, for showing us that the camera, when properly handled, can be 100% effective without the aid of talking and noise. Another one is due to Lois Moran, who steps out of her characteristic pallid purity and delivers the most believable performance of an amnesia victim yet seen on the screen. Incidentally, Lois also steps out in her lost memory sequences with a make-up, coiffure and costume that will make seekers after "It" sit up and take notice. Let's hope Lois forgets herself more often from now on. This story of the trailing of a gang of jewel thieves by Policeman George O'Brien has much of the excitement of "The Unholy Three," thanks to the splendid direction of Klein, who learned camera manipulation with the UFA chappies. It's a picture that doesn't pretend to be a super-special but is fine entertainment for the entire family.



**OUTCAST**

**I**N WHICH Edmund Lowe is Corinne Griffith's man—and he done her wrong. With Corinne as a lady of the streets, Edmund Lowe as a gentleman who puts her in an apartment and keeps the latchkey, and Kathryn Carver as a society dame who cheats on her rich husband, this offering makes a bid for originality in the direction of fewer and worse morals. Following the Michael Arlen tradition, however, everyone is so deucedly decent about their misbehavior that the picture stacks up as a mild and inoffensive little thing. Lowe insists on "doing the right thing, by Jove" when he gives his mistress the air, and leaves a check for \$5,000. Miss Carver, however, the married lady for whom he leaves Corinne, shocks and pains him by refusing to go away with him to South America and "be open about our love"; leaving the jolly decent Edmund no other course than to return to the wide open and highly affectionate Miss Griffith. When Hubert Henry Davies wrote the play, it made our grandmothers' bustles bristle, but nowadays it is good for a few yawns.



**RILEY THE COP**

**Y**OU might have known it from the title. You don't expect subtle humor, suspense, well-drawn plot or fine characterization from a picture with such a name. You emphatically don't get them. On the other hand, you do expect a lot of loud laughs, an easy and sentimental tear or two, a scene where the hero mislays his pants, and some amusing intoxication-gags. And you won't be disappointed here, you'll get all of them.

J. Farrell McDonald plays the warm-hearted cop who is sent to Europe to bring back a youngster—Dave Rollins—suspected of embezzling, and gets himself so mixed up with steins and frauleins that his conscientious prisoner has a dreadful time getting his captor home. The scene where Louise Fazenda, in a tow wig, and McDonald compete in making up faces is worth the price of admission—provided you don't sit in loge seats. Young Rollins, in spite of some odd mannerisms, has a taking smile and dimples. Nancy Drexel is the girl.

This picture will surely appeal to a lot of people who like to have sobs and smiles on their program. It's clean stuff and full of fun, and pulls the heartstrings nicely. McDonald can always be counted on for the funny business, and a cop's uniform offers many possibilities. You can safely take Father or the children to see it.



**THE SPIELER**

**B**EWARE of pickpockets! Such might be called the moral of this little carnival opera. The spielers, the hot dog men, the "three chances for a ham or a bacon" operators are all in on the crooked side of the carnival business, according to this picture. Even Alan Hale, the hero, is dodging nights-off in the jug until Renee Adoree, the honest show-owner, reforms him. Of course, love does it. And when Renee Adoree provides the love interest, you know there's much that's good in the picture. Not strikingly original. Yet Director Tay Garnett has managed to give this, his second picture, some deft touches which make it wholesomely amusing. Miss Adoree is so at home that you remember she began her life-work in the circus. Fred Kohler makes a tough menace bent upon breaking the neck of any sucker-reformers.

The carnival background, which offers many opportunities for the movies, has been the locale of a number of pictures recently and offers a marvelous chance for a sound subject—which makes one appreciate the blessed silence of "The Spieler"! This is average program entertainment for all people not too old to run after circus parades and admit a fondness for hot dogs.

But we're getting rather fed up on this style of thing. Isn't it about time we called a halt on circus, and crook and underworld pictures?





Mrs. F. L. Fausch, International President of the Sinawik Club of Evansville. At the top, the skyline of the city, as seen from the Ohio River

## Your Neighbor.

Mrs. F. L. Fausch of  
Gives a Clubby

BY WALTER RAMSEY

Sure it was. So she was more or less a spy behind the lines—even if she didn't look it.

She had dark, sleek hair arranged somewhat the way Leatrice Joy wears hers. Twinkly sort of eyes, blue eyes, and an infectious smile. Even when we talked of Hollywood, her smile was still as infectious, so she couldn't have been a very censurable censor. Even back in Evansville, where she reigns as International President of the Sinawik Club, the women's Kiwanis, I don't believe she would be too harsh on us.

Still, she was registered as Mrs. F. L. Fausch at the Hollywood Hotel, which is one of the most advantageous observation points in the heart of the enemy camp, so I asked her if she had come to Hollywood to see if it was as bad as it was painted.

"We supposedly snoopy clubwomen do not spend nearly

A woman may read every fashion magazine published, but nevertheless she will, to a friend who's just returned from Paris, say: "Tell me, exactly how high are they wearing skirts?"

For, despite the faith anyone may have in the accounts of impersonal experts, there still is an additional measure of confidence in the word of mouth report of a friend—a neighbor—a fellow citizen of your town or state.

It is this fact that has prompted this magazine to provide for its readers, all of them interested in Hollywood and its doings and the doers of those doings—reports upon the place and its people by someone they know—or at least know of—personally.

The means of doing this is a series of articles by people from various states of the Union. The first month from West Virginia, the second from Pennsylvania—and so on. This month from Indiana.

The series is entitled "Your Neighbor Says"—and it gives to you an interested but quite impartial glimpse of the cinema city by someone who's not concerned either in boosting or belittling it. And by someone, also, with your own local viewpoint, and so endowed with foreknowledge of the facts you'll especially want to know.

If you're from Indiana, this month's article will be particularly pertinent. But if you're not, remember that sooner or later someone from your state will be the one to comment. So watch the series; get the real home-town low-down on Hollywood by reading—this month or another—what "Your Neighbor Says."—Editor's Note.

**A** SPY behind the lines. You never would have known it to look at her, but she was a clubwoman in Hollywood, which amounts to the same thing. Now, you know how clubwomen feel about Hollywood:

Wasn't it the clubwomen who banned Arbuckle?  
And turned thumbs-down on Peggy Joyce in the movies?  
And censored some of von Stroheim's artiest efforts?



Camping out near Evansville is a genuine picnic, for the Kiwanis Club has built fourteen outdoor ovens like this one in Mesker Park





# Says:--

## Evansville, Indiana, Close-Up of Hollywood



so much time brooding about Hollywood as Hollywood seems to think we do. In fact, it is rarely mentioned in Evansville except at the time of some big scandal, the release of an unusual picture, or the return of one of the natives from the West coast. But—

### SAVING HOLLYWOOD FROM ITSELF

**T**HE only reason that the clubs of Hollywood were not talked about in Evansville is because we knew nothing of them. I've made a study of the women's organizations in Hollywood—and I believe the country should know more about them.

"The Hollywood Woman's Club. This little organization is one of the finest of its kind in the United States. Its particular aim is to save Hollywood for Hollywood. Save the palms and flowers. Keep the hills green in place of dotting them with bungalows. It has been a hard fight, and Hollywood will some day give them a huge vote of thanks. The Woman's Club has saved Hollywood from developing into a small town—I mean the same as any other small town in the Middle West. It has saved the beauty that was already here and left

Hollywood a very quaint, distinctive, charming little city.

"Then there's the Hollywood Opera Reading Club. This is one cross-section of Hollywood life that few people out of Hollywood know about; I dare say few people in Hollywood know of it. It is a quiet, unassuming group of women, and, led by the father of Conrad Nagel, they have made great progress in the study of the operas. The story of the music is told and then famous singers render the

entire opera. I don't believe many of the famous people who have boxes in the diamond horseshoe at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York know as much about opera as a few very fortunate ladies in the Hollywood Opera Reading Club.

"Please don't get the impression that I don't care for the movies and their famous people, because I do! Who doesn't? But, after one has been to Hollywood and seen movies in the making, and really seen the stars acting before the camera, one changes one's ideas. Movie stars, once you've seen them, are rudely jerked from the pedestal upon which they were placed in the imagination, and are replaced upon a standard of human beings. Human beings

(Continued  
on page 102)

### Highlights in Mrs. Fausch's Comment

More people in Hollywood know about the opera than do the members of New York's diamond horseshoe.

Once you've seen a movie star, he's off the pedestal.

People think they see more stars in Hollywood than they actually do. I was pointed out as Leatrice Joy.

Picture people go out to places of revelry because they must be seen. They'd rather stay home.

Audiences are premieres—always applaud at the wrong time.

Hollywood is the freest place I've ever seen; everyone minds his own business.

If people knew how far ahead of the rest of California Hollywood is, they wouldn't go anywhere else.



Two monuments of national importance in Evansville are, above, the bungalow built by the community for the mother of James Bethel Gresham, the first American soldier killed in the war; and, below, the Memorial Coliseum, erected in honor of all world war heroes





Fryer

# *The Glass of Fashion*

Both Louise Fazenda, in her new Parisian negligée; and the mirror above her dressing-table, which is designed in the modernistic manner so widely in vogue these days. The two represent the ultimate in intimate exterior and interior decoration



# Wanted: A HUSBAND

Tall, Punctual, Pipe-Smoker  
With Hazel Eyes: Apply  
Marceline Day

BY RUTH M. TILDESLEY

A few months ago Buster Collier announced through the pages of this magazine that he was in the market for a wife. And he gave his specifications. Only a basement bargain counter can understand what his life was from then on. Now another screen star tries the same means of finding a mate—only this time it is a girl. Gentlemen: on your mark!—*Editor's Note.*

**I**F you are a man answering the following description, apply to Miss Marceline Day, Hollywood, California. Cross your fingers, clutch your rabbit's foot, and squint at the new moon over your left shoulder. You may be the lucky man!

For lovely Miss Day, entering her sweet twenties, feels that matrimony is in the offing and that if she can just find the right man:

"He can have any color eyes except jet black or light blue," she generously concedes. "Pale blue has no character, you feel as if you're looking through a window glass at nothing in particular. Black eyes belong to villains. Hazel eyes are perhaps my favorites.

"But he mustn't be a blond. They're insipid—men or women—and I'm not casting reflections on my sister Alice. She's a self-made blonde, so she doesn't count. Chestnut brown hair, straight, wavy or curly, is my choice.

"He can be clean-shaven or not, according to the man. If his upper lip is long, by all means a mustache. Not long eyelashes. No pretty boy; I want a real he-man.

"But he must be tall. The taller the better. I've got to look up to my man."

Marceline twisted a chestnut brown curl around one slim finger and opened wide her hazel eyes. Is it coincidence or is there a deep psychological reason back of her desire for a mate with her same coloring?

WAITER-HANDLING AN ASSET?

**N**O, a man doesn't have to be good looking but he should be well groomed and nice mannered. Know how to deal with head waiters—man of the world stuff, you know. There's nothing worse than a stupid man in public.

"I myself don't smoke or drink, so I don't care much for



Two dogs, above, have their Day of favor in the eyes of Marceline.  
Below, Miss Day in a dancing frock

parties. If only people who drink knew how disgusting they appear to others. You can't help thinking, 'What a dreadful fool that fellow is; and I always imagined he was clever.'

"But, of course, you can't expect a man to stay home forever and one must entertain sometimes, so I would like my husband to be a gracious host. The kind who looks after his guests' comfort and makes them feel they're having a marvelous time. Doesn't sit in the corner or go off with a man crony and let his wife do all the entertaining.

"Above all, he must be neat. I don't mean I object to cigarette ashes around the house. But personally neat. If he doesn't have a valet, he'll have to learn to pick up after himself—not expect me to do it.

"I love the smell of a pipe. Cigarette smoke I tolerate. But cigars, never. Most atrocious odor in the world and no

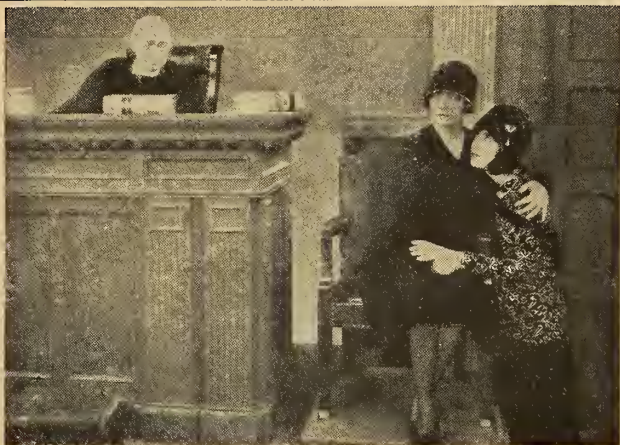
(Continued on page 112)



# News, Views and Pre-views Of The Talking Pictures

# The

Edited by HERBERT CRUIKSHANK



## ON TRIAL

**W**ARNER BROTHERS' "On Trial" proves more thoroughly than any talking picture I have seen to date just what a talking picture can do. For it is not so much a picture as it is a cross-section of life, the complete understanding of a highly dramatic situation heretofore seen only in angles and phases. It's quite a tremendous experience, this complete living in the lives of other people. And it's the more tremendous because the entire cast of Pauline Frederick, Lois Wilson, Bert Lytell, Holmes Herbert, Edmund Breese, Jason Robards, Franklin Pangborn, Richard Tucker and all the bits are utterly sincere, convincing and in earnest. And of these the performance of Franklin Pangborn must be given time for very honorable mention. If you miss "On Trial," you'll be the loser.

## MANHATTAN COCKTAIL

**O**NE of those hybrid pictures which breaks disconcertingly into sound just as you have settled down for a comfortable doze. There is one scene wherein Nancy Carroll, as the Main Street girl with Broadway ambitions, stops singing a very clever jazz song and instantly is shown talking with the producer without a sound issuing from her lips. The picture introduces several very clever new songs, by the way, all written by Victor Shertsinger, who directs movies when he isn't composing music; and Nancy sings them in a pleasing voice. As the title suggests, the plot is not substantial picture fare. A small town cutie runs away from home to become a chorus girl. Her sweetie, a young playwright—Richard Arlen—prefers life under the elms. There is a rival played by Dennis O'Shea and a menace played by Paul Lucas, and the poor little country girl is tempted. But does she fall? If you've ever seen a motion picture, you know.



## NOAH'S ARK

**T**OO many miracles are invoked to caulk the leaky timbers of "Noah's Ark." Neither Jove nor Jehovah has hurled so many thunderbolts as director Michael Curtiz. Indeed, only divine interference has saved the film-story from foundering in a flood of impossibility. The continuity lacks clarity, and the chain of circumstance connecting the ancient with the modern sequences is conspicuous in its missing links. In the Biblical portions there is an odd admixture of the Old and New Testaments. Such, for instance, as words from the Lord's Prayer issuing from the lips of Noah. On the other hand, the effort is notable for its lavishness of production, for its "stupendous" sets, for its massed humanity. There is spectacular quality in the flood scenes. The very volume of the waters is impressive. The most interesting characterization is that of Gwynn Williams. The voices of Noah Beery and George O'Brien vitaphone best. Dolores Costello still experiences difficulty with the recording device. More, much more, of Louise Fazenda would have helped measurably.

## THE MELODY OF LOVE

**U**NIVERSAL'S first audible picture may be set down as a very creditable experiment. Perhaps the most interesting item in connection with the film is that the slender story has been treated in an operetta technic. There is a deal of singing contributed by Walter Pidgeon, Mildred Harris and a quartette. At the slightest provocation some one bursts into song, just as in a musical stage show. The picture has been shot in scenes or episodes, so that an entire episode may be lifted bodily from the production if deemed wise. The plot concerns a piano-playing song-writer who loses his mercenary sweetie when his money-making fingers are injured in the war. Of course, there is another girl to compensate him. And a happy ending. All voices reproduce remarkably well. That of Jane Winton which rings clear and true as the proverbial bell. Walter Pidgeon's baritone proves effective; and the quartette numbers provide a surfeit of harmony. Mildred Harris sings pleasingly. Tom Dugan is a comedy doughboy with a propensity for the galloping dominoes. A very interesting and creditable experiment. One upon which Universal should be congratulated.





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# Corinne Griffith *finds a* **FORD**

A Live One, First Name James;  
And It's a Prize

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

**H**E is not one of the well-known Detroit Fords. He ran away from home at the age of fourteen, whereas the Detroit Fords do not choose to run.

He started his career with a second-hand, shop-worn appearance. Two and a half years later, which is now, he looks new and shiny. He has a glossy coat of paint in the shape of a wardrobe of finely tailored suits.

When he started in pictures, he rattled—with terror—thinking he was the only one of a hundred extras on the set who was really noticed by the camera. Today he has had the squeaks taken out, and goes through a close-up as if the camera wasn't even there.

James Ford is one of the miracles of modern Hollywood. A miracle because he clung on as an extra for two and a half years before he got a break. Doubly a miracle because now, with a First National contract finally in his grasp, he looks you straight in the eyes, smiles, and tells you he would go through it all again if he had the last thirty months to live over.

Anyone who knows the heartbreaks connected with extra work in the studios knows what a miracle that is. Yet there are hundreds more like him in Hollywood. A man living up the street from me has been an extra more than ten years, and still talks airily to his friends about what he will show 'em when he gets his break. When that guy gets a break in pictures, Lindbergh will be married to Ruth Elder.

#### THE PILLS OF DISAPPOINTMENT

**"I ADMIT,"** said James, settling back comfortably in his chair after lunch at First National studio restaurant, "I admit there were dozens of times when it seemed hopeless, and I practically decided to give in. But I feel it's really been worth while, all this struggling to get a break. I had done a few bits on the stage in New York, but I didn't know a thing about acting, and I was self-conscious in front of the camera."

"And since using our wonderful pills of struggle and disappointment?" I queried.

"I've acquired confidence," he said. "Extra work as a training school for the higher regions of screen acting is just what you make it. The large majority of the extras get embittered, and sit around on the set playing cards, sleeping and reading. I was one of the hopefuls who are so taunted by the embittered ones; I never lost an opportunity to learn tricks

(Continued on page 106)



Carsey

Another Griffith than D. W. qualified as a discoverer of hidden talent when Corinne told James Ford to step forward





# Van Dyke

The Director Who Has  
Departs for the

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

**W**OODY Van Dyke may never see this story. He may never live to see it. By the time it is published he will be surrounded by the lurking mystery of age-old Africa, alternating between the steaming, festering pestilence of the poisonous lowland jungles, and the miles-high mountains of dreary cold and stinging, blinding, icy rains. For Woody Van Dyke has been sent into the well-nigh impenetrable fastnesses of an unknown world to make you a motion picture, "Trader Horn."

If he comes out from the howling wilderness of lions, gorillas, cannibals, pygmies, fever, tsetse flies, and deadly reptilia, he will again stretch his spare six feet and more of steel-like frame at a too-small desk in his office on the Metro lot. And answer silly questions put by sob sisters who have discovered a new hero.

"Romance? Romance—hell!" he'll say, and his rapier-blue eyes'll slay 'em.

It would be that way for Woody. His idea of heaven is to direct a picture which can be made in the peace and quiet of the studio. But he's one of the breed that fate won't let stay put. It's always up with the Esquimaux, or on an Indian reservation, or South with the Mexicans and the gentle Yaquis, who slice the soles from folks' feet, peg 'em out on ant-hills, or flay 'em alive and laugh while skinless creatures stagger screaming into the desert death.

Before he went to Africa, "White Shadows" sent him cruising through the South Seas, where the white man's civilization has taught the once god-like natives the meaning of vice. In a land



On easy terms not only with the natives but with the native gods: Mr. Van Dyke (above), swapping stories and hats with a Polynesian idol



W. S. Van Dyke found while making "White Shadows" that there was some truth in the assertion that music hath charms. But before he tries the idea on Zulus of the type at the right, he's going to make mighty sure that what he plays is music





# Beards the Lions

## Braved Leopards and Leprosy African Jungle

which knew no word for sin, mongrels from the Seven Seas and missionaries from as many saints have both left their marks. Before that, Alaska knew him well. Nome, when she was a wide-open town lousy with gold and blood. He's hailed as brother by the tribesmen of the plains, and can converse with them in the universal sign-language of the red man. Woody Van Dyke doesn't have to flash his membership card in the Adventurers' Club for you to know that he belongs.

### RADIOS AND RHINOS

IMAGINE him now, somewhere in the heart of Africa, somewhere near Kivu. No one, not even he, knows exactly where. With him are forty people: white people. And from beyond the circle of his fires a thousand eyes, seeing but unseen, are peering at them from the ghoulish gloom. Right now he's probably tuning in on a radio set, unless a lion's paw has crushed it, or it has slipped from the shoulders of a wild-man guide into water where wide-jawed crocodiles wait and wait. In any event, he took a radio with him, and perhaps Broadway jazz is entertaining cannibals, or pygmies who live by poisoned darts propelled with fatal accuracy from blow-pipes. Or perhaps he's intent upon capturing the sound of the jungle, which he will bring to you, via Movietone, from the dark side of the world. Gibbering apes, the sibilance of serpents, the banshee wail of a leopard, the forest-stilling cough of a great hunting cat, the thrill of the never-silent wilderness.

It took Van Dyke two months to reach his location. It will take him two months to return. If  
(Continued on page 118)



A picture of his picture: Napua, a South Seas Jackie Coogan, displays the first photograph he ever saw of himself. He stands between Monte Blue and Mr. Van Dyke. At the top of the page, a jungle spearman of the country the director is now invading



At the left are two Tahitian chiefs whose friendship for Mr. Van Dyke aided him immeasurably in the filming of "White Shadows." Above, members of the Adventurers' Club. This organization worked with the director in planning his African safari



# Touchdunn!



Every time she has been assigned to carry the ball of responsibility, Josephine Dunn has scored, and decisively. In "Excess Baggage" and more recently with Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool," hers, like an effective quarterback's, has been a signal success



# How Renee Adoree Prepares

## *Radiant Glow Animated Look*

MOVIE stars do not depend on make-up. That comes last. The first step is to get a clear, clean basis for that make-up, and a natural glow.

They first apply Boncilla clasmic pack. At once that starts to draw out the skin refuse, and they feel it. All that clogs or mars the skin is absorbed in the clasmic pack. That includes the dirt and grime, the old make-up, dead skin and hardened oil.

The blood is brought to the skin to nourish and re-



RENEE ADOREE  
*Applying Boncilla Clasmic Pack in preparation for her appearance in "His Night," the M-G-M new release*

## *Clear, Clean Skin Soft, Smooth Skin*

vive it. The result is a rosy glow, a wakened skin, a natural, clean and soft skin. Then, and then only, do they start their make-up.

Next they apply Boncilla Cold Cream, and wipe it off. Then Boncilla Vanishing Cream as a powder base. Then the exquisite Boncilla Powder in the shade desired. That is how these stars of the screen get their fortune-making charm. The lack of it is one great reason why so many aspirants fall down. Their beauty is unnatural.

## *Play Your Part as Well*



RENEE ADOREE and RAMON NAVARRO  
*In a charming love scene in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "His Night," recently released*

### *From 16 to 35*

YOUR part may not be on the stage or screen, but it is played in public. In budding girlhood, in the years of romance, in young wifehood, a woman's career depends largely on her beauty and her charm.

Too many try to get that by external means, but results are unreal. Artifice is unattractive unless behind it lies a natural base. It is like hiding uncleanness with deodorants, or perfuming a breath which needs care.

There is little objection to makeup in today's world. But below it must lie a skin natural and clear and right. The skin must be cleaned to the depths. It must be softened and stimulated. The causes of blackheads and blemishes must be removed.

The one way to do that is Boncilla—the only clasmic pack. Beauty experts the world over import it for this purpose. Millions of girls and women have learned new beauty by its use.

If tonight is a social evening, make it a glorious occasion. Multiply your beauty, look your best. Any girl can do that inside 30 minutes by applying the Boncilla pack. She can create a revelation for herself and her friends and bring a shower of compliments.

What folly not to do that. Once you see the results you will never go without them. Your career is as important to you as Renee Adoree's is to her.

### *From 35 to 60*

To older women this Boncilla method brings a further service. Little lines are eradicated, wrinkles are combated. Sagging muscles are made firmer. Enlarged pores are reduced. Many women, inside 30 minutes, seem to drop ten years. Countless grandmothers who look like girls owe a great deal to Boncilla. Perhaps no other product has done so much for this era of perennial youth.

All this can be proved by one test, or a few tests. Make them, in justice to yourself. Judge by the results you feel and see. You will be amazed and delighted.

In jars \$3.50 and \$1.50 and in tubes at better drug and department stores. Featured abroad by smart shops in principal cities.

**Boncilla**  
CLASMIC  
PACK

146

MP129

### ONE-WEEK TEST

BONCILLA—Indianapolis, Ind.

Mail me a one-week treatment of Boncilla with the three helps which go with it—four samples. I enclose a dime.

Name.....

Address.....

If you live in Canada, mail coupon with 10c to Canadian Boncilla Laboratories, Ltd., 77 Peter Street, Toronto.





It is said that Douglas Fairbanks, in determining upon ladies-in-waiting to the queen in "The Iron Mask," asked Mary's assistance—which may account in part for the uncommon charm of these, his final selections

# *The Queen's Taste in Queens*



# "I light a Lucky and go light on the sweets.

That's how I keep in good shape and always feel peppy."

*Al Jolson*

Al Jolson  
Famous comedian  
and star of song.

Reach for  
a Lucky  
instead of  
a sweet.



Al Jolson  
as he appears in  
Warner Bros.  
Vitaphone suc-  
cess, "The Sing-  
ing Fool."



**S**OMETHING sensible. "Better to light a Lucky whenever you crave sweets." It brings to men the health and vigor that come with avoiding overweight. To women it offers a slender, fashionable figure. And all it means is a few puffs of a Lucky Strike when you are tempted.

20,679 physicians have stated that Lucky Strike is less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes. Very likely this is due to toasting which removes impurities. This same process, toasting, improves and develops the flavor of the world's finest tobaccos. This means that there is a flavor in Luckies which is a delightful alternative for the things that make you fat. That's why "It's Toasted" is your assurance that there's real health in Luckies—they're good for you!

Keep fit—reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet. That's what many men have been doing for years. They know the evidence of prominent athletes whose favorite cigarette is Lucky Strike and who say Luckies do not harm the wind nor impair the physical condition.

Why not give it a trial? The next time you are tempted to eat between meals or crave sweets, go light—light up a Lucky instead.

## "It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

© 1928, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers





Manatt

The thrall of the wild: the peace of the golden late morning in the woods of the high Sierras settles over Renée Adorée. For a respite from the glare and hurry that are Hollywood she sought not long ago the cloistered stillness of the mountains



# As told to PRINCESS PAT by 10,000 Men

*"Women Use  
Too Much Rouge"*



THE MEN, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a

matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge *does look unreal.*

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. But there is never a question of too much, never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the *most natural rouge in the world.* And whether blonde or brunette, you can use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect—instead of being limited to one as with usual rouges.

*Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat  
Almond Base Face Powder*

Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing Almond Base imparts to

Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The Almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent Almond Base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat Almond Base face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the Almond Base to make the lighter weight powder just as clinging as the medium.

**Get This  
Week End Set  
—SPECIAL**

*The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c [coin]. Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations, including perfume. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.*



*Wonderful New Color for Lips*

Just what you've wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and that also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of color as with usual lipsticks.

*Try the Seven Famous Aids-to-Beauty in  
Princess Pat Week End Set*

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge. You will be delighted with the set.



PRINCESS PAT LTD.,

2709 S. Wells St. Dep. 1-C Chicago

Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.

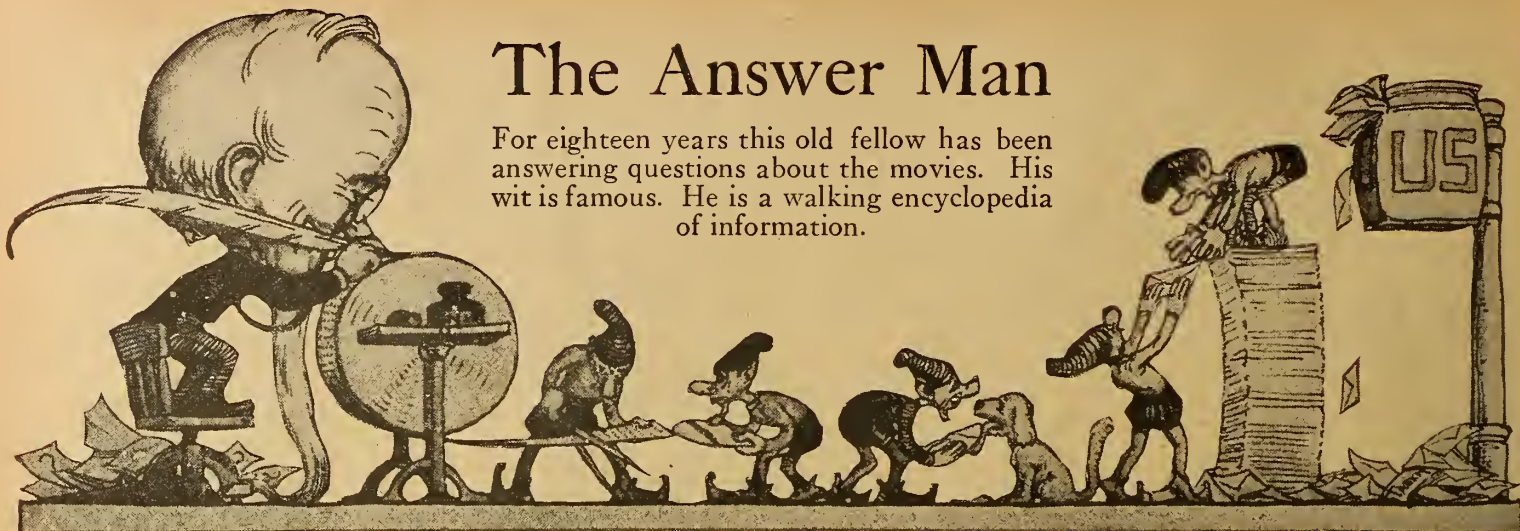
Name [print].....

Street.....

City and State.....

**PRINCESS PAT**  
PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS





## The Answer Man

For eighteen years this old fellow has been answering questions about the movies. His wit is famous. He is a walking encyclopedia of information.

**W. B. FAN.**—Can't play kitten on the keys. I prefer a cornet. Warner Baxter was born March 29, 1892. Rex Lease is free-lancing right now. He is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 150 pounds. Nick Stuart is twenty-two years old. Larry Kent, Sept. 15, 1900. He's still a bachelor. Send that note to him at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**JEANETTE E. R.**—Most of the players have secretaries; if they answered all their fan mail, they would never have time to play in pictures. Don Alvarado was born Nov. 4, 1904. He is five feet eleven, weighs 160 pounds, black hair and brown eyes. His latest picture is "The Apache." Columbia Studios, 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**BABY BROWN EYES.**—That's your weakness now. Gary Cooper was born in Helena, Montana, May 7, 1901. He's six feet two, weighs 180 pounds, reddish brown hair and blue eyes. Not married. Latest picture, "Shopworn Angel." Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Wish you lots of luck with your aviation, be careful of your drops, you know falling from a plane is like taking poison, one drop is sufficient. Ramon Novarro is not married or engaged.

**D. G. R.**—Francis McDonald was the sniper in "The Drag Net." Jack Egan was Horace in "Harold Teen." Clive Brooks's first name rhymes with hive. He is playing in "Four Feathers." Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

I'll answer as many letters in **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE** as space permits and reply by mail to the others. Write your name and address and enclose stamps or addressed envelope. The Answer Man, Motion Picture Magazine, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



The mail-man sees to it that Buddy Rogers tops this list again. Popular, well I guess. His "Someone to Love" will prove that

More than 300,000 acres of land are devoted in this country to golfing.

**KAPI AND S. M.**—You may reach Bebe

Daniels at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal., Patsy Ruth Miller at Columbia Studios, 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Malcolm MacGregor was born Oct. 13, 1896. Married and has a daughter. John Barrymore and Camilla Horn have the leads in "King of the Mountain." And the clothes he has to wear would do credit to a polar explorer. Here are a few of the items a Swiss mountain climber must wear: Hob-nailed shoes, woollen trousers, and fur leggings, wool shirts, coats, leather jackets, mufflers and a fur hat. Heavy rifle, axe, alpenstock and rope.

**HONEY-BEE.**—They be out of season. Nils Asther was born in Malmo, Sweden, Jan. 17, 1902. He is six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, dark hair and eyes. His latest picture is "Dream of Love." Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Alice and Arthur Lake are not related.

**BARBARA ANNE.**—Here's a little more info for your book. Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia, Pa., twenty-two years old, weighs 108 pounds, red-gold hair and brown eyes. Her latest release is "Christine." Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. That is Charles Farrell's real name. Audrey Ferris is not married or engaged. Write her at Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**LILLIAN DUNCANON.**—You neglected to give me your address, so I'm (Continued on page 103)



Conrad Nagel has landed in second place. "Glorious Betsy" helped to do this. He'll have a fighting good time in "Kid Gloves" with Lois Wilson as his heroine



Clara Bow is spending her "Three Week Ends" as no one but Clara could do. You can bet on that! The mail man's back is nearly broken trying to bring in her fan mail



Since "Dancing Daughters" Joan Crawford's mail has increased almost a hundred per cent. It's a sure bet it'll continue to do so. In her next her screen name is Adrienne



Fans will have something to dream about after seeing "Dream of Love" with Nils as the lover and perhaps a perfect one. Leave it to the Asther man to make it come true



# New York Sensations!

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New York's Sensational Coat Specials—each a leader in quality, style and value. Your choice sent on approval for only \$1.00 deposit. Judge for yourself in your own home—then if satisfied take

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Exceptionally smart style of all-wool Broadcloth trimmed with genuine Mandell. The stunning shawl collar, and deep cuffs of unusual design make it exceptionally rich looking. A smartly tucked back, ornamented with silk arrowheads in which a panel of the reversed material is inserted, gives the slender effect so much desired. Lined with guaranteed silk satin and interlined, making it delightfully warm.

Colors: Black or Tan. Sizes: 34-36-38-40-42-44.  
Length about 45 inches.

Order by No. C-27F. Terms \$1.00 with coupon. Then, if satisfied, \$4.00 a month. Total price only, \$24.95.

## All Wool Velour

With Mandell Fur Collar and Cuffs

**\$3.20**  
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This exquisitely tailored model is made of all wool velour and lined with our guaranteed silk satin. Very warm and stylish, with extra large shawl collar of rich Mandell and deep cuffs to match. The neat side panel made with tucks and beautifully embroidered silk figures, carries out the new vogue for tucking. Fully interlined with flannel. This is a garment that represents the utmost in style and value.

Colors: Tan or Grackle Blue. Sizes: 34-36-38-40-42-44.  
Length about 45 inches.

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All Wool  
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An outstanding value of elegant quality all wool broadcloth with beautiful large shawl collar and deep cuffs of rich Manchurian fur. Tucks with silk embroidered ornaments embellish the back and side. Splendidly strong lining of rich satin is guaranteed to give long and satisfactory wear, and a warm interlining assures extra comfort. One of our most charming models and the price is astonishingly low for the quality and style.  
Colors: Black or Middy Blue.  
Sizes: 34-36-38-40-42-44.  
Length about 45 inches.  
Order by No. C-25F. Terms \$1.00 with coupon. Then, if satisfied, \$4.85 a month. Total price only \$29.95.

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C-25F

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Total price \$29.95

☐ Colors: Black or Middy Blue  
No. C-27F Broadcloth  
\$1.00 with coupon, \$4.00 a mo.  
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Colors: Black or Tan

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\$1.00 with coupon, \$3.20 a mo.  
Total price \$19.95  
Colors: Tan or Grackle Blue

I enclose \$1.00 deposit. Send me the coat I have checked at the left. If I am not satisfied I can return it and get my money back. Otherwise I will pay the monthly terms until full price is paid.

Color \_\_\_\_\_ Size \_\_\_\_\_  
(Be Sure to State Color and Size Wanted)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



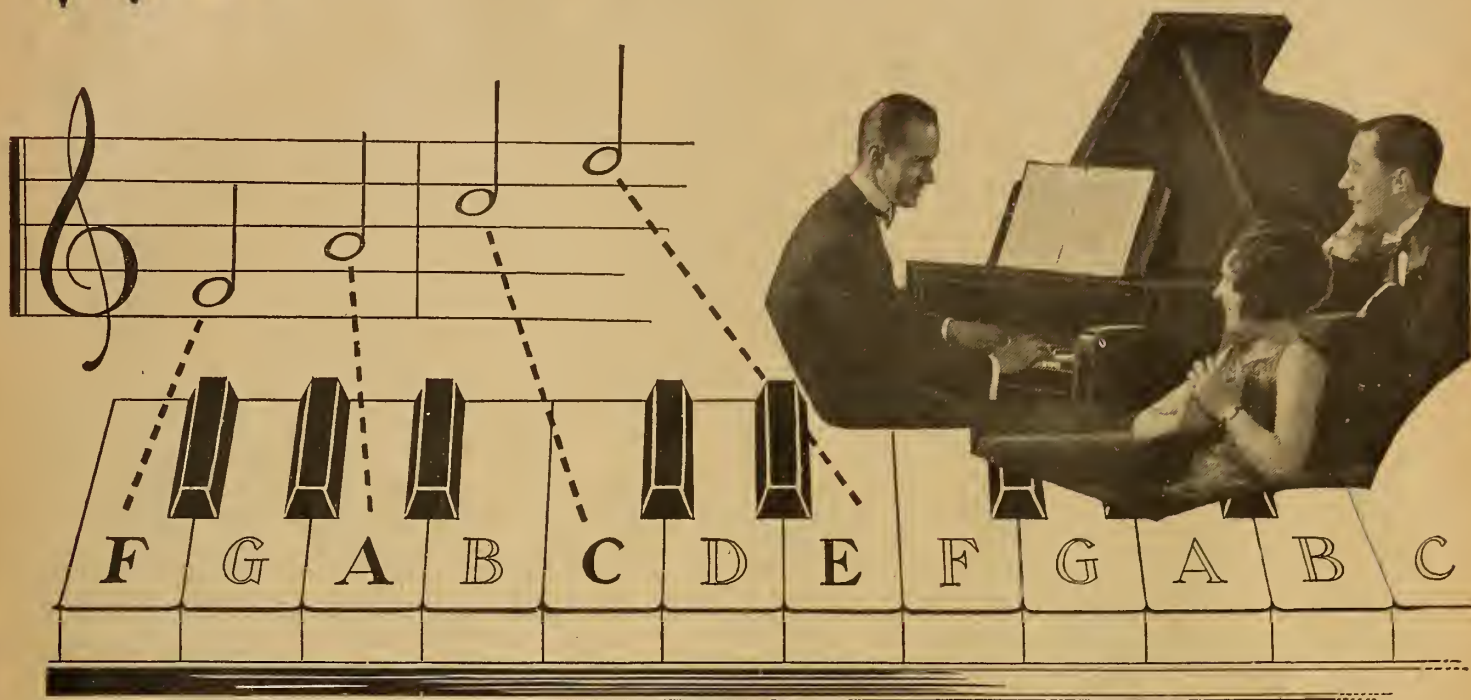


## *Double Exposure*

Thanks to the breadth of the mirror and of Dione Ellis's views upon the height of skirts. She has a prominent rôle, although not the name part, in "The Leatherneck"



# What could be easier!



## Play any instrument in a few short months ... learn this delightfully simple way

**L**EARNING music is no longer a difficult task. If you can read the alphabet, you can now quickly learn to play your favorite instrument! A delightful new method has made it positively easy to read and play music within just a few months. And the cost is only a *fraction* of what people used to spend on the old, slow methods!

You don't need a private teacher. You study entirely at home, in the privacy of your own room, with no one to interrupt or embarrass you. And, strange as it may seem, you'll enjoy every minute of it—because the new method is *agreeable* as well as *rapid*!

### No Tricks or Stunts—You Learn from "Regular" Music

#### Here's Proof!

"I am making splendid progress and can play almost any piece of music I pick up. My friends used to laugh when I first took up music with you, but now when I play pieces of Grand Opera and selections from Verdi, Mozart, Bach, etc., it is I who laugh. I owe all I have learned to the U. S. School of Music my best approval." J. W. R., Telstad, Mont.

"I have found the lessons very interesting and exceedingly easy. They could not be made any clearer in the English language. I will always give the U. S. School of Music my best approval." A. F. B., Clinton, N. C.

"I do not understand how you can give so much for the money. The course is a musical education in itself. I wish more people in limited financial circumstances would realize that one can *really* successfully learn to play from your course, without the aid of a teacher." W. E. W., Montezano, Wash.

You don't have to know the first thing about music in order to begin. You learn to play from actual notes, just like the best musicians do. And almost before you realize your progress, you begin playing real tunes and melodies instead of just scales. There are no trick "numbers," no "memory stunts." When you finish the U. S. School of Music course, you can pick up any piece of regular printed music and play it! You'll be able to read music, popular and classic, and play it from the notes. You'll acquire a life-long ability to please your friends, amuse yourself, and, if you like, make money. (Musicians are highly paid for their pleasant work.)

Whether you like the piano, violin, 'cello, organ, saxophone, or any other instrument, you can now learn to play it in an amazingly short time. By means of this wonderful newly perfected method reading and playing music are made almost as simple as reading aloud from a book. You simply can't go wrong. First you are told how a thing is done, then a picture shows you how, then you do it yourself and

hear it. No private teacher could make it any clearer. The lessons come to you by mail at regular intervals. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need, and music paper for writing out test exercises. And if anything comes up, which is not *entirely plain* you can write to your instructor and get a full, prompt, personal reply!

### The Surest Way to Be Popular and Have a Good Time

Do you sit "on the sidelines" at a party? Are you out of it because you can't play? Many, many people are! It's the musician who claims attention. If you play, you are always in demand. Many invitations come to you. Amateur orchestras offer you wonderful afternoons and evenings. And you meet the kind of people you have always wanted to know. So don't miss this exceptional opportunity.

### Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

The whole interesting story about the U. S. School course cannot be told on this page. So a booklet has been printed—"Music Lessons in Your Own Home." You can have a copy absolutely free by mailing the coupon below. With it will be sent a free demonstration lesson which shows better than words how delightfully quick and easy this wonderful Method is. If you are really anxious to become a good player on your favorite instrument, mail the coupon now—today. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 601 Brunswick Bldg., New York City. (Please write plainly.)

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| Piano                               | Violin    |
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| Piccolo                             | Harp      |
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| Hawaiian Steel Guitar               |           |
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Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....





Bangs



Ball

Contracting according to contract: Molly O'Day's agreement with her company had a clause limiting her poundage. When she exceeded this and dieting failed, she had Dr. Griffith—with her at the left—cut off six pounds of flesh. The shaded outline shows how much this reduced her



# Modifying Molly

Miss O'Day Before and After Her Weight-Reducing Operation

At the top, with Richard Barthelmess, the dotted line indicates what Molly had to take off to mollify her employers. She must fit the uniform she wore in "The Patent Leather Kid"—above—before she acts again





## BIG SPECIAL OFFER

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of twenty-four new pictures Set No. 4.*

We have prepared another new set of twenty-four sepia finish pictures of your favorites. For a limited time we offer them as a gift to you, with the next six big issues of **MOTION PICTURE**—for One Dollar. All new poses of popular stars, size 5½ by 8 inches, suitable for framing. This is a big value special offer. These pictures are just fine for your collection, or your den. Tell your friends about this offer. Just send a dollar bill with the coupon, and mail today. Subscribe for your friends and we will send them each a set of pictures. Do it now. Set No. 4—this is a new set.

**Subjects:—**

|                   |                      |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| Dorothy Sebastian | Louise Brooks        |
| Loretta Young     | Sue Carol            |
| Lawrence Gray     | Fay Wray             |
| Clive Brook       | Neil Hamilton        |
| Nancy Carroll     | Lina Basquette       |
| Jacqueline Logan  | William Collier, Jr. |
| Evelyn Brent      | Anita Page           |
| Lane Chandler     | Charles Delaney      |
| Lupe Velez        | Victor McLaglen      |
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## Will Wally Reid's Son Succeed Him?

(Continued from page 50)

### GROWING MORE LIKE WALLY

**W**ALLY'S son looks like Wally in every respect save that he has his mother's eyes. The color of her eyes. The expression is his father's.

Young Bill is, actually, the perfect replica of his father's physical being. He is the exact replica of his father as he was in adolescence and early manhood. At the age of eleven the two were quite different.

Which would seem to indicate that young Bill is a step ahead in the game of racial progress. Each succeeding generation should improve upon the preceding one, should be at least a step advanced or we shall never attain to the Nietzschean superman.

Young Bill has no inferiority complex. His father had one. Young Bill doesn't care much whether people like him or not. He doesn't think about it. They do or they don't. It's fine, either way. He doesn't make friends as easily or as eagerly as his father did. He withholds himself more. He is more reticent, slower to approve, more discriminating and judicial. He is like his father was in early maturity, when the feet of clay had shown. Which is a good thing for him.

He has his father's sense of humor, developed at an earlier age.

He has his father's intensive versatility. Wally did all sorts of things, from making golf-sticks to acting. Young Bill has the same trait and is just as ardent about his passing enthusiasms as his father was before him.

The saxophone is one of his passions. He can play it like a fool. Music, in fact, runs a pretty consistent chord through his life. So much so that the career of a musician is not unlikely for him. He is studying the violin at the moment and making precocious progress.

### A FLAIR FOR FLYING

**A**ERONAUTICS is another of his consuming passions. He has been up several times and is enormously enthusiastic

about it. Like his father, his enthusiasms are never superficial. He goes into whatever his hobby may be until he has wrung the matter dry of every last ounce of information. Probably not even Lindbergh knew more about flying at the age of eleven than young Bill does right now.

He has, of course, his father's mechanical turn of mind. He can take clocks and ships and shoes and sealing-wax apart and put them together again. And he does, with an artist's absorption.

He reads everything there is to read. He goes to bed nights with a book under his pillow. His favorite reading matter is fact: statistics and biography.

He goes in for swimming, tennis, golf and running, even as his father did before him.

Bill is being brought up with his mother, his maternal grandmother and his year-younger adopted sister, Betty. The adoption of the small and tattered Betty, by the way, was one of the last deeds Wally ever did. He loved her.

Because young Bill is surrounded by members of the gentler sex, his mother is sending him to the Hollywood Military Academy. She believes that he should have masculine discipline, contact and point of view. He comes home every other week-end, very soldierly and very male and dominating.

### A QUARTER A WEEK

**T**HE boy gets twenty-five cents every week by way of allowance. No more. No less. His mother believes that few things are so dangerous for the very young as too much and too easy money. The safest, sanest, happiest years of her life with Wally were when they were budgeting their very modest income, paying a dollar down and a dollar a week on house and lot and victrola and car and allowing themselves about twenty dollars a month for clothes and amusements. If those years had lingered, might not Wally be here still?

And Bill is very careful with his quarter. Now and then he puts it out on loan. But he always gets a bonus for it. He is never



De Gaston

Never in Hollywood has there been a more perfect example of domestic contentment and completeness of understanding than that of the married life of Wallace Reid and his wife, formerly Dorothy Davenport



the loser. And herein, I should say, he differs from his father, who spread both hands and let the shekels fly where they would with no thought and little desire for return.

He goes to see a picture once a week. Thus far he has made no mention of wanting to be an actor. And his mother would prefer him not to be one. He took a part in one picture, with other children of the stars; and he was, his fair, fond parent says, awful. She added, "I'm glad that he was. He lost whatever interest he may have had."

He has not been told "the facts of life." Mrs. Reid believes that a few inhibitions, a dash of old-fashioned ignorance, do no harm in these rabid days of handing over to infancy all the adult laws and laxities. Let a child remain a child.

There has been considerable conjecture as to just how young Bill has been brought up to think of his father. Does he remember him? Does he feel hero-worship for him? Does he know the later man, wrecked by his own generousities, victim to dark things, struggling and wrestling a final sad victory out of defeat?

#### IMITATING THE IDEAL

**Y**OUNG Bill knows little or nothing of those last dark months. He thinks of his father as, primarily, a *sportsman*. The kind of chap a guy would like to be like. He isn't being taught to imitate his father. He is being taught to imitate the best in his father, the potential man, the idealization, the man he might have been.

He remembers very distinctly a ride he took with Wally when he was only four and a half. In a racing car, out-speeding the racing winds. That motion, that speed, that firm hand on the wheel, that steady eye on the road are Bill's father to him. He remembers his father chucking him overboard, teaching him how to swim, insisting on form and competence.

All around the Reid home are pictures of Wally: Wally fishing, Wally riding, Wally in a motor-boat, on the golf-links, the out-of-door athletic; Wally before grease-paint and easy money and easy flattery and broken trusts corroded his sensitive stamina.

Later on, when he has this background-picture firmly in his mind, he will know about the human Wally, the man who went down to defeat out of his own virtues. The passionate paradox.

*There may yet be another Wally Reid.*

This son of his father may carry on the traditions in their best sense: strengthened, improved upon. That well-beloved face and form braced with a stiffer code.



The influence of the fictitious character upon the real: Ronald Colman, after work in "The Rescue" turns for recreation to life-boating

## "Everything must Flatter us~ to our Finger tips," says ETHEL BARRYMORE



The best loved actress on the American stage adds, "and of all the ways of grooming the finger tips I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish the most flattering..."

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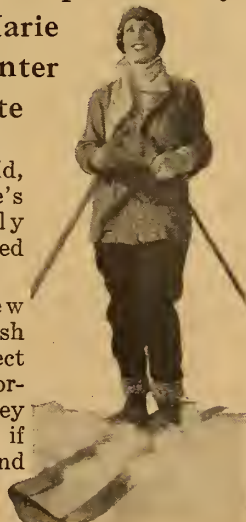
ing sparkle! I take along the Cutex Manicure Kit on all my tours," she added. For smooth nails and exquisitely white nail tips demand regular care with Cutex Cuticle Remover and Cream. "Applied now and then," finished Miss Barrymore, "they keep my shining nail tips ready for their cue!"



"Never fails to protect my nails," says Marie Martin, a Winter Sports Favorite

Miss Martin said, "At Placid, one's nails get simply frightful, all stained and grubby!"

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# The Fangs of Fame

(Continued from page 59)



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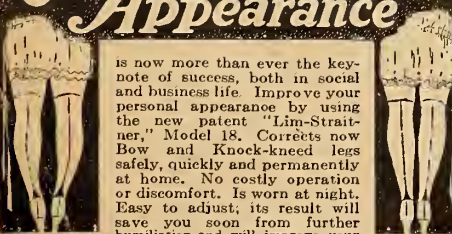
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has its perils, undreamed of in the comfortable days of obscurity. The spotlight attracts a swarm of creatures with stings. Since Fay Wray signed her contract with Famous Players, she has been the victim of four law suits, anonymous telephone calls, blackmailing letters and at least one projected attempt upon the life of herself and her mother. Bills for imaginary services come in on every mail, people who hardly know her suddenly discover that they were responsible for her contract.

### A MOB OF MEDDLERS

**S**UCCESS has not only brought her a host of unknown friends. It has also disclosed the fact that she has absolutely unsuspected enemies. She finds herself, this little high school girl with the lovely line of profile and the strange oriental eyes, suddenly surrounded by people who fawn and flatter, who beg and bully, who pry into her heart, and poke about among her few simple experiences, who admire and envy—and hate her for succeeding.

"It seems to be an American indoor sport to set up idols for the pleasure of knocking them down," John Monk Saunders says in his nice Oxford voice, with his nice Yankee smile. "A champion is never so popular as when he is overthrown. Look at Lindbergh even. As soon as he came back from Europe, people began to find fault with him and write articles and editorials criticizing him. The public resents too much success. That's why gossip about great names spreads so fast: people want to believe it."

"It's funny," Fay says softly, "I always thought to myself that if I ever got my chance in the movies I wouldn't do like the others and give interviews. I hate to talk about myself. After I went to Famous Players I tried not to give out stories about my family and my childhood and my school-days, but everyone told me that the fans wouldn't like me unless they knew my life story. Then, as soon as it was printed, I began to hear from people I didn't know existed—from the Canadian town where I was born, and from Salt Lake City where I grew up, saying how much they'd always thought of me, and asking for money or for some favor. Everybody seems to want something of you as soon as you get a movie contract. Even people I knew very well—"

There was a family, she goes on to explain, who had been great friends of her family's. When Fay came out to Hollywood, they invited her to visit them and she stayed at their house for several weeks. Since then she had been to see them many times. Just recently, when her contract was noised about town, her host and friend sent her a bill for seven hundred dollars for board and lodging. That is Hollywood hospitality for you. No wonder, as she says wistfully, you get suspicious and cynical about people.

### AFRAID OF THEIR FRIENDS

"THERE'S something about somebody else's success," pursues Saunders, "that often seems to bring out the worst traits in people. Sometimes it's jealousy—'Why shouldn't I have as much as she has?' Sometimes it's greed. They begin to scheme how they can get some advantage from it themselves. I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it happen over and over with Fay. That's why so many players keep their telephone numbers secret and let only their best friends know where they live. And even then their friends are sure to

send their best friends around to try to sell insurance or real estate or automobiles, or to get one of their relatives a job at the studio, or to sell a scenario. You get so you suspect even gifts.

"On our honeymoon trip a perfectly charming voice called Fay up on the phone and asked her what her favorite perfume was. She wanted, she said, to make her a wedding present of some. Of course Fay told her, and the voice at the other end of the wire asked if she would please stop at the perfumery department of one of the big department stores and ask for the package. We happened to be passing by that morning and did stop and inquire for it. The clerk was very much perturbed. She said there was no such package, but that the same thing had occurred in the case of two other motion picture actresses recently. Figure that one out. Some crank, of course, but why should she pick out a perfect stranger to annoy? The motion picture business seems to have some strange fascination for unbalanced people."

No wonder so many picture people make their faces famous under assumed names. No wonder they conceal their perfectly innocent pasts under a faked biography, to escape their former acquaintances and friends. If Fay Wray had played up to her long, foreign-looking eyes and claimed Odessa as her birthplace, and a Russian nobleman as her father, she would not have attracted the attention of the ambitious Salt Lake City schoolfellow of hers who sent her recently a blood-curdling letter threatening her life unless she left two thousand dollars in a box on a vacant lot. If she had cultivated an accent and passed herself off as a new foreign find, an enterprising agent might not have sued her for a huge commission for getting her her contract, and a hard working attorney might not have put in a staggering bill for imaginary services.

### FANS WHO'VE NEVER SEEN HER

"THEY tried to get me to change my name to June Darling when I first had a bit in an independent picture," Fay admits, "but I didn't see why I should. I was proud of my name, and I wanted to make it well known if I could. I never dreamed that success could bring me so much trouble. And yet the publicity I've had has done a great deal for me too. I've only had two pictures released, so far: 'The Legion of the Condemned' and 'The Street of Sin.' More than half of my fan mail is from people who have never seen me on the screen. But they've read about me in the fan magazines and newspapers and they write me wonderful letters. 'I hope to see you soon' they say, or 'I'm looking ahead to your first picture.' Perfect strangers write me their good wishes. I've got thousands of fan friends who will go to the movies to see me just because they've read about me and are interested. It's hard to know what to do."

The answer seems to be simple. If you don't want to tell the public about your blood pressure, your butcher's bill and your bank account, if you are not willing to invite them to look into your ice chest or to read your love letters, you were quite obviously not intended to become a movie star.

That is the price you pay. For the claim that you have upon the affections of a multitude of people unknown to you, you must pay with a concession of some claim on their part upon the privacies of your life. You can't be yourself, your lone self only and still be a personage in the public eye.



## Etiquette for Ex's

(Continued from page 53)

downstairs?" And more than likely she would daintily lip to him "But, you big piece of Tillamook, it was after you socked me with the custard pie."

"I am very devoted," continued Lilyan, "to two girls, one of whom is an 'ex' and one who is not—yet. I gave a tea and invited the latter. The former lives in my neighborhood. She must have seen the cars parked before my home."

"But, Lilyan, if she should comment. What would you do?"

"Oh I'd tell her, frankly. It's the only thing to do. She's so regular—she would understand."

But what do hostesses like Bebe Daniels and Patsy Ruth Miller and Ruth Roland do? Do they invite Anita Stewart and her doctor and her ex-husband, Rudolph Cameron. Do they invite Gloria Swanson and Hank, and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Beery?

Of course, it is all right to invite Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay Barthelmess and her husband, because when they returned to these shores, Dick dashed to San Francisco to be first to greet the incoming couple at the dock. And the new Mrs. Barthelmess tea'd a time or two with Mary and Dick in Paris, long after the first Barthelmesses came to the parting.

### THE BERNIE QUESTION

IT WAS easier with Emory Johnson and Ella Hall Johnson. They no sooner decided that separate bliss was most blissful, than they couldn't resist going dancing at Montmartre Cafe. And that made a hostess's life pleasant. You were sure they would come, together, and in happy mood.

But doesn't Bernie Fineman get peeved when he sees Evelyn Brent helping Gary Cooper to mashed potatoes at the Lasky restaurant and he's over in a lone corner?

Someone told someone that someone only invited the ex's that were most influential. And yet they say Hollywood is non-partisan.

I do wish I had Mrs. Post to help me.

I want to know whether I should invite Mr. Adolphe Menjou, Mrs. Adolphe Menjou II, and Mrs. Adolphe Menjou I all at once.



One little girl who got anything but a big hand—from nature. Dorothy Janis's hands are reputed to be the smallest of anyone's in films

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Sessue Hayakawa takes his stand by the fountain at the Banff Springs Hotel at Banff, Alberta, to drink in the vistas of the Canadian Rockies

## What Happened to Hayakawa

(Continued from page 33)

### The Loveliest EYES in the WORLD

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think it good to goad and humiliate me—to pick a quarrel. I do not mind a quarrel. It is all one side, you understand. I let them say this, that, or what they wish, and I do not make reply with my mouth. Then it is that one of them—the chief one—get very angry, and he called me by a name. It is something should not come out of the mouth. Something that is unpardonable insult to me and an affront to my nationality. No man can help where he is born—what is his blood. Only an ignorant coward throws up to a man that he does not like his race. I come of a proud people—a man of my quality could not endure such insult. Still I did not speak. I stare at his face, but I say nothing. He say then: 'People in this country have no use for Chinks.' I am not Chink. I am Japanese gentleman, and the word Chink is not fit to be spoke. I continue merely to stare at him, and speak no word. Every man in that room look uncomfortable. Then I bow with politeness to all and I leave that room.

#### LEAVING HOLLYWOOD FOR HOME

"THAT night they send me a letter to my house. How much I will settle my claim for \$90,000 for? I disdain to reply, but next day this is how I answer: I attach every piece of property of that company permitted by law. That same day, I dismiss all my servants—I close up my house and put caretaker in charge; I cancel all engagements. I said to myself: 'Now I am all through.' I take many little insult and humiliation—but no—nothing so big as this.' I do not wait for any legal consequence of my action, but that night I take train for San Francisco, and from there, immediately I sail for Japan!

"I remain in Japan for three months. I pass back through America, by San Fran-

cisco, but I do not even stop off at Hollywood. I go straight on to New York and from there to France."

Hayakawa drew a great breath. I think he was glad that the thing was out—out of his system. He had nursed a hurt so long that it had rankled intolerably. He had thrown over his career for an insult.

"Did you get the \$90,000 back?" I asked practically.

Hayakawa shrugged, as though money were but a detail.

"Oh, yes. That is settled inside of half hour, with representative of new company that buy the assets. All that money paid to me when I am in France."

He moved restlessly, offered me a cigarette, lit one; smiled through the smoke. I knew he wanted to change the subject.

#### HIS FILM RUNS THREE YEARS

"HOW did the French treat you?" "Too kind! In Paris I made a Japanese picture called 'The Battle.' I had expected to return to Japan to make that picture, as it was necessary to have many battleships. The French Minister of War solve my problem. He put at my disposal seventeen French battleships. He made me a Commander in the French Navy. Already I am a Japanese naval officer. Every day come to me the captains, salute and ask: 'How many ships today, sir? How many men you require?' They put the Japanese flag on the French battleships. The French sailors and officers put on Japanese uniforms. Even the daughter of the Minister plays in picture as compliment to me. It was marvelous! Such generosity! What enthusiasm and exquisite consideration! What inspiration! We create a great picture. In one theater alone in Paris it runs for three years."



About a year ago Hayakawa returned to America. He admits to homesickness—a nostalgia. He wanted again to come to the land where he had made his greatest success and where he had been so cruelly hurt. Before returning to pictures, he determined to discover to what extent his popularity had waned during his long absence. He tested this out in a coast to coast vaudeville tour, where he was the headliner, and played to packed houses. Wherever he went, he was enthusiastically acclaimed.

#### THE COLONY IS KINDER

"YOU find things changed?"

"Human nature does not change, but time mellows and softens our natures. Prejudices vanish like smoke. Today I find a broader, friendlier feeling. There is even a marked desire for Oriental pictures. They may become a fad. Dolores del Rio will play 'The Darling of the Gods'; Metro Goldwyn prepares a Japanese picture; Norma Talmadge considers 'Madame Butterfly'; 'A Japanese Nightingale' will be revived. Oriental pictures lend themselves to technicolor, moreover. They will be beautiful."

"And sound? You will use sound in your pictures?"

"I do not know. I am not sure. Perhaps sound to the extent of the roar of waves, the wind, native chanting, booming of bells and so forth, but as to dialogue—"

He shook his head, sighed, troubled.

"What do you think of the talkies?"

"Hard to say. One should not express an opinion too soon. Any prediction premature. Much development will be needed. Stage plays are rehearsed two weeks, then played on road till the actors know their lines and their parts perfectly. In picture we rehearse but a day; then shoot. The players who must speak lines will be too conscious of their voices; they will fear their effect and grope for the lines. This doubt will register in their faces. Their minds instead of on their motions and the acting will be concentrated on their lines—unless very careful. The result might prove automatic, puppet-like, mechanical motions. The players will miss the guidance of the director, who may not speak, since his voice would register in the microphone. Ah! We are but at the beginning."

#### THE TICKLISH TALKIES

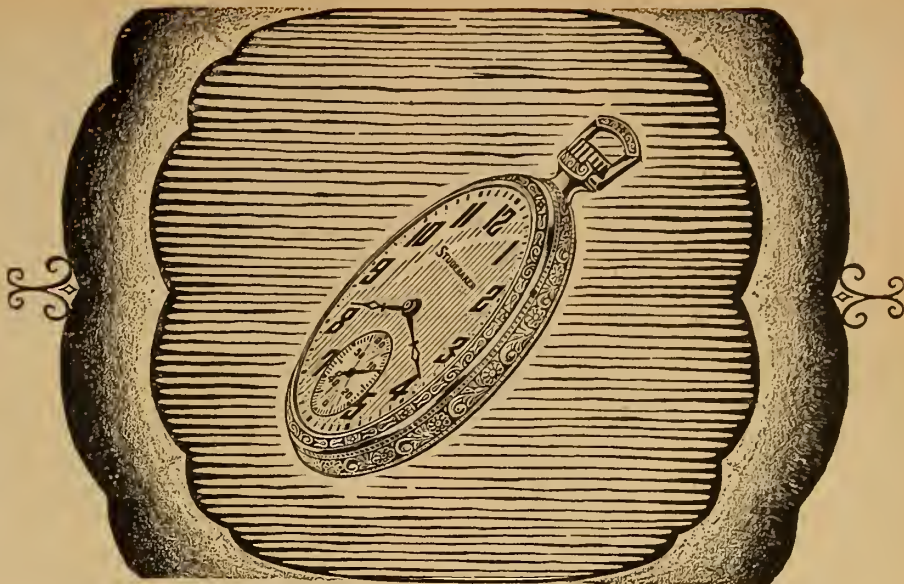
HE pondered the matter, walking up and down a bit restlessly, as though troubled.

"In my own case. Suppose I use speech in my picture. Then it must be pidgin English, since I speak with accent."

He changed the subject abruptly. Began to talk of books—he is widely read; of golf—he is an addict, and says his idea of Nirvana is that moment when after a fine shot the ball drops into the hole. He talked of psychology; reincarnation, of his wife, who "makes things pleasant at my home," of his former scenarist, Eve Unsell—"A charming lady of great talent and beauty." (Incidentally, Eve Unsell has said of Hayakawa that he is one of the greatest actors the screen has produced—"a man possessed of that rare quality—genius!")

Sessue Hayakawa has changed little since he left America. He is still in his twenties, a man above the average height, possessed of a figure as lithe as an acrobat's. He was born in Tokyo, of Samurai ancestry; is a graduate of the Imperial University, a naval officer, an amateur boxer, wrestler, fencer, ju-jitsu expert and swimmer.

"The Bandit Prince", is the name of the story in which he will make his reappearance in pictures. Hayakawa himself wrote the novel. It has to do with the capture of two American girls by bandits. There are two heroines, the blonde American girl and a little Manchu princess.



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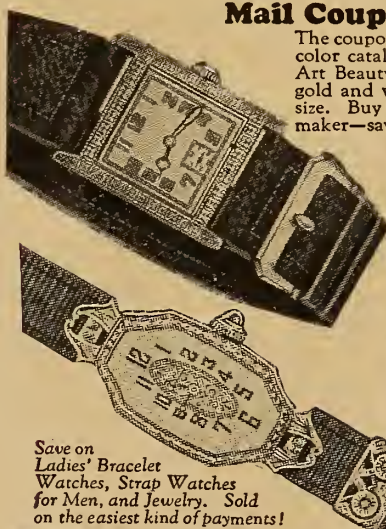
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Write on the job! This is the motto of Dorothy Spensley, contributor to Motion Picture and Motion Picture Classic. Cast as a lady-in-waiting by Douglas Fairbanks in "The Iron Mask," she proceeds forthwith to interview the star

## A Lady Who Wasn't

(Continued from page 31)

lost members?) could see the picture of his Santa Emma, his Divine Lady on the screen, he would feel that First National had respected his wishes.

All through her life the beauteous Emma retained unmistakable traces of her lowly origin. Her fine-lady manners often slipped askew in moments of stress and showed her as she was, the shrill daughter of a cook in spite of her blazing diamonds and gorgeous golden gowns. Corinne Griffith, on the other hand, cannot be vulgar if she tries. Her sole attempt at backstairs behavior in "The Divine Lady" is a wink at a coachman and a kiss for a groom.

### A HABITUAL MOTHER

**T**HE fair but frail Emma had other characteristics which would unfit her for the perfect heroine of a motion picture. One of these frailties was her habit of having illegitimate children, as she undoubtedly did from time to time, though she managed to keep some of them from the knowledge of her elderly husband, Sir William Hamilton, himself. Now movie censors strenuously object to the mention of anyone's having any kind of children at all, and illegitimate ones especially are taboo except as shawl-wrapped bundles carried by the wronged girl in a David Wark Griffith photodrama. So Little Emma and Horatia and the rest are not included in the cast of "The Divine Lady."

"I'm not one to be handed from one man to another!" cries Lady Hamilton in a caption in the picture. But in point of real, unvarnished truth, that is exactly what she was. Born to the servant class, beautiful above her station, she was foredoomed from her earliest girlhood to become the prey to

men's desires. Even history is uncertain of the names and numbers of Emma Hart's lovers before she became the mistress of the elegant Greville, and her career of glory was begun. But he was certainly not the first, as the picture would lead one to believe. And the discreet director, when he shows Sir William proposing marriage to the daughter of his cook, does not think it necessary to mention the sad truth that she had already lived with him without benefit of a wedding ring for four years.

"We did not whitewash the character of Lady Hamilton," protests the studio. "We merely left some things out of her story. We didn't deny her children or her lovers or her infidelities. We simply didn't mention them."

### LOWLY BUT LOVELY

**B**UT without her children and lovers, without her lapses into back-stairs behavior and kitchen diction, Lady Hamilton is not the woman whose possibilities the fastidious Greville discovered, the woman whom his uncle, the Ambassador, married; the woman who captured the simple and chivalrous heart of the hero of the Nile. The drama of Nelson's Saint Emma lies in the fact that, in spite of a shameful past—which there were no lack of voices to retail—in spite of her secret children, in spite of her vulgar birth, here was a beauty so remarkable, a will so strong, a wit so keen that she was able to do great deeds for her country and win a love that stands forever among the great devotions of all time, a love that ranks with that of Leander for his Hero, of Abelard for his Heloise.

Such a woman makes history. Such a  
(Continued on page 109)





The rebirth of his characterization in "The Birth of a Nation": Henry B. Walthall in the name part of "The Little Colonel" and in the act of surrendering his heart to Ethel Stone

## The Little Colonel Carries On

(Continued from page 42)

In all the years between the Then and the Now, years of interviewing, breakfasting, lunching and dining with this star and that, not once had I ever met Henry B. Walthall. Until yesterday. Curious, but true. He had remained for me one of those early fervors, a dream once seen, not forgotten, not quite real.

### A DREAM FINDS ITS PLACE

**Y**ESTERDAY he came for me. He has grown older, but the years have been kind. Still he is dark and inscrutable, knife-like, given to long silences (I knew he would have 'em), diffident, courteous. Still he is the Southern Gentleman, the Little Colonel. In a dark suit, a white shirt, a black bow tie, and soft felt hat, he looked as he should have looked. As if the years, not all successful ones, not all happy ones, had laid lines on his face, shadows in his eyes and been romantic in their etching.

We went for luncheon to the first little tea room we saw. And sat in a distant corner, by candle-light. And I poured forth my early and guiltless passion, glad to let an old dream go where it belonged. And Henry Walthall laughed a little, and a little sadly. You would know why.

I wanted him to talk about beginnings and so he told me something of his boyhood days, on his father's farm in Alabama. His father's back bent under the soil, he had wanted his son to study law. Sons were obedient in those days. And the dark, tense Henry studied law. But he couldn't take an interest in it. It didn't appeal. He had done dramatic work in school and in college. The throb of Broadway came down to him. The theater had seeped into his blood, how or from where he doesn't know. He is the only one of his family and he was, as a consequence, the family black sheep for a long while. There were black sheep in those days, too.

And so Henry broke his heart on Broadway and mended it and broke it again. He went hungry and cold. He ate and was merry; and one day when times were hard

he drifted into the old Biograph and onto the Griffith set. D. W. looked him over and suggested that he sit on a prop and be a tramp. Henry, amused, did as he was told. A small child, presumably his daughter, handed him a lunch pail. That was all. They gave him \$7.50 for taking the lunch pail. And he came back for more. The final result was Henry Walthall's first picture, "The Convict's Tragedy" or something like that.

### THEY WERE FUN, THOSE DAYS

**H**E went on reminiscing after that; back to those days when the studios were friendly, eager places. The players were friendly people. Back then you got just as much cash for being a waiter or a piece of pie as you did for the stellar rôle. And you preferred to be a piece of pie or the target for a piece or anything else insignificant and unrecognizable. Because, back then, no one wanted it known that he had sunk so low as to take up with movies. It was considered a disgrace. A mark of failure. The movies, they all thought, were temporary things, stop-gaps, until Ships Came In. No one, no one at all, said Henry Walthall, had the faintest conception of what they were to grow to, to be. Then their one aim was the daily pay-check. Their one fear lest Broadway and the Legit snoop them out in their lowly haunts and turn backs on them, thumbs down.

There was little if any commercialism then. Everyone was working for bread and butter. Working hard, giving the other down and out a lift, hoping for better days. Competition had not come in. The star system was of the future.

"What has it been," I asked, "that has kept some of those early beginners in the foreground while others have dropped by the way?"

"The ones who have remained," said Mr. Walthall, in that sad, off-hand voice of his, "are the ones who have kept their heads. Their balance. They haven't grown impos-

(Continued on page 95)

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BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

## Gagged To Glory

(Continued from page 48)

earn their hire by making the mental mastodons of the movies into household words.

You've heard of Goldwyn, surnamed Samuel. But unless you're of the inner circle, Victor Shapiro is as vague a personage to you as Victor Emmanuel. Yet, but for Shapiro, Goldwyn would be no more a household word than antidisestablishmentarianism. Deliberately and with malice aforethought, Shapiro set out to propound a series of puns, jokes and witty sayings presumed to emanate from the austere and unscintillating Goldwyn. It is probable that Sam's life will always be virginal so far as wise-cracks are concerned; it is doubtful if he would recognize a nifty even in one of his own subtitles. Yet Shapiro went right ahead and knocked 'em off their chairs with a fund of Goldwyn anecdotes ranking with Lincolniana. Ripples of laughter spread from coast to coast through hall and hamlet. Goldwyn became a personality. Which was in a way gratifying. But very puzzling withal. So much so that upon more than one occasion Shapiro was subjected to a testy questioning, "Vic, tell me, why is it you make from me all these funny stories?" And Vic would deny and stall and alibi, and go right ahead making Goldwyn into a household word. Vic pinned on Goldwyn the one about, "I'll tell you in two words, impossible." And the one about, "All the great men in the film business are dying, tell me, do I look sick?" And the one about reading a criticism of his photoplay which described it as a poignant drama, and exclaiming, "Oi, I thought it was a clean picture." So Goldwyn was gagged to glory, and is better known throughout the land than many a man whose movie magnitude is cubits greater.

### LON AND VON, HOW THEY GO ON

DON'T shoot! It may be Lon Chaney! That fellow Lon Chaney is such a two-faced guy! And a host of similar nifties have established this actor as the *sine qua non* of cinemaland when it comes to grotesqueries of make-up. They have added to his popularity, increased his box-office value, added to his earning power. Every Jock who takes his Doris to the movies, will try to haw-haw himself into her heart by proving with a Chaney gag that he is really a deucedly clever chap, and a quite desirable lover. And then in sheer gratitude select Lon's latest as the film to be seen.

Von Stroheim, who never in his career has made a bad picture, is a household word. Not because of his unexcelled ability, but because of roguish waggeries. What cut-up hasn't pointed to some gigantic warehouse with the quip that it was built to hold the negative of "The Wedding March?" Such fooleries are remembered when "Foolish Wives" is forgotten. And the yokelry flocks to a Von Stroheim drama because of them.

De Mille has been built into a household word. His name, more than any other—with the possible exception of Griffith's—is associated with the direction of motion pictures. If a wielder of the mystic megaphone appears in cartoon, caricature, novel, play or picture, the characterization is a reflection from the De Mille aura. Examine the record and you may find this lofty eminence has been attained by anecdote more than by achievement. Theodore Roberts on "The King of Kings" set, sending word to De Mille, "Tell God that Moses and Aaron are waiting to see him." Famous last words, "No, Mr. De Mille." Reference to his lavish expenditures by producers, "Over De Mille to the poorhouse." And this shrewd showman knows the worth of

every wise-crack. According to no less an authority than his very clever daughter, Cecilia, the great C. B. gets as big a laugh from each of them as Marie Prevost contributes to "The Godless Girl."

A producer of two-reel alleged comedies made a tremendous stride toward being a household word when he got red-faced and spluttered, "My comedies are not to be laughed at!" Two, at the most three, more such nifties, and crowds would have lined the foyers of theaters showing his atrocities.

### NIFTIES ABOUT NEGRI

GILDA GRAY became a household word when she superseded a bowl of jelly. Instead of the age-worn simile, "To shake like a bowl of jelly," America welcomed its variation, "To shake like Gilda Gray." Gilda's fame is based on this. If some one will dig up a few more, her career on the screen will prove as brilliant as her stage success. Pola Negri was good box-office just so long as the publicity department flooded the land with tales of her temperamentality, gags accentuating the bizarre in her make-up, nifties regarding her charities, such as presenting a motion picture machine to a blind children's home. When they quit making nifties on Negri, her pictures became film-salesmen's nightmares.

Jetta Goudal was in the way of being a big shot during the days when she was described as the cocktail of temperament. Gags about her vagaries made good table talk. Unfortunately Jetta was kidding in earnest, and the producers, lacking all sense of humor, decided that too much was enough. Even Gloria became more interesting when the Marquise gags gained vogue. And everyone wanted to see the star who insisted on being wheeled from her dressing-room to the movie set. A story, incidentally, which had no foundation in fact. Minor indiscretions, such as those of Gilbert and Chaplin add length, breadth, and no inconsiderable thickness to the queue of the curious who line up before the ticket-taker's window.

### ALL WET FROM "RAIN"

FROM the time of the gag about the guy who played the stable-boy in "The Four Horsemen," pictures themselves have been wise-cracked to greater prominence. When Richard Dix called his epic "The Varnishing Armenian," the punny fellow's nifty rolled from tongue to tongue till every wag from Joe Frisco to Cy Corntossel was unconsciously boosting the show. Both "The Ten Commandments" and "The King of Kings" were gagged to greater glory than they would have gained legitimately by slightly sacrilegious snickers which echoed from Hollywood to Hoboken at the funny phrases of a thousand jokesters. Even such puerilities as *Sadie Thompson* being all wet from "Rain" helped make the Swanson success a household word before it was released.

Unfortunately there are too few Victor Shapiros in the film business (art, industry). If he were triplets, there would be three-fold more household words in motion pictures. It would pay richly to develop more of these rollicking lingual roisterers for the publicity positions which are occupied by young men who take themselves and their work more seriously than Moses took the tablets from heaven. They've forgotten Alice White's recipe for success, "Keep your sense of humor and don't kid yourself." Unless the situation changes, the decline and fall of the gag, the nifty and the wise-crack is imminent. And this indeed is something to be viewed with alarm.



# The Little Colonel Carries On

(Continued from page 93)

sible egos, thought they were of supreme importance, become overbearing, cold to others, conceited. They've been human beings and they've continued to be human beings. Conceit and bad advice have caused more movie failures and movie tragedies than any other causes."

"Mary," I said, agreeing, "is still great."

## THE VAIN CLUTCH ON YOUTH

"MARY," said Henry Walthall, a little the devotee, "was always great. From the very beginning. And she is no different now. She is as she always has been—sweet and very sane."

"So many of the screen people lose out too soon because they cannot bring themselves to change their type of work with the years. They cannot accept screen age gracefully. This is particularly true of the women, I believe. It seems to me that we should all be able to do the type of work our changing ages call for, none the less good because we are not still juveniles."

"Would you," I asked, "would you do it all over again if you could? Be an actor, I mean?"

"No. If I had it to do over again, I would do everything differently. I would not be an actor. There is more bitter than sweet. More temptation than truth. It is too long and often too lonely a road. It exacts too much. And in the end—for all of us—age is inexorable."

Which mustn't lead you to suppose that the Little Colonel—grown older, has abandoned hope. Far from it. He feels that for

him as for many others, the talkies have opened up a new and golden age again. His voice, the voice of the trained actor, mellow because it is of the South, mellow with years and depth may, and indeed has, stood him in good stead now. Recently he finished a picture for Warner Brothers, and one called "The Jazz Age," I think, for F.B.O. There have been others, too. And others are ahead.

## A SAGA NOT ALL SOMBRE

AND in between whiles he lives in Beverly Hills with Mary Charlston, his wife. He reads, but not so much as he has formerly done. His eyes are not what they were. He has a little hunting lodge somewhere in the mountains and his best fun nowadays is to go off there and hunt and fish and swim.

Is it too sentimental to wonder whether, hunting, he sometimes sighs for his gently gone youth, for the days when things were Just Beginning, when Griffith was leading the shades out of darkness, when Blanche Sweet wrung the hearts of fans—grown older too—and Henry Walthall moved on the center of the screen, dark, romantic, preeminent?

Thus the saga of a Secret Sorrow comes to a conclusion more kindly than such things often do. For I found, after all these years, the Little Colonel again, the shadowy secret figure of earlier years, silver in his hair, lost dreams in his eyes, but wearing the years gallantly, a Southern gentleman, a cavalier.



## "Matthew! After all these years!"

IT'S near the final fade-out and things are exciting. The Heroine's looking her prettiest as she rushes down the steps to greet her long lost sweetheart. On her face is just the right expression of rapture and surprise.



Alice White

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## The Solomon of the Cinema

(Continued from page 40)

Hollywood. It is Schenck who has rushed to the aid of numberless productions and businesses outside the industry and put them on their grateful feet again. It is Schenck who plays Father Confessor to the pictures and passions of great stars. It is Schenck who is the power behind the throne in Hollywood.

Ensnored behind his elaborate desk on the United Artists lot, guarded by secretaries, assistants and managers, no detail is too trivial to escape the attention of this man of the hour. So? That assistant director was promised a raise in salary? He is to get it. There are prop boys who will tell you that Joseph Schenck has yet to break his most unimportant promise. His oral word is as good as many another man's contract. What is this about two stars on the lot quarreling over a certain sensational picture story? It is Schenck who plays Solomon. Neither of them gets it. It will be made with an all-star cast. Everybody's happy. Does Lupe Velez swear too much for a talented young fire-brand who is on her way to a glowing stardom? She must be sent for and talked to.

### LUPE SWEARS OFF SWEARING

"LUPE," said Mr. Schenck, moving himself gently back and forth in a swivel chair back of his desk, "hardly realized what she was saying or doing when she swore like that. She does not speak English so well even yet, and some one must have taught her those words when she understood it less. I called her into this office and told her she must not say such things. Lupe swore? I think she will not swear so much now." Even in Schenck's smiling words there is the note of command. Neither do I think Lupe will swear so much any more. Or not in the hearing of Schenck.

You get the idea that Schenck finds the supposedly temperamental babies of the screen docile creatures after all. He has few tales to relate of broken contracts, or open rebellion. Lawyers and doctors play an unimportant part in United Artists contracts. With the problems of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Norma Talmadge,

John Barrymore, D. W. Griffith, Lupe, and Camilla Horn you might imagine that Mr. Schenck had his hands full. But he shakes his head in dismissal at the problems and headaches of other producers.

"The greater the artist, the less temperament you are likely to encounter," he insists. "Big people must have sense as well as talent, or else they cannot maintain their exalted positions. I don't say that certain flashy and temperamental actors do not get to the top; but they don't stay there. Practically every star of United Artists is a veteran of the screen."

### THE FORESIGHT OF FAIRBANKS

"TAKE Douglas Fairbanks: when Doug first came to the screen and established himself as one of the outstanding personalities, he was running neck-and-neck in popularity with Charlie Ray and William S. Hart. They were in no sense rivals, for they each had their own fields to conquer; but they were equally important. Today, Fairbanks is the only one of that group whose prestige is as great, or greater, than it was then. That is because he has not been guided by blind vanity or temperament. He has been able to read the handwriting on his own wall. There was a time in his career when Doug could easily have gone the way of the others, toward oblivion. Had he insisted on keeping to a repetition of his early successes he would now be merely a name of yesterday. But Doug said to me once, then, 'I'm off on the wrong track. I've got to make a definite switch from the things I've been doing,' and ever after that he made it his aim to give the public something a little different in every picture he has made."

"I have heard people say that Mary and Doug are type-actors—just as Hart and Ray used to be. It is true they have established a character, but they have not allowed that character to stagnate and stand still. They have advanced it with the times. Perhaps it is true that Doug is always the athlete and Mary the little girl, but they present these figures in such a variety of background and plot that the public does not grow weary of them. In 'The Mark of



Zorro,' there were great action and a thrilling plot. In 'Robin Hood' there were great camera-beauty and appeal to the eye. In the 'Thief of Bagdad' there were unusual settings and unusual effects. Do you see what I mean by not allowing the public to become weary? Even now, with everybody crazy about the talking fad, Doug has worked out a plan to use it in a novel way in his new picture. That is why he is still on the top of the heap a 100-per-center today, while others who started with a chance equal to his are out of the running."

He went on to say that while Lupe and Camilla Horn were still in the formative stages of stardom that equal care was being devoted to their careers.

#### LADIES, HOT AND COLD

"WE do not intend that Lupe shall play one madcap after another just because she got over so well in such a part in 'The Gaucho.' We are not searching for further fire-cracker rôles for Lupe, any more than we are looking for more cold-princess rôles for Camilla. Since the release of 'The Gaucho' and 'Tempest,' we have had many calls from other studios to borrow Lupe and Camilla for practically a repetition of their rôles in those pictures. And we have turned those offers down. Our idea is to build up Lupe and Camilla—not tear them down."

Lupe, if you please, is going to do some tear-wringer parts and some little-girl stuff along with her juvenile vamping; and Camilla will probably scintillate in modern comedy as well as costume. In that way the public won't get tired of them. They're putting themselves completely in the hands of Schenck and trusting to his movie judgment. Temperamental? Not on your life.

"You see," said Mr. Schenck, "the new ones are too young and inexperienced to be temperamental and the old ones are too wise."

That's his explanation of it.

Just between you and me, I think it is something else. I think Hollywood has unbounded confidence in the experience and wisdom of her most popular man.

It would be the sort of explanation that Joseph Schenck would give. For with his sagacity there goes a modesty honestly meant, but misleading.



Five indications that Jack Mulhall's idea of fun is very petty indeed: a Japanese monkey and four police dog pups

# MOVIE STARS REVEAL ALL

*Series of Confessions Bares Hitherto  
Unknown Secrets*

## FANS STORM NEWSSTANDS

NEW YORK—Reports from throughout the country indicate that the most sensational interest in motion picture personalities ever developed is following the publication of a series of confessions of the screen stars in Motion Picture Classic. These confessionals are written by Gladys Hall, one of the most brilliant and authoritative writers of motion-picture celebrities and their activities.

Readers of periodicals devoted to the cinema and its people have for the last several months been storming newsstands on the tenth of every month, the date of issuance of the magazine containing these articles. In several instances police report measures of violence against newsdealers whose supply of Classics has been sold out before the entire populace had opportunity to make purchases.

Henry J. Smurt, president of the Brotherhood of Newsvendors, in a statement to the press today, pleaded for tolerance from the public under such circumstances.

"Newsdealers," said Mr. Smurt, "are every month ordering nearly double the number of Classics they compute to be sufficient. They are taking every possible precaution against a disappointment of the public. If there is fault to be found, let me direct the attention of readers to the publishers of Classic. They are steadily and remorselessly making the magazine so much better every month that excessive demand is inevitable."

When shown Mr. Smurt's comment, the publishers of Classic said:

"It is true that we are every month improving the magazine. But for this we have no apology to offer. We intend to continue in that policy, regardless of the personal risk to newsdealers and the occasional demolition of their stands at the hands of a confession-hungry public. Let the newsdealers, if they fear further outbreaks of indignation, insure themselves against it by not only doubling but quadrupling their order.

"Classic, however, has one suggestion to make for the purpose of bringing about a more amicable arrangement between the buyer and the distributor of itself. It is that the fan make a definite reservation when he buys his one month's Classic, for another the following month. This will at once insure him against disappointment and the newsdealer against the unjustified ravages of public fury. Classic appears the tenth of every month. A reservation then for the following month should straighten out the entire distressing situation."





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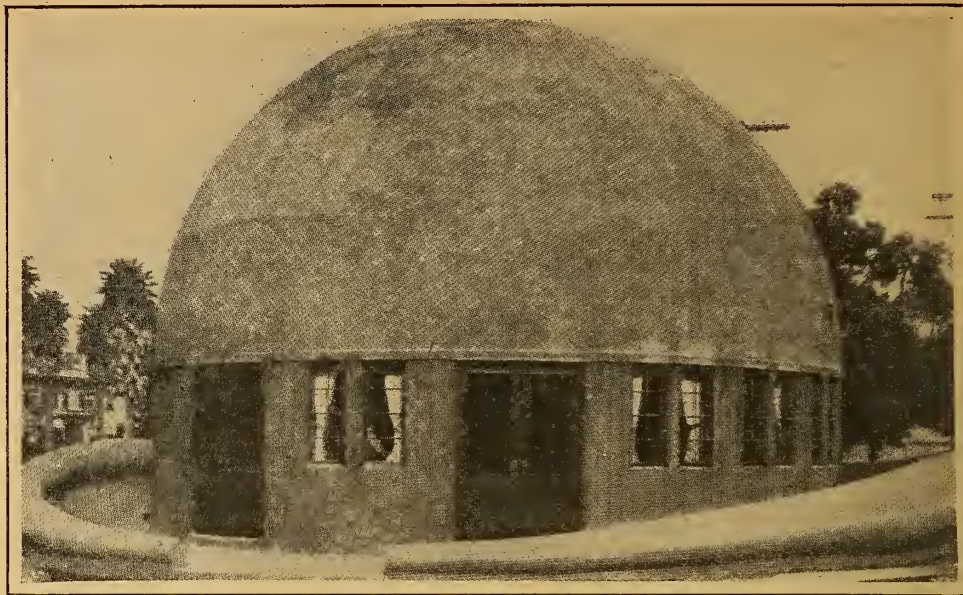
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Hollywood's crowning achievement in uniqueness of restaurant design: The Brown Derby, where tourists feast themselves both on food and the sight of celebrities

## Where the Famous Feed

(Continued from page 35)

last port of call of a night on the tiles.

### ROUGH AND COSTLY

THE other place open all night in Hollywood is the Brown Derby, a weird place shaped like its name almost opposite the Ambassador Hotel. Here a group of wise-aces and men of the world headed by Wilson Mizner, the wit, is apt to gather when the workaday world is tucked in bed. All the food served is ham and eggs, sausage, steak and chicken. It is more expensive than Henry's, and less interesting. There is not much to say about the food at either, though it is satisfactory in a simple way.

In their more savage moments the stars patronize the various chicken dinner joints to be found a few miles out of town on the highways. At these it is customary to eat without knife and fork, simply tearing the deceased fowl to pieces with the hands and sucking the bones clean. This is a distinctly popular indoor sport among certain classes of motion picture people. Only one of these places goes so far as not even to keep knives and forks on the premises—the Zulu Hut, on the road to Universal City, which is owned by Raymond McKee. McKee serves chicken on cardboard plates, the guests sitting on rough benches in front of even rougher tables without cloths.

The most popular chicken dinner place is the Tropical Inn at Culver City, near Metro-Goldwyn studio, a mysterious, dimly lit hut where undoubtedly the best chicken and squab in the world are to be had. On Sundays the Tropical Inn is packed and there are lines standing outside. Many of the patrons are screen celebrities, but the light is too low to distinguish them. Page Louise Fazenda here most Sundays and you will generally get your woman.

### TEN-SPOTS AND WHITE

SO far as expense goes, you can't beat the once-a-month *soirées* of the Mayfair

Club in its private room at the Biltmore Hotel. On these occasions it costs \$10 to sit down for a meal, which is undoubtedly the reason for its being so strongly patronized by the stars, who have a complex that the more they pay the better everything must be. The strange part about this is that after the Mayfair has broken up for the evening the large majority of the patrons hurry to Henry's for a turkey wing or a ham sandwich, cut thick. Once a year, on New Year's Eve, \$20 is the price of your meal at the Mayfair. You get the same steak except that it is tastefully garnished with paper streamers.

At the other extreme of expense we find the White Spot sandwich counters, which are chiefly patronized by artisans and rough persons during the daytime, but after these crude people have gone to bed are occasionally honored by a visit from the stars. They are open all night, and happen to be situated at several convenient corners which save the uncertain footsteps of the late reveller the trouble of finding their way all the long distance to Henry's. It is not exceptional to find a galaxy of well-known film folk, eking out an evening of whoopee, sitting in a row on the stools of a White Spot at three or four in the morning doing much damage to ham and eggs and coffee before putting the car away for the night.

After an opening of a new picture is the classy time to go to the Ambassador. By midnight on such occasions the Coconut Grove, the Ambassador's famous dance and supper room, is full of important stars and executives, those from the studio where the picture was made complimenting each other on it, and those from other studios giving it a couple of weeks to run. Here one may eat an excellent meal for \$3 or thereabouts; and an added spice and flavor are given the food by the fact that this is the vantage point of Hollywood for seeing who is stepping out with whose wife.

## Never Mind the Other Nine

One of America's most successful playwrights once said that there are ten rules for a good play. The first, he declared, is that it be interesting; and the other nine don't matter. MOTION PICTURE observes that first and all-sufficient principle, of course. But it goes a bit beyond that. It aims not only to make itself interesting, but more and more interesting every month.

Which accounts, perhaps, for the fact that it has, every month, more and more readers.

### MOTION PICTURE

*It's the Magazine of Authority*



## In and Out of Focus

(Continued from page 39)

### Clara Ought to Know

**CLARA BERANGER** says that her only worry about talkies is that they may immortalize some of the worst bromides of life. For instance, when the hostess greets callers on the screen, we will have to listen to her saying, "Er—won't you—er—sit down? Er—lovely weather we're having—er, aren't we?" Or when two lovers clasp, we will be treated to the ancient declaration, "Dearest, you are the only girl I ever loved."

### The Yellower the Yellier

**WHICH** reminds me—the talkies have done away with the shouting director, anyhow. On a set recently I saw a poor little extra girl singled out for a bawling out—through a megaphone—because she failed to obey instructions. "But, Mr. Soandso," trembled the girl. "I didn't hear you when you spoke the first time." "Didn't hear, eh?" said the director, with heavy sarcasm. "So you're deaf, eh? Well, we don't want deaf extras in this picture? You're fired. Did you hear that, or shall I say it louder? F-i-r-e-d!"

### Don't Be Lili!

**SINCE** Prince George's visit, the motto "England Expects Every Man to do His Damndest" has become "England Expects Every Man to Do His Damitest."

### Making Ben Understand

**JERITZA**, the opera singer, is—they say—very anxious to make a motion picture. The other night when singing "Carmen" she was told that Mr. Shulberg was in the audience. When the time came for her to fall dead, she amazed and astounded the audience by taking four falls instead of one. Evidently she considered that was proof that she understood movie technique.

### What Does He Want for Six Bits?

**IN** "Show Girl" they took off as many clothes from the star and chorus as possible. "And then," lamented the first-nighter, "they gave us long shots. It's like sitting in row Z at the Ziegfeld Follies."



The bad luck of the Irish! But Charley Murray would never have missed the ball, if he'd had the right equipment. With a shillalah in his hand, nothing could come near him and live

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Adoree, Renee  
Arthur, Jean  
Astor, Mary

Baclanova  
Banky, Vilma  
Basquette, Lina  
Beebe, Marjorie  
Bellamy, Madge  
Borden, Olive  
Bow, Clara  
Brent, Evelyn  
Brian, Mary  
Bronson, Betty  
Brooks, Louise

Carol, Sue  
Carroll, Nancy  
Claire, Ethelyne  
Collyer, June  
Corda, Maria  
Costello, Dolores  
Compson Betty,

Daniels, Bebe  
Davies, Marion  
Dana, Viola  
Day, Alice  
Day, Marceline  
Del Rio, Dolores  
Dove, Billie  
Dunn, Josephine

Garbo, Greta  
Gaynor, Janet  
Gish, Dorothy  
Gish, Lillian  
Griffith, Corinne

Haver, Phyllis  
Joy, Leatrice

Kent, Barbara  
Kenyon, Doris

La Marr, Barbara  
La Plante, Laura  
Logan, Jacqueline

Mackaill, Dorothy  
Marchal, Arlette  
McAvoy, May  
Moore, Colleen  
Moran, Lois

Negri, Pola  
Nissen, Greta  
Nixon, Marian

O'Day, Molly  
O'Neil, Sally  
Pickford, Mary  
Philbin, Mary  
Phipps, Sally

Ralston, Esther  
Ray, Allene  
Reynolds, Vera  
Revier, Dorothy

Sebastian, Dorothy  
Shearer, Norma  
Southern, Eve  
Starke, Pauline  
Swanson, Gloria

Talmadge, Constance  
Talmadge, Norma  
Taylor, Ruth  
Terry, Alice  
Todd, Thelma

Valli, Virginia  
Velez, Lupe  
Vidor, Florence

White, Alice  
Windsor, Claire  
Wray, Fay  
Winton, Jane

#### ACTORS

Acord, Art  
Allen, Hugh  
Alvarado, Don  
Asther, Nils

Bancroft, George  
Barrymore, John  
Barthelmess, Richard  
Boyd, William  
Brook, Clive  
Brown, Johnny Mack

Carewe, Arthur Edmund  
Chaney, Lon  
Chaplin, Charles  
Cody, Lew  
Colman, Ronald  
Collier, William, Jr.  
Coogan, Jackie  
Cooper, Gary  
Cortez, Ricardo  
Chandler, Lane

De Lacey, Philippe  
D'Arcy, Roy  
Delaney, Charles  
Denny, Reginald  
Dix, Richard  
Duryea, George

Fairbanks, Douglas  
Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.  
Farrell, Charles  
Ford, Harrison  
Forbes, Ralph

Gibson, Hoot  
Gilbert, John  
Gray, Lawrence

Haines, William  
Hall, James  
Hamilton, Neil  
Hanson, Lars  
Harlan, Kenneth  
Holt, Jack  
Hoxie, Jack  
Hughes, Lloyd

Jannings, Emil  
Jones, Buck

Keane, Raymond  
Keith, Donald

Kerry, Norman  
Kent, Larry

Landis, Cullen  
La Rocque, Rod  
Lease, Rex  
Lewis, George  
Lyon, Ben  
Luden, Jack

Maynard, Ken  
McLaglen, Victor  
Meighan, Thomas  
Menjou, Adolphe  
Miller, Walter  
Mix, Tom  
Mix, Tom, and his horse  
Tony

Moreno, Antonio  
Mulhall, Jack  
Morton, Charles

Nagel, Conrad  
Norton, Barry  
Novarro, Ramon

O'Brien, George

Petrovich, Ivan  
Pidgeon, Walter

Reed, Donald  
Rogers, Charles  
Roland, Gilbert

Sills, Milton  
Steele, Bob  
Stone, Lewis  
Stuart, Nick  
Striker, Joseph

Thomson, Fred  
Tyler, Tom  
Tearle, Conway

Valentino, Rudolph  
Varconi, Victor

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Sew this is how screen stars spend their Sunday afternoons! Sally Phipps gives her own impersonation of the Ladies' Needlework Guild; and who can say she doesn't push a nimble thimble!

## Verbal Charlestons

THE best caption we have seen this month. From "The Loves of Casanova": "When a man has reached the years of discretion, he generally has nothing to be discreet about." "It is delightful to rescue a maiden in distress," another caption runs, "and even more so if she is likewise in dishabile." "Her affairs of State," still another says of Catherine of Russia, "were too often a state of affairs."

## Hope for Wallace Beery

CORINNE GRIFFITH has started a new fad among the feminine stars. She has just been fitted to a perfume. Many movie players have had hats, dresses, candy and even cigars named after them. Others have had popular songs dedicated to them, but this is the first perfume to be created to express the personality of a star. It's called "Femme Divine," or "The Divine Lady" and is a Loulette creation. If other stars follow her example, we may have "The Soul of Corned Beef and Cabbage" to express Polly Moran; "Arnica Divine" to personify the battered Bebe Daniels; and "It," the perfume designed for Clara Bow.

## Fourth Flyer Killed

WHEN Clement Phillips, stunt film-flyer, crashed to his death on location with a picture the other day, he made the fourth of the seven young aviators who played in "Lilac Time" to be killed since that picture was made. Dick Grace, his buddy and fellow player in the picture, looked at the newspaper account grimly. "They all go. And I'm left," he said. "I feel as if I belonged with them; by all rights I shouldn't be alive—"

## Nijinska's Big Chance

ROMOLA NIJINSKA, who once danced before kings and emperors, has been in Hollywood for two years waiting for Her Chance. They called her to the casting office the other day and she went with wildly beating heart. At last she would show them she was an artist. At last they would see what she could do. "Yeah," the casting director yawned into her radiant face. "We got a part for you riding a bronc in Tim McCoy's next horse opera." She stared, stricken, and burst into tears.

## Heredity's Influence

RUSSELL SIMPSON has just returned from Salt Lake City where he has been working on a picture. "Mormons," says Russell, "may have only one wife these days, but I notice that they still live in two-family houses."

## When in Haste, Try Onions

GEORGE BANCROFT was fired for a day. For a whole twenty-four hours George didn't have any job, due to a slight misunderstanding with the company, but everything is smooth again now. George has a sensitive soul. His wife confided the other day that she never, never awakened him rudely in the morning, but cut an orange in half and passed it back and forth above his face so that the delicate fragrance would waken him.

## How to Bait the British

JOHN ROBERTSON, the director, recently returned from England. He says that the one thing that will always get a rise out of an English producer is the Americanism, "I'm not arguing; I'm telling you."





Reverting to their spool-days: Eddie Nugent and Anita Page prove themselves still expert at playing the once so popular game of diabolo

### Lupe Loses and Wins

**LUPE VELEZ** was one of those favored with an invitation to meet Prince George of England when he was here—very much incog. But she confesses that she did not make a hit with royalty, although she was dressed up in a black velvet with a long train and looked “ver’ nize.” “He said, ‘I expected you would be wild,’” Lupe relates. “So I din’ get my man—only all the res’ of the mans that was there.”

### Luckless Stars

**AT** a recent air-meet a number of motion picture stars were invited to ride with Lindbergh. They arrived at the air field at the designated hour in their best clothes to find that they were to be taken to the meet by another and less famous aviator. But at least, they would make a sensational landing before the grand-stand. They powdered their noses and applied lipsticks industriously all the way to the air meet, landed in front of the grand-stand and heard a great storm of applause, as they left the plane. But their satisfaction was short lived. As they stood bowing to right and left, gentlemen in overalls dashed toward them screaming coarsely, “Who’n’ell d’you think you are? Whatta ya mean by standing there; get outa the way—quick, see?” They discovered that the applause was for seven aviators rapidly descending upon their heads from the clouds in parachutes. And as they straggled, discomfited, into the grand-stand, the final blow was to hear shouts from behind them, “Down in front! Sit down! You’re in the way! Who do you think you are, anyhow?”

### A Royal Good Time

**ANYHOW**, Prince George had a good time. He may be on bread and water now; he may have had a scolding by cable from Buckingham Palace. But who will ever forget his beaming face as he danced at the Plantation with Lili Damita. “Why didn’t I know about this before?” his royal nibs is said to have exclaimed. “I wouldn’t have wasted so much time elsewhere.”

### The Stalker Stalked

**AND** there was the newspaper and fan magazine writer who stalked the Prince with a flashlight, cameraman and a reporter in the corridor of the Ambassador. The reporter was to stumble when she gave the signal that the Prince was coming and delay His Highness till the flashlight man could get a picture. While waiting, the newspaper woman looked at bracelets in one of the swanky little specialty shops, turning now and again to signal her confreres. Just as the Prince hove in sight and she was about to signal them to pull their stuff, she felt her arms seized firmly from behind by the proprietor of the jewelry shop who had made up his mind that she was a bandit queen. When she finished explaining, the Prince had passed.

### Concerning Erb and Hal

**I** ASKED a prominent English star what his political preferences were in the coming elections. “Oh, decidedly ‘Erbert ‘Oover,” said he. “H’Al Smith isn’t known h’abroad.”

### Gin and Titters

**ONE** of the members of the British film colony in Hollywood had just heard of the application of several English public houses for licenses to show pictures on their premises.

“Not a good idea at all,” he remarked. “The picture business over there is aleing badly enough as it is.”

### Reprisals in Order

**IT** looks as if the invasion of the talkies by actors from the speaking stage is bringing on a counter-attack from the artists of the screen. Already Estelle Taylor and Dorothy Gish, both in Broadway theatrical productions, have made the leap into both speech and personal presence. And now comes word that the vaudeville stage soon will see Virginia Valli, Mrs. Wallace Reid—the former Dorothy Davenport—Montague Love, Victor Varconi, Gareth Hughes and Helene Chadwick.

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## Your Neighbor Says:—

(Continued from page 65)



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who are engaged in making money by acting in place of—well, in place of running the battery shop on the corner. They are real people. They enjoy doing the same things we enjoy doing. They hate the glare of public interest and the spot-light into which their every move must be made. I've talked to a lot of them and I know. They have learned through experience that to be a famous movie star means living the life their public wants them to live. It means being seen places—places of revelry—when they would much prefer a book by the fire-place at home.

#### LITTLER IN REAL LIFE

**"I SAW** Mary and Doug in a parade—Gloria Swanson in the patio of her home in Beverly Hills—Tom Mix driving his yellow roadster down Sunset Boulevard—Rod La Rocque in his back yard picking flowers—Leatrice Joy shopping—Alberta Vaughn and Mae Murray at a beauty shop and Adolphe Menjou at the Coconut Grove. I saw many more of Hollywood's celebrities, but, with a few exceptions, the stars are difficult to recognize. After having several pointed out to me, I realized just why. They are much shorter in stature than the screen makes them look. They are not so handsome or as beautiful as you and I thought them to be. I found out that whereas many beautiful faces do not photograph well, some faces which are not at all wonderful, in every-day life, do photograph. After a long explanation by a high-salaried cameraman, I came to understand that the motion picture camera is very different from a still camera, and plays no favorites. So your most loved movie stars may not be quite so beautiful or handsome off the screen as they are on.

"And it isn't only visitors like myself who are fooled by faces, or have a hard time recognizing the stars. It's rather a funny experience I had. I was wandering down Hollywood Boulevard, wondering if the girl coming toward me was a star, and heard someone behind me say: 'See that girl with the blue dress on in front of us? That's Leatrice Joy.' And suddenly to realize that they were talking about me. So you see everyone who appears on the streets of Hollywood is apt to be mistaken for a movie star. The people are so anxious to see them, that I presume their imagination gets the best of them, and they see the ones they want to see—or at least think they see them.

"I had the honor and distinct pleasure of enjoying some of Hollywood's marvelous hospitality. I attended a tea at the home of Mrs. Victor Schertzinger, who is the wife of the famous director of 'Forgotten Faces' and other Paramount pictures, and the composer of 'Marcheta' and 'An Old Love Song.' Their home is probably one of the most elaborate in Hollywood and in excellent taste. The drawing-room is more a music-room. It contains, besides a piano, a beautiful harp and an organ. The grounds are spacious and have as their main attraction the only Italian sunken garden in Hollywood. A garden with flowers, ferns and statues. But even with all its impractical atmosphere, it has a very practical seesaw and sandpile for the kiddies over in one corner. Below the gardens is a beautiful tennis court.

#### TEA-PARTIES AND PREMIERES

**"AT** Mrs. Schertzinger's tea I met Mrs. Monte Blue, Mrs. Tod Browning, Sally O'Neill, Molly O'Day, Claire Wind—  
(Continued on page 117)



This fountain at the entrance to Garvin Park in Evansville is the Kiwanis Club's gift to the city





An acting-lieutenant: John Loder, who at seventeen and during the war was the youngest commissioned officer in the British army. He recently has come to Hollywood to appear in pictures

## The Answer Man

(Continued from page 80)

answering you through the column. Joan Crawford is twenty-two years old, five feet four, weighs 110 pounds, has blonde hair now, which is quite becoming, and blue eyes. You can write her at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios. Charles Rogers was born Aug. 13, 1904. His latest picture is "Someone to Love." Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Lon Chaney, April 1, 1883, married, and his latest picture is "West of Zanzibar."

**INQUISITIVE.**—Put these five things on your five fingers: To see, to think, to love, to believe, to work. William Boyd was born in Cambridge, Ohio, in 1898. He is six feet tall, weighs 175 pounds, light hair and blue eyes. Elinor Fair, his wife, hails from Richmond, Va. She is about twenty-five years old, five feet four, weighs 120 pounds, brown hair and eyes. Write Bill at the Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**MILDRED.**—This has been your first letter, but don't let it be your last; I'm always glad to answer your questions. "Ben Hur" was released in Jan., 1926. Ramon was born in Durango, Mexico, Feb. 6, 1899. Greta Garbo has blonde hair and is twenty-three years old. Her latest release is "A Woman of Affairs." Greta receives her fan mail at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Ronald Colman was born in England, Feb. 9, 1891.

**DIXIE.**—Richard Talmadge is still playing. His latest release is "The Cavalier." Nils Asther is twenty-seven years old. Jason Robards is the chap you refer to in "The Heart of Maryland." You may reach Anna Q. Nilsson at the FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**WAITING.**—Anna May Wong is in Europe making pictures for UFA. Tom Mix was born Jan. 6, 1879. Nancy Carroll is married to Jack Kirkland. You may write Ruth Taylor at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Wal-

lace Beery was born April 1, 1886. His latest picture is "Tong War."

**RED HEAD FROM CALIFORNIA.**—We get them from all points west. Dolores del Rio is five feet four and a half. Vilma Banky five feet six. Norma Talmadge five feet two. Write Charles Farrell at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Richard Barthelmess' latest picture is "Weary River." Your letter will reach him at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**JUST ME.**—Write Johnny Hines at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Haven't had the pleasure of meeting Phillippe De Lacey. But have received autographed photos and I personally think he is a wonder-child. He was born in France, July 25, 1917. Write the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., in regard to the "stills" from "Mother Machree." The worst thing that happens to you may be the best thing that happens to you, if it doesn't get the best of you. Drop in again sometime.

**FLAPPER.**—George Lewis was born in Mexico City, Dec. 10, 1903. He is six feet one, brown hair and hazel eyes. Married to Mary Louise Lohman, non-professional. He is making a fourth series of "The Collegians," this will be done with sound. Your letter will reach him at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Dorothy Gulliver also at above studio.

**F. F. F.**—Your letter will reach Sally Phipps at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. The whistle of a locomotive is audible at an altitude of one and one-half miles. Send me twenty-five cents for the photo of Rin-Tin-Tin. Barry Norton wouldn't like to hear what you said about him. Write Donald Reed at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Bebe Daniels has black hair. Fay Wray is married to John Monk Saunders.

(Continued on page 110)

# FACTORY GIRL BECOMES CONCERT ARTIST



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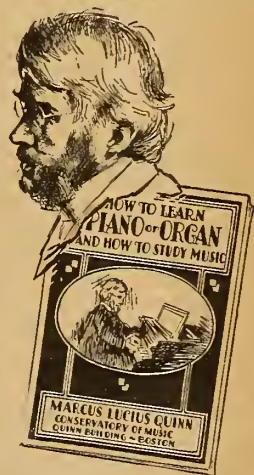
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A memento of what might have been: a portrait of Valentino in the home of Alan Hale who was to direct a picture in preparation for the star at the time of his death

## Valentino's Spirit Speaks Again

(Continued from page 29)

we were determined to keep our common sense with it all.

"Then Rudy discovered that he could receive messages through the pencil. I never could. I am not mediumistic.

"Of course there were other happenings which proved that Rudy was psychic. His handling of animals was nothing short of remarkable. One time we had a pet lion. We took it as a very young cub and it grew as devoted to Rudy as any dog could possibly be. When it was four months old, it discovered a way to unlatch the windows and slip out for an outing. The Hollywood neighbors didn't seem to appreciate these wanderings, so we were forced to send it to the zoo. Some months later we were leaving for San Francisco and went to the zoo to say goodbye. The keeper warned us to keep away from our pet as he had turned vicious and would not recognize us. We stepped to the cage and were met with a snarl and a growl. We went on to inspect other cages. Suddenly, I missed Rudy. I turned back to the lion's cage. Sitting on the inside, on the floor, was my husband. Crouched across from him was the lion. Would he spring? I stood rooted to the spot. There were several moments of suspense—then the lion crawled over and placed his great shaggy head in the man's lap. Rudy had conquered.

### CALLING OUT TO JENNY

"NATURALLY there are innumerable examples of Rudy's ability to communicate with those on the astral plane. Jenny always told him she would be the first one to greet him when he passed from this plane of existence. People wondered

why Rudy called 'Jenny' when he was so desperately ill in the hospital. They hunted for an unknown girl. He was calling to June Mathis's mother with whom he had been in such constant communication. He had seen her. And he knew, during those dreadful hours of his illness, that since he had actually seen Jenny, he himself was really departing.

"I was in France. By the time of Rudy's death I had become seriously interested in the occult and had taken it up as a study just as you investigate any science. To me it is no more unusual for people on this plane to talk with those on the next plane than it is for you to talk with a friend in Chicago from here—New York City—over long distance. You pick up the receiver, you hear your friend's voice—you have communication.

"Just so you must have, unless you yourself are psychic, a medium through which you can listen to those who are on the astral plane. There is nothing weird, uncanny or religious about it. It is just as much a science as the radio or telephone or aeroplane. Only in communicating with those who have passed on, you require a person as a medium unless you are yourself a medium. There are few really developed mediums in existence. I realize that there are many people who use what they call occult powers unscrupulously to misguide gullible people. Because there have been so many fakes, people are accustomed to pooh-pooh the idea without investigation.

### EVERY MEDIUM A VACUUM

"A MEDIUM must be a vacuum. He or she must have the power to allow the



conscious self to pass from the body. He must become as negative as possible. He must be the paper upon which a thing is printed, never the one who does the printing.

"George Wehner of Detroit is such a man. He is the most negative of any medium I have known. He chanced to be in France when Rudy was dying. We knew everything that was happening in New York two and three days before it happened.

"Before he died, Rudy talked with us. He was under the anaesthetic. An anaesthetic merely releases the astral body from the material one. Rudy kept calling all this time. He was terribly depressing. He had seen Jenny and knew he was going to die. He didn't want to die. His messages were incoherent.

"A few days before he actually passed on we received a cablegram from George Ullman saying Rudy was better. A message from Mesolope, an old Egyptian who used to communicate with Rudy through automatic writings, reversed this decision of the doctors in New York City. We hoped that Mesolope was wrong—that there had been some mistake in his communication. This was on a Friday. Monday morning I awoke to find the atmosphere of my room heavy with tuberoses. Then I knew Rudy had passed on. When the delayed cablegram arrived, I was glad Mesolope had warned us. His message from beyond that Rudy was coming to them somewhat softened the cruelty of the news for us.

"Rudy began communicating with us almost at once. At first he was wretched—at sea in his new life. He hadn't wanted to die. His own messages will show you something of his attitude."

For convenience Miss Rambova read the early message from Rudolph Valentino to me from her book "Rudy," printed in Great Britain. She has, however, all of the original copies as sent by Valentino through the medium and taken down by her as delivered. We give only a few of the number she gave to us.

#### INVISIBLE ON BROADWAY

"I FELT wretched and lonely. As you well know, Natacha, I have always been easily touched by praise and flattery. The struggles I have gone through and the obstacles I have overcome, made the pleasure of public attention all the greater.

"But now I stood alone. There was no one to praise me. . . . There was no one to talk to about it. I wandered up and down Broadway. It seemed just as real to me as ever it had before. But no one took any notice of me; I could hardly comprehend that they could not see me. I was so real and they were so real that it made the realization of my change very difficult.

"I grew tired of dodging out of the way of hurrying people who seemed determined to run into me. Once I jolted against a woman who had headed straight into me and she shuddered and grasped her companion's arm saying, 'My, what a cold wind struck me!'

"This made me furious. So death had turned me into a cold wind! I would not have it so. I rushed up to a group of actors standing on the corner of Forty-Seventh Street and Broadway. I seized one of the men by the arm and shouted, 'I am Rudolph Valentino!' but he paid no attention and went on laughing and talking.

"I felt so helpless and useless and, yes, I felt dead, too. At that moment I did not believe in God, for how could God, who let me succeed in my earth-life, be so unjust as to let me fail now?"

Gradually, however, Rudolph Valentino's spirit grew more calm and his later messages, as repeated by Miss Rambova, showed a great contentment and peace with his life on the astral plane. He is reported have said, in part:

#### HOW CARUSO LOOKS NOW

"THERE are so many things to learn that it is pretty confusing at times. I have to let go, it seems, of the old way of looking at things. In the earth world, I, or we, I think I had better say, look only at the outward appearance of things and events. . . . But here we see the outside and the inside as well. . . . It is strange, but since I am in this new plane of life I do not feel hurried or rushed any more. . . . So much love I have never seen before. Everyone seems to beam with it. Caruso, whom as you remember I always admired so, comes to see me frequently. I am not sure whether he comes to me or I go to him. . . . He does not look just as he used to, either. He looks more as his music sounded, if you can imagine what I mean. You see, there does not seem to be the right kind of words to tell these things with understanding. . . .

"Because I knew something about life after death before I came over, it has not taken me so long to find myself. That is, to acclimate myself to these new conditions. My automatic writings which you enjoyed so much, Natacha, taught us a great deal. . . . We did not pay as much attention to them as we should. It was so easy just to find them interesting. It is difficult to put real help and advice into our daily lives, isn't it? . . .

"I have seen many lovely houses over here. . . . The houses are built by spirits who have learned how to mould this thought-force. It is all done by the thought processes. . . ."

There are numerous other messages dealing directly with his experience on the astral plane. He has foretold her of coming inventions. The most recent is a sled-shaped affair upon which we will sit, pull a lever and fly through the air via radio control.

#### MESSAGES IN BROKEN ENGLISH

PEOPLE often ask Miss Rambova how she knows so certainly that it is Rudolph Valentino talking to her. I asked her myself. She answered simply, "But if your husband called you on the telephone you would recognize his voice, wouldn't you? And, of course, with Rudy, it is doubly certain. In his enthusiasm he often misused certain English expressions. He uses the same semi-Italian, semi-American phrases in talking now."

Naturally, we could write a book on this subject. She talked to us for more than two hours as unaffectedly as though she were discussing the presidential election. We may believe or we may scoff, but we could not but believe that she was sincerely in earnest.

"And do you think that Rudolph Valentino stalks at Falcon's Lair?"

We had waited until the end to put that question. And now we waited with abated breath for the answer. We had a personal interest in that particular matter.

"Why, he returns there, of course. It was his home. It is only natural that he should come back, is it not? You said you did not feel lonely. And why should you feel lonely? You were a guest in Rudy's home, were you not?"

"As for the dogs. Naturally, they could see what you could not. Animals are all more psychic than persons. I had a cat and a monkey. They were inseparable pals and constantly played together. The monkey would tease the cat. Jump on to the backs of chairs, on curtain rods—places where the cat could not follow. It would jump at the monkey, meowing as it went. The monkey died. I have seen that cat play—jump from chair to chair—meow—just as it did before the monkey passed away. I could see nothing. But the cat! It was playing with its old friend just as in former days, only not, nearly so often."



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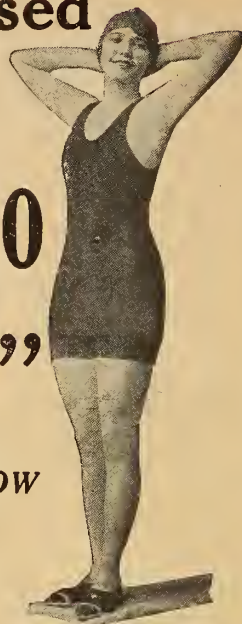


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The star of "The Divine Lady" becomes a divan lady. Corinne Griffith takes a short spell of rest in the living-room of the bungalow that has been erected for her on the studio grounds

## Corinne Griffith Finds a Ford

(Continued from page 71)

of the trade from the featured players while they were doing their scenes. Extra work itself can do nothing for you beyond accustoming you to the camera and the studio routine; but it gets you on the set where you can watch all the finest actors of the movies at work. If you profit by the opportunity—and have the necessary qualifications—it shows when somebody finally decides to give you a test for a part.

"That sounds logical enough," I murmured. "Did it work?"

### ALL ALONE BY THE TELEPHONE

"WELL, I had sixteen tests for parts during my two and a half years as an extra; and as each one led to nothing, the idea seemed more and more as if it must have a flaw in it somewhere. Those tests were the only thing that kept me hoping—I knew that I must have something if so many people singled me out of the mob, even though I never had a part. On the seventeenth occasion Corinne Griffith picked me for a bit while I was working extra in 'The Divine Lady.' I heard nothing for several days after they had made a test of me for a still bigger part. I sat by the telephone and covered three directories with obscure pencil marks as I waited for a call from First National. Finally, when I had quite given up hope, it came. And I felt my idea had worked, after all. It was Corinne Griffith, alone and unaided, who got First National to give me the contract. I like to imagine that I got some of the confidence I had gained as an extra over to her in that test."

We wandered slowly across the lot to the stage where a mob scene for "The Changeling" was being shot. Ford recognized every one of the extras on the set. Some of them smiled cordially at him. Others looked rather disdainful and metaphorically gathered up their skirts.

"Funny people, these extras," he said. "The large majority are the best of fellows—and incidentally, I assure you from personal knowledge that there are plenty who might be stars if they got half a chance. But some of them, forced to the conclusion that they'll

never get anywhere themselves, try to hinder others from working up. They make out as soon as somebody gets a real part that he had a drag with the star or something. They never give anyone credit for doing something on merit."

"How do they live—on ten dollars a week, or whatever it is they average?" I asked.

"Oh, they manage somehow," he said—and the mystery of how several thousand souls in Hollywood keep body and soul together apparently on nothing a day remained unsolved.

### THE SCARS OF WORRY

JIMMY FORD has been part of the great Hollywood mystery, and has come up smiling. He himself doesn't quite know how he lived. All he knows is that there was never a moment during those thirty months when he wasn't worrying, never a moment when he could really relax and occupy his mind with something else but the dreary monotony of finding work. And, yes, it has left a scar; he admits it. The thing he needs most now is a change of atmosphere to somewhere where people don't know, and don't care, whether Mary Pickford is married to Dick Sutherland or Lon Chaney.

With his First National contract he has sailed into calm financial waters at just twenty-three for the first time since he left home at fourteen. He has done every conceivable kind of menial and manual work to keep the wolves from his various front-doors—that is, when he had any front-door. He has done walk-ons and bits on Broadway. He had been six years away from home when he decided to try his luck in the movies. Unaided, he hitch-hiked his way to California, leaving New York with exactly eight dollars, and arriving, dirty and tired, in one of his Detroit namesakes driven by a friendly Mexican.

He thought he had struck oil right away when, on the very first day in Hollywood, he was engaged at fifteen dollars a day to do superior crowd work with Barthelmess in "The Amateur Gentleman." This lasted for



three weeks. Then came the struggle. In a couple of months he felt lucky if he got one day a week at seven-fifty. He prayed and prayed for costume pictures, for he had no clothes, and in modern pictures extras must provide their own. When he was called for a tuxedo scene; it cost him four dollars to hire the suit, which left him three-fifty out of his pay-check after a long and gruelling day. How did he live? He doesn't know.

#### THE SWEETS OF SUCCESS

THE week after the contract was signed Jimmy Ford's smile was never absent and he savored the good things of life rapturously, rolling them around his tongue to get the full bouquet. He bought new suits. He wired his mother and sister, who didn't know where he was, that he had plenty of money and that they were to come at once and live with him. He moved from his hall bedroom to a comfortable apartment. He had his shoes shined every day and gave quarter tips. He ate wonderful steaks at what seemed at the time to be wonderful restaurants. He strolled often into the studio, past the gateman who formerly had been so insuperable an obstacle, and was greeted cordially by executives and directors who a few days before would have flicked their Corona ash at him and looked the other way.

He has suddenly risen from the ranks of those who dodge automobiles to the company of those who ride in them, but his manner has not changed with the transition. The mushroom of conceit has not sprouted with the celerity not uncommon among the suddenly elect of the cinema. Rather he takes his promotion with a thankful satisfaction.

He's been poor long enough, and is still young enough, to appreciate it all with boyish enthusiasm. He's seen enough of life, not to mention the peculiar kind of life portrayed in film studios, to make a great actor some day. And he's so preposterously modest about it that he makes one want to go off and have a good cry.



Is this Virginia Bradford? Well, yes and no. For she recently became the bride of Cedric Belfrage, a writer for both Motion Picture and Motion Picture Classic



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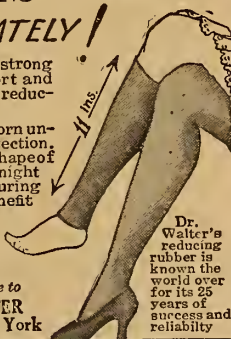
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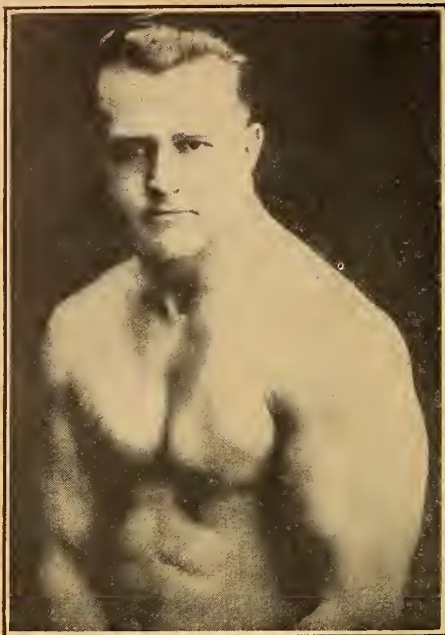
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Lowe-comedy, indeed, is Eddie's notion of dressing up the pup in a costume as ridiculous as his own. At least, that's Lois Moran's estimate of the idea

## The Love Life Story of Lupe Velez

(Continued from page 45)

say I am in love with Al Jolson. Bah! I am in loves with nobody.

"Like when I works with Douglas Fairbanks. E. Richard Jones, the director, was just like my father. I do not know so much about pictures, then. I never act in them. He shows me how to do everything. His sweetheart break with him and throw him away because of me. Poor mans! It was so silly. Maybe I flirt with him a little because he is a mans. I cannot help it. But flirting—why should another woman care because he has a little bit of a flirt with Lupe?"

"I do not like to see any one mans too often. If I see him every day I sit and look at him. The same face over and over. Pretty soon his nose comes to look like the nose of a dog to Lupe.

"Tom Mix? I like him!" A pause. "I like him very mooch. He is so big. He is a cowboy. He is a real man who isn't afraid of anything. I like to go places with him. I go with nobody else now, but I do not see him too often. I do not want to see any one mans, not even Tom Mix, too often.

"But he is good. The other day he hurt his leg. We are going to a party. Another man would telephone and say, 'Lupe, I hurt my leg and cannot take you to the Mayfair party.' But not Tom Mix. He come here, he take me. He wouldn't disappoint Lupe if he break all his body. I like him.

### SHE KISSES FOR KEEPS

"NO, I do not kiss many mens. But when I kiss them, they stay kissed. Men—Bah! here is the one I love better than all the mens in the world. Here, come here, Mil-a-tone!" A diminutive, sleek little Mexican Chihuahua sprang from his black silk cushion beneath her baby grand piano and ran to her. She reached down for him. "See? I hurt him. Ugh—ugh—ugh—." She grabbed the little mite by the neck, the back, the leg. I thought she would pull half the skin from him.

"Now, shake hands!" She put him back on the ground. He raised one tiny foot, put it in her outstretched hand with a

manner which simply spelled in dog language, "I adore you."

"Mens are like *that!* You hurt them—you play with them. You wrinkle your eyes at them. But they always come back and shake hands with you. I never lose a man friend no matter how much I hurt them.

"Married?" She shrugged. "I say I don't want to get married and maybe tomorrow I go out and get married. I don't know. I like to wait until I am twenty-five or thirty. Then I like—what you say?—companionate marriage. Live together maybe one year and then live in separate houses. If I see too much of one mans—.

"No, I never lose a mans. It is because I never give them a chance to make me love that I do not lose him. My flirting is on the outside; never in here—" she covered the place where the heart is supposed to be with both hands. We wondered if there really were any.

The Love-Life of Lupe Velez! I sighed. Was there really any? I have known Lupe for many months. I have never seen her in any really serious infatuation. I know of no one who could really prove an affair for Lupe.

Trying her power on a man—she is the first one to admit she adores it. "They must all like me or I am very unhappy. I must make them—what is it you say? fall for me. But when they like me—well, they make good friends in this city. But it is *him* that I love—Mil-a-tone. Milatone come here!" She grabbed her dog to her.

### TOO YOUNG TO LOVE

**LUPE VELEZ!** My mind played over the world's famous women whose charms had made men their victims. Which one did Lupe Velez resemble? Cleopatra? No! Cleo was too cold, too calculating in her captivations. Isadora Duncan? No! Isadora loved to suffer. Lupe loves only to be happy. Marie Antoinette? I hesitated. In some ways. Only Marie was selfish. Lupe is not selfish. Madame Pompadour, Josephine, Bernhardt?

I shook my head at each mental suggestion. Was she then really a new type of woman?



## A Lady Who Wasn't

(Continued from page 92)

woman happens only a few times in the centuries. But such a woman is hardly a fit heroine for the movies.

The Emma Hamilton of "The Divine Lady" is rather a helpless creature, weeping on all occasions (Corinne does look so lovely in tears!) and actuated by the noblest motives. In order to make Emma's motives noble, she must be given excuses for what even the broad-minded scenario writer must have felt was reprehensible conduct. So Greville is portrayed as the seducer of an innocent girl. Sir William Hamilton, the husband, is played as a decrepit old man—though he was barely over fifty when he married her—and Nelson is given an unsympathetic wife who breaks with him in a fit of temper, instead of bearing incredible ignominies for months as Lady Nelson really did, thereby winning the world over to her side against the lovers.

### TWISTED HISTORY

TRUE, the studio commandment that the heroine of a motion picture must do no wrong has been broken in "The Divine Lady." Even the most painstaking whitewasher of history could hardly explain away the fact that Emma Hamilton accepted the love of Nelson while she was the wife of another man, and he the husband of another woman. But the picture makes her the pathetic plaything of fate, not the calculating, boastful woman even her most ardent admirers among the biographers show her to have been, overwhelming Nelson's scruples by flattery and cruel abuse of his absent wife (whom she called Tom Tit). It shows her in a rosy glow of romance, a woman swept away on an irresistible tide of emotion, whereas the cold light of history would seem to reveal that the only man whom Emma Hart loved unselfishly, of the many men to whom she belonged, was Greville.

It is perhaps asking too much of a motion picture to give a true portrait of as complex a person as Emma, Lady Hamilton, beautiful and vulgar; sentimental and ruthless; shrewd and incredibly stupid, kind and cruel; ambitious and reckless.

"It is a crime," said the head of the history department of a great university recently, "for the motion pictures to falsify history and change it to be becoming to some particular star."

But from the point of view of Hollywood history exists simply to furnish material for scenarios. Lady Hamilton lived and loved just to provide beautiful Corinne Griffith with a chance to display her beauty to advantage; and the Battle of Trafalgar was fought for the purpose of making good battle stuff for a movie.

## The Love-Life Story of Lupe Velez

(Continued from page 108)

"Lupe is too young!" Her father's voice interrupted. He had only that day arrived from Mexico City. "She is too young to have a real love story. Now she is merely trying her power. No one has ever had a power over Lupe. She is just what she says. She flirts with me. She flirts with her brother. She flirts with other men, but she has never loved. She has had no experience. Give her time."

How long will that fever be content with flirtations? Who will be the first man to make Lupe Velez sit still long enough really to take notice?

Tom Mix has a head start—but! Well, all I can say is, that five years from now I want to rewrite Lupe Velez's love-life story.

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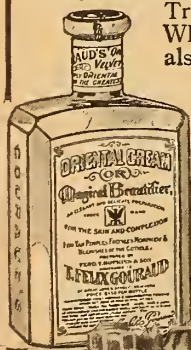
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Strong for Armstrong: somebody had to be the first to be. Here is Bob, of "Is Zat So?" fame on the stage, reading his initial movie-fan letter. He's far too excited about it to wait until he can carry it into the house

## The Answer Man

(Continued from page 103)

**JUNE BUG.**—Don't rave about it. Tom Mix was born Jan. 6, 1879. Latest picture is "King Cowboy," FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Gary Cooper, Helena, Montana, May 7, 1907, playing in "Shopworn Angel," Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. George K. Arthur and Karl Dane are not related. Ralph Forbes, born Sept. 31, 1898, your letter will reach him at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor, Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

**MARY JANE F.**—Adolphe Menjou was born Feb. 18, 1891, married to Kathryn Carver. You pronounce his name Mawn-joo, not men. Don Alvarado, Al-vah-rah-do, o as in low. La Rocque, rhymes with rock. You can secure a May, 1928, Motion Picture by writing our circulation department at this address. This copy will be fifty cents. Billie Dove was born May 14, 1903. She is playing in "The Man and the Moment," Norma Talmadge, in Brooklyn, N. Y., May 2, 1895. Constance, Brooklyn, N. Y., April 19, 1900. Vilma Banky, Jan. 9, 1902.

**J. M. B.**—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" was released in Feb., 1919. Well do I remember it. The Laura La Plante Fan Club has a new secretary, Edward J. Strife, write him at 855 Union St., Schenectady, N. Y. Write Clara Bow at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Dolores del Rio, United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**ELEANOR S.**—You bet I'll help you, any time at all. Dorothy Mackaill and Helen Montrose played in "Mighty Lak a Rose." Here are a few of the pictures Thomas Meighan has appeared in: "Irish Luck," "The New Klondike," "Tin Gods," "The Canadian," "Blind Alleys," "First Degree Murder," "City Gone Wild," "We're All Gamblers," "The Racket" and "The Mating Call."

**MILLIE.**—Charles Rogers is playing in

"Someone to Love," Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Bebe Daniels in "The Big Scoop." Marion Davies, "Show People." Send me a self-addressed envelope for a list of the photos I can supply.

**BETSY.**—Yes, I have seen Conrad Nagel; he is just as nice off the screen as on. His latest picture is "Kid Gloves." Write him at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. He has had pictures in the following magazines: Dec., 1925, March, 1927, May, 1927, Motion Picture. Classic, Dec., 1926. Dolores Costello, Jan., 1927, May and July, 1927, March, 1928, April, 1928, Motion Picture. Classic, Jan., Feb., April, 1927.

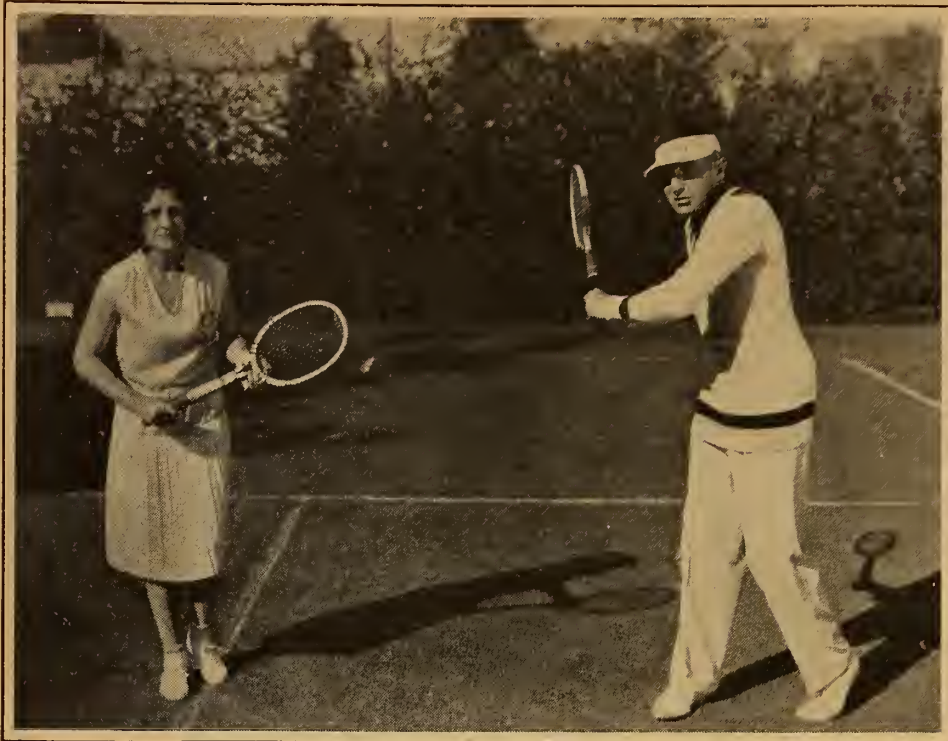
**C. CUMMING.**—The car that appeared on page 46 of September Classic was especially designed by Cecil Holland, Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Douglas Fairbanks, William Bakewell, Marguerite De La Motte and Dorothy Revier are a few of the players who are appearing in "The Iron Mask." William Collier Jr. and Betty Bronson in "One Stolen Night."

**PORTO RICAN JAZZ.**—I'll keep your secret. Ramon Novarro is five feet eight. Still a bachelor, your letter will reach him at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Billie Dove and Antonio Moreno appear in "Adoration," First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**MAX.**—Gary Cooper sure is popular among the ladies. Gary was born in Helena, Montana, May 7, 1901. Six feet two, weighs 180 pounds, reddish brown hair and blue eyes. He is playing in "Shopworn Angel." Send the note to Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. He'll be glad to hear from you. Fay Wray is married to John Monk Saunders. Write her also at address above. Lane Chandler is playing in "The Wolf of Wall Street."

**O. Q. T. I. N. V. U.**—I give up, what's it all about? Hoot Gibson was born July 21, 1892? Married to Helen Johnson and they





So long as Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook retain their British love for tennis, life for them will continue to be—as all wedded existence should—an unending courtship

have a daughter Lois. Alice and Arthur Lake are not related. Douglas Fairbanks is playing in "The Iron Mask," Mary Pickford, "Coquette," Ramon Novarro, "The Flying Ensign," this was formerly titled "Gold Braid."

**GYPSY GIRL.**—Marceline and Alice Day are sisters. King Vidor is married to Eleanor Boardman. Her latest picture is "She Goes to War." Your letter will reach Mary Astor at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Lina Basquette, Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal. Neil Hamilton, Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Arthur Lake was born in 1905. Edna Murphy had the female lead in "Tarzan and the Golden Lion."

**JOAN.**—Glad to hear from you again. How's Vancouver? Sometimes the players use doubles, but whether Bebe did in her last picture I do not know. Dolores del Rio was born Aug. 3, 1905. Her latest picture is "Evangeline." Yes, Ken Maynard is married, don't know the lucky lady's name. Richard Dix is playing in "Redskin." Gloria Swanson and Walter Byron, "Queen Kelly." Write them at United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**RAMONA.**—Marceline Day and Ralph Forbes played in "Under the Black Flag," which had a war-time background. Janet Gaynor and Charles Morton have the leads in "Christine," Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Charles Farrell and Mary Duncan, "Our Daily Bread."

**BLUE EYES.**—Glad you like our magazines and this department. Billie Dove was born in New York City, May 14, 1903. Married to Irvin Willat and they have no children. Write Billie at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Albert Valentino and Leatrice Joy are playing in "Tropic Madness," FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Texas Guinan has broken into the movies; her first appearance will be in "Queen of the Night Clubs."

**I WANT.**—You'll get just what you want or it won't be my fault. Nils Asther was born in Malmo, Sweden, Jan. 17, 1902. He

is six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, dark hair and eyes. Not married. Wait till you see him with Joan Crawford in "Dream of Love." Address your letter to the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Gary Cooper is playing in "Shopworn Angel," Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**RED HAIR.**—What, again? There must be no end to 'em. Clara Bow was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 8, 1905. She's not married or engaged. Playing in "Three Week Ends," Neil Hamilton is emoting with her. Dolores Costello in "The Madonna of Avenue A," Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson have the leads in "Kid Gloves." Florence Vidor, William Powell and Wallace Beery in "Tong War."

**ELIZABETH.**—Harry Myers, Pauline Starke, Rosemary Theby and William V. Mong played in "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," this was released in Feb., 1921. Lloyd Hughes has Colleen Moore's leading man in "The Huntress." The Fox Studios in New York are located at 10th Ave. and 55th St.

**ANOTHER HOOSIER.**—I like your favorites, too. Louise Fazenda was born at Lafayette, Ind., in 1895. She is five feet five, weighs 135 pounds, has light brown hair and hazel eyes. Married to Hal Wallis. Louise Dresser to Jack Gardner. Florence Lake, sister of Arthur Lake, has been signed to appear in pictures for Fox Studios. Anita Stewart is playing right along.

**TWINKES.**—You bet Colleen Moore is popular. Her next picture will be "Synthetic Sin." Alma Rubens has a rôle in "Show Boat" and "She Goes to War," starring Eleanor Boardman. Josephine Dunn supports Karl Dane and George K. Arthur in "All at Sea." Davey Lee who played in "The Singing Fool," you remember him, Sonny, has been given a long contract with Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

(Continued on page 116)



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## ADVICE to the Love - Life - Lorn

Since the beginning of the Love-Life Story Series in MOTION PICTURE we have received innumerable protests from readers about the difficulties of obtaining copies of the magazine

It seems the newsdealer is sold out almost before he has time to get behind his counter on the morning of the 28th of the month

MOTION PICTURE has been petitioned, indeed, to have Congress enact a law forbidding the beginning of sales of the magazine before 6 o'clock in the morning, so that the average alert reader can have a fighting chance to get a copy

This MOTION PICTURE has been loath to do. The granting of its request, of course, would come quite as a matter of form. But it feels that the responsibility rests with the reader rather than with the dealer. The merchant of magazines has to observe the policy of first come, first served. He cannot discriminate

But he can do this: he can reserve a copy for you. And he will. Tell him before the 28th that you want a MOTION PICTURE held for you on the 28th. And he'll have it. And you'll have it

It's the one way to insure your getting the next — the February — issue, in which there's another sensational Love-Life Story and a host of other features of equal interest.

**MOTION PICTURE**  
*It's the Magazine of Authority*



An alligator pair of a sort rarely seen even in California: Its members are Blanche Le Clair, at the wheel; and Gwen Lee, in the rumble seat

## Wanted: A Husband

(Continued from page 67)

wife should be even asked to bear it." She tilted her pretty chin and her chameleon eyes, reflecting the color of her modish green sport frock, snapped green fire.

### SHE'LL BE WHAT HE WANTS

"OH, the poor man!" she rippled into laughter. "Don't you pity him? I can't stand a jellyfish, so I haven't a doubt in the world that if my husband insisted on smoking cigars—even the very horrible rosey kind—I wouldn't say a word. Anything rather than have the type of meek husband who murmurs, 'Whatever you say, dear; you know best.'"

"He shouldn't be bossy, though, nor come poking into my affairs. That 'Where were you five o'clock Thursday' stuff doesn't go with me. Neither husband nor wife should pry into one another's business. Me, I'm just naturally big-hearted; I tell all I know and can't imagine having anything to hide from one I love.

"Oh, I do hope he won't crave the wide open spaces." Marceline clasped her two hands girlishly about one bare brown knee. "I hate roughing it. Picnics, you know, where the ants, spiders and snakes have such a grand time. If I travel by auto, I like to stay in hotels overnight, not camp out under the stars with the bears and cougars. Give me a yacht for ocean travel, not a fishing smack.

"I'm not the athletic type myself, but if he wants to play golf or tennis, swim or ride and prefers me to do it with him, I will. I think a wife should study her husband and make him happy if it kills her. I've heard men say they wanted to find their wives at home to welcome them and others seem to prefer the women who keep them guessing, who remain mysteries. But that's the woman's business; she should find out what he wants and be it.

### THEY'LL SUPPORT THEIR MOTHER

"OF course, she should never be careless in her appearance, but I think it makes for a lot of unnecessary woe if the girl never lets the man see her as she really is before marriage. If all during the engagement, he glimpses her dressed up all smiles and sweetness, isn't he going to feel cheated the first time she cries or grouches after the wedding?"

Marceline feels that a wife cannot have a career and a happy marriage. It must be all or nothing. "You can't divide yourself into two parts," she says. The two little Day girls, Alice and Marceline, have been saving toward an annuity for their mother, "because mother wouldn't want to be dependent on our husbands."

"It doesn't matter to me whether my husband is an actor or not, but naturally I'd understand a professional man better than I would one in business," Marceline decided, crinkling her smooth forehead. "Having been in pictures myself, his love scenes on the screen wouldn't worry me. In fact, I'd know that a man almost has to have light love affairs with his leading ladies to get the best out of the scenes together. A girl has to be broad-minded about things like that.

"Why can't a husband and wife be friends?" she suddenly demanded. "Live like two pals. Consider one another. The whole secret of happy living together lies in thinking before you speak; don't say the thing that will hurt the other.

### PRIZE-FIGHTS PERMISSIBLE

"IF he comes home tired and wants to stay in and she is feeling peppy, never mind; it is her pleasure and joy to stay at home with him. If they are both ready to go out for a jolly time, all well and good.

"Another thing, if he wants to go to the fights, for heaven's sake, let him! Don't fuss. Why, I've heard married girls whose husbands phoned they were going to the fights; I've heard the girls say: 'I don't believe him; he's going out with some girl.' It's enough to make him do it, being suspected like that. You don't doubt a man when you're engaged; why should you after marriage? No man whose wife really trusted him would betray her.

"Loyalty is a big thing. It's cruel for either one to criticize the other in public. If he or she has a complaint, make it in private, and then as sweetly as possible. One of the screen's finest actresses is my ideal of a wife. I was lunching with her and her husband the other day and he told a story of something that happened on the set.

"Why, Bill dear, he didn't say that—" she began, impulsively.

"Bill promptly started in to argue and she said gently: 'I'm sure you're right, dear.' I



thought that was the sweetest thing and it taught me a very beneficial lesson right then and there.

"As regards wealth, that depends on the man. Some men—why, you'd have to have a couple of million to put up with them. Then others are nice enough for love-in-a-cottage. Still, it's pleasanter to have money to live comfortably so that you wouldn't have to stop buying one thing because you absolutely needed another.

#### PUNCTUALITY PLUS

"YET I don't care for an extravagant man although a stingy one is impossible. Mother says I'm a penny-pincher because I go into a store and ask the prices of everything and then, as likely as not, don't buy a thing. I think to myself, 'After all, I've got a lot of clothes; why buy more to give away?'"

"And oh, how I hope he has a sense of time. I've never been late for an appointment in my life; when anyone asks me to meet him at five minutes past eight, I'm there at eight. Right now I'm trying to train myself to make it on the dot instead of ahead of time. You see I know just how aggravating it is to have to wait for people.

"Really, the most important thing of all is children. He must love them and want them. I want two. I don't care what brand, male or female, but two I must have. An only child is no good to God or man.

"I don't believe in long engagements. And engagement rings are out. The beautiful sentiment is lost when you hear people weighing your diamond and comparing it with So-and-so's. It's come to be a matter of who has the biggest diamond, not who has the nicest man. An exchange of wedding rings is a lovely custom and I think I'd like that.

"Of course, I believe in love at first sight. If you don't know instantly, you'll never know. But a girl must wait until the man asks her, even in leap year. She cheapens herself by proposing.

"Honeymoons"—dreamy tenderness and a small sigh—"I love the sea so I hope he'll love it, too. What's more marvelous than moonlight on the ocean? I'm never seasick, and if he should be—I'd have the joy of nursing him!"



She gets 2,000 times as much mail as this every month, more than 33,000 fan-letters. Who? Why Clara Bow, of course

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## Have Pretty Round Face and Neck

Read about Women Men Admire on page 104

**TIFFANY LABORATORIES, Inc.**

## Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 6)

Years of peace? For the ones who stayed at home, no doubt, but not for those who fought for the peace and now lie in hospitals disabled and jobless—dependent on the "yes" or "no" of their government. We could not understand the horrors of war if wonderful pictures like "What Price Glory," "Wings," and "The Big Parade" were not brought before us on the screen. Who knows but that these very pictures may be leaders towards international peace in the future?

Another strong argument for war pictures is the fact that they are now keeping employed many otherwise unemployed war veterans; for the uniformed actors we see in "reel" wars are our own boys who fought for us in the "real" war. Isn't that argument enough for the continuation of war pictures?

Dorothy Norckauer.

### Anent Ramon!

**AUSTRALIA**—Every time I go to see Ramon Novarro's pictures I feel more and more indignant at the appalling pictures handed out to him. With the exception of "Scaramouche," "Ben Hur," and "The Student Prince"—these pictures, each perfect of its type—a great artist like Ramon has to bear the burden of second-rate pictures, requiring little of his marvelous technique and sincere acting. "The Road to Romance" is, I think, the worst of them all, and, according to MOTION PICTURE, "A Certain Young Man" and "Forbidden Hours" are even worse. Ramon's acting in "Ben Hur" and "The Student Prince" stamp him as the greatest actor on the screen today, and yet he stars in a picture like "Across to Singapore" which anyone could do, with the aid of a week's abstention from shaving.

I want to see Ramon as the "glorious Apollo" in a romance of old Greece, I want to see him in a glorified film edition of "David Copperfield," I want to see him as Sir Galahad. This last part would fit him to perfection, a knight, perfect in soul and perfect in body, yet aloof from the world. I want to see him as a young mystic startling the world with a new creed, as a supreme musician, as a leader of men. And they give him the part of an absurdly youthful and not over-brainy sailor boy in "Across to Singapore"! If it wasn't so tragic, it would be laughable.

Although in these pictures Ramon only rises more triumphant, for his artistic ability overtops clumsy pictures. But isn't there anyone who can see that he is treated more justly?

M. H. S.

### Travel at Home

**TERRE HAUTE**—There is a little of the nomad in all of us. Who hasn't felt the desire to see the places about which we have read and dreamed?

Here the ever changing panorama of the movies is a tremendous help in fulfilling this desire. To sit in a theater and gaze upon scenes of remarkable beauty, such as were the glorious mountains in "Rose Marie," the marvelous desert scenes in "The Garden of Allah," and the beautiful forest in "Combat." And others too numerous to mention.

So thus, we have the opportunity to see places that we might otherwise never get to see.

So we can truthfully say, "Go to the movies and see the world." M. B.

### Spruce Up, Neil!

**MEGETT, S. C.**—In what part of our United States do young men from the country wear such clothes as Neil Hamilton wears in "Take Me Home"? I live in the country and I am quite sure that all the young men who live here dress just as well or better than those of the city. The "country hick" does not exist nowadays except in very rare cases. Such things as this leave an odd feeling about a picture; one can't actually decide whether he likes the picture or not. It does seem that the directors or supervisors should know such a commonplace thing as this. Doesn't it?

Please can't you make your column "In and Out of Focus" more like it used to be a few years ago? If only there were more news about the stars and less jokes! I have read MOTION PICTURE for five years and still like it "best"—but I honestly believe this department CAN be improved on a little. This is only friendly comment.

I don't like talking pictures! Please, why disturb our peace—for the motion picture theater is where lots of people find that and rest and even more.

Joan Crawford is my idea of the real girlfriend! She's about the "peppiest" girl on the screen! And why isn't Nils Asther given a better chance to act? He surely deserves it—he's too handsome to play comedies. He surely ought to be given a lead or be starred!

Kathleen Otis Parks.

### Keep It Up, Lon!

**DUBUQUE, IOWA**—Lon Chaney knows human nature. And he profits thereby.

Everyone of us is curious. We cannot get away from this failing. Chaney, after years of disappointments and discouragement, awakened to the fact that the great American public (and the great public of any other country, for that matter) is essentially curious.

Do you remember how we marvelled over his make-up in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"? How it was a nine days' wonder? From this time on, Chaney has kept his public guessing. His pictures may be good, bad or indifferent, but what does that matter? The curious public, young and old, go to see them, and marvel, again and again, on "how he does it."

"Laugh, Clown, Laugh" came to our city the other day. The publicity agent of the theater showing the picture, exploited Chaney's use of a mysterious lacquer process by which he erased all wrinkles and appeared as a twenty-year-old boy in the opening scenes. Enormous crowds viewed this picture, partly because of the plot, but chiefly out of curiosity.

I feel quite safe in predicting that as long as Chaney continues to keep the crowds guessing, he will be one of the greatest box office attractions on the screen.

Auleen Bordeaux.

### All for Sound!

**PORTLAND, MAINE**—Having been a steady reader of MOTION PICTURE for a long time, I feel that I am entitled to have my say.

Regarding the Vitaphone, or Movietone, or whatever they may be called, I want to thank whoever is responsible for them.

There will no doubt, always be silent pictures, but we do like the "sound."

Of course, many don't like it, and some  
(Continued on page 121)



## What's Happened to the Whoopee Sisters?

(Continued from page 55)

was a slogan. Alice's giggle was famous. Alice's clothes were something to write home about. Alice's bob was as much like Clara Bow's as possible. Her jaws moved unceasingly in the graceful rhythm of chewing gum. She had a great line. Strong men wilted under the battery of her baby-doll stare. And the movies burned her up. You're darn tootin', baby, the movies burned her up plenty.

### ALAS FOR ALICE

ALICE gave out interviews that had to be printed on asbestos to protect the women and children readers. When she gave her candid opinion on things cinematic, it was just too bad. She revealed official secrets that would have rated the firing squad for most players. But did Alice care? Not on your life, sweetheart. They could take her or leave her, just as she was with her hennaed hair, her hands on her hips and her chewing gum.

That was *last* year. This year she's playing bridge. Yes, sir. Right in among the bidders. She's one-no-trumping, please, as calm and concentrating as a Hollywood director's wife. She likes it quiet when she's playing, too. There's nothing that throws her off her game like the radio. Boy friends? Oh, sure, but does he play bridge? The latest report is that men have developed into mere fourths in Alice's life. The nice part about bridge is that it doesn't keep you up all night chasing around. A girl can get a little rest. You know how it is when you work hard all day?

Even Clara Bow has thrown us down. Little Clara who made such exciting whoopee. Hardly a day went by but that Clara's engagement was announced to first this one and then that one. She was always in love and in hot water. The front office had to keep a hawk-eye on Clara lest she say something or do something that would vex the front office. She was franker than Alice White. In fact, she beat Alice to most of the exposé. When Clara was in her hey-day, it was almost fun to pick up the morning paper. You can imagine what a turn things have taken out here when Clara hasn't been engaged in the last six months.

### THE REST ARE TOO RESTFUL

CONSTANCE TALMADGE, too. Ever since back in the rare old times when movies were silent (Praise the Lord), Connie has been dependable for her share of excitement. Connie's bare legs, *bon mots*, sports clothes and marriages were the last word, including the exclamation point. She was less strident in her whoopee than Joan and Alice and Clara, but in her subtle way she did her stuff. The string of broken hearts along her path was longer than a banquet speech. Connie's eyes stirred the pulse and did things to male blood pressure. Constance, and her flirtatious eyes, were guaranteed to start things at any local party. On one occasion a couple of gentlemen retired to the lawn to thrash it out because the exciting blonde had got her dances mixed. Them were the times.

But Connie's departed for Europe—a somehow more settled Constance, worried about the slacking up in her picture career—and the old home town isn't what it used to be.

Even Sally O'Neill won't Varsity Drag any more unless you beg her. And then she'll only do it once.

And Pola's gone back to the Old Country with her Prince and her rumors and her own little Negri brand of stirring things up.

**BUICK 4-DOOR SEDAN**

**4 CARS GIVEN!**

Puzzle fans attention: J. C. Long, Charles Vogtmann, Mrs. J. E. Fields, Viola Javins, Alvin Smith, Mrs. John Gillies, Jacob Braucher, each won sedans in our last auto puzzles. Over 800 prizes awarded in one year. Over \$11,000.00 in prizes paid by us in October, 1923. In next few months will award between 300 and 400 prizes throughout puzzles. Here's the new one for you.

**FIND THE "DIFFERENT" AUTO**

The cars in the oval all look exactly alike at first glance. They are not all alike. One is different from all the others. There is a real difference. Something is purposely left off all the other cars but this one. The difference may be in the fenders, bumper, nameplate, radiator or top. The one that is "different" is the real Buick Sedan I am giving away in addition to three other cars in my great friendship advertising campaign. You may be the one who will find it.

**AND WIN BUICK SEDAN OR \$1800.00 CASH**

4 sedans and 28 other prizes totaling over \$5,000.00. 32 prizes and duplicate prizes paid in case of ties. If you can find the "different" auto you may be the one to get this great prize.

**Certificate for \$480.00 to apply on grand prize sent immediately as below if you find the "different" car.**

Immediate quick action—no delay—we send certificate for \$480.00 to add to the first prize at once if you win and directions for getting Buick Sedan. We spend over \$150,000.00 this way each year to advertise our products. **NO MORE PUZZLES TO SOLVE.** No lists of words to make or write or any other puzzles. This is all. Everyone rewarded if actively interested. No cost or obligation. Nothing to buy now, later, or ever. Just send the number of the "different" auto in a letter or on a postcard. That's all, send no money.

**B. H. France, Dept. 151  
500 N. Dearborn St.,  
Chicago, Ill.**

**SEND NO MONEY!  
REPLY TODAY!**

**\$480.00 for PROMPTNESS!**

Make Her Happy

Give her a year's  
Subscription to

"MOTION PICTURE"

See  
Page 99

**VAUN'S NARKISSUS PERFUME**  
With its Mysterious Fragrance, rare and Exquisitely Enchanting—now available in addition to our \$5.00, \$2.50, \$1.25, 50c *Purse Flaxon*—Order today. Sold only by sole American Distributor.  
**R. A. Vaughan, 71 Saratoga Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.**

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Nature's  
Greatest Aid  
to Health  
and Beauty



JUST think! You can now have the vacation-time vigor and radiant energy of outdoor health all year long, right in your own home.

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Duplicate Sunshine for You

Ten minutes a day brings double the energy, vitality and reserve strength you've ever known—tired lines leave—yon'll look and feel years younger.

Everyone needs more sunshine—the wonderful ultra-violet and infra-red rays that stimulate and normalize body processes, also relieve more ailments and weaknesses than any other agent of science.

Excellent for nerve and stomach disorders, anemias, skin affections, hair and scalp, expectant mothers, growing children. Used by famous sanitariums, hospitals, beauty parlors, doctors' clinics—and these portable models in the home.

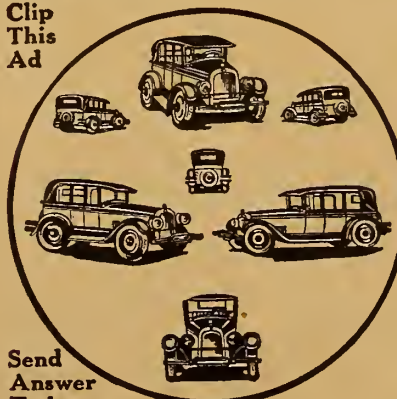
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Write Today for interesting Free Book about Sunlight, also pictures, prices and descriptions

**Chas. A. Branston, Inc.** 305 Washington St. BUFFALO, N. Y.

**Win a Nash Sedan**  
Or \$2,750.00 in Cash

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Ad



Send  
Answer  
Today

Someone who answers this ad will receive, absolutely free, a fully equipped 7-Passenger, Advanced Six Nash Sedan, or its full value in cash (\$2,000.00). We are also giving away a Dodge Sedan, a Brunswick Phonograph and many other valuable prizes—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash. This offer is open to anyone living in the U. S. A. outside of Chicago.

**Solve this Puzzle**

There are 7 cars in the circle. By drawing 3 straight lines you can put each one in a space by itself. It may mean winning a prize if you send me your answer right away.

**\$750.00 Extra for Promptness**

In addition to the many valuable prizes and Hundreds of Dollars in Cash, we are also giving a Special Prize of \$750.00 in Cash for Promptness. First prize winner will receive \$2,750.00 in cash, or the Nash Sedan and \$750.00 in cash. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded each one tying. Solve the puzzle right away and send me your answer together with your name and address plainly written. \$4,500.00 in prizes—EVERYBODY REWARDED.

**John T. Adams, Mgr., Dept. 2781 323 S. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.**





## Skin Like Ivory!

Now a New Kind of Facial  
Creme Brings Amazing New  
Results, or Your Money Back.



Whitens your skin   Smooths out lines   Banishes freckles   Reduces pores

Skin like ivory! No freckles . . . no blackheads . . . no more fine lines . . . cleared of every tiny imperfection and smoothed to flawless texture . . . soft, supple, creamy-white! Do you want such superb skin beauty? Then try one jar of new-type facial creme. . . .

## Gervaise Graham Beauty Secret

### A Complete Skin Treatment

Not a cold cream . . . not a bleach cream . . . not a skin food, you may expect Beauty Secret to surpass them all. In this one creme I have succeeded in blending the best beauty helps ever known . . . and I have multiplied their benefits. Now expect new things from your facial creme!

Beauty Secret has the power to whiten the skin a new, safe way, and nothing is more wonderful than a milky white complexion. This is but one benefit. Freckles steadily fade out. Blackheads dissolve completely. Another amazing tendency of Beauty Secret is to reduce coarse pores to smoothest, finest texture. Beauty Secret not only cleanses the skin . . . it stimulates, tones, firms. Tonic oils impart a supple elasticity that in the greatest degree smooths out fine lines and crowsfeet. Now, for the first time, a complete facial cream. Now results that you can really see!

### POSITIVE GUARANTEE

This six-fold creme costs very little more than the most ordinary cleansing cream. I am introducing Beauty Secret in double size jars at only \$1.50—not only an amazing creme but an exceptional value as well. Use it as you would any cream for one or two weeks. Then, if not more than delighted, I will refund full price for the asking. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below, and when the package arrives pay postman only \$1.50. Mail coupon today to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, Dept. M1 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Illinois. (Canadian Address: 61 College St., Toronto, Ont.)

#### MAIL NOW

(Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM,  
Dept. M1 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

Send me, postage prepaid, a double size jar of your new Beauty Secret. On arrival, I will pay postman only \$1.50. If not delighted I understand you guarantee to refund my money.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## The Answer Man

(Continued from page III)

**GALLOPING GUSSIE.**—What's your hurry? You may write Clara Bow, Gary Cooper, Mary Brian, Charles Rogers and James Hall at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Ronald Colman and Lili Damati, Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Alice White, Dorothy Mackaill, Antonio Moreno, Billie Dove and Donald Reed, First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**A MOVIE LOVER.**—What becomes of stars in the daytime? Guess most of them sleep 'til noon. Camilla Horn is playing opposite John Barrymore in "King of the Mountains," write them at United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia, Pa., about twenty-two years ago. Phillippe De Lacey July 25, 1917. Have you seen him in "4 Devils"?

**JACK OF SCRANTON.**—Ivan Petrovich was born in Novi Sad, Siberia, about thirty years ago. He is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds. He is playing opposite Alice Terry in "Three Passions," which was filmed in Europe; this is being released by United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Al Cooke and Alberta Vaughn played in "Racing Blood," FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

**J. W.**—How's Jeanne? An optimist is one who works cross-word puzzles with a fountain pen. Charles Rogers was born at Olathe, Kansas, Aug. 13, 1904. He is five feet eleven, weighs 165 pounds, black curly hair and brown eyes. His latest picture is "Someone to Love." Mary Brian plays opposite him. Alice Joyce is not playing in pictures right now. Lon Chaney in "West of Zanzibar." Evelyn Brent, "Interference."

**CANADIAN BILLIE.**—Harold Goodwin played in "When a Dog Loves." Buddy Rogers' description appears in preceding paragraph. Anita Page was born at Murray Hill, L. I., about seventeen years ago. She is five feet two, weighs 118 pounds, blue gray eyes and blonde hair. Her latest picture is "Broadway Melody." Send your letter to her at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**REVIERA.**—Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23, 1906. She is five feet four, weighs 110 pounds, blonde hair right now and blue eyes. Her latest picture is "Dream of Love." Nils Asther plays opposite her. Joan's real name is Lucille Le Sueur, Billie Dove, Lillian Bohney, Leatrice Joy, Josie Zeigler. Those are the real names of Ralph Forbes and Clara Bow. Madge Bellamy, Leslie Fenton, Harrison Ford and Charles Farrell played in "Sandy." Pauline Starke and Ben Lyon in "Dance Magic."

**CONRAD NAGEL FAN.**—You were too late for the December issue, but better late than never. Conrad was born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16, 1897. He's six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, has blonde hair and brown eyes. Married to Ruth Helms, they have a daughter. His latest picture is "Kid Gloves," write him at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**DOODENS.**—If you smell gasoline or gas, and look for it with a lighted match, it is a sign that you are probably to start on a long journey. Alice White was born in Paterson, N. J., about eighteen years ago. Alice received her education in Roanoke College, Roanoke, Va. Coming to California, she took a secretarial course at Hollywood

High School. She then became a script clerk and learned the ins and outs of studio life. Then came her opportunity to act—and she accepted it gratefully. She has blonde hair and brown eyes. Address your letter to her at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

**IRISH AND PROUD OF IT.**—Don't remember disappointing you. Those are the real names of the Morans. Thomas Meighan was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., April 9, 1887. Real name and his recently completed picture is "The Mating Call." You bet Texas Guinan will get a big hand with her T. A. Wait until you see her in "Queen of the Night Clubs."

**IKE.**—How's Mike? Greta Garbo was born in Sweden in 1905. She is five feet seven, weighs 123 pounds, blonde hair and blue eyes. She is not married. Ditto for Charles Rogers. You can always tell a failure—but you can't tell him very much. Emil Jannings and Florence Vidor have the leads in "Sins of the Fathers," Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

**RAMON NOVARRO FOREVER.**—"Forbidden Hours" was formerly called "His Night." "Across to Singapore," "China Bound." We don't answer questions pertaining to the religion of the stars. Ranger's latest picture is "The One Man Dog." Billie Dove in "The Man and the Moment," James Murray, "The Mysterious Island." Tim McCoy, "Humming Wires."

**BILL.**—Glad to hear from one of the gang. Barbara Kent was born Dec. 16, 1909. She's five feet one, weighs 100 pounds, dark brown hair and blue eyes. Write her at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Anita Page is about seventeen, five feet two, weighs 118 pounds, blonde hair and blue-gray eyes. Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**OVERSEA READER.**—All the way from Australia. I've lots of readers from your country. Betty Bronson was born in Trenton, N. J., Nov. 17, 1906. "Peter Pan" was released in Jan., 1925, and was based on the novel by J. M. Barrie. Her latest picture is "One Stolen Night," Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Conrad Nagel is married to Ruth Helms. Ricardo Cortez to Alma Rubens. Bebe Daniels and Ramon Novarro are single.

**LACHINE.**—Frederick Sullivan was Thomas Waring and Walter Emerson was Richard Van Vleck, in "The Face on the Bar-Room Floor." George Beban died Oct. 5, 1928, from injuries received from a fall from his horse. David Lee, who plays with Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool," is three and a half years old.

**BLUEBIRD.**—George O'Hara and Helen Ferguson had the leads in "Casey of the Coast Guards." Forrest James was Bob in "Stark Love." ZaZu Pitts' latest picture is "The Wedding March," starring Eric von Stroheim and Fay Wray. Pauline Frederick is playing in "On Trial" for Warner Brothers; she will later return to the stage. Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson have the leads in "Kid Gloves" and you will again hear his voice, as this is being made with Vitaphone.

**CAMILLE.**—Rod La Rocque's name rhymes with rock. He is not related to Monte Blue, although they resemble one another. Charles Emmett Mack was the hero in "The Unknown Soldier." Renee Adoree is twenty-six years old. And she hails from Lille, France. Write in again.



## Your Neighbor Says:—

(Continued from page 102)

sor, Kathryn Perry and many others. Mr. Schertzinger's sister played several harp solos, and in contrast, Sally O'Neill gave her version of the Varsity Drag. Some of the guests played bridge; others wandered down to the tennis court and a few dropped into the private projection-room to see a new picture. It was a wonderfully delightful afternoon—one that I won't forget for a long time.

"I also took advantage of another opportunity that only Hollywood can offer—a world's premiere of a famous picture. I attended the Biltmore Theater the night of the gala opening of 'The Godless Girl.' It was an evening of splendor. All the stars of Hollywood were there in all the glory of Paris. Sue Carol sat just in front of me with Carl Laemmle, Jr. I think Sue is prettier off the screen than she is on, which is an exception to the rule. The audience of famous people seemed to take delight in applauding at the wrong time. Even Alice Joyce, who sat behind me, applauded once or twice at the wrong things. Norma Shearer looked particularly pretty. It was a brilliant event. But somehow I can't help wondering what Cecil De Mille thought when the audience rather kidded his picture.

"Speaking of celebrities, Evansville has some of her own. The mother of the first soldier killed in the World War lives in a little home, built for her by the city to honor her famous son, James Bethel Gresham. Evansville is the home of Gaunt Baggott, the brother of Hollywood's famous King Baggott. Clara Beranger, who is the wife of William De Mille, also lived in my home town. Evansville is proud to have contributed to the pictures, even though her contribution be limited.

"With all of Hollywood's fine people, wonderful climate, beautiful scenery, churches and clubs, the unsavory reputation persists. I really can find no reason to talk against Hollywood and a thousand reasons for praising her. A place to live in—a place to be happy. It is the only place I've ever been where everyone seems to be free from restraint. Everyone has a good healthy coat of tan and red cheeks. Each person attends to his own rose bush and allows his neighbors to do the same.

"Why is it then that every time an author has reached the point that his name is well known, he immediately takes a trip to Hollywood and by picking out never-again instances and working his imagination overtime, why is it he gives to his waiting world a story that is so biased, untruthful and prejudiced that it is almost libel?

"Lots of people want to come to California, but if they only knew how far Hollywood is ahead of the rest of the State, I suppose they'd all come to Hollywood. Then the beautiful little town wouldn't be the same—so maybe you'd better not tell them."

Read MOTION PICTURE  
and Keep Up-to-Date  
with the Stars and  
Their Activities. It's  
the Screen Magazine of  
Authority

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Lift Your Face and See How It Rests and Brightens the Eyes

### Marvelous New Invention Worn Under Hair Transforms Your Appearance Immediately

**N**O need now for surgical face lifting. If your face is beginning to sag, your eyes look tired, or wrinkles are forming about nose or mouth, a simple little device worn under the hair will make a marvelous change the moment you put it on.

Absolutely guaranteed to please you in every way and to accomplish these amazing results or your money refunded:

1. The sagging muscles are taught to support themselves.
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No obligation. We will be glad to send you free—in plain envelope—an interesting little

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Please send me, free and without obligation, the folder, "A Wonderful New Health and Beauty Device."

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## Tell Your Friends About

## MOTION PICTURE

See Special Offer on Page 85

## HOW FAR DID THE "ZEPPELIN" FLY from GERMANY to AMERICA?

**Find the Answer** Everyone is talking about the phenomenal flight of the giant Graf Zeppelin from Germany to America, and many people are asking how many miles it actually traveled. The letters to the right (F C E D) show approximately the number of miles the giant Zeppelin travelled in the air. Can you find the answer? The letters in the alphabet are numbered—A is 1, B is 2, C is 3, etc. Put down the numbers represented by each letter (F C E D) in the order they appear and you will have the number of miles the giant Zeppelin traveled. If you send your answer soon enough you may win first prize—no cost to you now, later, or ever. Be wise

**F C E D**

**And Win Buick Sedan or \$1875 Cash** \$555.00 check sent to you at once as an additional prize as below if you answer quickly. As a reward for quick action—we send you check for \$555.00 to add to First Prize if you win, and directions for getting new 1929 four-door Buick Master Six Sedan. Send answer at once. Costs nothing. No tricks or chances. Hundreds have already won Prizes: Lillie Bohle won \$1500, Fred Sieglinger won \$3000.00, Mrs. R. T. Frederick won \$1000, Robert F. Spilman won \$1000, and many others. You be next. Everybody taking active part rewarded. You get your choice of Buick Sedan or \$1875 in Cash.

**5 Cars Given—No More Puzzles to Solve** I will give a beautiful Buick Sedan, also a Chrysler Sedan, also a Nash Sedan, also an Essex Sedan, and a Chevrolet Sedan—5 Cars and a large list of additional costly Prizes—over \$6500. Every car has four doors and will be delivered FREE to winners by nearest auto dealers. Many have already won Prizes and now to advertise our business you can get this new Buick Sedan, or \$1875 Cash.

**\$555.00 Extra for Promptness** Be prompt. Just figure out what number each letter (F C E D) represents. Put them down in the order shown. Mail me your answer with your name and address at once, then we will tell you how to win Buick. That's all. Send no money. All who answer can share in Cash and Prizes. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be given those tying. If you can find the answer send it right away. Hurry! \$555.00 Cash for promptness.

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ment. Take advantage of this really Amazing Offer and send  
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Please enlarge artistically the enclosed photo.  
Return enlargement and FREE Hand Painted  
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Check Size  
Wanted

☐ 16x20 in.

☐ 10x16 in.

☐ 11x14 in.

☐ 8x10 in.



It looks dangerous, but it's not; for what difference would it make if Fay should be  
thrown from this cantankerous sea-horse. So long as she's Webb-footed?



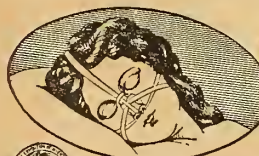
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IT IS FASHION'S DECREE!  
—“flowing curves of beauty for  
the feminine figure”—just the  
proper fullness of the bust—  
hollows in neck, chest, shoulders  
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Write quickly, learn of the  
newest science in physical de-  
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“BEAUTY CURVES DE-  
VELOPED”—sent FREE.

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## BEAUTIFY your NOSE

to shapely  
proportions—  
while you sleep!



### ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER

is SAFE, painless, comfortable.  
Speedy, permanent results guar-  
anteed. Doctors praise it. No  
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HOW TO BANISH THEM

A simple, safe home treat-  
ment—16 years' success in my  
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Growths) dry up and drop  
off. Write for free Booklet.

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## MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn \$15 to \$25 weekly  
in spare time at home making display cards.  
Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We  
instruct you and supply you with work.  
Write to-day for full particulars.

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## Superfluous HAIR all GONE

Forever removed by the Mahler  
Method which kills the hair root  
without pain or injury to the skin  
in the privacy of your own home.  
Send today 3 red stamps for Free Booklet  
We Teach Beauty Culture



D. J. MAHLER CO., 6-B, Mahler Park, Providence R. I.

## Van Dyke Beards the Lions

(Continued from page 73)

he returns. Through a country scarcely  
charted on the maps he has packed nine  
tons of trucks and generators, and nine  
tons more of lamps. He went to make a  
picture. And he took his equipment with  
him. Now and then a sequence may be  
interrupted by the charge of a maddened  
lion, or a crazily militant rhinoceros, by the  
attack of a savage tribe, or the ravages of  
jungle fever. But come hell or high water,  
Van Dyke will get his picture. Unless, of  
course, Africa gets him first.

Like the old-time skippers of the ocean  
hell-ships, one prerequisite to leading a  
troupe into the nerve-racking solitudes is  
the ability to whip the crew one after  
another or several at a time. And Woody  
possesses this asset. In Polynesia he broke  
up more than one battle between members  
of his company, rasped raw by long maroon-  
ing from civilization, with the announce-  
ment that the privilege for any private  
fights rested upon the ability of the battlers  
to lick him first. And upon occasion he has  
stilled chattering dissenters with a mild re-  
mark that the next mouth to open would  
have his fist crammed into it. He's a tough  
egg. The kind who has his men ready to go  
to hell for him. The kind who'll go to hell  
for his men. On this “Trader Horn” trip to  
Africa, his chief concern is to bring them all  
back. He repeated it over and over.

### THE JARGON OF THE JUNGLE

IN his picture he'll use natives to play  
parts. Tall, scowling savages, who know  
no more of movies than you do of the  
Mountains of the Moon. Even to convey  
any idea of what he requires, Van Dyke's  
words must be translated at least twice,  
sometimes more. For every tribe has its  
own patois. Each word is spoken first in  
the pidgin-English of Mombasa, turned  
into the Swahili tongue, and then re-trans-  
lated into the talk of the tribe. Swahili is a  
sort of national language of Africa, as  
English is that of America. But English,  
translated into United-States, must be  
again refined to be understood in the  
various argots.

Van Dyke is forty. He's been in pictures  
thirteen years. Perhaps an ominous num-  
ber. When he was seven months old, he  
played a part in a stage production. His  
mother was Laura Winston, an actress who  
trouped through the sticks cradling her  
baby in a wardrobe trunk. His dad was a  
judge, and one of the Van Dykes. For  
Woody can claim close kinship to Henry  
Van Dyke, the philosopher and littérateur,  
to John C. Van Dyke, the art critic who is  
also professor of archeology at Rutledge  
College.

From that first rôle he grew into kid  
parts, and leads, and heavies. From time to  
time he quit show business to dig and pan  
for gold. To trace newsprint from its sources  
in the nation's limitless timber land to  
metropolitan newspaper offices. He was a  
lumberjack and a reporter. His final adieu  
to the stage came when he joined D. W.  
Griffith as an assistant and worked with him  
on, and in, “Intolerance.” He wrote and  
directed numerous pictures of “the great  
open spaces.” One of these was “Madonna  
of the North.” And it gave Gladys Brock-  
well her chance at stardom. He and Tim  
McCoy are fast friends. He has directed a  
number of Tim's pictures, and from him  
has learned much Indian lore and a useful  
smattering of the sign-language on which he  
insists McCoy is the world's authority.

### THE LEPER-SHIP

HE'S been through a hard school. Things  
never came easy for him. He grunts  
and grumbles like an army-trooper about  
the assignments that carry him to the far  
corners. But somehow one feels that in his  
heart he's tickled to death to tackle the  
road again. Especially when that road leads  
to places that no six white men have seen  
and lived to tell about. He's a grim joker.  
Gets a laugh, for instance, over an episode  
that took place during the filming of  
“White Shadows.” He and his gang, “the  
best blankety-blank gang in the picture  
racket,” discovered a little boat riding at  
her anchor in the tranquil blue of a Poly-  
nesian harbor. On its decks they luxuriated



in the soothing sun, and dived into the turquoise depths of the slumbering sea. It was great. And then some native casually told them that this little boat was none other than the one used for the transportation of lepers. He chuckled at the prompt despatch with which the gang left that ship. "But," he adds, "we were back again in a couple of weeks. You get used to those things!"

Woody packs a gat when he's on these strange locations which come his way. "You may never need it," he drawls, "but if you do, you need it damned bad, and damned quick." There was, for instance, the time when he and his cameraman were lowered down a precipitous cliff to a ledge scarce wide enough for them and the camera. And almost from under his feet came the warning br-r-r of a coiled rattler. That was one of the times when a revolver "came in handy." "Blew him right off the rock," says Woody in describing what happened to the rattler. Lots more stories, too. But it's like blasting a safe to get them from him, when he has played an important part in the action.

#### HIS PERIL, THEN PLEASURE

HE'LL tell you the rather indelicate manner in which the Esquimaux prepare their "native cured" hides. Stories of the Polynesian chieftains who become severely miffed at a stranger's hesitancy in sharing a wife or two during his visit. Yarns of the treacherous Yaquis, and what happened the time when Bill Leeds, the millionaire, gave a hundred francs to every leper on a South Sea Island.

Soldier of fortune that Woody is, he has little regard and little respect for those who are more or less the arbiters of that fortune. The big men with little heads and the little men with big heads who clutter up the executive works of any industry get scant reverence from Van Dyke. The brains, he calls 'em. And the way he says it you know just what he means. He's a man of action. A man after the heart of a D'Artagnan.

Think of him when you see "Trader Horn," and hear it, too. Think of this hundred and sixty pounds of steely bone and muscle stretched over six feet of American. Think of the heart-breaking hardship, the soul-searing grief, the nerve-wracking, brain-blistering task which he has accomplished. So that you may ease your soft, civilized flesh into comfortable, upholstered divans, and have the panorama of the Dark Continent woven into a background against which a picture is painted for your entertainment. Perhaps you'll realize a little more clearly the mighty potentialities of motion pictures. And erect a shrine in your heart to the dauntless courage of the men in the movies. Men like Woodbridge S. Van Dyke, who signs it W. S., and is called Woody for short.

### Bebe Daniels's Confession

This is one of the big features of the January Motion Picture Classic. Watch for it.

On the Newsstands  
December 12

## Win \$3,500.00

Here's news for puzzle fans! C. W. Francis, A. F. Holt, Miss Leola Markus won from \$1,800.00 to \$3,500.00 each in our last puzzles. Here's the new one. Here are twelve pictures of Charlie Chaplin, the world famous United Artists' star. No, they're not all alike, even though they look alike. Eleven of them are exactly alike, but one and only one is different from all the others. That's the real Charlie Chaplin. The difference may be in the tie, shirt or hat.

### Find the "Different" Picture

300 prizes totaling over \$7,900.00. \$3,500.00 to winner of first prize and duplicate prizes in case of ties. If you can find the "different" figure you may be the one to get this great prize.

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## Window shopping through the world

LOOKING around, comparing, deciding on colors and flavors and textures and designs—"shopping" for many of us is half the fun of buying things and having them. . . . Other people (more scientifically minded) always know exactly what they want, and where they want to buy it.

But before *anyone* definitely can say "I like that—I'll take it" in order to spend money wisely, some "looking around" must be done.

Looking around by reading the advertisements saves time and trouble and money. For advertisements are the shop windows of a world of manufacturers. You don't need to walk up Fifth Avenue or past the corner drug store to see what So-and-So is offering in the way of silk stockings, or refrigerators, or toothpaste, or automobiles, or schools for young George, or vacations for the whole family.

The advertisements picture, describe, explain the merchandise and the new ideas that are displayed and talked about from Maine to California.

\* \* \*

*Read the advertisements because it  
pays YOU to do so*

**For Someone's Christmas:  
Read Page 99**





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## The Celluloid Drama

(Continued from page 69)

The underpaid theater is full in the throes of a mad scramble for movie gold. And as usual, the artists of the once silent drama are contentedly asleep at the switch, while the famished wolves of the too highly touted legitimate stage threaten their fat, and fatuous, opulence. Every possible sign points a road to ruin for the film actor. He will soon be as rare in pictures as are the vanishing Americans. So competent an authority as *Variety*, the theatrical trade paper, asserts that already a third of the picture players are definitely out.

By the time the pampered darlings of yesterday's screen come to something approximating life, they will be safely back driving taxicabs, digging ditches, waiting on table or taking in floors to scrub. In their places will be the sonorous voices of well-cured hams, and a gang of discoveries drawing fifty dollars a week for six time-clock days of uninspired labor.

One may imagine movies of the future enacted entirely by mechanical men, Robots. And the potentially greatest art the ages has evolved reduced to a series of nauseous mechanisms operated by mathematically minded laborers whose appreciation of anything artistic is less than the rainfall on a painted desert. Commercialism is king. The Dollar Devil all-powerful.

The most lucid and sensible statement yet made regarding sound in the cinema is that of Lasky. He declares that five years from now all pictures will have sound to lend dramatic emphasis, and that a percentage of productions will be all-dialogue. Meantime, sound must be regarded as an epochal step in the evolution of screen entertainment, and not as a short-lived novelty.

For the present Paramount will make silent counterparts of all sound pictures. And this will, of course, continue until at least the majority of theaters are wired. Lasky promises a half-hundred sound films, most of which will contain some dialogue. The most encouraging words emanating from this leader of the industry voice a conviction that unhurried production is essential to sound films of quality, and deplore a helter-skelter sausage machine production of inferior pictures for the sake of cashing-in on a sudden vogue.

### MACHINES ARE NOT BRAINS

THERE may be those mean enough to say that Mr. Lasky and Mr. Schenck and others who counsel caution, find themselves somewhat trouser-less in being caught unprepared to participate in the present profits. But the fact remains that Lasky has the right idea, and that within a year the public will be as critical of sound pictures as of silent. The play remains the thing. And not all the engineers in the telephone company can substitute a noise for a drama.

Even Lasky betrays the too-apparent cause of the industry's limitations by flinging in the remark that the sole purpose of a motion picture is to provide entertainment. Until pictures are created with a view to the spiritual, mental and moral, inspiration, enlightenment and elevation of mankind, they will continue to provide only pabulum to the mentally indigent. Which may masquerade as entertainment.

The air of mystery which surrounds sound production in all the studios continues thick as a London fog. A cloak of mystery generally shrouds ignorance. And the picture business is still profoundly ignorant regarding its new addition. But valiantly enough the problems are being solved. Each day sees its fresh list of discoveries, accomplishments. And these are

often astounding to the initiate as well as the layman.

The construction of sound stages, for instance, is a matter calling for considerable technical knowledge. In erecting the great buildings First National has on its Burbank lot, it developed that walls and floors must be on separate foundations with rubber packing and air-joints connecting floor and walls at the foundation. This in order to prevent vibration. The foundations themselves are provided by piers of reinforced concrete deeply sunken, and twenty-foot trenches surround the buildings to eliminate surface vibrations.

All wood used must be kiln-dried to get rid of resin, which generates electricity; and nails must never be used in hard wood, nor penetrate more than two thicknesses of soft wood. All joints, no matter of what material, must have special insulators. Bolts must have leaden washers. Doors must be of a thickness to repel sound, and the entire floor area is of earth laid over an insulating layer of shock-absorbing concrete.

### JEWELS OF RUBBER

EVERYONE from star to prop boy must be shod in rubber-soled shoes while on a sound set. It has been discovered that even beads and bangles register too noisily on the sensitive sound devices, and rubber jewels are actually worn in some sequences. A camera muffler has been invented, and is doing quite nicely pending the perfection of a silent camera. The muffler is a sound-proof case attached to the body of the camera with rubber discs that still the whirling of shutters and film sprockets.

At First National, too, they are declared to be working on a television device for use in connection with sound films. This is said to be something like a telephone with a twelve-inch-square vision screen above it. This is linked up with the intra-studio wires and will enable executives to see and hear scenes of pictures without being on the stages. One projection-room has been equipped to broadcast either by wire or radio the films shown on its screen.

The proposition of voice-doubling is again to the fore with an announcement made before the Society of Motion Picture Engineers regarding the perfection of a vocalizing machine which is alleged to make possible the perfect synchronization of one actor's actions and another actor's voice. The picture may be shot in silence, and synchronized for dialogue at any subsequent time. Moreover, the inventor insists that words in any desired tongue may be made to emerge from the kissable lips of our movie maids; and men, too, for that matter. Thus it will be possible to produce audible Westerns with a cast composed of native Czecho-Slovaks, Latvians, and Tierra del Fuegians. The dese-dem-and-dose contingent may appear in sassiety drammers. Miss Bow, from Brooklyn, may speak Bulgarian when her pictures are heard in that country. Even dog pictures may be made by Great Danes.

In fact, all sorts of unique occurrences may happen.

Right now, one studio has engaged a man to voice-double for animals. A temperamental parrot experiencing a sudden rush of religion to the vocal chords, may be sworn for (and at) by this accomplished being. And the next instant may find him barking for a whole hunt of hounds silenced by stage fright. He can buzz like a bee, or roar like a rhino. Every phase of vocal monkey-business is included in his unhuman repertoire. Just another unsung genius of the sibilant celluloid.



# Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 114)

even ask that producers put a stop to it, but is that quite fair to the fans who long to hear the voice of their favorites?

The roar of aeroplane engines, the screech of the falling planes in "Wings," Paramount's masterpiece!

The voices speaking to you in "The Lights of New York."

Fans! Won't you give them a chance? Before you condemn the "sound pictures," why don't you let the producers show us just what they are trying to do? Can't we be fair?

Phyllis Carlyle.

## Good Criticism

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Reading Diana Montgomery's letter in December *MOTION PICTURE*, I was impressed with her ideas. Not only is it outrageous that the movies should be ruthlessly cut, regardless of the plot or moral presented, while vulgarity and obscenity are allowed brazen, unreasonable freedom on the stage, it is wrong that movies should be so ridiculously exaggerated, as Miss M. L. Buechler, in the same issue, points out. Were there more sincerity in story, acting and direction, I am confident the censors would not be so hard put to manipulate their traditional long shears to the tom-tom rhythm of fanaticism. Meanwhile, the varied mentalities which comprise the public suffer in three ways: from education by glorification of crime to do wrong; insult to intelligence and reason, and that stumbling block to consistent, righteous progress, monotony and sameness, hidden from many only by the awe-inspiring glamour of the dictates of fashion and logical change, and the recurrence of new faces and situations.

Need it be said that until the movies become infused with a co-operative desire for sincerity and simplicity, which are Art's favorite handmaidens, we will necessarily continue to have monotony, moonshine and monkeyshines?

Dorothy L. Caton.

## For Women Only

HOLLYWOOD, CAL.—This September I began my first year in college. In fact, it is the most thrilling year of my life. All summer I planned for this occasion. To me, and most girls, college means sorority teas, football games, fraternity dances, studies, and—clothes!

I think clothes are very important because every girl has a natural desire to appear at her best. However, I didn't have a great deal of money with which to buy a complete wardrobe ready made. If I had done so I would have had to go without several things that I wanted most. What did I do? Well, one day I got out my stack of *MOTION PICTURE* magazines that I had saved for the past year. From these I cut the clothes that most appealed to me and then from the list I selected those that I thought the most original and the prettiest. Among the stars who wore these clothes were Joan Crawford, Sue Carol, Clara Bow, Alice White and Dorothy MacKaill. I am fortunate in being able to copy almost any dress I see. The result is that I have the most complete wardrobe I have ever had. It is original because the dresses were designed by some of the leading modistes in Hollywood. It is certainly "the thrill that comes but once in a lifetime."

I wish to thank *MOTION PICTURE* and those stars who have, without their knowledge, made me the happiest "freshman" in the state of California.

H. H. L

## Why, Oh, Why

ATHENS, GA.—Why, oh why, do they have to make so many "crime pictures?"

No one cares especially for those sordid, horrifying dramas. And indeed, what group or class of people would? Certainly not the criminals themselves; not the happy carefree youth of to-day; not the sophisticated class of people to whom such things are repulsive.

And I think it is a sin and a shame to put actors and actresses who have meant gay youth personified to the public into moving pictures like "The Noose" and "The Racket." Take Clara Bow, for instance. She who is usually the daring, the irrepressible, the laughing flapper should never have been given such a sad and awful rôle as she had in "The Racket."

These crime pictures also have a rather terrifying downward pull on the youth of to-day, the men and women of the next generation. Becoming acquainted, as you might say, with crime, it becomes less and less awful and distant to them, and more and more apart of everyday life until, finally, when the time comes to decide they take the lower road with hardly a qualm!

Had you ever thought of that aspect?

Agnes Jarnagin

## Anent Talking

HIGHLAND PARK, MICH.—And now comes Miss Shryock of Arlington, Texas, with a query as to why people object to talking in a moving picture theater. That ought not to be difficult for her to comprehend since she is apparently intelligent enough to observe that her talking annoys others when, as she puts it, they are *observing* a picture. I believe there are some individuals who merely "observe" or "look at" a picture and when they leave the theater couldn't tell what it was all about to save their souls. But the large majority do more than just observe—they sort of "soak it in" (talkers, gum-choppers, feet-tappers, paper-rattlers permitting). Can you imagine anybody merely *observing* a picture like "Four Sons" or "Street Angel"? Those pictures had characters in them who will live in our memories for many a day—yes, years. Who can forget the loveliness of that darling mother of the four boys and do you think, when having the picture unfold before one's eyes, it added anything to the pleasure of the occasion to be obliged to listen to the somewhat inane remarks of the chatterbox behind one? And take the musical theme so often used in conjunction with the pictures—half the pleasure of listening to the music is destroyed for many just because a few simply must talk. People go to a theater to be taken out of themselves, to be entertained, amused or some even seek sanctuary there as they might in a church! So why should a few be permitted to spoil the pleasure of the majority? Surely it wouldn't be too great a strain on their constitutions for the talkers to give their tongues a rest for two hours—surely they could remember the high spots of the show until they got out of the theater and discuss them then to their hearts' content and not to the annoyance of their neighbor in the show. The theater managements are doing everything in their power to make their patrons comfortable and happy—and then some members of the dear public come in and deliberately undo all the good work of the management. The hue and cry is for "better pictures"—it should be for "better audiences." I. C.

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